SOME

ANCESTORS

OF THE

BAUGHMAN FAMILY

IN

AMERICA;

Tracing Back Twelve Generations

FROM

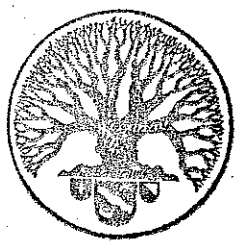
SWITZERLAND

THROUGH

VIRGINIA,

&c.

Growing Along with the Nation, Across It's Heartland.



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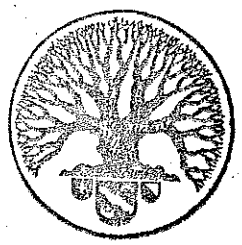

AN

ILLUMINATION,

THROUGH

HISTORIC ARCHIVES,

FAMILY

REGISTERS,

VARIOUS

MAPS & PICTURES,

BEGUN BY

J. ROSS BAUGHMAN

BETWEEN

1985~1988

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To Jonni,
My Loving Wife,
And Our Families.

My father was a wanderer;
now it's in my blood too.
I must wander far and wide,
but tip my hat to you.

[freely translated from an old
Alpine folk song, beloved in
my childhood. -- JRB]

Der Wandersmann

Mein Vater war ein Wandersmann
und mir steckt's auch im Blut,
drum wand'r ich froh, so lang ich kann,
und schwenke meinen Hut.

Valleri, vallera, valleri, vallera-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
Valleri, vallera, und schwenke meinen Hut.

Das Wandern schafft stets frische Lust,
erhaelt das Herz gesund,
Frei atmet draussen meine Brust
froh singet stets mein Mund.

Valleri, vallera, valleri, vallera-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
Valleri, vallera, und schwenke meinen Hut.

D'rum trag ich meinen Wandersack
Weit in die Welt hinein
und werde bis uas kuehle Grab
ein froher Wandrer sein

Valleri, vallera, valleri, vallera-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
Valleri, vallera, und schwenke meinen Hut. ◘ ◘ ◘

Foreword

[The typeset edition of this book slightly rearranges the original handwritten volume, since illustrations, documents and photographs have been left out here.]

After many years apart, a Thanksgiving dinner in Branson, Missouri, brought my father, his mother, her brothers, sisters and me together. Until then, I had never asked about their childhood memories; they had never offered to talk about them. At the age of 32, it was finally time for me, as a fellow grown-up, more or less, to know them.

I was amazed at my grandmother's clear, instantaneous recall of the names and birthdates of cousins and the children of cousins. This oral tradition was supported by a trunk of old photographs, her two 19th Century Bible Registers, and the family's burial ground at the Snapp Cemetery in nearby Forsyth.

This method of family history stretched back along one line to 1842; but, with only a few longer, dangling threads, covered no further. My hunger to know more about these old names, combined with a love of history going back to kindergarten, turned this into a compulsive search.

A complete list of libraries, state archives, old and new-found relatives who helped me follows at the end of this first book.

My intention, from the start, has been to create a never-finished family history. Future generations should add their own handwriting and pictures to it.

I chose the finest linen rag paper and archival binding, inks and glue, to make sure it will last into the 23rd Century. The leather cover should last as long, given occasional softening oil.

This has become one reconciliation with the past; allowing me to find a surprizing, hopeful love for the future: Mystery wrapped in Faith. ◘ ◘ ◘

EVER SINCE THE FAMILY FIRST ARRIVED HERE, AMERICA has not been at ease with the name Baughman. Even now, the nation can't decide, having had hundreds of years to get used to it, how to say or spell a mere two-syllable name, half of which is one of the most familiar words in the English and German languages.

When I travel, it is predictable that my name will have been mangled and lost before I arrive. When an otherwise pleasant clerk promises that Baughman is not on the list, we will have to wade in again through as many as twelve logically possible spellings: Bachman(n), Backman, Baugham, Baughman, Bauman(n), Bockman, Bofman, Bouckman, Boughman, Bowman, Buchman, Buckman. Even slowly repeated, again and again, it can come out pronounced at least four different way; and that is not counting earnest variations in the Arabic world, Africa and Asia.

After everyone in my father's small hometown agreed on one way (say "cough" to rhyme with "Boff´-mon"), he left for the Army Air Corps during World War II and decided, on his own, to soften A-U-G-H (as in "daughter" to say "Baw´-mon"), which is the only way my sister and brother and I grew up saying it.

The trouble began in the early 1700s, when an English-speaking clerk in Philadelphia had to transliterate Swiss immigrant names, and take down the newcomers oaths of allegiance. The crucial, but unfamiliar "CH" sound (known as a *reibelaut* in German or a fricative split spirant to linguists) requires the tongue to divide the open throatway during a soft exhale. Straining to repeat it, the English decided to hedge a bit, swapping a Scottish U-G-H in its place.[10] However, three men with the same name, arriving on the same ship, were given different spellings anyway. Spelling was still a widely personal matter among officials in those days, even though on the same arrival document, and other legal contracts of the first and second generations in America, ancestors wrote out their own signatures in the old way:

Bachman.

In German this means "Man of the Brook" or "One Who Dwells by the Stream." Some have guessed that our original namesake built his house by a stream and became known for that, perhaps making his living there too, running a ferry service, toll bridge or water wheel mill.

One tale, passed down through several generations in Des Moines, Iowa, dated back to "... a time of great persecution, when families both high and lowly were being systematically destroyed for their religious beliefs. A baby boy was found in a basket by a stream, like Moses, undoubtedly left there in hope that his life might be spared. The boy was dressed in fine clothing, indicating high birth." His adoptive parents created for him the name Bachmann.[140]

The symbols of medieval heraldry offer other clues. Several Bachmann coats-of-arms display fish, checkerboards, or wheels and trumpeting horns; but on another, three profiled stags. Along the Mosel River, a court scribe was symbolized as the original patriarch.

For Bachmanns who can trace their ancestry to the western half of Canton Zürich, Switzerland, the family shield recalls the early Christian Crusades, from 1096 to 1271 A.D. According to the chief archivist at the state records library, its two gold crescent moons, studded on a black field, represent the infidel enemies in the Holy Land.[67] Our Bachmann seems to have cut through the forces of darkness like a replenishing stream, perhaps saving the day for stranded comrades, among the first to reach Jerusalem, earning additional symbolic power and honor for his name. ◘ ◘ ◘

THE COAT OF ARMS FOR THE BACHMANN FAMILY
IN CANTON ZÜRICH, SWITZERLAND[63]

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A Family Chronology

AN ANABAPTIST FARMER FROM THE RHINELAND[84]

A Family Chronology

The family of Bachmann, a knighted crusader, has settled near Zürich, Switzerland, by 1271 A.D., after his return from war in the Holy Land.[67]

Circa 1400 - A Bachmann family is recorded in Canton Zürich, Switzerland, at Hinwil.[67]

13 September 1515, Thursday - A citizen named Bachmann, from Richterswil in Canton Zürich, is among the 46 area men commanded by the Lord of Wädenswil to fight in a fierce, two-day battle against the French army at Marignano, Italy. [Fellow citizen Bosshard is also mentioned.][101]

9 July 1523, Thursday - Hans Bachmann is reported in Anabaptist records at Richterswil. [Bosshard mentioned.]

Circa 1570 - Rudolf Bachmann, later persecuted for his Anabaptist beliefs, is born in the Wädenswil district.

26 January 1613, Saturday - Bachmann der Schmied, the blacksmith, takes part along with Hans Landis and 13 other Anabaptists in a debate at Wädenswil Castle, confronting the mayor and state church pastors from Horgen, Richterswil and Wädenswil. Bachmann, who earlier had repeatedly come into conflict with the law, led a lengthy discussion, but the authorities were unmoved. [Document on page 53.]

10 May 1613, Friday - Schmied Bachmann of Wädenswil is mentioned in a governor's report on the economic difficulties of 14 area families and eight single women.

4 April 1628, Tuesday - Johannes Jacob Bachmann is born in Richterswil.[30]

Circa 1640 - Rudolf Bachmann, as a very old man, is arrested in the Wädenswil district and tied onto a sled that was dragged to the city of Zürich. In an underground cell at Ötenbach Prison, and later at its hospital, he is kept in chains because of his activities as an Anabaptist elder, and soon dies. [Schnebli mentioned.][24] [Document on page 55.]

18 November 1651, Saturday - Johannes Jacob Bachmann, in the earliest surviving town record book of Richterswil, is shown as ready to marry Elizabetha Häuss, 20 years old. He was already a widower.[30]

3 July 1659, Wednesday - Johannes Rudolf Bachmann is born, as the fourth son, to Johannes Jacob and Elizabetha. He is nicknamed "Barrunggel," after a red beet.[30]

19 November 1676, Thursday - Hans Bachmann is born in the town of Wangen, near Richterswil. His father, Wolfgang, is a judge, and grandfather, Meister Bachmann der Schmied, is the Deputy Lord Mayor there.

20 October 1709, Sunday - Johannes Rudolf Bachmann and Barbara Dägen, 26 years old, make their "promulgation announcement," of the intention to marry soon, before the 1,659 townspeople of Richterswil. A widower, like his father, this is his second marriage.[30]

13 October 1711, Sunday - Heinrich Bachmann is born to Johannes Rudolf and Barbara. From his father's first marriage, Heinrich has two half-brothers, Johannes Jacob, 22 years old, and Johannes Rudolf, 18.[30]

4 October 1712, Tuesday - Johannes Bachmann is born to Georg Bachmann in Fällenden, Canton Zürich, according to Pastor Johannes Fäsi. He later joins Heinrich Bachman on the same ship bound for America.[70]

Circa September 1738 - Described as a "startling exodus," 526 villagers from Canton Zürich depart on riverboats for emigration to America.[245] [Map on page 141.]

20 October 1738, Monday - On behalf of the Zürich group, shipping agent Alexander Andrew contracts with Captain Robert Harrison for the use of his mid-sized British merchant ship, the 100-foot-long

by 25-foot-wide *Jamaica Galley*, anchored in Rotterdam, Holland.[245]

6 November 1738, Thursday - The *Rotterdamse Courant* reports the departure of the *Jamaica Galley*. The "320 souls" aboard included 63 Canton Zürich families. Pausing at Cowes, England, for resupply, they finally pass customs inspection at Plymouth and begin the 10-week voyage.[245] They are under the leadership of Hans Conrad Rösli of Gotzenwil, Switzerland. Coinciding emigration dates confirm Johannes Bachmann of Fällenden is aboard, as well as Heinrich Bachmann. [Other family trace names include Äppli, Bosshard, Forrer, Moyer, Näff, Oberholtz, Rieger, Schnebeli and Sommer. Document on page 57.]

[*Surname variations reflect the usages peculiar to each cited document. Record keeping in America before the 19th Century maintained few spelling standards.*]

7 February 1739, Saturday - The ship *Jamaica Galley* arrives in Philadelphia, with Heinrich Bachmann among the Canton Zürich natives aboard.[206:252]

15 May 1744, Friday - In Richterswil, Canton Zürich, Switzerland, two Bachmanns are reported already gone for America by Pastor Vogler, the state church's local chamberlain, on his List No. 68. "Rodolph Bachman, son of Rodolf, is said to have gone to Carolina about five years ago, but we know nothing of him. Still another Bachman is said to have gone to Pennsylvania before the war, and to have died there."[70:75]

9 October 1749, Thursday - The ship *Lydia* arrives in Philadelphia, under Captain John Randolf, with Heinrich Bachmann aboard.[206:420]

1750 - Henry Boughman is listed in the tax records of Lebanon Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, along with Felix Boughman.[214]

1750 - Henry Baughman Jr. is born as the third son to Heinrich and Barbara Bachmann.

19 June 1754, Wednesday - Henry Baughman Sr. (Heinrich Bachmann) receives from Thomas, the Sixth Lord Fairfax a survey for 257 acres in what was then Frederick County, Virginia, on Holman's Creek, a tributary of the Shenandoah River's North Fork. Neighbors Christian Funkhouser and George Brock assisted as chain carriers during the survey, and Henry marked his farm's boundaries by notching at least eight trees. He is among the earliest settlers in the Shenandoah Valley and a pioneering brethren. The land is formally deeded on 5 October 1762.[211] [Map on page 143.]

Circa 1773 - Henry Baughman Jr. marries Mary Layman, daughter of Benjamin and Catherine Layman.

December 1774 - John Baughman is born to Henry Jr. and Mary.

29 May 1775, Monday - Henry Sr., Henry Jr. and John Bouckman appear on a compulsory enlistment roll for service in the Revolutionary War as part of Virginia's Dunmore County militia commanded by Captain Jacob Holeman, after being sworn in by Lieutenant Isaac Zane.[234:221]

15 July 1777, Tuesday - Henry Boughman Sr. composes his last will and testament, and describes himself as in ill-health but of sound mind. His signature, in a quavering German script, reads Heinrich Bachman.[229] [Document on page 60]

13 May 1778, Wednesday - John Baughman, brother of Henry Jr., receives from Lord Fairfax a land grant of 400 acres adjoining their father's property on Holman's Creek.[49]

25 November 1779, Thursday - Henry Boughman Sr.'s will, shortly after his death, is filed in probate court at Woodstock, Virginia. Henry Jr. is left one-third of his father's plantation, including the house on the south side of the creek that he had built and was then living in. Brother John and mother Barbara split the remaining land, but Henry Jr. and John are required to create a trust fund of £300 to be divided among their siblings. Brother Jacob, along with his mother, are named executors. The terms are not fulfilled for nearly six years. North of Holman's Creek, on the highest hilltop of the original Baughman grant, rests a very old cemetery, including several markerless graves and others with broken and unreadably worn tombstones.[23:16] [This location is referred to today as the Doll Cemetery. Document on page 60.]

1783 - Henry Baughman [Jr.] is listed on the first census of the United States of America, in Shenandoah County, Virginia by enumerator Alexander Hite. The brief entry also mentions "five white souls living in one dwelling with no black servants."[102]

26 June 1783, Thursday - Jacob Boughman, along with many of his neighbors, begins organizational work under Richard Hudson to build a road from the Boughman plantation to Orkney Springs [present-day Route 42].[83:157]

10 July 1783, Sunday - Jacob Moyer buys 269 acres on the north side of the James River, in Botetourt County, Virginia, from Michael and Catherine Carnes. He lives there in "one dwelling cabin with 11 persons in the household" by 1785. [Daughter Dorthea will later be raised in this home. She will later marry John Baughman.]

29 July 1784, Thursday - Henry Baughman [Jr.] is named defendant in a lawsuit filed at the Shenandoah County court in Woodstock, Virginia by James Cunningham, but the hearing is continued over.[157]

1785 - Henry Baughman [Jr.] is listed as the head of his household by Joseph Pugh Jr. Their "one dwelling and one other building" was home to eight people, out of the 658 inhabitants of the upper Shenandoah Valley.

1 April 1785, Friday - Henry Baughman [Jr.] is found by the Shenandoah County court to owe James Cunningham £3, sh.10 from an old loan. The sheriff was ordered to "expose to sale the said attached effects" belonging to Baughman, namely 162 pounds of tobacco. A note appended to the court's minute records indicates that "Goods not delivered by the constable. [signed] John Gatewood."[157]

28 April 1785, Thursday - Henry Boughman Sr.'s will is disposed in probate court upon the testimony of witness Jacob Neff at Woodstock, the seat of Shenandoah County, Virginia.

1 July 1785, Friday - Henry Baughman Jr. sells the 175 acres he inherited on Holman's Creek for £155 "current money of Virginia" to neighbor Andrew Circle. Henry Baughman Jr. had already moved to Botetourt County, Virginia. [Neighbor Schnebli is mentioned in the following documents.][48]

24 August 1785, Wednesday - John Baughman, brother of Henry Jr., sells off 82 acres of the remaining original family land on Holman's Creek "including houses, buildings, orchards, profits and commodities, hereditaments and appurtenances" to John Glick Jr. for £100. The sale was finalized on 20 February 1788.[48]

10 December 1785, Thursday - Jacob and John Baughman petition Virginia's General Assembly for exemption from armed service, among a list of 74 Shenandoah Valley "Menonist Church members and their religious Brethren." [Document on page 62.]

Circa 1786 - Barbara Baughman, widow of Henry Sr., marries John Glick Sr. of nearby Hudson's Crossroads, an elder in the Church of the Brethren. She is his second wife, and bears him no children.[23]

1786 - The original Baughman land, subdivided between the Kauffman, Funkhouser, Horn, Lehman, Shireman and Wisman families, is inventoried by Jonathan Clark on behalf of the Fairfax estate. Out of the Baughman family's original 657 acres of this once heavily forested land, the new occupants oversee 219 cultivated acres. An "improved meadow," probably lowland adjoining the creek, accounts for 18½ of the acres, and 286 productive apple trees amount to what would have been the area's largest single orchard. Two new log houses, one cabin and two new barns "well finished, with board shingles" probably were built after the sale; two other log houses, a barn and a cabin are of indeterminate middle age. A two-story log house, measuring 30 by 24 feet, with a stone chimney, set on 45 acres belonging to Benjamin Laman and was known to date from 1770. Next to it was a "very old barn, round loggs, 54 by 20 [feet]." Older yet was a large 38 by 28 foot log house with stone chimney on Nicholas Wisman's 20 acres, and its 52 by 24 foot barn with a thatched straw roof, all described as "very old."[119]

August 1786 - Henry Boughman Jr. buys 60 acres at Sinking Springs, along Tom's Creek, a branch of the James River. The purchase from Mary Lawrence and her son William, of Rockbridge County, Virginia, lies northeast of the present-day town of Gala, in Botetourt County.[50] [Map on page 144.]

21 May 1787, Monday - Henry Baughman Jr. is recorded on Botetourt County's List B for Virginia State taxes after Commissioner William Davidson visits the farm. There are no grown white males between the ages of 16 and 21 living with his family, no slaves, two horses and three head of cattle. [Neighbors Conrad and Jacob Moyer and Peter Zirkle appear on the same list, along with Holman's Creek neighbors Christopher and Jacob Shavor. Only seven farmsteads, all belonging to German families, are enumerated this day, suggesting a remote, sparsely settled community.][96]

25 December 1787, Tuesday - Dorthea "Dolly" Moyer is born to Jacob Moyer Jr. in Botetourt County. Their family lives near by to Henry Baughman Jr.[164]

20 February 1788, Wednesday - John Baughman sells 200 acres, the lower half of his 1778 Fairfax grant "very near Holman's Creek," to John Glick Jr.[49]

Circa 1798 - Barbara Baughman Glick dies, and is buried on a gentle hill above a pond, in the Glick family cemetery, one mile south of Hudson's Crossroads.[85]

10 September 1799, Tuesday - Henry Baughman Jr. of Botetourt County mortgages 60 acres on Tom's Creek, later renamed Sinking Creek, for £40 "current money of Virginia," to John Pitzer.[51]

1 April 1801, Wednesday - Henry Baughman Jr.'s daughters register for Botetourt County marriage licenses: No.487 for Barbary Baughman and Matthew Howard's ceremony on 28 March 1802, and No.499 for Polly Baughman and William Cooper's use on 29 December 1801.

7 September 1801, Monday - Henry Baughman Jr. and wife Mary sell 60 acres on Sinking Creek to John Pitzer for £51, signing with their initials.[210]

1802 - John Baughman sells land to Balsar Hupp, and buys land from Joseph Strickler. Henry Jr. buys land from Jacob Baughman in Botetourt County.

9 October 1802, Saturday - John Baughman, elder brother of Henry Jr., dies in Shenandoah County, and an inventory of his estate is ordered by the court in Woodstock. His children are named in a series of court settlements.[116]

21 January 1805, Monday - John Baughman, son of Henry Jr., receives a license to marry Dorthea Moyer, daughter of Jacob (deceased), that is "shortly to be solemnized," and returns Botetourt County license No.772 to the county seat at Fincastle, Virginia, nearly a year later, on 8 January 1806. A $150 bond is co-signed by Daniel Disher and witnessed by Colonel Henry Bowyer. The Reverend John Holmes officiates.[141]

1805 - Henry Baughman Jr. sells land in Botetourt County to George Pitzer.

Circa 1806 - John Baughman and Andrew Wells are among the first settlers in the Jones Cove Valley, Sevier County, Tennessee, between English Mountain and the Smokies.[88] [Map on page 145.]

14 March 1807, Saturday - John Baughman assigns 39 acres of his property on Loan's Branch, a tributary of the Pigeon River in the Jones Cove section of Sevier County, Tennessee, to Stewart Owens. The sale, for $39.82 plus interest, is due 23 November 1809. This first citation implies that John had been living on the land prior to 1806. Grant 1180 is made official on 18 May 1810.[209]

December 1807 - Following Henry Baughman Jr.'s death, an estate inventory is ordered by Botetourt County Court, to be tallied by neighbors Arch McClung, Fred and George Pitzer. The value of his belongings, including a rifle, a German Bible, six other books, carpenter's tools, domestic implements and two beds, came to £15, sh.6, p.6. With no immediate relatives nearby, the court handed over a letter of administration to Andrew Henderson, granting him the right to dispose of this property.[230] [Document on page 66.]

1809 - Henry Baughman [IV] is the first child born to John Baughman and Dorthea Moyer, at their farmstead on Loan's Branch, Sevier County, Tennessee. (John's cousin is Henry Baughman [III].)

1812 - Elizabeth Baughman Eastep, daughter of Henry and Barbara Baughman Sr., becomes the fourth wife of John Glick Sr., her mother's second husband,

in Shenandoah County. Elizabeth already had several children with the late Mr. Eastep. Glick dies in 1814, and his will includes benefits to Henry and Barbara's surviving children and grandchildren.

1 August 1812, Saturday - John Baughman is accepted "by experience" into the congregation at the First Baptist Church meeting house, also known as the Forks of the Little Pigeon Baptist Church in Sevierville, Tennessee.

6 February 1813, Saturday - Brethren John Baughman and Meady White are appointed commissioners to arrange repair of the First Baptist meeting house roof.

13 November 1814, Sunday - John Baughman enlists at Sevierville in the Fifth Regiment of the East Tennessee Militia for the War of 1812, under the command of Colonel Edwin E. Booth, as a private in Captain Wilson Maple's company.[164] Later records mention Captain John Porter and Major-General William Carroll as his commanders.

18 May 1815, Thursday - John Baughman is honorably discharged from his military service at Kingston, Tennessee, after earning $8 per month and a $2 travel bonus, for a total pay voucher of $49.86.[164]

1816 - John Baughman joins the Bethel Baptist Church on the Little East Fork, which had been formed 12 years earlier as an arm of the nearby First Baptist Church. By May, he rises to leadership tasks, and is dispatched along with Brother Layman to give disciplinary counseling to Sister Sarah Richardson. John and brother-in-law Matthew Howard, buy and divide a 122-acre Occupant Grant previously settled by John Reed along the East Fork of the Little Pigeon River, on the northern edge of Bearwallow Mountain. John can afford 82 acres, while Matthew takes up the western 40 acres.

3 October 1819, Sunday - John Baughman's petition, along with 51 other members of the First Baptist Church, is accepted in Sevierville, allowing the Bethel Baptist Church to break away as a fully constituted, independent body.[158]

27 April 1822, Saturday - John Baughman is named to a committee to build a new Bethel Church house in the Jones Cove Valley.

27 September 1822, Friday - John Baughman and Baptist Brother Jasper Moon are appointed to lay out the church's adjoining graveyard in rows.

23 August 1823, Saturday - Dorthea Baughman is received into the church "by experience."

25 February 1825, Friday - John Baughman has 60 acres surveyed "on the headwaters of Flat Creek," mostly south of the Newport Road [old Highway 411] in the Jones Cove section of Sevier County, Tennessee. By 22 August, he receives official title to Land Grant No. 11593. His sister Barbara and her husband Matthew Howard assisted with the surveying, and live nearby. Soon thereafter, John serves as an assistant surveyor for laying out the neighboring Hurst and Zollinger farmsteads.[90] Surveyor's records from the Porter, Wells and Zollinger farms during 1826 allude to an additional 100-acre tract owned by John southeast of his Newport Road farmstead.

23 September 1826, Saturday - John Baughman is chosen to serve as delegate to the Tennessee Association held at the Friendship Meeting House in Jefferson County on 7 October.

27 September 1828, Saturday - John and Dorthea Baughman are granted letters of dismission from the Bethel Baptist Church that free them from their responsibilities to the local community, and serve as their introduction to join another church wherever they resettle.

5 September 1829, Saturday - John and Dorthea Baughman attend the first organizational meeting of the Bethany Baptist Church at the home of neighbor Charles Sinclair, near Big Creek, later renamed Marble Creek, in Madison County, Missouri. [Document on page 71; map on page 146.]

1830 - John Baughman and his son Henry Baughman [IV] are listed in the U.S. Census at Liberty Township, Madison County, Missouri. [This township is absorbed into Iron County by 1857.] Henry marries Charity Sutton, daughter of John Sutton Jr., their next-door neighbor. John and Dorthea are recorded as having two other sons in their 20s still at home, two daughters between 15 and 19

years old, two sons between 5 and 9 years old and a daughter under 5 years old.

27 September 1830, Sunday - John Baughman is ordained as Deacon at the newly formed Bethany Baptist Church. Jacob Baughman was named church clerk; and the other six original members were recorded as Dorthy and Livei Baughman, Coby Williams, Sarah Young, Susannah and Charles Sinclair.

11 October 1830, Sunday - Peter William Baughman is the first child born to Henry and Charity, at Marble Creek, Liberty Township, Madison County, Missouri.

1835 - John Baughman is named Delegate to the Bethel Association of United Baptists, as he is in 1836, 1839 and 1840, according to the Official Minutes.

6 March 1836, Sunday – As the last day of the battle of the Alamo winds down. Joseph Henry Baughman is born the third child and son of Henry and Charity, in Madison County, Missouri.

11 October 1840, Saturday - Henry Baughman [IV], Charity and their four sons arrive at the Yellville settlement, Arkansas, but soon move upstream along Crooked Creek near to what will later be the town of Harrison, in Boone *County.*[219]

January 1842 - John Baughman, "His companion and daughter Arnandy Thomure and Jacob Baughman were granted letters of dismission," as their introduction to a church wherever they resettle. Jacob's final report as church clerk is signed the following month.

4 February 1842, Friday - John and Dorthea Baughman sell 40 acres along Marble Creek, a branch of the St. Francis River in Madison County, Missouri, for $600 to William Swearingam. The tract is located in present-day Iron County, seven miles south of Ironton, on State Route E. (SW SW Section 28, Township 33, North Range 4.)[47]

1848 - Peter W. Baughman marries Rebecca, a full-blooded Blackfoot Indian, who was born in 1828. Her full name is unknown today.

17 October 1850, Thursday - Peter W. Baughman is listed with his wife, Rebecca, and their 1-year-old daughter, Elizabeth, in the U.S. Census on a farm in Jefferson Township, Carroll County, Arkansas. His grandparents, John and Dorthea, are shown living next door with grown children Gideon and Eliza P. His father, Henry [IV], owns five horses and 10 head of cattle, paid a poll tax and owes $410.83 in local taxes. [Map on page 147.]

1851 - Peter W. Baughman owns two horses and eight head of cattle on his Crooked Creek farm, and his father owns three horses and five head of cattle, according to local tax rolls, which also indicate that they both voted.

6 August 1851, Wednesday - John Baughman, residing in Carroll County, Arkansas, begins applying for pension land in Missouri for Dorthea. The final applications are cited as S.O. No.10216, S.C. No.5497, B.L.W. No.35439-80[acres]-55; No.36625-80[acres]-55.[164]

1852 - Henry Baughman [IV] is listed in the Carroll County, Arkansas, tax books as owning 40 acres of land worth $160 and four head of cattle worth $36, located on a farm at NW SE Section 6, Township 18, Range 19, which lies along Crooked Creek, seven miles downstream from present-day Harrison.

January 1857 - John Baughman dies at the age of 82 in Carroll County, Arkansas, and is buried Liberty's Old Milam Cemetery east of Harrison. His widow, Dorthea, lives in Marble Creek, Iron County, Missouri.

1858 - Henry Baughman [IV]'s farmland on Crooked Creek has grown to 160 acres. Disposing of 40 acres the following year, his remaining property is pinpointed at W1/2 SE1/4 of Section 6, for 80 acres, and SW1/4.NW1/4. of Section 7, for 40 acres, all in Township 18, Range 19.

9 July 1860, Monday - Peter W. Baughman is listed as a blacksmith in the township of Washington, just south of Jefferson Township, in Carroll County, Arkansas, in the U.S. Census with his wife, Rebecca, "unable to read and write," and two years older than he. On tax lists that year, Henry Baughman [IV] has $1,000 worth of land and $685 in personal property, showing him to be a prosperous member of the community.

12 July 1861, Friday - Peter W. Baughman enlists in Company G, under Captain E.W. Baughman, as a confederate private during the Civil War in what was

originally the 12th Provisional Arkansas Infantry, and was later known as the 14th Regiment of the Arkansas Infantry. He signed up for a one-year commitment in Yellville, Arkansas, along with at least three relatives, including E.W. Baughman, who was given the rank of captain. When Fowler was promoted to colonel, James H. Watkins became Company G's commander.[36]

12 February 1862, Wednesday - Peter W. Baughman is honorably discharged from service after disease and a harsh winter's encampment nearly wiped out his unit, but reappears on the Company G muster roll from 1 May through 30 June 1862. No record in Arkansas indicates he ever sought a military pension.[4,23]

1864 - Charity Sutton Baughman, Peter's mother, dies at the age of 54. His wife, Rebecca, and his youngest sister, Sarah A, have also died sometime during the war. Peter's first child by his second wife, Esther J. Draper, is born in Missouri, and named Peter W. Baughman Jr. [Map on page 148.]

1 August 1871, Tuesday - George Washington Baughman [II] is born to Peter Sr. and Esther in Cedar Creek, Scott Township, Taney County, Missouri Peter Sr. has become a respected carpenter, specializing in chairs and coffins. Peter Sr.'s younger brother is George Washington Baughman [I].

7 September 1872, Saturday - Dorthea Baughman, the 85-year-old widow of John, still living in Iron County, Missouri, reapplies for his war service pension.[164] She dies a year and one week later, and is buried at the Liberty Baptist Church, along Marble Creek, very near the site of its predecessor, the original 1830 Bethany Church.

10 March 1876, Friday - Rosa Lee Juda is born to Jacob Juda and Sara McFadden. [She later marries George Washington Baughman.]

13 September 1876, Wednesday - Peter W. Baughman Sr. sells a little over 60 acres just south of the Arkansas border, in a line below the town of Cedar Creek, Taney County, Missouri, and just south of Cornette's Ferry and the Horseshoe Bend of the White River, to Brice Milam for $350. (Its exact location is NE fr1/4. NW fr1/4. of Section 2 [53 acres] and NW fr1/4. NE1/4.. of Section 2 [7 acres] in Township 21 N, Range 19 W.) [Map on page 149.]

21 June 1880, Monday - Peter W. Baughman Sr. is listed as a blacksmith, living between the townships of Lead Hill and Sugar Loaf in Boone County, Arkansas, in the U.S. Census. Although other evidence contradicts it, he was listed as "unable to read and write." [Following the death of his second wife, Esther J. Draper, Peter marries Jane K. Lewis Greenwood, born in January 1855, becoming the stepfather to her 5-year-old daughter, Mary Greenwood. The only other child living with them is 8-year-old George W. Baughman [I].]

1882 - Henry Baughman [IV] dies at the age of 73 in Washington Township, Boone County, Arkansas, and is buried in the Old Milam Cemetery east of Harrison.

6 October 1883, Saturday - Henry Baughman [IV]'s widow, Rebecca Milam, transfers 184 acres and $350 to his heirs. The land near Crooked Creek, Boone County, Arkansas, is pinpointed as W1/2 SE, SE SE & SW of Section 6; N1/2 NW fr1/4., NE SW NE of Section 7, all in Township 18N, Range 19. Witnesses are W.W. Watkins and J.H. Buie.

20 May 1894, Sunday - George W. Baughman [II] marries Rosa Lee Juda in Cedar Creek, Taney County, Missouri, with Justice of the Peace H.L. Ireland officiating. The Church of Christ baptizes the two together in Cedar Creek.[142]

31 January 1896, Wednesday - Peter W. Baughman and his wife Jane mortgage their 160 acre farm to Levi J. Cornett for $150.00. It is located with 120 acres in W1/2 SE1/2, SE SE of Section 2, Township 21, Range 19; and 40 acres of NW NE, Section 11 of the same township.[52]

30 August 1897, Saturday - Peter and Jane Baughman sell their Cedar Creek farm to Levi Cornett for $600.00, after nearly losing it to him earlier in April under the terms of their mortgage.[53]

1897 - Jane Kysar Baughman dies at the age of 42, and is buried just over a mile northwest of their farm at the McCarty Cemetery.

30 May 1899, Tuesday - Walter Lee Baughman is born to George and Rosa in Cedar Creek, Missouri [In California, his Social Security No. will later be.]

Spring 1904 - Peter William Baughman Sr. dies at the age of 73 near Cedar Creek, Missouri,[219] and is buried in the McCarty Cemetery.

2 June 1904, Thursday - Mary Beatrice Thurman is born to Charles Tone Thurman and Mary Alma Walker in Forsyth, Taney County's seat, in Missouri [She later marries Walter L. Baughman.]

28 December 1912, Saturday - George W. Baughman [II]'s 160 acre farm appears on local tax rolls, near Protem in Taney County, requiring a payment of $23.15. It is the same property that had been owned by his father in 1896.

10 February 1914, Tuesday - George W. Baughman [II] opens a general store after being granted Merchant's License No.41 in Taney County, Missouri.

3 November 1914, Tuesday - George W. Baughman [II] is elected to four years as Justice of the Peace for Cedar Creek Township, Taney County, Missouri, and is sworn in by County Clerk J.B. Hicks four days later in Forsyth. Thomas J. Collins, George's brother-in-law, is elected constable.

30 July 1915, Thursday - George W. Baughman [II] appears among the 24 members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows Lodge 851 in Hollister, Taney County, Missouri. Everyone belonging to this men's service organization is sworn to "visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead and educate the orphan." Around this time, George is contracted to carry the U.S Mail between Hollister, Cedar Creek and Protem. His sons run a hack wagon team, transporting tourists west of town from the train station at Branson, Taney County to Marvel Cave, in Stone County.

24 October 1917, Wednesday- George W. Baughman [II] buys 155 acres in Cedar Creek from Charles Tone Thurman for $5,000. While both men have reputations as shrewd traders and deal makers, George winds up selling the same land back to Tone in three weeks for $3,500, spread over a six-year repayment schedule.

12 September 1918, Thursday - Walter L. Baughman registers for national military service with the draft's Local Board Registrar R.C. Ford in Forsyth, Taney County, Missouri. A banner headline in that week's local *Hollister News,* dated 6 September, had warned, "Patriots Will Register — Others Must!" Though his older brother Silas joined the Navy, Walter did not serve in World War I, which ended eight weeks later.

1 November 1918, Friday - George W. Baughman [II] buys lots 1, 5, 6, 20, 21 and 22 in the section of Hollister known as Moore's Addition for $60 from C.W. and Edna Moore. These lots are sited on the southeast corner of North Street's intersection with Blankenship, also known as Laurel Street.

28 October 1919, Tuesday - George W. Baughman [II] buys 300 acres of farmland just west of Protem, near Taney County, for $5,000 from Andrew and N.C. Shelton. (NE1/4. & *E1/2* NW1/4. & NW1/4. NW1/4, of Section 36; SW1/4., SW1/4. of Section 25, Township 22, Range 18.)[55]

22 February 1921, Tuesday - Walter L. Baughman marries Bea Thurman, 16 years old, listing both of their addresses as Protem, Taney County, Missouri, and exaggerating her age by one year, before Magistrate W. F. Bradley in Harrison, Arkansas. Bea discontinues her schooling for 26 years.

6 June 1922, Tuesday - C.T. Baughman [who is given the nickname Toots, and in 1952 takes the first name Charles] is born to Walter and Bea at the Thurman family ranch in Cedar Creek, Taney County, Missouri, which they now run on their own. With her mother, Alma, acting as midwife, the birth took place at 6 p.m. in her parents' iron bed, upon which she and several earlier generations of her family had been born. C.T. weighed eight pounds, and was to be their only child. [His Social Security No. will later be...]

11 December 1922, Friday - George W. Baughman [II] sells the 301 acre family farm west of Protem for $5,308 to H.M. Hammond of Yellowstone, Montana. George, Rosa and the Baughman children move shortly thereafter. Staying briefly with her sister in Jay, Oklahoma, they eventually moved on to Woodward County, near Fargo, in northwestern

Oklahoma, where Rosa's brother, Elec, grew wheat. Walter, Bea and C.T. Baughman move after two years to a house on the hill above the Thurman farm on Beaver Creek, Kissee Mills, Taney County, Missouri.[57]

1925 - Walter, Bea and C.T. Baughman move to Detroit, Michigan.

15 August 1925, Saturday - Patricia Jane Hill is born to Joseph Grant Hill Jr. and Freda Helen Vaught io Wichita, Kansas. At the time, he works for the railroad [She later marries C.T. Baughman..]

1926 - Walter L. Baughman leaves Bea, and rejoins his family as they move to south central Oklahoma. Bea supports herself and C.T. by working at a luncheon counter in Detroit. With his younger brother Truett, Walter takes over running the 260-acre family cattle ranch in Hardwood, Coal County, immediately north of Atoka County in Oklahoma. [This property is still in family hands.]

1927 - George and Rosa Baughman find a new home 1 1/2 miles west of Atoka, disillusioned after a year of cotton farming. They move to the Standing Rock Community for five years, before returning permanently to Hardwood. Walter starts the "Hardwood General Merchandise" store, and meets Iva Dean Gibson. He eventually marries her and adopts her daughter, Vernia, nicknamed "Billie." They moved three miles north to a farm they kept for nine years in Olney. He became well-known as a cattleman and, just as his father did back in Missouri, a deliverer of the U.S. Mail, on the Star Route between the towns of Coalgate, Olney, Clarita and Bromide.

1931 - Bea Thurman returns with her son, C.T. Baughman, to Missouri, living in a little house on the hill above old Forsyth. [In 1986, she told her brother Bus that she had hoped Walter would come back to her, and was surprised when he did not.]

1934 - Bea Thurman and C.T. move in with her parents into the Commercial Hotel, which they own, in Branson, Missouri.

September 1935 - Bea Thurman and C.T. move in with her maternal grandparents, L.C. and Mary Walker on their Kirbyville farm, near the town of Mildred. Mary Walker had become deathly ill, and L.C. needed help taking care of her and working the farm. C.T. plants crops with a horse-drawn plow.

1936 - George and Rosa Baughman lose their farm to the federal Land Bank, but their sons Jesse and Truett had been earning and saving good wages in Memphis, Tennessee, and were able to buy it back for them. Later, Jesse started his own farm, but "barely lived."

1937 - Bea Thurman marries Gordon James, nicknamed "Crip," but he deserts her within one year. Bea and C.T. continue to live in the three-room-house she owns on the corner of Maddux and Main Streets in Branson, Taney County, Missouri.

1939 - C.T. Baughman marries Wanda Lee Moore, daughter of Bryan Moore and Della Sturgis Moore of Carthage, Jasper County, Missouri.

April 1941 - Bea Thurman returns to Detroit, living at 1740 23rd Street. During the war, she returns to Branson, Missouri, and marries Dr. John Ross Wise, the town's leading dentist.

15 May 1941, Thursday - C.T. Baughman graduates from Branson High School. As a forward on the basketball team, and quarterback for the football squad, he won top varsity honors, despite severely injured cartilage in his left knee. He sent an engraved graduation announcement to his grandparents, George and Rosie in Oklahoma.

June 1941 - Wanda and C.T. Baughman move to Detroit, Michigan.

October 1941 - C.T. Baughman volunteers to be an instructor in riveting and fabrication at the Willow Run Aircraft assembly plant, a military contractor west of Detroit.

16 September 1942, Wednesday - Patricia Jane Hill is hired for her first job, at $65 per month, as a secretary at the Taft Junior High School, 400 North Walnut in Oklahoma City. She resigns before Christmas, with the Board of Education's "appreciation ... for the splendid services which you have rendered the children of our city."

1944 - C.T. Baughman enlists in the U.S. Army Air Corps (serial No. 36466860) and as a first sergeant is stationed on Guam Island with the 315th Bomber Group, 20th Air Force in the Pacific during the Second World War. He is trained to fly as a Central Fire Control gunner on long-range B-29 bomber aircraft, using top-secret infrared remote-controlled machine guns. On Guam, the B-29s were modified for their bombing missions against Tokyo, and only the tail gunners flew in combat.

4 June 1944, Sunday - Wanda Moore Baughman has been keeping a home for herself and C.T. in Ypsilanti, Michigan, while he is off in the Air Corps. Their marriage ends in divorce, after no longer than six years, still childless.

10 April 1945, Tuesday - C.T. Baughman meets Patricia Jane Hill at a U.S.O. dance in Oklahoma City, where she was working as a volunteer junior hostess. They meet again the next day, spending the whole afternoon window-shopping. At the time, she resided at 2117 Northwest 4th, in Oklahoma City's 7th postal district, with her grandparents, Joseph G. and Polly Anna Gibson Hill, who raised her. She is already engaged to marry another man, named Robert, but breaks it off in favor of C.T.

27 April 1945, Friday - George W. Baughman transfers as a Past Noble Grand Member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows into Lodge No. 218 at Wapanucka, Joimston County, Oklahoma.

4 May 1946, Saturday - C.T. Baughman marries Patricia Jane Hill in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, at 8 p.m. with Reverend Hooton officiating at the Ingham Chapel of the Methodist Church. She had sewn her own silk wedding gown out of C.T.'s Air Corps parachute. The night before, C.T. had slept in her grandparents' guest bed, but to start their honeymoon, the newlyweds shared the bedroom where Patsy had grown up. On Sunday morning, Granddaddy Hill woke them up very early, because the house was being shown to perspective buyers. That very day, her grandparents moved to Mineral Wells, Texas, to seek treatments for his failing health.[254]

1947 - Bea Thurman Wise receives her high school diploma through a correspondence course. Walter L. Baughman leaves his wife Iva and moves two counties north to Eufaula, the seat of McIntosh County, Oklahoma, where he opens a "beer joint".

6 November 1948, Saturday - Mary Ann Baughman is born as the first child to C.T. and Patricia in Dearborn, Wayne County, Michigan, at 11:44 a.m., weighing 8 pounds and 8 ounces. [Patricia suffered the miscarriages of fourth-month male babies, one before and one after Mary Ann's birth.]

Spring 1949 - Walter L. Baughman stays over for about a week's visit with C.T., Patricia and Mary Ann Baughman in Dearborn, Michigan, the first time father and son had seen each other since 1926.

13 September 1949, Tuesday - Walter L. Baughman marries a schoolteacher, Haden Hayworth, nicknamed "Sister," a cousin of Bea Thurman, at the Sebastian County Courthouse in Ft. Smith, Arkansas. In a postcard, the newlyweds wrote, "It just happened — 11:15 a.m. We thought 40 or 50 years was long enough to wait." This marriage lasts six months, since, as Walter later told brother Norvin, "She was too good for me."

31 May 1950, Wednesday - Walter L. Baughman marries Mrs. Ruth Opal Bishop, 37, of Bloomburg, Cass County, Texas, at the Sebastian County Courthouse in Ft. Smith, Arkansas. A three-day waiting period had been waived by Judge R.P. Strozier when both certified that they had known each other for at least one year, and Walter swore that his previous marriage had ended in divorce in 1947. Soon thereafter, they move to California, and become munitions handlers at the U.S. military's Sierra Ordnance Depot in Herlong, Lassen County.[143]

19 January 1951, Friday - Charles Thomas Baughman is born to Charles T. and Patricia in Dearborn, Wayne County, Michigan.

June 1952 - Charles T. Baughman graduates from Wayne State University in Detroit with a Bachelor of Science degree in industrial management, setting himself on a career of rapid promotions and long-distance transfers within the Ford Motor Company. (See pages 108-110] In order to buy stock, he was required to change his birth name from the simple initials C.T. to Charles T.

7 May 1953, Thursday - John Ross Baughman is born to Charles T. and Patricia in room 607 at Oakwood Hospital, 18101 Oakwood Blvd., Dearborn, 8, Michigan, in Dearborn, Wayne County, Michigan at 5:03 p.m., weighing 7 pounds and 10 ounces, and measuring 19 inches in height. Dr. Joseph Eschbach serves as attending obstetrician and Dr. Thelma Cambell as pediatrician. On 11 May, Charles pays $1.65 of the $304.14 hospital bill. [His Social Security No. will later be.][255]

19 May 1953, Tuesday - Walter L. Baughman separates from his wife, Ruth. A divorce is finalized on 15 June 1954, in Susanville, Lassen County, California. Their only jointly owned property, a 1951 four-door Chevrolet sedan, was awarded to her.[58]

15 January 1954, Friday - George and Rosa Baughman have a double funeral in Wapanucka, Oklahoma, officiated and attended by his lodge members from the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. He had died at the Valley View Hospital in Ada, Oklahoma, following prostate surgery on 9 January, at the age of 82; she followed during his wake, from a heart attack on 13 January, at 77 years old.

22 December 1955, Thursday - At 7:30 p.m., Walter Baughman dies at the age of 56, near the town of Doyle, Lassen County, California. The car he was driving hit the rear-end of a truck, so that the left side of his chest was sliced and crushed by his own steering column. After 15 minutes, the direct cause of death was asphyxiation, caused by his collapsing lungs. Riding in the passenger seat next to him was his ex-wife, Ruth Opal Bishop, who was left bedridden for a year from her injuries. He was buried 14 days later in the cemetery at Susanville, the county seat, where his great-uncle Jacob Baughman also *rests!*[4]

30 December 1962, Sunday - Patricia and the three Baughman children arrive in Buenos Aires, Argentina, joining Charles T. for what was to have been a three-year assignment breaking him into the international division of Ford Motor. Attending the American Community School, Ross becomes fluent in the Castellano dialect of Spanish and turns into the family's interpreter. Patricia never feels at home, and as a challenge to her husband's commitment to the family, insists on moving the children back to the U.S. after a year. C.T. moves back in June 1964.

December 1966 - C.T. Baughman passes out from a bleeding perforated ulcer in the duodenal section of his stomach. The stress of his work, combined with a habit of skipping lunch to monitor the Dow Jones stock report, put him in the hospital for several days. His dietary habits necessitate the removal of his gall bladder within ten years, and the lower half of his stomach by June, 1989.

7 May 1971, Friday - Charles T. Baughman announces his intention to leave the family. His divorce from Patricia in Lorain, Ohio is finalized on 4 September 1971.

9 October 1971, Saturday - Charles T. Baughman marries Anne Johnson May in Louisville, Jefferson County, Kentucky. Her daughter, Jacqueline, later takes his name. Ross photographs the wedding.

4 December 1971, Saturday - Patricia Jane Hill Baughman marries Frank John Lucas at the St. Paul Lutheran Church in Amherst, Lorain County, Ohio. He is a successful independent plumbing contractor who had been the first interested buyer for the house she had received in her divorce settlement. She divorces him on 4 September 1972.

May 1972 - The Baughman brothers are not called for military duty during the Vietnam War. The draft board's national selection lottery assigns all born on Ross's birthday to low priority and he is classified 1-H, to be enlisted "only in time of national emergency." When he reported for his induction physical, Tom was surprised that the skin psoriasis on his hands made him medically ineligible for service.

1 July 1972, Saturday - Mary Ann Baughman marries Alfred Bittner in Amherst, Lorain County, Ohio.

21 June 1973, Saturday - Brinka Siissen Bittner is born to Alfred and Mary Ann at the Beyer Memorial Hospital in Ypsilanti, Wayne County, Michigan, weighing 8 pounds and 1 ounce. She is baptized at St. Thomas Lutheran Church in East Detroit on 9 September 1973.

January 1977 - Charles T. Baughman is promoted to a vice presidency with Ford Motor of Europe, and is transferred to London, England. He buys an art

gallery at 5-6 Cork Street, naming it Chande, in the heart of the city for Anne to manage.

April 1981 - Charles T. Baughman, after 39 years and 9 months with Ford Motor, takes a special Executive Early Retirement and returns to Michigan. In Southfield, Wayne County, he forms his own consulting companies to the automotive world: International Management & Industrial Consultants, Inc. and later, the J.I.T. Corporation.

November 1981 - Mary Ann Baughman divorces Alfred Bittner, and takes custody of Brinka. The terms of visitation force Mary Ann to stay in Michigan, so she lives across Lake Belleville, in sight of the sailboat and private dock of her former home, where Al remains.

3 March 1982, Wednesday - J. Ross Baughman, in his work as a journalist, photographs the guerrilla fighting in El Salvador, his 10th war coverage. On the last day of a six-week assignment, he trips a land mine, which explodes and shatters his left leg. Within a year, he has fully recovered.

15 January 1985, Tuesday - Charles T. Baughman divorces Anne in Bloomfield Hills, Oakland County, Michigan, and gives her a million-dollar settlement package that includes her own ten-seat aircraft.

5 January 1986, Sunday - Bea Thurman Wise dies at the age of 81 from cancer of the liver in Branson, Taney County, Missouri. She was buried 8 January at the Ozarks Memorial Park outside of Branson, next to Dr. J.R. Wise, her third husband, who died in 1967. Grandsons Tom and Ross served as pallbearers.

15 March 1986, Saturday - Charles T. Baughman marries Elizabeth Seymour, nicknamed Liz, in Savannah, Georgia. Ross photographs the wedding.

9 May 1987, Saturday - J. Ross Baughman marries Jonalyn Sue Schuon at the Cloister in Ephrata, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania at sunset. They reside in Carroll Gardens, Brooklyn, New York.

25 October 1987, Sunday - J. Ross Baughman and Jonalyn Schuon visit Richterswil, Canton Zurich, Switzerland, during their fifth "honeymoon-holiday," making the first return by a member of his family line in 249 years.

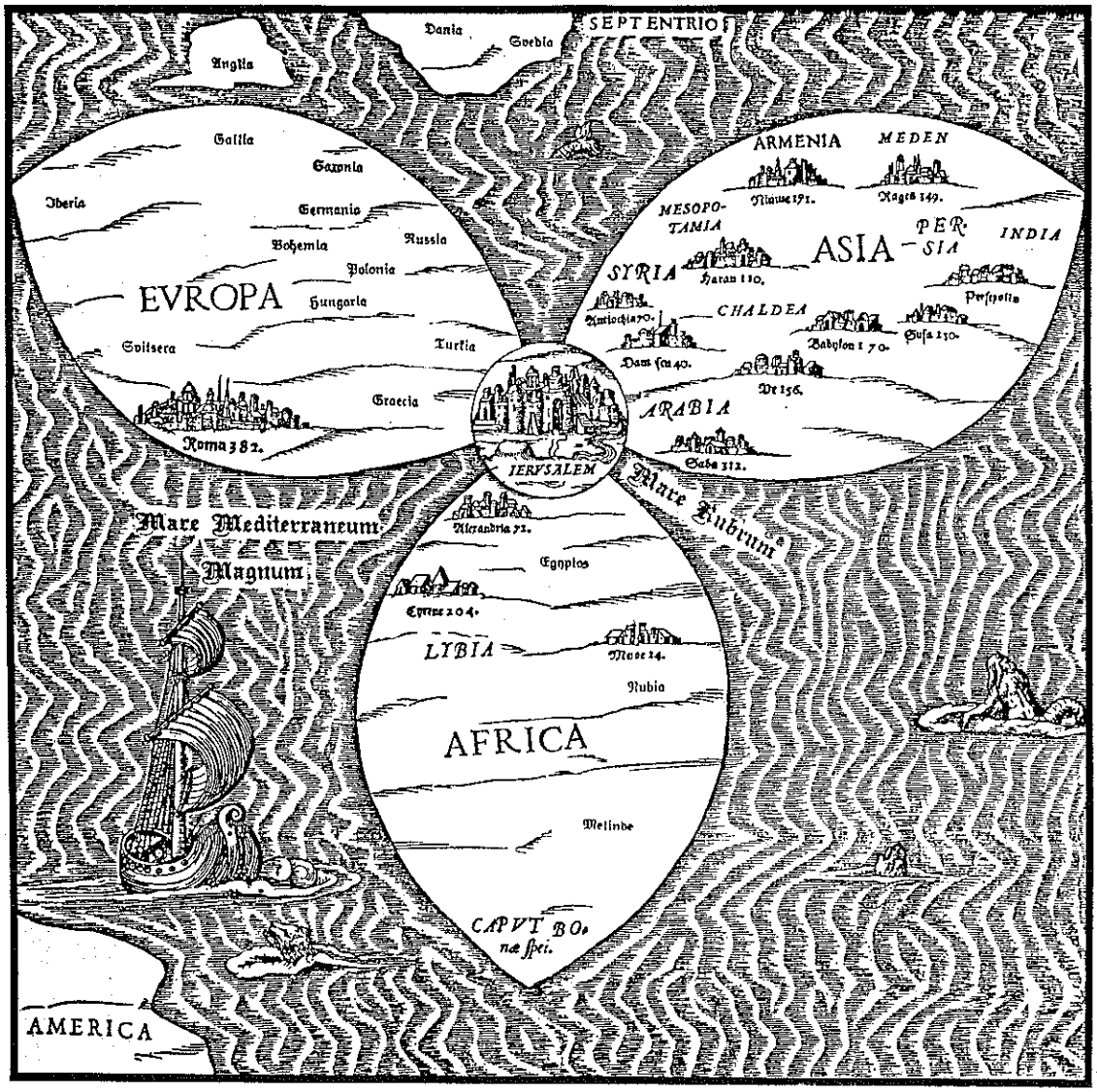
29 October 1988, Saturday - For the first time, 34 far-flung descendants of Henry Baughman [IV] reunite in Forsyth, Taney County, Missouri, from their homes in Arkansas, California, Michigan, Missouri, New York and Oklahoma. On the following Monday, 24 Baughman cousins from Arkansas and Missouri have a party in Harrison, Boone County, Arkansas.

5 January 1989 - Charles T. Baughman divorces Liz in court at Wayne County, Michigan. Although their separation, since 10 October 1988, was amicable, C.T. felt unable to help her chronic depression. Her son, Stephen H. Seymour Jr., had been accidentally electrocuted while swimming on 22 August 1987.

16 July 1990, Monday - Henry Marshall Baughman is born to J. Ross Baughman and Jonalyn Sue Schuon at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital in New York, New York, at 8:38 a.m., weighing seven pounds, four ounces and measuring 20 inches in height.

CHAPTER II

The Historical Context



A German Mapmaker's View of the World
Circa 1500 A.D.

THEY WERE NAMED *GERMANUS* BY THE FIRST ROMANS who met them, so as to say, in Latin, "children of the same parents," or more simply "from the same seed." Their faces seemed familiar, with eyes and skin like many Romans', but they spoke a strange language.

Every other nation near the Mediterranean Sea fell to the emperor's armies, but the Germanic people pushed back steadily from the north. As far back as 114 B.C., Teutonic German warriors joined with Celts and destroyed several Roman armies in Gaul. Recounting such disgraces on the hills of ancient France, the Roman historian Orosius wrote:

> When the enemy had taken possession of two camps, and an immense booty, they destroyed, under new and strange oaths, all that had fallen into their hands. The clothes [from our Roman soldiers] were torn and thrown away, gold and silver thrown into the river, the ring armour [chestplates] of the men cut to pieces, the saddlery of the horses destroyed, the horses themselves thrown into the water, and the men, with ropes around their necks, suspended from the trees, so that there was no more booty for the victors than there was mercy for the conquered.[228:15]

Over a century later, the pressure hadn't stopped. Especially devastating to Rome was a single defeat in 9 A.D., when the 17th, 18th and 19th Imperial legions were wiped out in the Teutoburg Forest. With daggers, wooden lances and plank shields, the Germans ran headlong in wedge formation to break through the armored Roman ranks before an answering volley of arrows could be ordered up. Even worse for the Romans, the German leader's face may have looked familiar: under the name Arminius he had served briefly in their legions, and learned their secrets. His own tribe, the Germanic Cherusci, knew him as Chief Hermann. The old empire that once stretched across Europe to the North Sea staggered back behind the Rhine River.[228:22]

Germans were visited by the Roman historian Tacitus, who wrote about their restless culture in great detail. In his view, they had "little capacity to bear thirst and heat; but their climate and soil have taught them to bear cold and hunger."

When these rough folk weren't fighting or hunting, they filled their time gambling with dice. When matters of honor and trade were settled, no greater bond than a handshake was exchanged. They had enough men to organize armies, but preferred to live apart, scattered among villages, with plenty of open space around each family dwelling. Tacitus described these as being built of "ugly timber, both unimpressive and unattractive."

They never built houses of worship, but said their prayers in sacred groves of trees. The modern Christmas tree and Maypole celebration are reminiscent of these ancient German ways. Tacitus noted that in Germans' worship, graven images with human features were never used, as was the Roman tradition, but were only called "by the name of god that hidden presence which is seen only by the eye of reverence." Three of these forces, Tiu, Woden and Thor, were behind, respectively, the war impulse; eloquence and commerce; fertility, lightning and strength. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday were named in their honor.[109:49]

The oldest written German dates back to about 341 A.D., when the written description of Christ's crucifixion was translated for the first time into the Gothic language. Bishop Ulfilas of Constantinople, who was raised among and may have been himself part German, adapted and expanded the Greek alphabet to record spoken German. By 400 A.D., all of the Germans east of the Elbe River had been converted, at least formally, into Christians.[109:55]

Roman outposts across northern and central Europe were taken over by powerful Germanic tribes. When they moved into the Alpine Mountain Range, just above the Italian peninsula, they became known as the Helvetic Celts and Alemanni people. From his experiences in the Alps, Julius Caesar had called the Helvetii "the bravest" of all the northern tribes.[101:42] At first, Romans saw them as barbarians, but several generations of intercourse softened these differences.

Finally, in 453 A.D., a Germanic people known as the Vandals overwhelmed Rome. Just 15 years later, the German general Odoacer was recognized by the Eastern Roman Empire as the King of Italy. Half of the Roman army was by then made up of the Germanic *foederati,* or confederate troops.[109:51] When

all of Europe converted to Christianity, so did these Germanic chiefs, who took over the crowns of a new Holy Roman Empire. The heart of the Rhineland was renamed for Palatine, the first of the seven hills upon which Rome had been built.

By the end of the first millennium, as Moslem ambition threatened from the East, crusading German princes and their Teutonic knights provided the deciding defense during 140 years of holy warring around the eastern Mediterranean. The largest army of crusading knights by far, possibly 30,000 strong, swore their loyalty to the warrior prince, Frederick Barbarossa.[235:5] When they returned from the Middle East to Germany, fortress castles carved up every bend of the Rhine River and the people's loyalties in every valley on either side.

° ° °

By 1415, rivalries emerged between Rome and its many priests, whose rising national identities clashed with centralized authority. Rector John Hus was one of the first to express defiance in Prague, challenging Catholicism's dogma with populism. He sowed seeds for the Moravian Church, but was executed for it.

Although Roman bishops maintained their hold for another century, Johann Gutenberg's invention of interchangeable type for printing presses in 1439, did much to loosen their grip. Suddenly, ordinary congregations could read and rethink Rome's laws — no longer just in Latin or Greek, but in their own language from their own affordable Bibles.

On 31 October 1517, a priest named Martin Luther nailed 95 protests against Vatican corruption and hypocrisy to his church door in Wittenberg, Germany. Urban intellectuals in Zürich, like Ulrich Zwingli, launched a simultaneous Protestant Reformation across Switzerland. The protest was against the Roman Catholic Order, which was seen as too far compromised from the spirit of the First Century's Christian church. Protestants felt the Vatican had become monolithic, authoritarian, bureaucratic, materialistic, egotistical and corrupt.[160:21] They charged that Catholic bishops were only political appointees, often ill-prepared and absent from their seats of governing. In contrast, a Protestant clergy would be designed to insure local leadership, to foster education and individualism.[160:34] One of the most popular names given to baby boys during these times was Heinrich — Old German for *Heim Reich* or "Home Rule."

Even more determined to clean out corruption and democratize the church were the Anabaptists, like Conrad Grebel, the son of a nobleman who was a member of the Council of Zürich. Grebel wanted to reform the reformers.[184:292] Anabaptists believed that Jesus' Sermon on the Mount should be obeyed and lived literally.

Spiritual growth, they decided, was a personal search. No proudly steepled building, altar statues, automatic infant baptism or absolution — for a price — could help. In their pious world, Anabaptists stripped the State Church of all relevance. They rejected its jeweled robes, because Jesus had worn only the plainest cloth. They ignored Latin, its learned foreign tongue, because Jesus had spoken the language common to his neighbors.

The Roman Catholic church refused to let loose its German-speaking flock, and struck back with the Counter-Reformation. They identified everyone questioning the Mother Church as allied with the devil, and unleashed the brutal Inquisition. In 1618, the Thirty Years' War pitted Catholic French, Italian, Austrian and Spanish soldiers against the north, until in stalemate, Protestant majorities survived only in Britain, Holland and Sweden.

Germany, trapped in the middle, had been the ravaged battlefield. Its population was slashed from 21 million to 13 million. Between 1634 and 1735, just along the Rhine's scarred Palatinate, 75 percent of the people and 85 percent of the horses were killed, and 66 percent of the homes were left in ashes. Minced into 300 separate units of government, Germany's leading families were set against each other, and prevented, sometimes by outside intrigues, from unifying for another 233 years.

The Swiss Background

THE GERMAN-SPEAKING PEOPLE IN SWITZERLAND WERE spared this terror by a mix of history, luck, defiance and the defensive advantage of their mountains. They did not enjoy a perfect peace, however, since local leaders spawned their own oppressive rule.

Much earlier, the Alemanni tribes had been content in the center of Northern Europe; but in 496 A.D., Chlodwig, King of the Franks, pushed them

down into Württemberg and Switzerland. Vanished Bronze Age villagers had been there before all of the rest and left spearheads jabbed into the surrounding hills. Permanent city-state dynasties didn't take root until the Sixth Century near Bern and Zürich. Patriarchs cemented the obedience of their people by offering them the safety of castle walls, but the price amounted to tithes, crops, land rents, military conscription and forced labor.

For 130 years, one noble family dominated lower Lake Zürich. From their fortress castle above Wädenswil, they oversaw every life and acre surrounding the towns of Richterswil, Hütten, Schönenberg and even Ütikon on the opposite shore. Rudolf the First took power in 1172, and passed it to his son and grandson. On 17 July 1297, deeply in debt and without a male heir, however, Rudolf III had to turn the castle and his administrative authority over to German Maltese knights from the Order of St. John. For 650 silver marks, the castle became an arm of their headquarters in nearby Bubikon.[165:30]

Six years earlier, the Holy Roman Empire's House of Hapsburg tried to dominate the emerging local governments, but a newly designed League of Cantons paralyzed their ambitions. The popular resentment of these outsiders was celebrated in the legend of William Tell. He was an ordinary family man who was arrested for refusing to bow down before the hat of a visiting Austrian bailiff named Gessler. As his penalty, Tell was forced to shoot an apple balanced atop the head of his beloved son with a crossbow and arrow. Without fear, he succeeded; but was treacherously thrown back into prison. Such injustices led the Swiss to a popular uprising. William Tell escaped, then ambushed and killed Gessler. Townsfolk drove the oppressors away and burned their castles.[184:33]

During Christmas in 1351, Austrian troops put Zürich under seige for joining the Swiss Confederation. Zürich counterattacked the enemies' fortifications in Baden, far to the north. The military results were little better than a stalemate, but Zürich's might was proven. Even Niccolo Machiavelli was impressed with the Swiss Confederation's ruthless military tactics, and dubbed its members the "New Romans."[148:3]

Throughout the 1300s, Switzerland was the only European country to have compulsory military service for every male between 16 and 60. The weeks away from work and home required for training and battle were a type of taxation. Additionally, each man had the burden of buying his own armament from the local metalsmith — at least a sword, a halberd lance-axe, and a bit of metal protection for his upper body.[101:46]

By 1490, little Switzerland could field 50,000 to 60,000 well-trained soldiers, as many or more than the powerful monarchs in the rest of Europe. Military ambition for the Swiss came to a head in September 1515. The newly crowned French king, Francis I, was hungry for revenge against the Swiss after a chain of staggering defeats. His army shoved into the northern Italian town of Marignano [now Melegnano], positioned for a strike against Switzerland's ally in Milan, Duke Massimilianno Sforza.

The call went out among the cantons, and an army of 22,000 was raised, led by Zürich and Bern throwing forward 7,000 men between them.[101:58]

On a Thursday afternoon, 13 September, Zürich's troops led its charge with many small triangular and rectangular formations. With a single command, they could ball up like a porcupine, pikes arrayed in every direction, and confront charging cavalry. As long as they kept moving, the still experimental French artillery did not have enough time to zero in on them. By nightfall, the Swiss had the upper hand in the fight.

Friday morning, Zürich was in the lead of three distinct Swiss corps, marching directly into the middle of the French forces. Within a few hours, their victory seemed assured, but suddenly, a fresh cavalry of Venetians, allies of the French, arrived on the scene and outflanked them. Swiss units were stunned and broken up. Stationary for too long, they were targeted for warfare's first mobile cannon barrage.

The Swiss limped back to Milan, still orderly under their banners and transporting all of their wounded, but only because their opponents were all so battered that hot pursuit was out of the question. Although they couldn't have realized it then, it was the last time the Swiss would fight a nationalist war outside of their own borders. Mercenaries would still venture forth, but the Confederation's strategy for survival would thereafter rely on international neutrality.[101:54]

Upheaval in Switzerland's Church

THE FIRST SWISS PRIEST TO DISPLAY THE DEFIANCE that was characteristic of the Reformation was Wilhelm Reublin of Basel. On 13 June 1522, during the parading of enshrined saints' skeletons, Reublin held high his open Bible and proclaimed, "This is the

true sacred thing; the other is only dead men's bones."[108:227]

Just as the fight for religious freedom was at the heart of the Swiss Protestant Reformation in the early 1500s, the fight for political freedom led in 1653 to the Peasants' Revolt. Middleland farmers lost 50,000 of their own in the slaughter, but eventually won an autonomy from their local lords resembling modern citizenship. Step by step, rights of independence spread to wider circles of common folk — down to but never including the landless poor or the Anabaptists.

Anabaptists, a small group of religious extremists, questioned the fundamental sincerity of the Lutherans, the Protestant Reformation, and the whole structure of any church as an arm of the state. They criticized abuses allowed to the rich, such as the purchase of indulgence certificates — pre-paid forgiveness that cancelled out in heaven every kind of earthly sin.

Along the lower Lake Zürich area, new Protestant state church found a priest at Richterswil who was only too eager to drop his Catholic vows so that he could marry. Before then, bishops could be slipped a "special tythe," permitting a priest to live with a woman "as if in wedlock." One of the Anabaptists' first leaders, Felix Manz, was born from such a union around 1490. Few priests were aware of it, and fewer still could afford it.[108:227]

Marriage did not seem to help the priest of Richterswil. Unfortunately, he preached the state church's new line with no conviction, or much of an effect on the townspeople. He divorced his wife within a year, accusing her of twice commiting adultery, and noted that the tide of recent change had "resulted in immorality in every respect — drinking, profanity, debauchery."[165] The Anabaptists decried the corruption that remained even after the Reformation, and looked to the way Jesus had swept corruption out of the temple in Jerusalem, as a model for the cleansing still needed by the church.

The response of the state church was to reduce the number of public taverns in Richterswil to no more than eight. With enforcement provided by knights from the Order of St. John, the remaining tavernkeepers were obliged to ban all toasting, close at 9 p.m. every day and allow no drinking on Sundays and other Holy Days until after the sermon.[165]

The most zealous reformers among the Anabaptists took the simple title for themselves of "reader." They switched the revolution into their homes, inviting their friends and relatives in to take turns reading their huge German Bibles.

For the illiterate, the chance to hear Scripture and have it explained, all in their own language, was earthshaking. Here the tradition began for members addressing each other as Brother and Sister. The name they preferred for their groups was "the brethren," and when they met, their gatherings were called "school" or, later, "Bible Circles." The responsibility for performing baptisms fell to "elders," not necessarily the eldest members of the group. When misbehavior deserved criticism, it was delivered by a member of the group called the "servant."[149:239] The Anabaptists believed sacred hours, vessels or places should not be elevated above the rest of life, because all of life was sacred. A relationship with God was highly personal. Fasting should only be discreet, a secret known only to God. Fruits of labor and of the natural world should not be hoarded, but shared across all of Creation.[108:242]

Many Reformed ministers from the new state church, such as Georg Thormann from Bern, issued dire warnings to their flocks about the dangerous extremism of the Anabaptists.[84:21] Zwingli, the father of the Swiss Reformation, had finally built up the country-wide atmosphere he needed to outlaw the Anabaptist Bible Circles. After all, Zürich's Council had discovered that those who attended them were also refusing to take communion or pray in the state church, or let the state's pastors baptize their babies.

Zwingli promised to hold regular Tuesday afternoon debates with the Anabaptists. On 17 January 1525, following the second heated round, Zwingli had failed to cite one Scriptural passage requiring the baptism of infants and, in a pique, canceled all further discussion.[108:242]

The state church damned the Anabaptists for being incorrigible zealots and, in early 1525, drove them out of their city occupations and homes of privilege into a rural agricultural lifestyle. Although the 40 sects making up the Anabaptists never attempted to erect or gather in their own church buildings — in fact their goal was to follow the austere example of Jesus and drop such trappings — the state church's parish pastors could easily keep an eye on these adamant black-clothed dissidents.

Under Zwingli's influence, the harshest persecution began as soon as Anabaptists were maneuvered into breaking new laws invented by Zürich's Council on 21 January 1525. Even Luther, in a surprising pamphlet,

sided with the Catholic princes and mainstream Protestants against them. As early as March of 1525, brethren contemplated fleeing from Bern to the New World, and not long thereafter, authorities connived to deport them.[184:144]

First, however, the state church sought to break the brethren habit of "rebaptizing," the immersion of adults in water for a spiritual rebirth, as Jesus had received from John the Baptist. This was unnecessary in the state church's eyes, and a fanatical challenge to the long-established automatic baptism of infants. In addition, Anabaptists steadfastly opposed all war, slavery, swearing of oaths, voting and officeholding, and these beliefs also vexed the cantonal councils. Brethren stubbornly maintained that only God should maneuver people's lives.

Of course, underneath the religious nature of this conflict was a political revolution as well: In a widespread uprising, centralized authority was being seriously challenged. Anabaptists held forth the right of private judgment, the democratic equality of each member within a congregation, and each congregation within the body of the church.

Spies and informers were salted among the brethren, and special crippling taxes were levied. Eventually there were fines, prison terms, exile, torture and execution by fire and water, and for a few, slavery in the galleys of Turkish warships.[128]

By 1530, in less than five years, 2,000 of the brethren had been put to death. Their burial in church cemetery plots was forbidden. By 1564, these miseries were detailed in the 1,484-page *Martyrs' Mirror*, by Tieleman Jansz van Braght, and in the brethrens' secret hymnal *Ausbund*, with 140 songs written by the imprisoned Anabaptists themselves.

The melodies were never written down, but instead were learned by ear and shared from family to family, town to town, generation to generation. This ensured that the musical and emotional style would be well-suited to the immediate group. Some cells sang very slowly and sweetly, with embellishments and slurred words. Other communities were purposely loud and nasal, so that none of the singers would become proud and carried away by an art that should be contemplative and sorrowful.[174:9]

The words did not change, making their's the oldest Protestant hymnology in the world. The atmosphere of these times was vividly recorded in the final verse of a hymn by Brother Schiemer:

> We wander in the forests dark, with dogs upon our track,
> And like the captive, silent lamb, men bring us prisoners back.
> They point to us amid the throng, and with their taunts offend;
> And long to let the sharpened ax on heretics descend.[149:245]

Some Anabaptists fled to the fortified German town of Münster, which had a like-minded mayor; and there a paranoid seige mentality took hold. Wildfire premonitions saw the Final Judgment Day at hand. Swept by Jesus' admonition to give up princely possessions and join the poor, many of Münster's leading citizens sold everything they had and gave the rest away. Landlords destroyed rental leases; bankers forgave all outstanding loans.

As word of this spread, the walled city became a magnet for thousands of persecuted Protestants from across Northern Europe. On 5 January 1534, two of the more charismatic leaders proclaimed that prophets and angels would arrive at any moment, and all who valued their soul's salvation would have to be re-baptized immediately. Hysteria swept the city. Citizens and newcomers alike went mad with excitement, guildmasters and journeymen, even monks and nuns. The tale that survived them, and did the most to demoralize and discredit the Anabaptist movement, described egotism, delusions, violent militancy, public nudity and communal sharing that included forced polygamy. Surrounded by a bishop's army in 1534, Münster's radicals held out for a year, but then were crushed.[14:135]

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A cornerstone of Luther's Protestantism had admonished the faithful, "Remain in the land of thy forefathers and earn an honest living therein. Emigration is sinful and its wages death."[70:5] Some of the Anabaptists buckled under the persecution — or appeared to — and took their practices underground, becoming "crypto-brethren".[184:488] This public retreat evidenced a strong love for their ancestral homeland and the lengths to which they would go to avoid leaving it; nevertheless, the first considerable exodus took place in 1571, as 700 left for Germany's war-ravaged Palatinate.

Some escaped to tolerated communities of brethren

that flourished in Holland. Obbe Phillips had transplanted the radical Protestant Reformation there, rebaptizing a local Catholic priest named Menno Simons. His leadership, local at first, spread to all of the Netherlands until all Anabaptists there thought of themselves as Mennonites. Simons was banned by the Holy Roman Emperor, who ordered all to refuse him shelter, food, drink and the spoken word. Simons fled to northern Germany, where he preached for the rest of life.

Later on in Holland, another charismatic Anabaptist, named Jacob Ammann, urged even stricter asceticism, and the very kind of banishment, or "shunning," that Simons had endured from the Catholics was used against any disobedient member of this new sect. His followers became known as the Amish.[17:128]

Another offshoot of the Swiss brethren took root in Moravia, following Jacob Hutter. Their determined communal society stood out as early as 1533, and they became known widely as the Hutterites.[149:237]

The Breaking Point

In 1681, William Penn received from King Charles II of England an immense tract of land in North America in payment of a £16,000 debt owed Penn's father. In order to settle the land and enhance its value, Penn traveled to the Palatinate to recruit capable farmers. Penn's values as a Quaker made him eager to reach out to the spiritually kindred and beleaguered Anabaptists. He published 58 books, tracts, pamphlets and broadsides in German, Dutch, English and French to better promote his "holy experiment" in Penn's Woods — Pennsylvania — as this new land was named by King Charles. Unfortunately, another generation went by before the Palatines took up his offer.[128]

Meanwhile in Switzerland, the Bernese Council tried a change of tactics by 1705, when a member of the city government, George Ritter, offered to transfer "four or five hundred undesireable subjects" to "the region of the West Indies, possibly Pennsylvania or Virginia," to make a colony there under and with the full cooperation of the English crown. Ritter was promised 45 Swiss thalers for each person that he could get to leave Europe, to be paid out of confiscated Anabaptist properties. Tales of the pioneers' success filtered back through the Alps, and an unstoppable exodus among people of all faiths began.[184:159]

Besides religious persecution, several longstanding forces had already set the Swiss population swirling. Mandatory military service allowed each local lord to sell many of the finest young men into foreign armies, and if they survived, not a few deserted to seek their fortunes away from home. Another kind of population control had already been tied to each villager's citizenship rights. A *dorfgerechtikeit* card belonging to the head of each household served as, among other things, legal identification, voter registration, deed to home and farm, and a ration coupon for firewood. The card could be legally inherited, which stretched resources among a family's children pretty thin. Two sons, for instance, literally had to cut the card in half and get by with only half a share each, voting only as a family. Two might have been able to manage, but redividing the shares with younger siblings would have made life unsupportable. The younger children were simply forced to move on, reinforcing the custom of primogeniture, which promised all wealth to the first-born son.

From the perspective of council politicians, overpopulation was not a concern in the 17th and 18th Century Switzerland, so all those who left for other lands were accused of weakening the state. The political leadership wanted stability: No uninvited outsiders, no troublemakers, no deserters, no questions. The many thousands who abandoned their farms, shops and military obligations were considered by the authorities to be traitors.

Fresh decrees against emigration were concocted as often as necessary once the fever began, most notably in 1720, 1735, 1736, 1738, 1749, 1753 and 1754. Zürich's mandate of 29 January 1735 forbade travel to America, prevented property sales by those wishing to leave for any destination, permanently revoked citizenship and inheritance rights of those who did, and proclaimed punishments for shipping agents, agitators and distributors of literature on Pennsylvania and the Carolinas. In addition, new taxes sliced as much as 10 percent from any wealth leaving the canton.[70:iv]

Zürich's leaders ordered every local pastor to forward emigration lists.[70:75] Between 1734 and 1744, uncounted midnight departures may have amounted to 200 citizens, but named parents and children on these official cantonal lists totaled 2,300. Anabaptists from all over Switzerland, Alsace-Lorraine and the Palatinate swelled to 8,000 in pre-Revolutionary America.[184:487]

After an officially noted departure, anyone trying to return to their Swiss hometown risked arrest, interrogation and, occasionally, prison. Even sending back instructions of personal business or family news was illegal. Many hundreds of intercepted letters, with postage costing a dear two to four shillings each, are stacked, never delivered, at various cantonal archives. The continuing pace of departures, however, suggests that plenty of encouragement did get through. In March 1729, Heinrich Schneebli returned from Philadelphia, defying the risks, and slipped into Knonau in Canton Zürich. At 27 years old, he was neatly dressed, had plenty of cash and made purchases around town worth nearly 100 florins. Schneebli told the curious that America was sparsely peopled, and had "as fertile and good a land as Switzerland, ... not much wine yet; but the beer was good. Wages were far better there ... One also enjoyed free religious exercise." Shortly after his visit, 30 townspeople asked for official permission to leave for America.[184:22]

They had already heard, no doubt, other descriptions of "a great profusion of walnut, chestnut, oak and fruit-bearing trees, well-watered from brooks and springs everywhere, alive with fish and good-eating game." If they had only known how difficult the journey would be, many might have given up their dreams of a New World.[184:183]

The Journey Begins

On 4 October 1734, the first full ship's load of Swiss emigrants left Canton Zürich in a few riverboats, bound for the Atlantic under the leadership of Pastor Moritz Götschi. They were so inexperienced with long-distance travel that their food ran out before they even got to Basel, the last stop in Switzerland. Some gave up, split off and went home, others traveled overland to the French coast for the voyage.

Those who remained under the leadership of Götschi had to depend on luck, charity and begging for their survival. Their first farewell to home was so late in the year that cold night weather was already upon them, and they suffered in their small, open riverboats. They were further delayed along their 750-mile trip down the Rhine by the rulers along the river's shores. The emigrants sometimes waited for weeks for their passports to be renegotiated.

French and Austrian soldiers were fighting from either side of the river, shooting bullets and cannonballs steadily across the path of the Swiss. Their little string of boats was constantly hailed, searched, robbed or taxed at the 40 tariff stations along the river. Each night, after progressing as few as two miles and never more than six or seven, they camped on whatever piece of the riverbank seemed safest. [Map on page 141.]

Götschi had to sell one of their boats to pay unforeseen duties, and buy a smaller boat with what money they had left. Some of the passengers were thus forced to make their own way along the eastern riverbank on foot. Those who walked got to the port of Rotterdam only a few days later than those who stuck to the river with Götschi.[166]

One glimpse of the kind of life waiting for them in Rotterdam survives in the 1736 travel journal of the Swiss pietist minister Hieronymus Annoni:

> Conditions among them were very chaotic, and on most of their faces one could see remorse and dissatisfaction, so that just a few words of comfort brought forth sighs and tears and the misery of these people affected us deeply. Many, especially young people, lay sick with smallpox, and the Swiss had already buried over 17 of their children. Many tried to drive away their sorrows by drinking, singing and gambling, and these were joined by people of the same type from Rotterdam. Many, whose purses were already empty, let their children go begging. In short, it was a lamentable spectacle and at the same time a living proof of how very much the desire to become richer and more respectable can ruin people.[176:47]

No standard passenger fare had been established for the Atlantic voyage, but when Götschi concluded his negotiation with Captain William Wilson of the British ship *Mercury*, it most likely came close to the steep price of £5 sterling per adult, and half of this for each child.[128:67]

Other records for the time break this down as £3 for transportation and £2 to pay for "dried peas (70 lbs.), a measure of oatmeal and necessary beer." These amounts of food were a fair budget for an adult's three-month appetite. When ship captains managed to cross in less time, the temptation for greater profit caused nearly spoiled leftovers to be resold to the next captain sailing. An articulate young

woman, Christiana Lotter, later described the bread, rationed at six pounds per week for each passenger:

> [Biscuits] came all in pieces, black, without flavor or taste, like a clod, and hard as a rock... Often I dampened them with water to soften them. I also tried them on the fire once but the captain strictly forbade us to do so because it could bring us instant sickness, and I noticed that the biscuit teemed with worms as soon as it was warmed up... None of our food was to be looked at by light.[243:37]

In Rotterdam, the brethren recommended that each adult take along the following provisions for the 10- to 15-week Atlantic crossing, and settlement thereafter in the wilderness: dried beef (24 lbs.), butter (8¼ lbs.), garden seeds, gardening tools, powder and lead for bullet-making, furniture, earthernware, linen, bedding, stoves and money.[128:67] Though Götschi's flock started off in Zürich coming from a wide range of economic means, few had any money left at the end of the Rhine to afford this complete kit.

The well-to-do Dutch Mennonite "Committees on Foreign Need" helped their members from Switzerland and Germany as best they could. Some emigrants counted on relatives already in America to pay their bills at dockside in Philadelphia.

Another option, called manumission, traded the price of passage for temporary slavery. Pre-printed contracts to this effect had to be signed in Rotterdam, before boarding ship. Anywhere from one to seven years of a person's life would be sold, with promises at the end that their master would reward them with £3, two suits of clothing, two hoes and an axe.

Colonial courts in America had ruled that the physical punishment of indentured servants was acceptable, as long as the injuries were not disfiguring. Language differences alone caused many misunderstandings. Their contracts, valued at £15 to £20 each, could be traded, inherited and even used to settle gambling debts.[105:44] If an indentured female became pregnant without her master's permission, two or three years of extra labor would be added to her servitude. Similarly, if an indentured servant disagreed with his master on the conclusion of services, and tried to leave, two days would be legally added in Virginia for every day's unapproved absense. If a servant ran away during the tobacco harvest in South Carolina, each day away had to be repaid with 52 more days. Many tales of abuse filtered back to the Old World, and the fear of a life lost in slavery made some give up before even reaching the docks.

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For those with the courage to board ship, a whole new education was ahead. At the last resupply stop before the open sea, at the English port of Cowes, passengers were taught that eating enough dried fruit and cooked butter could prevent scurvy; and that to keep free of lice, ground mercury and pork fat would have to be applied weekly to the whole body. To rid clothes of vermin and spots, especially when trying to make oneself presentable at journey's end, sailors recommended urine.[184:468]

Even if adequate food supplies had been taken along in the first place, spoilage usually ruined the better half before it could be eaten. Stowaway mice were caught and sold at dear prices as meals. With great luck, the ship's crew might catch a shark or a dolphin to split among the passengers for food. One farsighted captain brought along a live hog as an emergency cache of food, but it drowned in a leaky compartment below deck.

The pious kept themselves occupied with daily worship services and hymn singing on deck, if weather and space permitted, but overcrowding below was the rule. One captain lost his nerve aboard a low-riding, overloaded vessel, and only one day out of Rotterdam, sailed back and quit his command.

In 1734, because of alternating storms and calms, a ship named *Love & Unity* took nine months to cross, almost three times as long as usual. Most of the passengers and crew aboard died of starvation.

It was not unusual either, for the fresh water to run out, because of an unexpectedly long voyage or because of leaky casks. Depending on what had been stored in the casks on the previous trip, water might also become putrid. Under these circumstances, passengers drank olive oil, vinegar and other liquids. The mice, too, became desperate, and were known to gnaw off the stopper corks on the vinegar bottles, lower in their tails and then lick off the liquid. At night, terrified passengers woke up to feel the mice licking the sweat off their own arms and faces.

A diary about one such crossing, written by Gottlieb Mittelberger in 1750, survives:

> One day, just as we had a heavy gale, a woman in our ship, who was to give birth and could not under the circumstances of the storm, was pushed through the porthole and dropped into the sea, because she was far in the rear of the ship and could not be brought forward.
>
> The misery reaches the climax when a gale rages for two or three nights and days, so that everyone believes that the ship will go to the bottom with all human beings on board. In such a visitation, the people cry and pray most piteously. When in such a gale, the sea rages and surges, so that the waves rise often like mountains one above the other, and tumble over the ship, so that one fears to go down with the ship; when the ship is constantly tossed from side to side by the storms and waves, so that no one can either walk, or sit, or lie, and the closely-packed people in the berths are thereby tumbled over each other, both the sick and well — it will be readily understood that many of these people, none of whom had been prepared for hardships, suffer so terribly from them that they do not survive.[150]

Children under the age of seven rarely survived. Mittelberger saw 32 children die and get buried at sea. Far and away, though, the cruelest season for ocean crossers fell during the autumn and winter of 1738/1739. Storms and late frosts had stunted the growing season in Central Europe, and pressures from the church and state, particularly in Switzerland, created an exodus "the most startling seen since 1709." As just one case history, Canton Zürich lost 526 well-known citizens. Between mid-August and 15 September, they fled over 38 neighboring towns to begin the miserable half-year journey.[245:36]

The wiser plan would have been to start out in spring, but these desperate emigrants had not learned from the mistake that their neighbors and Götschi had made just three years earlier. Outright warring along the Rhine had subsided, and that month-long leg of the trip certainly must have passed more smoothly than it had for Götschi. Shipping agents in Rotterdam were caught completely unprepared, though, and had no vessels in port in which to evacuate the growing crowds.

The people of Rotterdam were unwilling to accommodate the influx of Swiss and Germans, few of whom had money to pay for lodging, or any idea of when or how they would be leaving. A muddy, riverside tent camp, west of the city limits, and near the ruins of St. Elbrecht's chapel at Kralingen, had been thrown together for the flood of people who had been arriving for months.

During late summer, sweltering afternoons were slapped by chilly night rains. Amidst the filthy conditions, typhus or several strains of typhoid fever spread quickly. Incubating at different rates, according to each person's general health, size and age, the fevers were marked by unstoppable diarrhea, weakness in the head, chest and legs at first; then came the first signs of a soft, bloated stomach with overall body swelling, and weeping boils.

An agent named Alexander Andrew managed to find two English captains for what would be the last two passenger voyages across the Atlantic that year. The small bilander *London*, under Joshua Pipon, picked up 50 of the Zürich pilgrims and made it to Philadelphia by 8 January 1739. The *Jamaica Galley*, under Captain Robert Harrison, contracted on 20 October to handle "320 souls." It was a mid-sized British merchant ship, in the class of 200 tons burden. At 100 feet in length, by about 25 feet at its widest girth, the *Jamaica* required a dozen crew members, and was designated a galley probably because oar fittings on each side permitted easy maneuvering in port.[245]

Its three floors below deck were hurriedly crammed with double- and triple-decker berths. In what was considered normal for the times, and especially so since this was the last chance to cross the Atlantic until the next spring, its designed capacity was probably overfilled by 33 percent.

According to the newspaper *Rotterdamse Courant* on 6 November, the *Jamaica Galley* exited the river's mouth at Göree and headed for the English port of Cowes, on the Isle of Wight, to stock up on supplies. After passing customs at Plymouth, it faced a particularly harsh season of storms, with cold, furious mast-breaking winds.

Just as the *Jamaica* was getting under way, a ship named the *Charming Nancy* arrived in Philadelphia on 9 November to offer the year's most heartbreaking story. It's captain, Charles Stedman, had first sailed from that port just three years before, on the *Nancy*'s maiden voyage. He enjoyed a reputation among Philadelphia's Germans as the safest and fairest of all ships' masters, not only on the high seas, but when it came to settling the price of passage as well.

Pennsylvania's newly elected governor, George

Thomas, joined the crowd at dockside to greet the load of more than 310 passengers and administer the rights of citizenship. Happy reunions were anticipated by the friends and families gathered, just as others had welcomed earlier arrivals of this ship. The crowd watched with growing dismay, however, as only 64 men, weak and trembling, were able to walk out of the *Charming Nancy*'s hull.

Other ships reached the American shore hundreds of miles off course to the north. In one case, the passengers threatened mutiny if they weren't put ashore at once, but stranded on the rocky coastline of New England, they froze to death overnight on a desolate beach.

No record of women and children aboard the *Jamaica* was kept, but death must have touched those aboard the *Jamaica Galley*. The departing passengers in Rotterdam amounted to 6,490, spread among 24 ships. The "Palatine Fever," as it had become known, combined with starvation and the toll of two ships wrecked at sea, claimed an estimated 2,000 lives.

The high emigration rate made 1738 the first year many captains transported Swiss and German passengers to America, and except for fewer than half a dozen, they never agreed to again, including Charles Stedman and Robert Harrison.[245]

Adjusting to the New World

PASSENGERS WERE NEVER A COMMERCIAL NECESSITY. The ships' bread-and-butter business was the servicing of colonial mercantilism: the delivery of much-needed raw goods produced in the colonies to the mother country. The return trips would have gone mostly empty, until captains and owners put together human cargoes. Emigrants were ready to fill whatever ships were available, sometimes in tightly knit groups able to prepay their passage.

If they couldn't find a well-financed group, shipping agents, called "Newlanders," would sign up as many neighbors or strangers as possible for one voyage, at any age and in any state of health. These agents were fully aware that the ship could sail more profitably if passengers died along the way. The dead used up no rations, and when buried at sea, left behind precious space below deck. If the head of a family died, his surviving dependents sometimes were sold as "redemptioners," partially paid passengers, into years of servitude in Philadelphia. Trunks full of personal belongings were often misrouted and sold, and the profits put into the captain's pocket.[128] Dazed passengers were presented at journey's end with bills for travel insurance, loan interest and "handling."

All those stricken ill during the trip, arriving in a contagious state or too weak to move, had to stay on ship, in theory, just until their health improved. Few of these unfortunates ever felt solid ground beneath their feet again.[184:464] Pastor Götschi fell ill while still at sea, but his loyal followers kept it a secret. In order to get him ashore, they invented a ceremony of great pomp, carrying him atop a chair down the gangplank. He died, however, the next day. Some that got ashore, but were soon spotted with the symptoms of the disease, were loaded into wheelbarrows and pushed back up the gangplank into the ship's fetid underdecks.[245]

For those who had cut a deal with the ship's captain back in Rotterdam, the head of each family was given two weeks, upon landing in Philadelphia, to find someone willing to buy remaining family members off the boat. Captains took in as much as £6, 5 sh. sterling for each person, committing the immigrant to an average five years of service. Sometimes that meant separating children from their parents. Philadelphia's German-language newspapers were filled with forlorn classified ads seeking to reunite family members, some of whom had been taken as far away as the Carolinas. Local merchants in Philadelphia, such as James Wragg of Front Street, worked closely with the original Rotterdam shipping agents. Wragg took the last redemptioners off the boat on bond so the ships could be quickly reloaded with much more profitable cargo. The day after the *Jamaica Galley* arrived in port, the following advertisement ran in Benjamin Franklin's *Pennsylvania Gazette*:

> To Be SOLD, by Mordicai Lloyd
> Almost opposite the Baptist Meeting-House
> HOLLANDS, Threads, Bobbins, Men & Women's worsted knit Hose, Gingams, fine and coarse Hatts, Brushes, Cutlery Ware, Pipes &c.
> on reasonable Terms. Likewise a Parcel of *Dutch* SERVANTS, Men, Women and Children.

One clever German arrived in Philadelphia with no luggage, no friends waiting for him and no apparent means to pay for his passage. He had, however, brought along plenty of foresight and a compact, but sufficient bundle of sewing needles to sell right there

on the dock. He paid off his debts to the ship's captain and still had a tidy profit with which to start his life. But many prosperous settlers in the Swiss and German communities of Pennsylvania and Virginia began their American lives as redemptioners around Philadelphia, sometimes in servitude for as long as ten years.[163] For those with manners, a skill, some education or native intelligence, servitude might not have been so far different from ordinary trade apprenticeships.

George Washington, at his estate in Virginia, made several unsuccessful attempts with Palatine import agents to obtain 200 German families, "not much encumbered with children." Wholesale indenturing eventually became rare, but by the 1780s, a number were finally employed at Mount Vernon.[248:107]

The first step to formal and legal entry was for immigrants to renounce all loyalty to their country of origin. For the weary, persecuted Anabaptists, this part would have been no problem. But then they were required to swear an oath of allegiance to the British king, an act that attacked the very heart of their religious beliefs. Impingement of their faith was, after all, one of the reasons they had left their homes in the first place. Some of the German-speaking arrivals probably signed the oath without knowing what it was. At this point in their journey, a few may have even begun to question some of the commandments of the faith that had cost them so much. Pennsylvania's Quaker leaders, already sensitive to issues of religious dissent, eventually waived the oath and allowed each man to simply affirm his intention to be a good citizen.

Clerks for the British crown in Philadelphia recorded the names and ages of virtually every male over the age of 16 who arrived at their port. They often made mistakes, however, with the spelling of the German names, which sounded strange to British ears, or for the sake of uniformity, imposed an Englishness upon them. For example, Albrecht was turned into Allbright, Bachmann into Baughman, Bender into Painter, Benz into Pence, Glück into Click, Greibel into Graybill, Hammann into Hammond, Heise into Hisey, Hörschi into Hershey, Hüber into Hoover, Lehmann into Lemmon, Näff into Naves, Öchslein into Axline, Stauffer into Stover, and poor Schnebli became Snavely, Siefly or Chiefly. These hybrid spellings identify the immigrants who came to America between 1710 and 1780; before and after that time, the original German names were overlooked or accepted. Some residents of cultural strongholds, such as Lancaster County, resisted the transformation during those years of Anglicization.

The Philadelphia clerks also tended to assume that all of the German-speaking arrivals were refugees from the tiny, ravaged Palatinate. Confusion also resulted from the German's word for German — *Deutsch* — which got turned into Dutch. The clerks lumped all of the "Dutch" together: the Netherlanders along with Germans, Swiss and Austrians.

The confusion about early German influence on America extended to the first draft of history as well. Peter Minuit is remembered as the man who bought Manhattan Island from the Indians for $24 worth of trinkets. He worked for the Dutch, and became the first Director-General of New Netherland, but should be properly remembered as Peter Minnewitt, a German from Wesel.[193:8] The English often take credit for the hard work of taming Virginia, but they weren't alone. When Jamestown was started in 1614, Germans workers were already settling the Tidewater lands. The "New World" had even been named by a German. In 1507, a mapmaker named Martin Waldseemüller decided to name the mysterious new coastline "America," to honor Amerigo Vespucci, an explorer from Italy.[40]

By 1739, Pennsylvania alone had received 4,778 Germanic immigrants, 67 shiploads, one-third of whom had arrived in the previous two years. The peak year was 1749, when 7,020 arrived in 21 ships. Before 1775, when the American Revolution began, 254 more shiploads of German-speaking people had been tallied.[128] By including all of their children and grandchildren born since reaching America, 225,000 Swiss and German folk made up one-tenth the population of the new nation.[175:10] Pennsylvania was over one-third German; half of the colonies' population south of New England was non-English.[105:20]

This rapid growth did not please some of the English-speaking leaders. Benjamin Franklin wrote that special laws would soon be necessary to prevent German from becoming Pennsylvania's de facto official language. On 9 May 1753, Franklin wrote to Peter Collinson, in Philadelphia:

> Of the six printing houses in the Province, two are entirely German, two half-German/half-English ... The Signs in our Streets have inscriptions in both languages, and some only

> German ... There is a continual need of Interpreters; and I suppose in a few years they will also be necessary in the Assembly, to tell one half of our Legislators what the other half say; In short, unless the stream of their importation could be turned from [Pennsylvania] to other Colonies ... they will soon outnumber us, that all the advantages we have will not in My Opinion be able to preserve our language, and even our Government ...[75]

His observation was not without basis. In Philadelphia, for example, many courts for many years had found it necessary to hold double sessions: in German for the bulk of the court's affairs, and then again in English to catch up with record-keeping.

Young George Washington first encountered German settlers in 1748, when he was hired by Lord Fairfax to be a surveyor west of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia. He wrote in his diary: "I really think they seemed to be as Ignorant a Set of People as the Indians — they would never speak English but when spoken to they speak all Dutch."[31:29]

Thomas Jefferson later wrote, "It's better to discourage the settlement of foreigners in large masses, wherein, as in our German settlements, they preserve for a long time their own languages, habits and principles of government." Earlier, Jefferson had been all in favor of Germans undertaking the backbreaking labor of frontier settlement. "Unable to communicate with the people of the country, they confine themselves to their farms and their families ... Of all foreigners, I should prefer Germans. They are the easiest got, the best for their landlords ..."[248:107]

Virginia's colonial government, under the influence of its official state church, did not want to see any challenge to its English-speaking, Episcopalian status quo, and so passed the "Laws of Uniformity." These lumped all "non-oath takers" in with "Quakers and their related groups," and sought to keep them out of Virginia by barring them from owning land or settling east of the Blue Mountains.

A Refuge in the Valley

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY, BEYOND THE FIRST PEAKS, was out of sight and out of mind for Virginia's leaders; and any European Protestants who could be persuaded to civilize it might provide a useful buffer against the Indians and the French further west.[29:10]

This became the loophole into Virginia, and the way out of the packed Lancaster County farmlands, where all of the best acreage had long since been claimed by earlier arrivals.

The person who opened the loophole wide and kept it open was Thomas, the Sixth Lord Fairfax. Through marriage to the daughter of Lord Culpeper, this English nobleman inherited a six-million-acre piece of Virginia known as the Northern Neck — basically everything between the Potomac and Rappahannock Rivers. By 1746, Fairfax had moved to America permanently to set his land-grant plans in action and open the Lord Proprietor's Office in Greenway Court, where it still stands, 12 miles southwest of Winchester.[27:32] By 1 October, he and his surveying party had explored to the southern edge of his claim, crossing the Shenandoah River's North Fork, the Old Indian Trail and most likely along their course due west to the Alleghenies, crossing the branch of water later called Holman's Creek, where Daniel Holeman was already homesteading.

Fairfax set about increasing the value of this wilderness by handing out grants of between 200 and 450 acres each to the overflow of capable Swiss and German farmers crowded into southeastern Pennsylvania. All ranks of people came calling on Lord Fairfax, from Maryland's governor, Samuel Ogle, followed in the next minute by "foreign Protestants seeking title to back parts acreage."

Anyone eager enough to visit the Proprietor would most likely be given a warrant, the first of three steps to legal occupancy. A down payment, or "composition" money, was required, at 10 shillings per 100 acres. The real profits would roll in by the annual collection of additional rent, set at two shillings per 100 acres, payable in commodities or cash.[27:111] Called Quit Rents, the term meant that upon payment, the tenant was free or "quit" of further obligations.[27:26] As a result, the income to Fairfax from all his rents reached £4,000 per year. The annual quit rent to one Fairfax tenant, Edward Corder, for 200 acres was "one large fat turkey ready for roasting," payable every December 25th. Corder's lease went on to say that all would be forfeited if "said turkey when tendered should not be fat and ready for use."[27:122]

Each applicant chose their own virgin farmland, but it had to be laid out so that its breadth was no less than one third of its depth. This rule was devised so that well-watered bottom land would not be

monopolized by the first to move into an area. Otherwise, the second wave of applicants would be left "high and dry" on the surrounding hillsides that had no streams. One of Fairfax' first applicants had asked for 865 acres, all of it snaking along for seven miles, never more than a quarter mile from a rambling creek.

As the next step, one of Lord Fairfax' favorite surveyors, such as George Washington, in his early 20s, or Robert Rutherford, would travel to the farm within a year to draft a formal survey. Because snakebites were all too common in the warmer seasons, they preferred to limit their visits to dry days, during the three of four winter months, hence the delays. With each applicant, and a few neighbors, carrying equipment and measurement chains, the exercise usually took up the better part of a day. Many applicants had already proceeded to farm.

An even longer period, up to seven years, would pass before the grant itself was drawn up on parchment, signed "Fairfax" and emblazoned with a red wax impression of the Lord Proprietor's Seal. For the formerly impoverished emigrants, their date of land entitlement must have called up strong feelings.

The 12-mile-wide, 150-mile-long Shenandoah Valley is named for its river. This mountain artery feeds the Potomac River from two forks that flow from the southwest. The valley is rimmed by the Blue Mountains to the east and the Alleghenies to the west, and the Massanutten Mountains splitting it one-third of the way up from the south.[31]

The word Shenandoah is rooted in the Algonquian Indian language, and recalls the tribe's search among the highest surrounding peaks for the river's source. They never found it, and called the river "Daughter of the Stars." Geographers since then have tracked down Gilmer Springs, west of Harrisonburg, Virginia, which pours the highest headwaters into the Shenandoah's Skidmore Fork. Other Indian language experts point to the abundance of pine trees surrounding the valley, and conclude that a variation on the sound of the word Shenandoah might mean "Spruce Stream."[118:59]

In August of 1670, when no European had yet set foot in the valley, Virginia's governor commissioned a German Franciscan monk named John Lederer to explore it.[216:285] In 1707, a Swiss team led by Louis Michel mapped the Shenandoah Valley and the land along the river's North Fork for 50 miles, at least to the site of present-day Edinburg.

After an expedition in August and September of 1716, Virginia's governor, Alexander Spotswood, tried to take credit for discovering the valley. After celebrating the journey with great amounts of alcohol, the governor's group climbed to the top of a nearby mountain, from which they claimed to have a clear view of Canada, and decided to rename the Shenandoah River the Euphrates.

Thirty years passed before the first whites settled along The Old Indian Trail, which ran all the way from Philadelphia to North Carolina's Yadkin River. At the time, settlers preferred to call this trail the Valley Pike or the Great Wagon Road, though today it's better known as U.S. Highway 11.[31:30] They found that no single tribe dominated the area, although ancestors of the Shawnee had dominated regions around Winchester and Woodstock, but rather that the Valley was considered a neutral hunting ground, shared among the Manahoac, Monacan, Powhatan, Delaware and even the southerly Susquehanna and Cherokee Nations.

People who spoke German made the first permanent homes there, out of stones and logs. Adam Müller of Schresheim, in Baden-Württemberg, arrived in 1727, on the South Fork's Hawksbill Creek.[29:11] Swiss-born Jacob Stover arrived two years later, planting crops a mile below Bear Lithia Stream, in present-day Rockingham County. Just east of the North Fork, John Funk bought 320 acres on 22 February 1738, near the center of present-day Strasburg. His land, and the little settlement that sprang up around it, became a traditional resting stop for other Germans. Fellow Anabaptists — members of the Church of the Brethren — were especially welcome to resupply for the remainder of their journey southbound to the first open and available land.[183:7]

In 1772, Morgan Edwards wrote in an unpublished report titled *History of the Baptists in Virginia*:

> About the year 1752, some of the Tunker and Memionist [Mennonite] baptists came to this province from Pennsylvania and settled in the NW parts, about the waters of Shenandore... and have increased to about 36 families where of 36 persons are baptized. Their ministers are Rev. Jos. Chiefly, Christopher Guss. Some of them keep the 7th day sabbath by means of their connexion with the Tunkers of Ephrata.[183:10]

An early court case took a deposition from Robert Rutherford, a surveyor for Lord Fairfax, that mentioned Jos. Chiefly [Siefly] as having already made

numerous improvements to land he had settled near Holman's Creek by 1757, without benefit of a land title. In combination, Edwards' account and the deposition help to establish the group identity of those first settlers along Holman's Creek, in the upper reaches of the Shenandoah River.

William Good, John Glick Sr., and their families are otherwise clearly documented Brethren; a complete list of 36 families mentioned in Edwards' report would be likely to include their nearby neighbors, the Kageys, Hesses and Baughmans, whose land had been surveyed by Rutherford in 1754.

For further confirmation, records at Ephrata, Pennsylvania, describe a migration that took place in 1752. At midnight on 2 October, unmarried Brethren Heinrich Sangmeister and Anton Hollenthal slipped away from their responsibilities at the Cloister and headed out for Virginia, triggering the wanderlust of a number of other area church members and from First-Day congregations in southeastern Pennsylvania.

Sangmeister and Hollenthal spent their first winter in Virginia in Funk's stable, and managed to earn money binding books and teaching, as they were probably the first arrivals to the valley trained in such things. They eventually found land to buy in the Strasburg area, which was known as Stovertown in those days, and built the Brethrens' first small meetinghouse in Virginia, by 1761, as well as the area's first pottery kiln. The same year, both Woodstock and Strasburg were established as towns by law. Many of those who had followed, however, settled about 20 miles further south on Holman's Creek, and eventually 30 miles farther, on to Amsterdam [now Daleville] in Botetourt County.[183:10]

According to records at neighboring Augusta County, these earliest settlers were experienced in trades and crafts, and included millers, weavers, cabinet-makers, brick-layers and auctioneers. In 1763, the Valley's first iron forge and furnace were set up by the Pennybaker family at Cedar Creek, and became known as the Columbia Furnace. The first clear pane windows in the Valley arrived about the same time, delivered from a German settler's glassworks in Wistarberg, New Jersey. Before long, the area got its own wool-hat factory.

Within another generation, several watchmakers opened shop in Middletown, making the village better known by the nickname "Clock Town." One sample of their genius included spare parts — tiny, toothed wheels — carved out of wood. Clockmaker Anthony Kline built grandfather clocks that accurately recorded minutes, months, even phases of the moon. Jacob Danner made surveying instruments as well.[31]

In order to recognize the relative location of towns, mountains and streams during this time, it is useful to know the many name-changes that the valley went through, as loyalties and patronage shifted back in England. Northern Virginia's original English shire name was Northumberland (1648), but part of that was split off to make Old Rappahannock County (1656). Successive bisections narrowed it down as being part of Essex (1692), then Spotsylvania (1720), then Orange (1734), and Frederick County (1738) just before Lord Fairfax began making his land grants. Before the Revolution, it was renamed Dunmore County (1772) in honor of the British lord of the same name, but patriotic residents petitioned in 1778 for the American Indian name of Shenandoah County, as it has been known ever since.

Building Hearth and Home

ARRIVING IN THIS HEAVILY-WOODED LAND, THE settlers' concerns were more down-to-earth than were the mapmakers' and lords' in London. In German, the whole southern part of the North Fork region was named *Der Wald* — simply, The Forest. Pioneering German farmers dedicated themselves first to the loving care and feeding of their livestock, and every family member was expected to make sacrifices for the farm's future. The horses were not used for carrying firewood through winter snow or for riding just for pleasure, but were saved for the difficulties of the field alone, and then were expected to perform with the worth of two horses. The cows, likewise sturdy and fit from much care, offered twice the milk. All of this was recorded with astonishment by a variety of English and French diarists as they passed through the Valley. J. Hector de Crèvecour wrote at the time:

> The Scotch are frugal and laborius, but their wives cannot work so hard as German women, who on the contrary vie with their husbands, and often share with them the most severe toils of the field, which they understand better ... The Irish do not prosper so well; they love to drink and to quarrel; they are litigious, and soon take to the gun, which is the ruin of everything.[39]

The "Swisser" barns were normally built before a proper house for family members had even been layed out. They were, whenever possible, two stories high, with a pitched roof, built with the backs against a hill or man-made incline. This gentle ramp had to be large and strong enough for heavy farm teams to head up the sloping dirt entrance into the upper story for loading and unloading grain. At first barns were built mostly of logs, and were fully serviceable within one generation of a family's labor. Eventually, in the European tradition, at least two sides were rebuilt with stone and brick. Some barns were as large as 120 feet long and 60 feet wide, with an upper story built to have a 10-foot overhang, to shelter the stable and passageway entries below.[121:95]

In time, the typical family farm along the Shenandoah was plotted for 15 cultivated acres (rotated to other bottomland periodically), three acres of grazing meadow, and 26 acres more of productive high land. Horses, hogs and cattle were often loose in the surrounding woods, but rudimentary fences penned in the cows during winter, so that manure could be more easily collected for fertilizer.[31]

Unlike their English neighbors, Germanic settlers went to great lengths to start fruit trees as early as possible. The Indians of the area already knew the wild crab apple, but Europeans found them unfit even for livestock feed. Either seeds direct from Europe, or seedlings from varieties such as the Newton Pippin were carted in with great difficulty from older seaboard communities. Fairfax realized that orchards only enhanced his properties' value, and eventually made such plantings a lease contract requirement.

Seventy-five apple trees, along with an occasional peach tree, filled the typical German family's orchard. Planning ahead for growth and ease of harvesting, they should have been planted 40 feet apart, fenced in to protect the fruit from animals, and regularly pruned to encourage more blossoms. Instead, they usually went wild, "bristled all over with whip stick branches," and leeching mosses. If most orchards seemed to be taken for granted, it was probably due to their overabundance. Beside family appetites, hogs loved apples, but there was no market in taking the bulky fruit to sell elsewhere. Like grains, apples were fermented and distilled. Apple brandy was a cost-effective product that was easier to cart to market.[200]

To start with, the favored crops were wheat, corn, rye, barley, oats, along with some cotton, hemp and tobacco. Of these, the settlers grew only what they would consume themselves, as did most of the communities in those days that were self-sufficient in basic goods, and had not yet developed import-export world views. To acquire the tools and other items they couldn't make themselves, pioneer neighbors took turns visiting the German merchants of Lancaster County with items for barter: butter, cheese, apple or peach brandy, wild ginseng, hemp, tanned skins and furs from wolves, beavers, black foxes, deer and elk. Later, Virginia merchants in Williamsburg, Falmouth, Fredericksburg and Richmond were also eager to do business with them.[124:179]

While all of this productive settling in had started, families might live, at first, under the widespread branches of great trees.[184:295] As late as 1744, a father and his two sons lived for the better part of one winter in a hollow sycamore tree.[27:78] During the first few years, houses were just temporary log shelters, caulked with clay, grass and leaves. All the while, the future building stones were being quarried and the lumber sawed and seasoned.[128:95]

The Germanic style of building a house meant two stories and a pitched roof. The completion of the house's framework was celebrated with a wreath hung to the uppermost beam and drinks all around for the workers, as had always been the custom along the Rhine. The owner's names, and the date of these Topping Out festivities were also frequently carved into this timber. This same top beam sometimes was stolen in the night as a prank by people from the next village. Only after playful bargaining would it be returned, often in great style, profusely festooned and pulled by oxen, to a musical accompaniment. The head carpenter would then become the spokesman (or *Polier*, from the French verb *parler*) to recite verse, and offer blessings for the house and inhabitants.[181:122]

One traveler through the valley later wrote:

> If a German builds a house, its walls are twice as thick as others, if he puts down a gatepost, it is sure to be as thick as it is long. Everything about him, animate and inanimate, partakes of this character of solidarity. His wife is even a jolly, portly dame, his children chubby rogues, with legs shaped like old-fashioned mahogany bannisters ...[162]

Their tradition was to build the chimney in the middle of the building, with a room on each side for the most efficient heating, instead of along an outside

wall in the English style. The Germanic stove room, or kitchen, kept food preparation on one side, while the living room on the other side of the chimney had only a closed iron-paneled box. It radiated heat through these panels, which were often decorated with tableaux from the Scriptures. Each hearth and stove was built wide enough for long logs. Plenty of wood was heaped up at the beginning of each day to make a roaring fire. When burned low and raked out, red hot coals were left for cooking dinner, the main midday meal.[34]

Life was hard during the early years of settlement. Clearing the heavily wooded hills and dales for planting was slow work; and the favorite recipes from Europe had to be reinvented for the plainer ingredients at hand. Still, tables heavy with food, to match hardworking appetities, were common. The traditional call to the table was, "Come on in, and shovel yourself out." While lighter breakfast or supper meals might be eaten informally in the kitchen, the main meal was usually served on a long table, fixed like a booth up to permanent bench seating against one wall in a corner.[34:7] Everyone would first link hands and say aloud, "Blessed Meal" (*"Gesegnete Mahlzeit"*).[181:126]

The Swiss and Germans brought with them a custom known as "The Seven Sweets and Seven Sours," in which the farm's bounty — and the cook's ingenuity — were tested to set the table with seven plates' worth of each taste. Guests were encouraged to look for and even count them off, and tease the hostess good-naturedly about any shortage.

The spread might have started with a dandelion lettuce salad, garnished with tiny edible pink flowers from the redbud weed. Then there were usually plenty of pickled eggs, pears and red beets, navy bean or potato soup, smoked goose with dumplings, spiced pot roast, rabbit stew, noodles with applesauce, pepper relish, ginger tomato preserves, sour dough and rye breads, honey, wild strawberries, crumb cake, apple streusel, and ice cream flavored with paw paw fruit found alongside nearby streams. Coffee was rare, but herbal brews were made from sassafras, persimmons or teaberries (purported to cure rheumatism.)

The recipe for *rosina boi* was tailored for one particular need, and for it, was nicknamed "funeral pie." Far-flung neighbors and relatives traveled great distances for the wake and burial of a fellow German pioneer, and a great feast was customary before going home. After trial and error, the dessert that traveled best turned out to be raisin pie.[19]

Pioneer Culture in the Valley

DURING IDLE WINTERS, THESE FARMS YIELDED A different harvest: penmanship and decorative drawings, in styles passed down from these pioneers' Swiss and German ancestors. Baptisms, love notes, marriage certificates, house blessings, bookplates, folk cures and mysticism guides were carefully enscribed and illuminated.

This style of calligraphy often left the strokes within a single letter-character disconnected. This "fractured" writing lead to the German name *Frakturschriften*, which eventually included a whole menagerie of colorful, symbolic birds, horses, flowers, stars and primitive folk portraits. In combination with the ink and home-made water colors, intricate designs were cut out of paper, called *Scherenschnitt*, to enhance their loving labors.

Many managed their own renderings, showing considerable patience for fine-lined, symmetrical patterns; for modest pay, a skilled artist might produce a heart-shaped baptismal *Taufschein*. One of the earliest of these experts to come to the Shenandoah Valley was Samuel Funk (1719-1779), who settled in Strasburg. Many fraktur in the area were painstakingly hand-colored and signed by the teacher and mail deliverer, Peter Bernhart. By far, though, most were anonymous, probably drafted by immediate family members.[248:180]

Even more personal were the carefully lettered *Himmelsbrief*, or letters from heaven. These were folded pieces of parchment which the holder would carry at all times, that listed personalized commandments from God, as well as common sense advice for daily living. These were commonly passed down from parent to child.

Always attracted to symmetry in their designs, the Germans had a fascination with mazes and multi-directional displays of number and word, such as:

4 3 8
9 5 1
2 7 6

which offers a sum of 15, when added by row, column or either diagonal. Slightly more complicated were letter combinations in German and Latin that could also be read in many ways:

S A T O R
A R E T O
T E S E T
O T E R A
R O T A S

Scraps of paper enscribed with this, or minor variations, were thought to cure cursed cattle, if only the animals could be coaxed into eating the paper. Dangerous fires could be put out without water by scribbling the same word pattern on an earthenware plate and throwing that onto the flames.[199:154]

Other small pieces of parchment, or thin sheets of metal called *anhängsel* or *zauber-zettel*, protected the holder from very specific accidents, illnesses, or disasters with a small chart of hieroglyphic and astrological symbols. Larger, simpler versions by a community's hex master, show up like colorful circular crests on barns, homes and springhouses. Fireplaces at the Cloister in Ephrata, Pennsylvania, are built of wood, but it is said that the mounting of a hex plate, timed to the waning moon, made them fireproof.[199]

Winter afternoons were wiled away turning household chores into creative social events. Quilting bees were one way to share a bit of intimacy. Among the Brethren, quilts were always sewn with wide dark borders and backgrounds, since the plain cloth left over from their dress and suit-making was religiously black. The only way to make a pleasingly varied design was for several families to swap colorful scraps of their worn-out underwear, this hidden cloth being the only kind permitted to be bright. Single women at a quilting bee might wrap a cat into a newly finished quilt and shake it up. They formed a circle around the quilt, which was suddenly opened, and whoever stood closest to the spot where the cat jumped out would be the next to wed.[168:185]

Most family farms had orchards, and apple-peeling marathons employed every hand around, as well as time-saving carving spindles. Cider and apple brandy were put up in earthen jugs. The fruit's popularity made it the root of many popular German sayings:

"When the apple is ripe, it will fall," (*"Wann d'r abbel mol zeitich is fallt 'r runn'r"*) meant "All things come in their own good time."

"The apple does not fall far from the tree," (*"Der Apfel fällt nicht wert von Stamm"*) meant "Like father, like son."[11]

"'Look at us apples swimming,' said the ball of horse dung, swimming among the apples," (*"Da schwimmen wir Apfel, sagte der Rossapfel und schwamm mit den echten"*) was a jab at false pride.[161]

When maple syrup was boiled into sugar, friends and neighbors joined together for "sugaring frolics." A number of 30- and 40-gallon iron kettles were set over great outdoor fires. It took between 30 and 50 gallons of tree water to make 1 gallon of syrup, and the process was very time-consuming. Fires had to be tended, and liquids stirred. Plenty of time was always left over for swapping riddles and stories. Some of the oldest ones told back then in the Valley have been saved in letters and diaries:

"What's round as an apple, and deep as a pail? It never cries out until pulled by the tail?

"A bell."

"You wouldn't want it if you didn't have it; but if you did have it, you wouldn't trade anything in the world for it."

"A bald head."

This last one, like a good deal of humor, aimed at a person's darkest fears, especially for those all too aware of the settlers who had been scalped by warring Indians.[198]

Although the brethren were peaceable, their favorite sayings about the outside world could have an edge. "Conceit stinks" (*"Eigenlob stinkt"*)[11:38] was just a less colorful version of "The devil squats under the bridge in Paris and cries because he cannot think up any more fashions."[11:46]

If it was a cold night, the youngest boys in a family might be initiated with their first *Elbedritsche Fange*, a hunt for small, rare animals prized for their valuable hides. A boy was sent out to the farthest corner of a field and told to squat quietly with a burlap sack. The older men promised to flush the scampering creatures towards him and his ready bag from the other end of the field. The joke was that the *Elbedritsche* was not only rare — it was imaginary. Everybody but the innocent one was back keeping warm by the fire.[11:137]

The brethren also shared advice and folklore at their get-togethers. With a completely straight face, ladies would explain how ants could be talked out of an infested cabin. All that was necessary was to tell the ants a specific time by which they must either leave or be killed. If a board were put across the creek seperating one property from another, and the proper words were said, bedbugs could be sent to the neighbors.[198]

If a goose had been finished off at the previous night's dinner, and its wishbone had been cleaned and

set aside to dry, a careful examination of its coloring could predict the coming winter's weather. Held like the letter "A," its cupped side facing the viewer, the forcaster started at the end of the left leg. The first third of the whole wishbone's length represented December, the middle arch January, and the right-hand lower length was February. Readable right down to weeks and days, a light-colored bone promised mildness; but mottled or dark spots meant that cold and snow was on the way.[198]

Nature kept the Valley in awe. From a variety of journals it is known that Halley's Comet made quite an impression in the spring of 1759. Some believed that it must have brought on the epidemic of smallpox, so severe within a couple of months that the entire county seat at Winchester was evacuated.[27:148] One of the most brutal winters on record hit the Valley in January 1772, leaving almost four-and-a-half feet of snow on the ground for a whole month.[27:68] In May 1774, every fruit blossom and many other crops were wiped out by "a terrible late frost."[27:173]

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When the Bible was translated from Latin into German, it set off a democratic urge in the Old Countries for each church member to read and interpret the Scriptures independently. Among the radical Protestant brethren, this led to almost universal literacy; and they certainly imported this love of reading with them to the colonies. Books were still costly enough to rank them as luxuries in the typical 18th-Century home — about one shilling and six pence per volume was average in London by 1798, but as much as six shillings was charged for a book shipped across the Atlantic.

The Tunkers became well-known for starting one of Americas's first full-time publishing companies, at the Cloisters in Ephrata, Pennsylvania. Beside their contracts to print much of the early paper currency in the colonies, they bound up many German texts. Tunker Christopher Saur launched a newspaper in 1739 named *Der Hoch-Deutsch Pennsylvanische Geschict-Schreiber*, which within a dozen years had 4,000 subscribers up and down the coast. In the 1770s, *Der Staatsbote* appeared, a paper made even more popular by its own system of distribution agents in Virginia, including Heinrich Ringer in Winchester. German-language printing presses were established in the Valley by 1788: first in Winchester, and one every decade thereafter in Staunton, New Market and Harrisonburg. *Philharmonia*, a paper for and by the Valley's Old Order Mennonites, continued to publish in German until 1938.[242:76]

The reading matter in Mennonite homes was almost exclusively religious, and often included, beside a huge old family Bible and *Ausbund* hymnal, *The Martyr's Mirror* and three other popular books in German: *The Wandering Soul* by J.P. Schabilie, *The Spiritual Flower Garden of the Inner Soul*, already in its eighth American edition by the end of the 18th Century, and *Golden Apples in Silver Shells*, printed in Ephrata as early as 1745. Secular choices might have included Saur's farmer's almanacs, and hand-me-down medicinal recipes.[127:21]

After the Revolution, Virginia's General Assembly conceded the stubborn strength of the German language by translating the Commonwealth's major laws and printing 1,000 copies that were sent to the Valley.[31:30]

Shenandoah Valley pioneers freely combined folk customs with their love of nature, the supernatural and the Bible. Christian prayer was woven into all kinds of incantations and spells. For non-violent Mennonites, it was especially comforting to believe that guns, and even bullets in flight, could be charmed away by anyone quick enough to utter, "Jesus, do thou render harmless all arms and weapons, like unto the husband of Mary, the mother of God, he having been harmless likewise."[106:66]

The cycles of the moon were religiously consulted to determine the best time for planting and harvesting crops. Sewing was forbidden on Ascension Day, following Easter. One remedy for a bad cold required the patient "every evening ... whenever you pull off your shoes and stockings, run your fingers in between all the toes and smell it. This will certainly effect a cure."[106:17] To cure a wart, the practiced healers advised, rub a freshly-cut slice of turnip or onion on it, whisper a special incantation, bury the slice under the eaves of the house, but keep the exact spot a secret. Then wait awhile. To cure a terrible headache, anyone born on a Sunday would have the power to wish it away.[128] Many cures like these were spelled out in a slim volume by John George Hohman titled *Pow Wow or Long Lost Friend*, as well as in "lost Scripture" called *The Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses.*

They believed in the ancient Doctrine of

Signatures, which promised that for every ill, a cure is hidden in a plant. According to this tradition, each plants' use is symbolically marked, to make its use recognizable. Turned into medicinal teas, the heart-shaped leaves of some violets were thought to cure diseases of the heart. Virginia bluebell leaves, which look like tiny lungs, were used to treat asthma. Besides these prescriptions, Valley pioneers learned to recognize wild Witch Hazel plants, and extracted its soothing, healing essence.[31]

On the other hand, the bulb of a particular woodland lily, when sliced and placed in a saucer of water, could both attract and poison flies. Sweet Cicely is a weed that cooks can use for its anise-flavored root and tip, but is perhaps best employed as a fishing lure. Along roads and streams, a plentiful weed named Bouncing Bet, or soapwort, can be readily found. When crushed in water, it foams into suds useful for washing clothes.

The brethren around Holman's Creek were lucky to have a choice between their own remedies and the services of a trained medical doctor — their fellow church member and neighbor Dr. John Henry Neff. He was one of the earliest settlers, arriving in 1750; his son, Dr. Conrad Neff, took over the practice from 1770 to 1800.[248:183]

Matters as important as marriage, birth, family reunions and funerals were long surrounded by myth and folk custom. Wedding ceremonies were traditionally restricted to November and December, and almost always on Tuesday or Thursday. Vows and simple gold wedding bands were best exchanged on the lawn of the bride's home, never at a meeting house in the manner of a regular religious service. Singing was popular, as long as the words were "lined." This meant the preacher had to dole out each line in a monotone just ahead of the appropriate musical phrase. Marriage between the member of a brethren sect and someone outside that sect was certainly discouraged, and could even lead to expulsion from the more conservative communities.[187:36]

The bride and groom's fertility could be promoted by spreading cinnamon on their window sill. Only boys could be conceived under the star signs of Gemini, Leo, Libra, Sagittarius, Aquarius or Aries. An unborn child was sure to be a girl if conception happened during Pisces, Taurus, Cancer, Virgo, Scorpio or Capricorn. From the first awareness of pregnancy, word was spread through the euphemism, "She is no longer alone." A popular toast to health of the unborn child was, "Long live little Johnny in the cellar!" (*"Hänschen in Kellar soll leben!"*)[181:132]

For anxious parents-to-be, the hour of birth was said to be heralded by the sound of trickling water during the night, the bursting of barrel hoops or the collapse of a wood pile. For immigrants from the Württemberg region, it was important for the newborn to be placed on the floor by the midwife, so that the father could ceremonially pick it up. From the same traditions, a "birth tree" should be planted as soon as possible after the child's arrival, and the belief in Switzerland is that the tree will be connected spiritually and symbolically to the growth and health of the child.[181:131] To avoid a difficult transition for mother and baby, the weaning from her milk should best take place in Sagittarius.[198]

Old Order Mennonite families gathered for large reunions every summer, sharing fellowship and genealogical tidbits. Hundreds often attended, and blood ties were not always required. In contrast, birthdays were brief, modest family observances, and surprise parties were frowned upon by the old guard.

Like birth, impending death could be forcast by combinations of events. During vigils for the elderly or ill, the Angel of Death's arrival and the imminent departure of the loved one's soul was indicated by any of the following: a second blooming in late autumn of the apple trees, a horse suddenly refusing to pass the dying person's home, a picture or looking glass that falls off its wall hook, or ticking from a grandfather clock that seems irregular or unexpectedly stops. Upon death, all the clocks were deliberately stopped, windows and mirrors immediately covered and the fire in the hearth put out. A bowl of water, soap and towel were placed close by so that the soul could clean up before facing Heavenly Judgment. Only when the body was removed could fire be rekindled, the clocks restarted and the floors swept.[181:151]

Shrouds were sewn together immediately, designed as long, white gowns. Deceased women were also fitted with a cape. The funeral proper took place in the home; then the casket was taken by wagon to the gravesite, either on the family property's highest, flood-proof knoll, or at a community cemetery. A large gathering assembled there and the open coffin was set on wooden beams crossing the grave. For a final viewing, males filed by on one side and females on the other. After a brief sermon, they covered the coffin, and filled the grave while hymns were sung.[187:106]

Tombstones carried ideas much older than

Christianity. The earliest ones in the Shenandoah Valley were carved of wood, since good stonecutting required tools and expertise that few had. While the markings on wood rarely lasted more than 75 years, it is known that *Ur-Bogen*, primitive designs of bursting light, usually rose above the names and inscriptions. Also common were six-pointed compasses, spiral shooting stars, exploding, radiant suns and the swastika, all of which recall ancestors who worshiped the sun.[199:226] One child's headstone in the Valley had this old bedtime prayer:

Oveds Wonn Ich Schlofe Geh,
Verzeeh Engel Mit Mir Geh,
Zwee Zu Kopp,
Zwee Zu Fuhs,
Zwee Zu Link,
Zwee Zu Recht,
Zwee Die Mich Decke,
Zwee Die Mich Wecke,
Zwee Die Mich Weise
In Das Himmelische Paradies.

A shorter version in English remained popular as more and more of the mother tongue was lost:

Five little angels
To guard my bed,
One at the foot
And one at the head,
One to sing,
And one to pray,
And one to carry
My soul away.

Two other examples from graveyards in the Shenandoah Valley probably date to prehistoric Europe. In the little town of Mount Crawford:

Remember me as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, you soon will be,
In the grave, asleep with me.

An epitaph in Bridgewater, Virginia, reads:

One by one our hopes grow brighter,
As we near the shining shore;
For we know across the river,
Wait the loved ones gone before.[199:233]

Articles of Faith

Important figures in the Valley included John Glick Sr., an early elder in the Church of the Brethren, and Pastor Christian Streit (1749-1812), a grandson of Swiss immigrants whose command of German and English helped his community make bridges with the surrounding Scots-Irish and English leadership. He quickly won the confidence of the Valley's German-speaking men by serving as the chaplain, between 1775 and 1776, in the Eighth Virginia Regiment during the Revolutionary War, a unit filled and commanded by Germans. In 1784, he took up the pastorate at Winchester, Virginia, and preached 386 sermons, including several in lower Shenandoah County not far from Holman's Creek.[248:131]

Saturday-morning worship services were rotated among four Brethren houses in the area, in memory of their persecuted ancestors who had to gather in secret, and because their theology placed the ear of God in every home, not just in elaborate temples.

One of their log cabin homes, however, had been designed to accommodate large gatherings of believers. An interior wall, normally dividing the ground floor into two rooms, was left loose and specially hinged at the top so that several men could be raise it out of the way.

At first, each host took turns providing a noon meal for all the visitors, and their horses as well; but eventually, everyone brought enough food with them to share. The biggest regular services were assembled around funerals. Within 24 hours, everyone inside a 50-mile circle would have heard of it through the grapevine. Gottlieb Mittelberger described ceremonies when a hundred showed up on horseback, and another time when closer to 500 arrived to offer their last respects.

Christian Müller of Woodstock recorded his impressions of a wedding party that was kept up for weeks. Without a doubt, however, the social and religious event of the year was the Love Feast, a time for thanks-giving always celebrated toward the end of autumn's harvest.[183:136]

Special holidays, brought over from their Rhineland homes, included an explosive black powder salute on New Year's Eve, and the baking of *Fastnacht* doughnut-cakes for Shrove Tuesday. Ceremonial smudges were placed on beast and field for Ash Wednesday, and in December, small children nervously

awaited the visit of a costumed *Belsnickle*, the darker partner of St. Nicholas, who carried hickory switches and sacks full of ash to intimidate the little ones into their best behavior. Anytime from 18 December until New Year's Eve, *Belsnickle* might appear and throw handfuls of candies, cakes, nuts and gifts onto the floor. Any child who rushed to pick any of this up before *Belsnickle* departed knew to expect a sharp whack on the rump from his hickory switch.[199:119]

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The Mennonites first reached America in 1717, with a group of 400 pioneers in eastern Pennsylvania. In less than 40 years, new arrivals swelled their number to 4,000, fanning out across Virginia, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana and Ontario in Canada.[184:289] As one of the oldest Protestant denominations, it developed the principles of absolute freedom of religion (first adopted in civil authority by Roger Williams in Rhode Island), an end to spiritual elitism, and strong local rule for each congregation in its daily administration.[127:22]

One split developed among these brethren over the very heart of their faith: What manner of baptism is required of Jesus' follower? Those who later formed the absolutist Church of the Brethren insisted that a full immersion in water was necessary, just as Jesus had undergone. Fellow Anabaptists, who saw baptism as more symbolic, practiced a pouring-water or suffusion ceremony, and stayed with the Mennonite Church. Across the generations, many groups splintered over other points: What clothes are plain and humble enough, and which parts of the outside world are too dangerous to sample?

The 40 sects descended from Anabaptism, however, still agreed on some basic values. True believers rejected swearing, slavery, war and its weapons. Baptizing babies amounted to a mistrust of God's grace, and an insult to the gift of reason and accountability that God gives to a fully grown person. Concentrating on spiritual fulfillment, they gave up worldly comforts in order to avoid distracting worldly appetites. In every outward matter, simplicity and plainness were best. Strict morals and austere discipline had always kept them apart from the world, but safe from evil and temptation.

Lightning rods, alcohol, neckties, carpets, ornate furniture, tobacco and dancing were among the things that were also seen as contemptuous of God, or were simply vain and wasteful.[183:50] The commandment to avoid graven images meant that even a daughter's toy doll could have no face. The urge to gamble and play cards was made permissable with specially printed decks, "Lottery for the Pious," which featured engaging rhymes based on Scripture.

To make profit outside of productive hard labor was shameful. Money lenders and lawyers were mistrusted and considered parasitic.[184:295] Mennonites avoided going to the law at all, settling every kind of dispute among themselves instead. When called to court by outsiders, they often arrived most reluctantly, after multiple warnings and threat of imprisonment. Even Mennonites who left the community showed no interest in law as a profession, gravitating to education or medicine. By their credo, bankruptcy laws were invented for the dishonest; church members would never take advantage of them. Life insurance was wrong; to insure life was to lack faith in the goodness of God. The brethren, however, ensured that the death of a breadwinner did not ruin the rest of a family; widows and orphans were automatically protected by the community.[127:18]

Brethren felt an interresponsibility that was economic, social and spiritual. No important matters — such as marriage, change of address, buying land or a building — could occur without "brotherly advice."[204:113]

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What the Mennonites referred to as the "world of the English" had plenty to shock simple souls. A Mr. Whitehead, friend and neighbor of Lord Fairfax in Winchester, was described by his friends as "a singular character." He was reported to have made a fortune for himself traveling around the Valley and beyond, holding nighttime shows, projecting an exotic set of pictures with a magic lantern.[27:182]

At Benjamin Johnston's plantation in the Valley, farces and tragedies by Shakespeare were performed during June and August of 1771, and included *Romeo & Juliet, Taming of the Shrew* and *Julius Caesar*. One of Fairfax' young friends, Jonathan Clark, had a social diary filled with details of dances, fox hunts, cockfights and a brawl between leading citizens John Sevier and Joseph Pugh. Occasional barbecues at Jacob Holeman's home were followed by horse races at

nearby New Market, named for the English racecourse.[35]

When Berkeley Springs, not far from the county seat at Martinsburg, was known as Warm Springs, Valley gentlemen visited not only for the invigorating mineral waters, but for the many prostitutes who made it their home. What the men often took home was gonorrhea, the most common social disease in colonial Virginia.[27:159]

The Valley's log courthouse in Winchester had a 12-by-12-foot jail and a whipping post. At this whipping post in 1752, Miss Christian Martin was dealt "25 lashes on her bare back, well laid on" for having borne "a bastard child and failed to pay or give security for her fine."[27:147]

Nearby was a dunking stool pivoted over a water-filled pit, 6 feet square and 7 feet deep. Patterned after one already in use at Fredericksburg, dunking was the public humiliation given to "public scolds and gossips." To refer to these petty offenders, from wherever they happened to come, the English recast an old term with new disrespect. Untied from the stool, the drenched victims were nicknamed "Anabaptists."[161]

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The brethren in colonial Virginia set themselves apart in dress as well as thought, following literally the Scripture from the 12th chapter of Romans: "Be not conformed to this world."[84:6] The men's distinctive black hats, made of woven and pressed wool or fur, earned them the nickname "Broadbrims." They could also be recognized instantly by their long, untrimmed whiskers, and were also called the "Bearded Men."

Their collarless shirts were always tucked into half-length breeches. A laced band below the knee held the pants down and their dark stockings up.[84:32] Before the tanning arts improved, and local cobblers began making European-style shoes and boots, moccasins were worn on the feet, the soles stuffed in winter with a heavy layer of wool or deer's hair. In the summertime, children and women often went barefoot. For horseback riding, leather leggins were wrapped from the ankle to the knee, held fast with deerskin ties.[29:28]

Their black coats were cut with broad backs, but without lapels. Large flaps covered an outside pocket on either hip, or some men preferred to have deep hidden pockets. For some sects, buttons were considered too fancy. Over this issue alone, sects broke away to become "Buttoners" (*"Knopfler"*) or "Hookers" (*"Haftler"*). One Amish bishop refused to baptize young men who came to him until they cut the buttons off their coats.[84:59] Women wore simple gowns with fitted bodices, home-made shawl kerchiefs over their arms and shoulders, and petticoats of the plainest fabric. Young girls usually braided their hair and often added wreaths of flowers, while married women covered at least the back of their heads with calico caps.

The Amish required specific kinds of clothes for their followers, while other brethren sects simply mentioned items of vanity to be avoided. Even within such clothing guidelines, natural creativity seemed to chafe the church elders. Early sermons frequently included warnings to the flock about obedience, their collars, jewelry ("Wedding bands only!"), shoes and hairstyles ("No shingling!").[84:139]

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For many older Mennonites, the original quest for insight had hardened into a moribund worship of their ancestors' sacrifices. To survive these earlier trials, Mennonites had trained themselves in the suppression of emotional display — in religion and everyday life. Two tenets of their faith were practicality and stability. Brethren who had suffered for their faith in Europe, and risked everything to come to America, saw their children and grandchildren face a new spiritual crisis.[204:76]

Martin Böhm, born to immigrant parents in 1725 in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, was working on the family farm in 1758, and later recalled:

> I was ploughing in the field, and kneeled down at the end of the [first] furrow, to pray ... Midway in the field, I could go no further, but sank behind the plough, crying, "Lord, save. I am lost! " ... In a moment, a stream of joy was poured over me.[204:81]

This cataclysmic rebirth led Böhm to become a Mennonite bishop, and he was eventually dispatched to Virginia. Church elders were concerned with the shrinking of congregations in the Shenandoah Valley, and wanted his first-hand report.

What Böhm found were large two- and three-day revivals, held in apple orchards or huge barns. Known as *Grosse Versammlung*, all sects joined in for emotional testimony, prayer and song, and the differences that seemed so important in Pennsylvania became less so on the frontier. Böhm witnessed the beginning of the revivalist movement that was later known as the Great Awakening. Its participants were called New Lights.

With German-born Phillip W. Otterbein, he created a charismatic, all-welcoming "Menno-Baptism." Members were first known as the River Brethren, which actually referred back to the Susquehanna River running through Lancaster County, but eventually they took the name United Brethren. The defining experience of their fellowship was dramatic, spiritual rebirth.[204:103]

Otherwise, the church had no blueprint — for a building or a leadership. Böhm freely associated with those of other backgrounds, including people who had sworn oaths and practiced warfare, so long as they had been reborn. Spiritual certainty was available through every reborn heart, Böhm believed, and not only through stern elders. For being "too evangelical, and speaking English," Böhm was excommunicated by the Mennonite elders from his mother church in 1775.[204:102] About the same time, the Great Awakening quieted down as the colonies became more concerned with another revolution.

War in the Colonies

Swiss and German settlers all along the eastern seaboard became known for their fairness, pacifism, cautiousness and private ways. Indian tribes, irritated and betrayed by many white men, realized that Quakers and Brethren were different. Writing in his memoirs, a French military officer, Captain François Pouchot, noted that there were German Tunkers in the Shenandoah Valley, originally from the Cloister in Ephrata, Pennsylvania, and that "they were revered by the savages."[246:78] Quaker William Penn had made a treaty in Pennsylvania with the Indians that was widely held by both sides to be honorable and fair. For the most part, the plain people and the Indians lived side-by-side in peace.

When the Seven Years' War broke out in Europe, it spilled over into America as the French and Indian War. In Virginia, the English and colonial fighters became frustrated, impatient and angry with the "dumb Dutchmen" who would not join in for this war. In May 1758, a particularly brutal and bloody Indian attack rolled over the neutralist community around Holman's Creek in the Shenandoah Valley. What caused the first spark is still a mystery, but in a surprise raid, Indian warriors killed 50 settlers and sent 200 families fleeing for their lives. One entire Mennonite family was killed, though they had not lifted a hand in their own defense, and the wives and children of Jacob Holeman and John Stone fell, too.[29:32]

Nevertheless, the brethren remained steadfast in their refusal to take up weapons against other human beings. They returned to their homes before long, their values intact. Virginia's Militia Laws of 1772 conceded this right of conscientious objection to war, and excused Mennonites and Quakers from armed service. Many Germans did not follow their example.

The Reverend John Peter Muhlenberg, eldest son of a Lutheran patriarch in Pennsylvania, chose to keep a dual clerical authority with an ordination from the Church of England. By most accounts, his preaching skills served him well in an inspiring call for all Valley men to join the Revolution.[175]

Within a year, even the brethren along Holman's Creek faced compulsory enrollment in the Dunmore County Militia. Whether or not they ever marched or saw combat is unclear, but is rather doubtful since a Continental "Ordinance for Raising Troops" in July 1775 reconfirmed the right of all Mennonites not to fight.

The pressure to join the war increased. By May 1776, they had to enlist, by law; but at the same time, they were freed from reporting for general or private musters. Just over a year later, in October, the brethren were ordered drafted, with a provision adding that "substitutes could be furnished at the expense of the congregation."[248:86]

By October 1778, all who would not swear an oath against King George III were labeled "recusants." The pacifist Germans, along with royalist Lord Fairfax, fell together into this lot and had their firearms confiscated.[27:179] They found themselves barred from public office, from serving on a jury, suing for debts, buying land or inheriting property. During the war, all of the Mennonite men from around Saucon, in Lehigh County, Pennsylvania, refused to take an oath of allegiance to the colonists' cause and were immediately jailed.[17:139]

One proposal was to tax the recusants at a rate of 90 percent on all of their land and moveable property.[27:180] The Continental Militias were eventually satisfied if the "Non-Associators" paid a crippling extra war tax of £2, sh.10 per year.[184:298] Later, this was upped another pound. Even when these demands had been met, it was still necessary in 1785 for 74 Shenandoah Valley Mennonites "and their religious Brethren" to petition the Virginia Assembly for exemption from military duty.

Some brethren households were ordered to take in wounded colonial soldiers. The German pietists in Ephrata found their Cloister turned into a field hospital for Continental troops after the Battle of Brandywine. Short on wadding to load into their muskets, the revolutionaries tore up heavy parchment pages of the *Martyrs' Mirror*, which served their needs quite well.[207]

Despite the profound pacifism of the Mennonites, there was no shortage of German names engraved on the Revolution's success. One of the nation's most distinctive liberties — freedom of the press — was first hammered out by an orphan from the Palatinate, John Peter Zenger. After apprenticing in Philadelphia, Zenger launched *The New York Weekly Journal* on 5 November 1733. He developed a flavorful, reckless style that never shied away from exposing injustices in British rule; and for this he endured persecution, imprisonment and the burning of his newspaper by the city's executioner. Later, Zenger's articles were judged to be just and true, and so he was released.

The famous Boston Massacre was actually triggered on 22 February 1770, when a Tory informant named Ebenezer Richardson shot an 11-year-old boy in the chest during a riot. The blood that spilled from little Christopher Schneider, the son of a German immigrant, and the excitement surrounding his death, set off the first deadly insurrection of the war.

Two years before the rest of the colonies could come to an agreement, a group of mostly German settlers announced their county was forevermore independent of Great Britain. Known as the Palatine Declaration of Independence, the document was signed to wild applause with 54 German names, along with a number of Irishmen and other neighbors, on 27 August 1774 in Tryon, part of the Mohawk Valley, now known as Montgomery County, New York.[188:23]

Tryon County was also home to the Herchheimer family, which sent their American-born son Nikolaus to fight for the Revolution. He became the Continental army's first German-American general.

Benjamin Franklin recruited H.E. Lutterich directly from Germany to be Quartermaster-General of the American army. He proved to be greatly appreciated by General Washington. An elite unit of professional soldiers, known as the German Dragoons, was put under the command of General Johann Paul Schott, while General Johann Leonhard von Kalb, in command of Continental forces at the Battle of Camden, in New Jersey, was reported to have held on until hit by the last of 11 English bullets.

Better remembered than these generals was Marie Ludwig, who accompanied her husband, a cannon gunner named John Heiss (also known as Hayes), into battle. She was always ready with a large crock of water, to offer the fighting men some relief, and so she was fondly nicknamed "Molly Pitcher." When her husband fell wounded, she took his place behind the belching cannon, loading and reloading it as well as the other soldiers. For her courage, she received the rank of sergeant from General Washington.[188]

After two successive bodyguard units for General Washington were discovered to be plotting his death, General Frederick Wilhelm von Steuben was ordered to form the Independent Troop of Horse, made up of only German-speaking militiamen, so that the British and their sympathizers would not easily be able to infiltrate it again and they remained by his side through seven years of war. Washington chose 12 of them, who had served longer than any others in the Continental Army, to serve as his final honor guard escorts to Mount Vernon.

Enough Germans were willing to fight that the Eighth Virginia Regiment was filled with them and put under the command of the former preacher Colonel Peter Muhlenberg. Cited as "alert, zealous and spirited" on 23 June 1776, they distinguished themselves in battle near Charleston, South Carolina, and then marched on to secure Savannah, Georgia. After battles at Brandywine and Germantown, in Pennsylvania, and heavy losses at Monmouth, New Jersey, remnants of the German Regiment were consolidated with the Fourth Virginia Regiment in October 1777.

Some Virginia Germans served in Washington's bodyguard at White Marsh, and stayed with him throughout the bitterly cold winter at Valley Forge. The following year, Lieutenant Colonel Phillip Spengler took command of all the remaining German forces under the reconstituted Sixth Virginia Regiment.

Finally, between October 1780 and 19 October 1781 when the British General Cornwallis surrendered, the Militia of Dunmore County had been called out to help successfully repel the British invasion of Virginia at Portsmouth.[201]

Pushing Westward

FOLLOWING THE WAR, A NEW GENERATION OF VIRGINIA Germans felt the same growing pains as the rest of the nation. The urge to move was irresistable — west and south down the spine of the Appalachian Mountains.[248:93] Many frontiersmen defined their lives with the old saying, "When you can see the smoke curling up into the sky from your neighbor's chimney, it's time to move on." More land, better land, privacy and wanderlust led many of the brethren to sell off their plantations along the Shenandoah. The next stop for many was along the James River in Botetourt County, Virginia, and along the nearby Roanoke and New Rivers, where vanguard settlements had met varying success 40 years earlier.

The county's name, Botetourt (pronounced Bot´-ah-tot), was meant to immortalize Great Britain's Lord Botetourt, Norborne Berkeley, governor of Virginia from 1768-1770.[26:162] The county encompassed all of Virginia's westward land claims from 1769 to 1777, stretching straight along the future Mason-Dixon Line, all the way across Kentucky to the Mississippi River. To the north, a diagonal line heading back east bit off the bottom of what would become Wisconsin, included Fort Dearborn (later known as Chicago), so that Botetourt County swallowed most of the future Indiana and Ohio.[122]

A good number of Swiss and German families from the Holman's Creek area drove their families and all of their belongings down the Great Wagon Road, arriving at Botetourt's county seat, Fincastle, in the summer of 1785. While little towns in Shenandoah County had sprung up along the main roads every 10 to 12 miles, this new countryside was much more of a wilderness, with 22 to 30 miles separating every settlement.[239:113]

Most stores were operated out of people's homes, and barter was the standard way for the pioneers to settle their accounts. During a bad year, account books show, some farmers had to work off debt at whatever odd jobs the shopkeeper needed doing.[239:125] Basic services in law enforcement and sanitation only arrived in the county's three leading villages — Fincastle, Pattonsburg and Amsterdam — after 15 more years.

Fincastle did have 11 taverns right away, connected to country inns, that were known as "ordinaries." An academy for primary school students was established in 1785 by the Virginia state legislature, though most education still took place in the home. Religious reading made up the bulk of study, taught by parents or tutors who were also often traveling preachers.[239:59]

By 1786, a German-language union church had been built at Zion, in the southwestern part of the county, measuring 30 by 50 feet. The interdenominational brick chapel was well-matched to a renewed Great Awakening, the movement started 25 years earlier to put rebirth and baptism ahead of theocracy. At one revival meeting in northeastern Botetourt, at the James River settlement of Eagle Rock, 1,000 attended and 500 were converted. Martin Böhm's spiritual descendants, known both as the United Brethren and the German Methodists, held rousing revivals at the Botetourt home of George Rule, attracting Baptists, Mennonites and Lutherans.[239:88]

By the 1790s, the younger generation from some German families were reaching to the outside world for answers, and joining the Second Great Awakening led by Baptist Revivalists. The look and outlook of their "Broadbrim" ancestors were left behind.

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Many residents of eastern Tennessee, whose administration was contested by both North Carolina and Virginia, felt too far away from the protection of eastern laws. At first, the whole area was leased from the Cherokee Indians, but slowly, deals were put together to buy much of it for £2,000 sterling. After the Revolutionary War, North Carolina made grants of land in Tennessee to its ex-soldiers. The lowliest buck private was entitled to 640 acres, while officers were rewarded with between 3,840 and 12,000 acres. Most North Carolina veterans didn't use the land, but sold off slices to others. Warrants changed hands several times, and surveyors reframed them into squarish proportions, whenever possible.[132:2]

As some German pioneers entered the Tennessee Valley in the 1790s by way of Flohr (or Flour's) Gap,[194:22] their distant cousins already made up at least three percent of the county population in Sevier

(pronounced Sah-veer´), which until then had been part of North Carolina's western claims. Some modern historians, like Jesse Mills of the Tennessee Valley Authority, suspect that with unclear but likely Anglicized names, the proportion of Germans could be closer to 40 percent.

John Sevier, who had made his home 20 years earlier near Holman's Creek at New Market, led forces that pushed back Cherokee warriors south of the Smoky Mountains between 1780 and 1785, when the county was named after him in gratitude. Later, he was elected governor. A short-lived state, named Franklin, held out for the next three years until Indian resurgence in 1788 forced its collapse. The county was born a second time when the State of Tennessee was organized in 1794, and included within its southern edge the highest peak in the state, Clingman's Dome, and nearby English Mountain. The county population in 1800 was 3,419 according to the U.S. Census, including 162 slaves. The area's agricultural economy never relied on slavery, and the state voted against secession at the beginning of the War Between the States.[110:v]

As Tennessee's governor in 1803, Sevier settled overlapping land claims with North Carolina, and set up the framework for the Occupant Grants program. Seven land districts were laid out, including one with a surveyor's office at Sevierville run by Daniel Kerr.

During the summer of 1805, a bilingual pastor, Johann Georg Bottler, reported with concern that the Swiss and German families were tearing farther and farther away from their cultural roots. In a report to his Lutheran superiors in Philadelphia, Bottler described the entrance to the Holston River Valley:

> It was a 36-mile ride from the last German community ... Thirty or more German families earnestly request that a traveling preacher visit them [more often]. Nine miles farther ... is a very wild and dismal region. Passed through the area of the Hulstine [Holston] River. In Sewer [Sevier] County, rode 16 miles in order to preach but people live [too] far apart from one another. Heard here of three other German settlements where there are no German preachers at all, namely: at the little Pigeon [River], at the Great Pigeon and at Nine Mile, but which I could not visit because of the shortness of time. Because of a lack of German preachers and schools, many Germans are lost. Many have already confounded the German [language] with the English. About 30 German families, who have a church, and up to this time were served by Mr. Zink [who had recently left for Ohio], are now without a preacher.[250]

Bottler was offered £100 of Virginia money to stay and take up the position for a year, but he regretfully declined in order to keep the numerous remaining appointments on his circuit. After six weeks forging through the wilderness, he wrote in his diary:

> Particularly in regions such as this ... no one knows what to believe or where to turn; ... surrounded with people ... who for the most part are ungovernable, ignorant and distracted by the great confusion which is current here — who it is true, ask 100 things, hardly 10 of which a man can answer. A man ... burst into tears at my departure, squeezed my hand and would hardly let me go.[250]

Along his carefully documented 702-mile loop, Bottler delivered 35 sermons, performed 14 baptisms and married two couples. Even though the nine-week journey seemed to have depleted the middle-aged pilgrim physically and spiritually, he strongly recommended that anyone following in his footsteps should spend at least eight months, and only if all arrangements had been confirmed ahead of time by letter.

One of the three settlements Bottler heard about, but never visited, was nestled in the mile-wide Jones' Cove Valley, laced between the Shields and English Mountains by limestone springs. A small church at the forks of the Little Pigeon River had been comforting and leading its members steadily since 1785. By the early 1800s, a host of families with German names from the Shenandoah Valley had shown up: Baughman, Emert, Hirst, Houk, Layman, Peters, Snapp, Wilhite and Zollinger.

Tellingly, they named their church for Bethel, a site recorded in the Old Testament where Jacob wrestled with his angel. Its flock wrestled with many moral transgressions, ejecting members for such charges as non-attendance, social dancing, excessive drinking, profanity, fornication, adultery, bearing an illegitimate child, one woman for allowing a party to take place in her home, and one man in particular who "threw a woman in the mud and beat a drunk man."[158:7]

Contrary to stereotypes, some pioneers found the Indian way of life appealing. Despite the bad memories from Sevier's campaigns, Cherokee tribes welcomed traders. Some European pioneers settled permanently in their villages, took part in their daily affairs and ceremonies, and intermarried.[194:17]

Call to Arms

ALL ABLE-BODIED MEN WERE EXPECTED TO SERVE IN the military when the War of 1812 broke out; this time most Tennessee pioneers of German blood showed no sign of resisting, and volunteered for the six-month enlistments. Leading citizens arranged officer ranks for themselves, in exchange for which state governors expected them to pay and equip their own regiments, often named after each officer/patron.

Davy Crockett, who hailed not far from Sevierville, fought along with 800 Tennessee volunteers under Major-General Andrew Jackson in the Mississippi Territories' Creek War, actually just a campaign along the western front. The American aim there, as well as in Canada, was to expand and solidify our borders.

In early August 1814, over three-quarters of a substantially larger Creek war party was wiped out on the Horseshoe Bend of the Tallapoosa River, with 250 of their bodies left floating, turning the current blood red. Jackson forced a treaty on the survivors, taking control of all their lands west, south and southeast of the Coosa River in Georgia.[145]

Jackson's army pressed on to the Gulf coast, frustrating British strategies to land troops at Ft. Bowyer, in Mobile, Alabama, and again at Pensacola, Florida. By late autumn, while preparing to defend New Orleans, Jackson realized that his troops would not be able to hold out alone. Word was sent to Major-General William T. Carroll, who was raising fresh regiments in Tennessee, to rush downriver immediately. Crossing 800 miles in time with another force was the task of General John Coffee.

By 27 November, Nashville became the staging area for Carroll to load 2,500 militiamen, the strength of a full division, onto flatboats. Though most of these rugged-looking backwoodsmen carried hunting knives and tomahawks, only one in ten had brought along a proper rifle. A munitions barge rendezvoused with Carroll's troops on their way, providing firearms enough for all.[3:1141]

Starting out a week late, they managed to make up the time, arriving in New Orleans on 21 December, just a day later than originally estimated. Racing to the same finish from the opposite direction was a British fleet of 50 warships, delivering 8,000 of their finest troops under the command of Major-General Edward Pakenham. S. Putnam Waldo, the wartime biographer of General Jackson, made special note of the Tennesseans:

> Few of them had seen any service ... and had no opportunity to study even the first principles of military tactics, before they were called to face a veteran foe, whose prowess was acknowledged through the world.[221]

All these forces first clashed on 23 December. The British probably could have plowed forward and taken the poorly prepared defenses thrown up by Jackson. Instead, their early cautiousness left them waiting 16 days for more artillery, and belatedly, they underestimated the aim of American cannoneers.

The Tennessee volunteers were first assigned to guard the northern, rear approach to the city, but when the final design of attack became evident, barricades were erected six miles east of New Orleans, just past the Languille Plantation. Carroll's troops had by then dwindled to 1,414, but along with 12 big guns, and volunteers from several other southern states, they held fast to the center of Jackson's line. The Tennesseans took their shots and then swapped places with the Kentuckians just long enough to reload their one-shot muskets.

The British tried to protect their emplacements with hogshead barrels filled with sugar, thinking that these would stop shells and grapeshot about as well as sand. The Americans bet on dense bales of cotton, for want of anything stronger, to build up cover around their gun barrels. During a short, furious exchange, the British suffered 2,036 casualties, including the deaths of their commanding general and his senior staff. The Americans proved, with only 71 casualties during the final attack, that for purposes of war, cotton works, sugar doesn't.

The victory on 8 January 1815 was clear-cut, even though, ironically, a peace treaty between the United States and Great Britain had already been signed back in Europe. By the following May, most of the Tennessee volunteers got back to their plowing, every ex-foot soldier usually richer by $50.[164]

Concerns over the disappearance and corruption of the German language were stirred again after the War of 1812 in the culturally solid Dutch communities back in Lancaster and Shenandoah counties. Along the western frontier, isolated German-speakers were turning to any companionship around, including English-speakers, and going as far as marriage, virtually guaranteeing that German was spoken less and less.

In the little town of New Market, Virginia, near Holman's Creek, the Reverend Paul Henkel and his family arrived in 1782, and set up a successful printing company that produced, among many other items, German-language ABC books. These 36-page editions adapted the most advanced teaching concepts of the day — combining penmanship, vocabulary, songs and prayers, all illustrated with "pretty little pictures." Interestingly, three-quarters of the German words illustrating the alphabet on one double-page spread reminded readers that English words such as house, yoke, crock, lamb, mouse, ox, quart and sow sound just the same and could be easily reclaimed with German spellings. Wherever the elder Henkel journeyed in his role as a circuit preacher, German communities clamored for his educational primer. On 27 July 1819, a Tuesday, Henkel's diary records that he and neighbor John Haunschell drove in a wagon...

> to the upper reaches of the Holston River. A fair congregation had gathered of Germans and English. I preached first in German on 1 John 1:7 and then made an English address on Isaiah 53:1. We rode down the Holston 11 miles with Frederick Koppenhefer, where I preached on Wednesday in a church near the Holston River on Isaiah 44:2. Worshippers had come from all directions. I also made an English address on Matthew 11:29. We rode home with Peter Fuchs in Washington County. Hot.[72]

In 1828, a German traveler with big money connections visited with German settlers along the Holston River south of Knoxville. He was greatly impressed by the fertile soil and cheap land and said so in a book published soon thereafter in Baltimore. This triggered the interest of real estate speculators, and vast tracts of the Cumberland Plateau being auctioned off in New York City up until 1839.

Every veteran of the War of 1812 was thanked with bounty land grants out in the far western territories, after it was wrested from the Indians. So many Tennessee farmers from Sevier County moved out west in the early 1830s that their new home in Arkansas was also named Sevier County. Many struck out aboard ox carts and Conestoga wagons (named for the Pennsylvania Dutch communities where they were invented) to snake across the wide state, and curve up and over the Ohio River and the Mississippi at Cape Girardeau, where river depths were safer.

Within a dozen years, this same route was made infamous when the U.S. Army forced Cherokee Indians from the Carolinas, Georgia and Tennessee along it all the way to Oklahoma.[189] It became known as "The Trail of Tears," since one-fourth of the Cherokees, who were mostly shoeless, starved or froze to death along the way. One soldier was quoted admitting, "I've fought through war and seen men shot to pieces, and slaughtered by the thousands. But the Cherokee Removal was the cruelest work I ever knew."[15:72] [Map on page 150.]

The western Osage Indian nation was 6,000 strong in 1800, organized in thriving mountain communities, but they, too, were driven away after one more generation, to make room for the creation of Missouri and Arkansas.

The Gateway

THE FIRST WAVE OF SETTLERS INTO PART OF MISSOURI'S southeastern territory, Madison County, arrived about 1800. By the time the state and county were officially born 20 years later, almost 2,000 pioneers had built log cabins there, mostly around Fredericktown. As many as 1,000 more householders spilled in by 1825, and found themselves edged westward, around Black Mountain and Marble Creek. The area split off into the new Iron County before the Civil War. [Maps on pages 142 and 146.]

There begins the Ozark Mountain Range, 50,000 square miles named by long-gone French explorers *Aux-Arcs*, or "Land of the Bows." It may also have been their playing with the Indian word for Arkansas, which means "Gateway." The half-billion-year-old limestone crags, hills and hollows are some of the oldest exposed land in North America. The Rocky Mountains are not even half as old.[86:5]

The terrain around Black Mountain was rugged and difficult for animals and wheels to cross. The twisting 17-mile-long Marble Creek got its name from the surrounding land, which had chunks of the mineral

hiding every few feet, just waiting to break a plow. One of the consolations were the plentiful and good-tasting game fish — mostly small mouth bass — that filled the cool, crystal waters. Two local mills harnassed the creek's strength for cutting wood. Abundant wild game provided the hides for a large tanning yard.

These bounty land grants, starting two miles south of present-day Arcadia and following the creek down to the St. Francis River, turned out to be no bargain for planting. Only later were valuable minerals farmed out of the mountainsides. Silver, lead, dolemite and a rare marble so prized for its polished shine that part of the U.S. Capitol Building in Washington, D.C., was made from it.

The land's harshness forced many of the original farming settlers to move on to the west and south before their children were even grown. At the far edge of the Ozark mountain range, in Arkansas, especially around a long tributary of the White River called Crooked Creek, pioneers encountered untouched wilderness still full of buffalo, big-horn stag and black panthers. The courage and hunting skill required to homestead there meant that only the hardiest stayed on. Their stories, dating back to 1840, have been preserved in great detail by a local newspaper writer of their day, Silas Claborn Turnbo.

The creation of political boundaries and jurisdictions followed this sequence: In 1812, nine years after the Louisiana Purchase exploded the western borders of the United States, Louisiana became a state and all of the rest of the vast tract became the Missouri Territory. By the next year, the lower region was carved away to form Arkansas County. The lower Ozark Mountains were still part of sprawling Lawrence County, created in January 1815. The Crooked Creek Valley fell mostly into Izard County in 1825, and found its western reaches in Carroll County by 1833.[173]

The county seat and post office at Carrollton set up local offices at Crooked Creek on 14 July 1836, not far from Beller's Stand, where local men maintained a deer hunters' stand. In the early years, mail was picked up and delivered once a week. One mail wagon headed north from Crooked Creek while a second came down from Taney County, Missouri. When they met each other, then exchanged bags for their return deliveries. When hiring drivers, the post office sought "tough and resourceful young men of good character." Horses got a day's rest, but not the drivers. Blacksmithing was a crucial skill for the mail deliverers, since heavy use and large loads took their toll on horseshoes and metal fitting on wagons and coaches.

Pioneers could pay a modest ticket price and ride along, but if there was already a heavy load, as there usually was, men and boys had to get out and walk up steep hills. Besides delivering long-distance mail, the postmaster served as a friendly middleman, passing on medicine, eggs or a ham from one neighbor to another, or temporarily holding onto valuables like a rifle or cash for pickup later. There were no fees for these services, only the understanding of good neighbors.[133:14] Before long, a trading post was set up at Stiffler's Spring near the Crooked Creek Post Office, the future site of the city of Harrison. Another settlement and its post office, just a couple of miles south, was first known as Mount Pleasant, and later as Bellefonte.

Persistant rumors of Indian treasure started up an unrewarding mine east of the town of Crooked Creek. Even though zinc was all they unearthed, the people who put roots down there called their community Silver Valley. In the whole Crooked Creek Valley, there was enough commerce to keep a saw mill, two tan yards, four distilleries and 42 families busy. Steamboats of 350 tons burden began to ply the White River, hauling sugar and molasses from New Orleans that the locals would trade for furs, hides, cotton, wool, herbs, wild honey, beeswax and bear grease.[86:10] Forsyth, a little settlement on one of the river's branches, made plans to become a second St. Louis.[220:15]

In 1840, the mountain country of northwestern Arkansas counted no more than 2,814 white settlers. Four years later, as more folks arrived along the Fallen Ash Military/Postal Road, the area's only real land route, the population was redescribed as 1,000 families. No more than a handful of Ozark pioneer farms accounted for the region's 98 slaves. By 1860, Carroll County's population popped up to 9,383.

Ozark Folkways

THEIR HOMES WERE BUILT WITH THE SAME TECHNIQUES used by their ancestors in Virginia and the Carolinas. Depending on the availability of good-sized timbers, and the ability of an isolated family to hoist them, cabins turned out to be 10 or 15 feet wide by

16 or 20 feet long. For greater safety against winter winds, wild beasts and intruders, many frontier cabins had no windows, but if they did, an animal skin was scraped thin enough to see light through and nailed over it. Furs and skins also served as bedcovers and rugs. Cabin doors were secured inside with a pivoting wooden bar. A leather thong for raising it stretched outside through a hole in the door above the bar. During the day, a tug on the leather strap lifted the bar, but at night or in dangerous times, the strap was pulled back in through its hole.[86:12]

Most homesteads were nearly self-sufficient. The hard currency they managed to raise paid for what they could not make themselves: salt, good gunpowder, medicinal liniments and calico bed ticking.

To clothe themselves, they spun their own cotton on Great Wheels, also known as Walking Wheels. Instead of sitting at the smaller, classic treadle wheel, virtually unknown in the Ozarks, the homesteaders got a finer thread from faster, smoother, larger wheels, measuring from 36 to 43 inches across. Standing next to these 5-foot-high rigs, spinners were constantly moving. According to traditional wisdom, 100 miles would have to be walked around the Great Wheel before enough yarn was spun for one day's worth of weaving.

Blended with sheep and goat wool to make linsey-woolsey, the scratchy but warm yarn was dyed to a medium brown with boiled hulls from butternut trees. Darker browns were achieved with walnut shells. Countless sweaters, longjohns and socks were knitted directly from these skeins. Later on, patience and experimentation turned up other woodland dyes, yielding green, yellow, black and purple cloth, but the brown shades remained so popular that the hill folk were nicknamed "Butternuts."[178] Yankee troops later thought the color was as sure as gray for spotting Rebels from an irregular Ozark partisan army.

The hill folk didn't traffic much with people from the towns, and so built up their own complex superstitions. To predict the harshness of a coming winter, one method required a persimmon seed to be bitten in two. On either half, a distinct, miniature white shovel would appear if deep snows were on the way. If a small pitchfork waited inside, mild snowless weather was assured.

Some German folk beliefs from the Shenandoah Valley had been passed across a whole century. If a picture or mirror, though unbothered, fell from the wall, it forecast a death in the house. Likewise, any disturbances in the regular ticking of a clock could also predict death. Sweeping under a sickbed, or any part of a floor during a deathbed vigil, was unthinkable. When death finally arrived, mirrors were covered with white cloth and one of the bereaved folk in attendance rose immediately from the bedside to stop the clock. These folkways are observed by some down to the present day, but when asked, several families near Southwest City, Missouri, assumed that stopping the clock was an old Indian tradition, unaware of their Old World ties.[168:301]

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Social life centered around the one-room schoolhouse, which also served for church functions. For a few months of the year, when farm chores were light, children of every age were taught to read, write, add and subtract. The teacher was often the preacher. A.H. Napier, for example, was a baptist from Marble Creek, Missouri, who started the first school along Crooked Creek in 1846. By the time Jimmy Mabrey took over the teaching and preaching, the schoolhouse had become known as Zion Hill, part of the Buffalo Baptist Association.[219:18:21] Pie suppers, square dances, spelling contests, quilting bees, political debates and voting all fit in to the country schoolhouse.[86:14]

Loosely tied into learning and praying were the traveling singing schools, dating back as far as the 1820s. Special scales of shaped notes and hand signals helped country folks to read music and harmonize. Musical publishing companies often underwrote these one and two-week class sessions as a way of selling their religious and secular songbooks. No amount of schooling could smooth out the hill folks' nasal twang or erase what was for some an innate love of yodeling. Both qualities earmark the singing of the Alpine brethren of Switzerland and Southern Germany, and persist in American country music to this day. For pioneer communities, it was simply a great excuse to come together for a camp-out while waiting for the fall harvest to ripen.[103]

In 1838, a "secret" society for men opened its first chapter in the Ozarks, in Missouri, swearing its members to serve the unfortunate. The society had been brought to North America 20 years earlier by Thomas Wildey, and was founded by working-class laborers in 18th-Century England. Until that time, philanthropic societies were run by aristocrats. When

commoners first organized in the same way they were labeled "Odd Fellows," and the name stuck. Within one generation of forming its first Missouri chapter, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows had spread to 42 states and included more than 200,000 members.

A droll regional humor developed in the Ozarks, usually at the expense of outsiders. "Gulling" meant unleashing an elaborate tall tale or practical joke, dramatized by two or more good old boys.[86:16] Local historian Vance Randolph detailed a number of these in his 1951 collection called *We Always Lie to Strangers*. Ernest Baughman often shared notes with Randolph,[12] including the following Ozark windy, called "Remarkable Memory":

> There was two old men got to arguing about how far back they could remember. Both of 'em knowed what happened when they was six months old, also things that took place when they was three months old. Them fellows remembered cutting their baby teeth, and even the first time they ever tasted milk. It was no trouble to recollect what their own umbilical cord looked like, neither, when they got to going good.
>
> Finally one fellow says that several weeks *before* he was born his mother was setting out cabbage plants, straddling the row. Now she was a hard worker, and had her mind set to finish the row, but it seemed like she wasn't making any progress.
>
> "Just for a joke," he says, "I used to reach out and pull them plants up, faster than Maw could set 'em. I was a mean little devil in them days ..."[169]

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The Baptists faced plenty of problems in Arkansas. Community churches seemed to sprout wherever needed, but the elders who put their faith in divine predestination thought that actively struggling to find converts insulted God's larger plan. They were content to serve as the moral and social center of a community. Most felt that the age-old traditions of monthly meetings, an occasional foot-washing service or tent revival provided enough of the spritual basics. On the rugged frontier, they preferred to stay close to home, even on hot summer evenings, pushing their split-log pews outdoors, and filling their valley with the echoes of shouted prayers and singing.[135:22]

A few elders in the region, such as George Washington Baines, disagreed and taunted them with the nickname "hardshell" Baptists, likening them to turtles. Turtles, so he and his crusading missionaries concluded, were the only other creatures that prefer to hide inside their shells rather than fight for a better life for others. For stirring up trouble, Baines and 19 other evangelicals were expelled from the Crooked Creek congregation. This turning point in Baines' life sent him on to Texas, where he became a leading Baptist preacher, state leader and eventually grandfather to Lyndon Baines Johnson, 36th President of the United States.[135:12]

Fighting for the South

ONLY MONTHS AFTER CIVIL WAR BROKE OUT IN APRIL 1861, the new U.S. president, Abraham Lincoln, ordered Arkansas to raise an army. The mission of such a militia would be to help force the other southern states back into the Union, so Lincoln hoped. The general population was outraged, and Arkansas' own secession soon followed.

If any citizens had hoped to stay out of the fight, neither Confederate nor Union leaders were about to allow them neutrality. In Arkansas, 77 members of a non-slave-holding Society of Peace were ordered arrested by Governor Henry Rector in November 1861 and offered a choice of six months in prison, without trial, or service to the state's Confederate militia as wagon drivers, blacksmiths or cooks. About the same time, the Union commander, Major-General H.W. Halleck, wrote the following orders regarding Missouri and Arkansas civilians to Colonel J. W. Birge:

> All citizens who are not Rebels must loyally support the Government. If they aid Rebels, they are traitors; if they refuse to aid ... the Union, they are disloyal ... Those who are not for us will be regarded as against us. There is no individual neutrality.[111:129]

By mid-July of 1861, volunteers between Crooked Creek and the White River stepped forward for one year enlistments to join with the South. They were armed with nothing more than old squirrel rifles, a few shotguns, muzzle-loading pistols and homemade knives,

according to witnesses' accounts. Their Confederate uniforms were likewise improvised, or quickly sewn together at home. Short on battle flags, the women around Lead Hill and Sugar Loaf, just south of the White River, held a late-night bee and produced a large version of the southern "Stars and Bars."

Their training was about as haphazard as their apearance and after writing to Arkansas' governor to volunteer, they had a hard time getting assigned to active duty. Finally, on 13 October, 938 fighters from the Ozarks reached General Ben McCulloch's encampment in Fayetteville, Arkansas, and were officially designated as the 14th Regiment of the Arkansas Confederate Infantry. To distinguish them from a different, undersized 14th Regiment organized briefly by John S. Garver, the Ozarkers' regiment was often referred to by the name of its successive commanders, Mitchell, Powers or Dodson. Their weaponry was strengthened with official issue from the state militia armory, including 305 muskets, 208 bayonets and 19 sabres.[4:10]

The winter was harsh that year, and the men of the 14th were moved from their first base at Yellville, in Marion County, on to Huntsville at Christmas. Then it was out west to Pea Ridge, on the border with Missouri, in Benton County along the main road. While McCulloch's troops were already set up and keeping dry in log huts, the newcomers were stuck in tents by a hollow where the Eagle River flows, three-and-a-half miles from Huntsville, on the old revival camp ground on Neal Doss' land. By mid-February, the better part of Crooked Creek's Company G was reduced to misery by disease, hunger and cold.

From 6-8 March 1862, their homeland turned into one of the decisive battlegrounds of the Western Campaign. With the defeat of the Southern troops, Missouri and Arkansas were in Union control for the rest of the war. The 14th Regiment withdrew to Mississippi by late April of 1862, and joined the successful siege of Corinth, and battles at Booneville (30 May - 12 June) and Iuka (19 September).

On 31 October, Arkansas troops opened a duel with the Union general Ulysses S. Grant between Bolivar, Tennessee, and Coffeeville, Mississippi. From their last stand at Port Hudson, Louisiana, beginning 7 March 1863, the 14th Regiment began its four-month-long fight to the death. The strategic city and docks were the South's last back door for much-needed supplies; but finally, on 9 July, it fell.[4:11]

Back in the Ozarks, the diary of a Yankee foot soldier preserved a glimpse of how war was being waged against a civilian population. While marching from Carrollton, Arkansas, to Forsyth, Missouri, Private Benjamin F. McIntyre, of Iowa's 19th Union Infantry, crossed paths with many Crooked Creek residents, and recorded the following:

> 14 January 1863, Wednesday - The hills around us seem to furnish many hiding places for those who at our approach deserted their homes fearing that they may receive from us a just desert for their crimes or from fear of injury from us or to act as Spies upon our action.
>
> 15 January 1863, Thursday - Many butternuts are coming in claiming protection and wishing to take the oath of allegiance.
>
> 20 January 1863, Tuesday - I learned that after our departure ... seven rebels were shot by order of provost marshal [Major] Baldwin. I hope this may prove incorrect for it is establishing a precedent which must end in rapine & murder and is giving butternuts an excuse to put to death every Union man that should fall into their hands.
>
> 7 February 1863, Saturday - Forage teams are compelled to search 20 or 30 miles for fresh food. Major Baldwin, provost marshal, who caused the shooting of guerrillas [in Arkansas] has been ordered under arrest for exercising cruelty and undue authority.
>
> 6 March 1863, Friday - A couple of refugee families came into our camp today ... The bushwhackers had overhauled them. They are certainly objects of charity ... wet to the Skin, covered with mud and half frozen.
>
> 8 March 1863, Sunday - A large number of ladies has visited our camp today — Some to beg, some to barter socks, pies, etc. for Salt, Sugar & coffee, and some to see "Fed" soldiers, and some in wide hoops to show their pretty faces & display their graces.
>
> 17 March 1863, Tuesday - Several men and women living but Short distances from our camp, and who have been loud in their praises of the Union it is now ascertained beyond a doubt have been keeping up a regular communication between the rebels and our camp. I think there will be an account to settle er'e long with some of them.[215:100]

Early in 1863, Union troops under Major Jim Moore (later promoted to general) swept through the Crooked Creek area, killing and burning everything in their path. Ohio's 2nd Union Cavalry had noteworthy engagements along Crooked Creek beginning on 31 March, and Companies H & L of Arkansas' 1st Union Cavalry recorded skirmishes across Carroll County and into Yellville from 3-8 April.[241]

With almost all grown males hiding for their lives, off fighting or dead, women tried to defend their homes — and dignity — as best they could. One Taney County wife wrote after the war:

> Many a time these raiders would dash up to my house, search under the beds and in every closet and place where I tried to hide bread and meat for myself and the little ones and then compel me with oaths and indecent language to prepare a lavish meal out of my very scanty food ... I could never bring myself to look upon a Federal soldier with anything but disgust and hatred, as the cruelties of the Thirteenth Kansas, who wore that blue, were villainous.[136:156]

Some of the most ruthless "anti-guerrilla" hunting was conducted in early 1864 by Arkansas' 1st and 2nd Union Cavalry, joined by Company C of Missouri's 2nd Union Cavalry. On 16 January, the four-week campaign began in Carroll County, with the bloodiest clashes taking place at Crooked Creek on 23 January and again on 5 February. The hills south of the White River heated up again on 25 March, and the town of Bellefonte was ravished from 28 March to 1 April.[60] By the end of 1864, only two houses were left standing — the Holt and Terry homesteads — and every farm animal and bit of food not hidden had been destroyed.

The White River had become a life-and-death border, since the unwritten rule was that Yankees left civilians alone to the north of it, but anyone caught past its southern bank was an open target.[220:25] Old men and young boys found there were often interrogated, tortured and hanged.[20:80] The settlement around Stiffler's Spring, as well as the surrounding towns of Yellville, Carrollton and Huntsville, were all torched. Thousands of civilians were killed throughout the Ozarks; most of the villages of Carroll County had become ghost towns. Even with the war all but over, Missouri's 16th Union Cavalry sent Captain James H. Sallee and Company B to the area between Cedar Creek and Yocum's Creek, north of the White River, in Taney County, Missouri. In their reports filed 22 February 1865, Sallee's troops described trying to track down, arrest and shoot several small groups of rebels.[225:48:116]

As the war wound down and Confederates saw themselves on the losing end, many started out for Texas or Mexico. Disillusioned with the lost cause of states' rights, and never really part of the pro-slavery economy, some Ozark Rebels quit their units and defected. A 20-wagon caravan was organized by Union troops to evacuate the loyalist families through Taney County, just north of the White River, and on to Springfield, Missouri.[129:357] Even though Federal troops had burned down Forsyth, Taney County's seat, most of the surrounding farms — and food stocks — were intact.

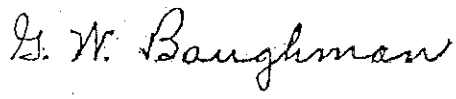
Blacksmiths, especially those who had ever tinkered with gunsmithing, were hunted down by Union troops for execution. Calvin Gayler, a well-known gunsmith in Taney County, had to hide for the entire war from pursuing jayhawkers, bushwhackers and regular Federal troops in a cave on Branson Heights bluff.[80] Most civilians had few weapons, and no ammunition left with which to hunt. To feed their families, hillfolk killed squirrels with slings, stones and bare hands. Parched corn was used as a substitute for coffee, and salt was grubbed from the floors of burned-down smokehouses. Some who survived the war starved to death after it.[20:80]

Among them could be counted the American descendants of old Swiss families: Baughmans, Boehms, Coffmans, Ebys, Esteps, Girtens, Grabeels, Holemans, Huffs, Moyers, Neffs, Snavelys, Stovers and Wilhites. Old German families from the Shenandoah Valley included the Glicks and Snapps. Some remained near Crooked Creek, to build the town of Harrison up from scratch, and a new county named Boone. For economic and emotional reasons, many simply gathered what was left of their families and moved west yet again, or at least far enough away for a fresh start. ◘ ◘ ◘

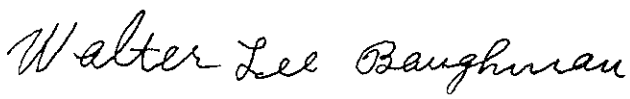
HEINRICH BACHMANN BORN 1711

HENRY BAUGHMAN JR. BORN 1750

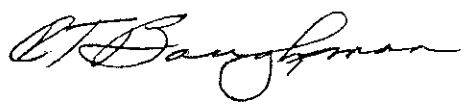
JOHN BAUGHMAN BORN 1774



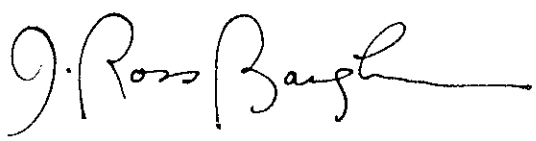
GEORGE WASHINGTON BAUGHMAN BORN 1871



WALTER LEE BAUGHMAN BORN 1899



CHARLES T. BAUGHMAN BORN 1922



J. ROSS BAUGHMAN BORN 1953

FACSIMILES OF SOME BAUGHMAN SIGNATURES

CHAPTER III

Items of Interest Relating to The Bachmann & Baughman Names

WÄDENSWIL CASTLE ON THE WESTERN BANK OF LAKE ZÜRICH,
CANTON ZÜRICH, SWITZERLAND. BUILT CIRCA 1172, ONLY ITS RUIN REMAINS.

Action regarding the Anabaptists at Wädenswil Castle on 26 January 1613

In the Zürich cantonal archives in Switzerland, a 28-page transcript recounts one of the final attempts by state church and civil authorities to tame radical religious dissent. Even though drastic punishments had been envoked against the Anabaptists for the last 88 years, with renewed expulsion orders in 1585, local officials tried a softer tactic: patient debate might dissuade some of them, and if not, self-incriminating testimony could be collected.

Fifteen Anabaptists accepted the invitation of Wädenswil's mayor, Rudolf Rohn, to meet at the ruins of the fortress castle that once dominated lower Lake Zürich. Simply admitting their disobedience to the state church was a crime, but to insure a frank and open discussion, free speech became temporarily legal on 26 January 1613.

"Many things take place among them which one cannot discover," summed up a popular adage about the mystery surrounding the Anabaptists. Anti-authoritarian by nature, they took turns reading to each other from the Bible. Confounded state politicians had to pin special blame somewhere and so invented leadership roles for a few of them. Brother Jacob Isler had earlier been arrested as "treasurer." Hans Landis seemed to have the dynamic qualities of a leader, and was labeled "preacher," but during the Wädenswil debates he deferred for a number of important matters to Brother Gallus Fuchs and Brother Bachman, a blacksmith.[126]

Halfway into the proceedings, Bachman the smith spoke up: Thank you, gentlemen, for willingly listening to me and my brethren.

Mayor Rohn: Yes. Now, Bachman, the Baptist.

Bachman: When I was on my travels as a journeyman, and passed through Poland, Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia, I saw and heard many a faith, but found none that suited me. I found out that what frightened them all, they denied by their deeds. So I had no choice but to go to church. The more I went to church, the less I did the right thing about this world, below and above. I wiled entire nights away, gobbling food and guzzling drink just like an animal. That pleased everyone, but I finally had to think: This way you shall not go to heaven. I pondered back and forth where I could find people who pleased God. So God led me to these brethren, who honored what God's word proclaimed and who tried to live accordingly. With them I shall remain as long as I breathe.

So you can understand why I and my brethren believe that you [are erring] in respect to great sins and vices occurring in all classes of the people. Now, the Scriptures say he who goes with filthiness, carries it, and he who has both hands full of excrement, must not be touched.

Mayor Rohn: Smith, you do not go much with the positive. And you are not behaving well.

Bailiff Krebel: It is true, as you already recognize. You [Bachman] were godless. For in the entire district, there is no man with whom I have had more trouble than with you.

Bachman: Yes, but I let go of it.

N.N. [An unnamed cleric]: In church, no other things should be said but God's words.

Bachmann: We have heard the preaching from the pulpit. Scripture should be like rain and snow, without which no fruit will be borne. But this preaching will not bear any fruit, since it is only full of admonishment and punishment.

Herr Breitinger: It's nice to talk about rain and snow. Sometimes it refreshes the seeds.

Bachmann: It remains, nontheless, that whoever dirties himself with excrement can not touch or be touched.

The spirit of these discussions was described as "friendly," but the arguments of both sides, no matter how clearly expressed, failed to change the other. The following year, Landis, Isler, Fuchs and Meili were arrested. In 1640, Bachman was still active as an Anabaptist elder. Despite his advanced age, authorities literally dragged him off to prison, and his final treatment is remembered today in the epic *Martyrs' Mirror.* ◘ ◘ ◘

THE EXECUTION OF AN ANABAPTIST COUPLE IN 1554
FROM A COPPER ENGRAVING BY JAN LUYKEN THAT APPEARED IN THE SECOND DUTCH EDITION
OF THE *MARTYRS' MIRROR* (1685)[137]

Bloody Theatre
or
Martyrs' Mirror of Defenseless Christians

by Tieleman Jansz van Braght

This 1484-page epic history of the Anabaptists' struggle appeared in the Netherlands in its first edition around 1600. It was translated from Dutch into German between 1748 and 1749, at the Ephrata Cloister, in Pennsylvania, a self-sufficient 300-member religious community that started one of America's first book-publishing enterprizes. Know as *Der Blutige Schauplatz oder Märtyrer-Spiegel*, it was the largest book printed in America before the Revolution. Bound between heavy wooden boards, covered by home-tanned leather, one copy sold at the time for only 20 shillings — clearly a non-profit venture.[242:75]

The following citation appears on page 612 of the original German text, and page 1118 in the English edition. It appears in an abbreviated form in the back of later editions of many *Ausbund* hymnals.

"Rudolf Bachman, A.D. 1640"

"Even as youth on account of the bloom of their life was not spared, so also not the least compassion was had upon old age and declining years; yea, not even upon such as were very feeble and infirm according to the body.

"Among these was Rudolph, from Wadischwyl district, who was apprehended in the year 1640, and he on account of his great age, weakness and infirmity, according to the flesh, was not able to walk, he was put on a sled, and thus conveyed from his house to the prison, which was a great distance off."

"Afterwards he was placed in chains for a time, in the nearest hospital, and, because of the steadfastness of his faith, not loosened therefrom until he died."

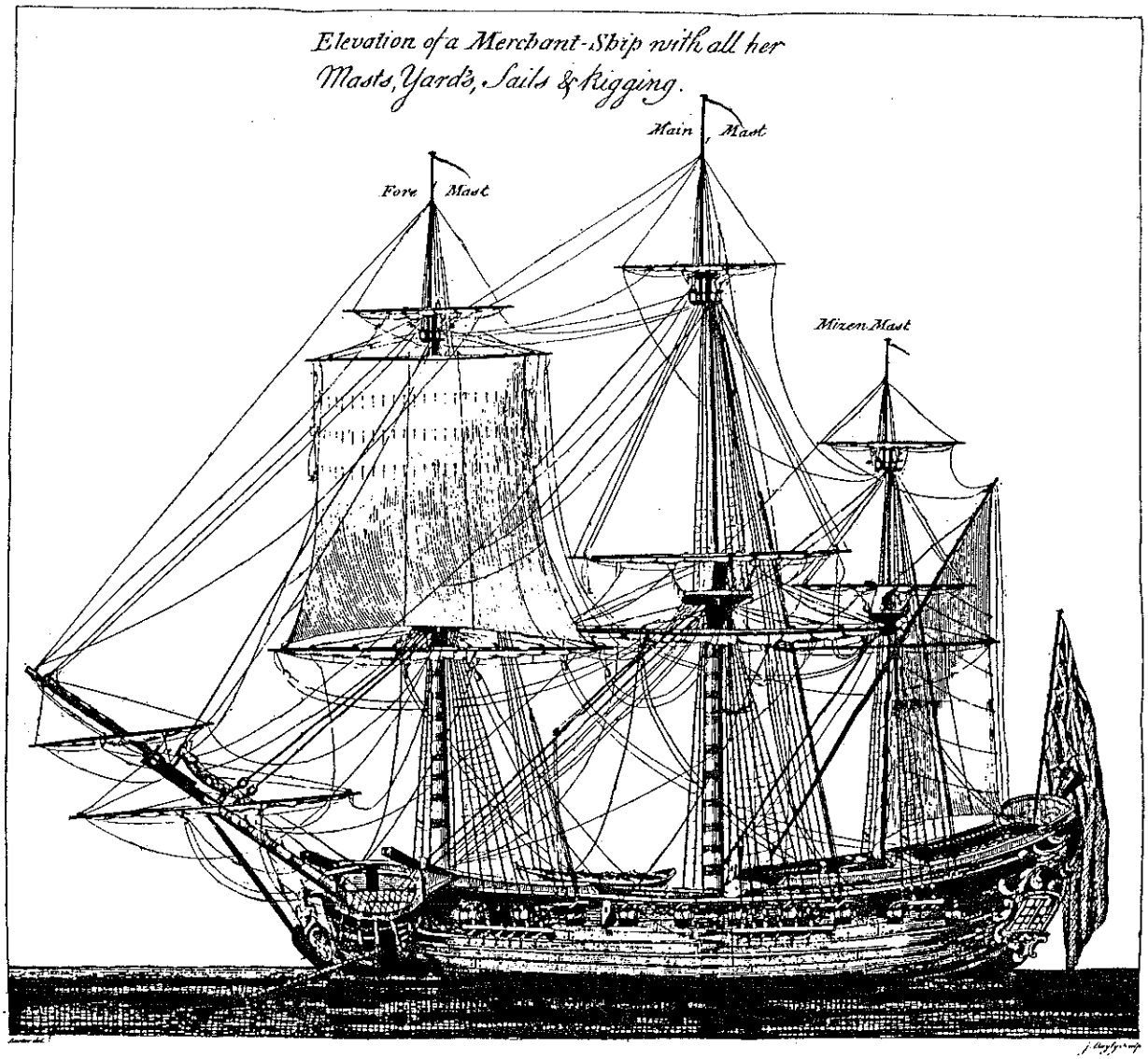
° ° °

"Now, in the year 1640, there was also apprehended Henry Schnebbi, from the Seignioralty Knonow, a God-fearing brother, who was cast into prison with a number of criminals at Zürich, at whose hands he met with much ill treatment; however, he was finally released."

° ° °

"Three sisters ... A.D. 1643."

"The army of God ... consisted not only of men, who are sometimes judged to be strongest, but also in women, for God's power is made strong in weakness, which appeared in the case of three pious heroines of God, namely, Elizabeth Bachmann(i), from the Gröningen Bailiwick, the wife of Hans Jaggli, of Bartschwyl; Elssa Bethezei, from Knonow Bailiwick, the wife of Jacob isseline; Sarah Wanrij, from the Horgerberg, the wife of Hans Phfister, all of whom, imprisoned and bound in the dungeon Öthenbach and in the hospital, for the testimony of Jesus Christ, last their lives through want, hardships, and misery." ◘ ◘ ◘



A Mid-Sized British Merchant Ship
From the Early 18th Century

Two Lists of Passengers
Arriving at the Port of Philadelphia

The ship *Jamaica Galley*, 7 February 1739, under Captain Robert Harrison, commander, brought the following males to the Court House of Philadelphia to "Subscribe the Oaths to the Government" before Lieutenant Governor George Thomas, Mayor Anthony Morris, Clement Plumsted, Thomas Griffitts and Thomas Lawrence.[206:252]

[The following list alphabetizes, consolidates and reverts the occasional Anglicized versions to match the Germanic signatures from among three different listings of the same immigrants. The sequence of signers changes for each list, except for their leader, Hans Conrad Rösli, who was first each time. Most of these passengers indicated their age, which appears here immediately after each name. Numerous originating hometowns were discovered during recent research by an adjunct archivist at Zürich's cantonal library, Hans Ulrich Pfister.]

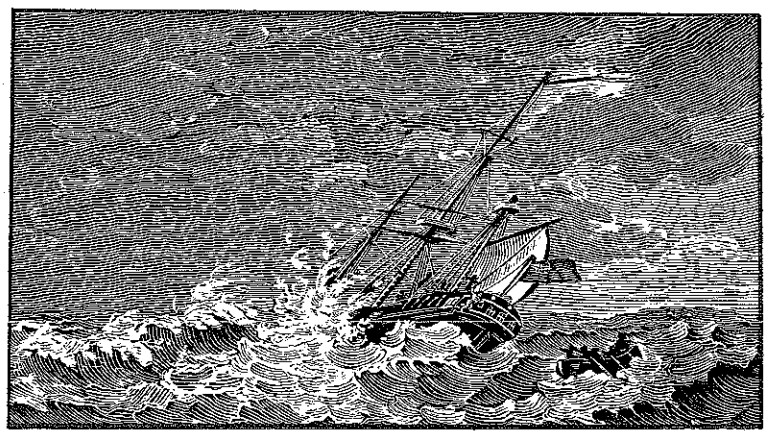
Conrad Ackert, 25 [from Senzach]
Heinrich Ackert, 23 [from Senzach]
Johannes Äppli, 30 [from Maur]
Hans Heinrich Angst, 25 [from Ratz]
Hans Arner, 22 [from Windlach]
Conrad Bachler, 38 [from Tholheim ?]
Felix Bachmann, 21
Hans Bachmann, 27 [from Rossau]
Heinrich Bachmann, 27
Hans Jacob Baninger, 24
Ulrich Baninger, 20 [from Embrach]
Jacob Bauman, 22 [from Ottikon]
Hans Jacob Bauman, 18
Rudolf Baumer, 34 [from Altikon]
Jacob Bonger, 38
Felix Bosshard, 48
Jacob Bosshard, 20
Hans Ulrich Bosshard, 19
Hans Jacob Bossinger, 24
Ulrich Bossinger, 20
Georg Bruner
Heinrich Bruner, 20 [from Bassersdorf]
Ulrich Bruner, 19
Jacob Bucher [from Berg a.I.]
Rudolf Decker, 40 [from Wallizellen ?]
Heinrich Dunkel, 30 [from Rorbas]
Jacob Dunkel, 38
Jacob Forrer
Johannes Forrer
Lenhardt Forrer, 40 [from Zell]
Caspar Frener, 20
Johannes Frener, 25 [from Bachs]
Felix Fronfelder, 38 [from Henggalt]
Heinrich Gantz, 34
Felix Glattli, 36 [from Bonstetten]
Heinrich Glattli, 28 [from Bonstetten]
Heinrich Glattli, 20 [from Bonstetten]
Jacob Häni, 35
Heinrich Hauser [from Stadel]
Hans Jacob Hopman, 18
Heinrich Hopman, 52
Jacob Hopman, 26
Felix Huber, 38 [from Regensberg]
Joachim Husli, 34 [from Winterberg]
Heinrich Keller [from Winterberg]
Hans Jacob Kern, 20 [from Bulach ?]
Heinrich Kramer
Jacob Kurtz [from Dietikon-Neerach]
Felix Leinbacher, 56 [from Oberwil]
Heinrich Leinbacher, 21 [from Oberwil]
Caspar Meyer, 30 [from Otelfingen]
Hans Ulrich Meyer, 30 [from Lufingen]
Hans Meyer, 32 [from Niedersteinmaus]
Heinrich Meyer, 30
Jacob Meyer, 24 [from Berg a.I.]
Jacob Moyer, 47 [from Niederweningen ?]
Hans Much, 38 [from Bachenstorf ?]
Hans Ulrich Müller, 24 [from Zell]
Jacob Müller, 38
Christof Müller, 24 [from Altikon]
Andreas Nabinger, 25
Hans Ulrich Näff, 29 [from Zell]
Jacob Nargen, 28
Hans Neusli, 45 [from Tholheim]
Ulrich Neusli, 34 [from Zell]
Heinrich Oberholtz, 34
Jacob Opmann
Heinrich Otto, 21
Heinrich Peter, 26
Rudolf Ramp, 22 [from Zell]
Bernhardt Rieger, 27
Lorenz Rieger, 34

Melchior Rink, 16
Hans Conrad Rösli, 41 [from Seen-Gotzenwil]
Heinrich Rotkopf, 28
Hans Jacob Schaub, 25 [from Niederwil]
Heinrich Schellenberg, 22
Ulrich Schmidt, 29
Heinrich Schnebeli, 20 [from Niederweningen]
Johannes Schnebeli, 21 [from Niederweningen]
Rudolf Schultz, 19
Felix Schutz, 22
Rudolf Schutz, 22
Jacob Schwarben, 35
Ulrich Schwartzenbach, 33 [from Dietlikon]
Adam Schwenk, 18
Hans Michael Schwenk, 50
Hans Heinrich Sommer, 34 [from Schnasberg]
Heinrich Stalley, 25 [from Oberkinnem ?]
Caspar Weidman, 40 [from Oberwinterthur]
Christofel Weidman [from Tholheim]
Christof Weller
Heinrich Wert, 27 [from Niederweningen]
Jacob Wert, 35 [from Niederweningen]
Johannes Wiltenstein, 48
Hans Zollinger, 40 [from Embrach]

Ship *Lydia*, arriving 9 October 1749,
under Captain John Randolf, commander,[206:420]

Andreas Ackert
Jacob Adams
Johannes Arnolt
Peter Arnolt
Heinrich Bachmann
Jos. Baliet
Michael Bareth
Johannes Barth
Michael Barth
David Bast
Johannes Michael Bast
Michael Bastian
Jacob Bauer
Johannes Beck
Jabel Beger
Christian Bentz
Jacob Bertsch
Georg Conrad Bloss
Daniel Bock
Jacob Bock
Philip Bodomer
Christian Carl Brandt, surgeon
Johannes Monb. Brandt
Georg Breinig
Georg Bressler
Georg Simon Bressler
Nicolas Bressler
Jacob Brucker
Michael Brucker
Johannes Peter Clementz
Georg Crassan
Johannes Stefan Dietewig
Friedrich Doll
Caspar Dorn
Ludwig Flach
Nicolas Forsheberge
Andreas Gambler
Jos. Gebhardt
Conrad Geidlinger
Johannes Gelisen
Nicolas Gelisen
Conrad Glück
Johannes Grasch
Leonhardt Groninger
Philip Häni
Philipus Martin Hammel
Johannes Georg Hammer
Johannes Hantwerk
Rupert Haug
Johannes Philip Hausman
Baltazar Heil
Heinrich Heiser
Reichart Heiss
Christianus Hentz
Ludwig Hermann
Johannes Heinrich Hettich
Johannes Peter Hickenauer
Johannes Himmelreich
Georg Ludwig Hoffmann
Heinrich Hubener
Hans Georg Huff
Fertinantt Jung
Jacob Kantz
Michael Kantz
David Kehm
Georg Kehm
Matteus Keller
Valentin Keller
Michael Kipp
Georg Kirchner

Johannes Nicolas Klein
Jacob Kneiss
Heinrich Koch
Conradt Kohl
Peter Kratsinger
Georg Lambert
Conradt Lintz
Georg Adam Löble
Adam Lutz
Johannes Georg Lutz
Stefan Maisch
Johannes Jacob Messer
Leonhardt Meyer
Bernhardt Miller
Henry Miller
Nicolas Möloth
Michael Mosser
Georg Christof Müller
Mattias Müller
Matteus Oberfeld
Johannes Ohleiger
Johannes Philip Öhlweiler
Michaelo Pedelo
Johannes Jacob Rahn
Peter Rap
Johannes Rau
Johannes Georg Rau
Heinrich Reinhardt, arrived sick
Ambros Remely
Georg Rotenberg
Wilhelmus Savelkowl
Michael Schack
William Schack
Jacob Schaeffer
Nicolas Schaeffer
Sebastian Schallus
Valentin Schallus
Carol Schantz
Jacob Schantz
Mattias Scheiffele
Johannes Scherrer
Georg Jacob Schiermann
Johannes Schmidt
Johannes Peter Schmidt
Johannes Georg Schreiber
Jacob Schweinfurth
Valentin Schweitzer
Johannes Michael Seitz
Christian Seyder
Hans Jacob Shoemaker
Nicolas Simon
Jacob Stadtler
Stefan Stieffelmeyer
Johannes Sturm
Edmundus Tholl
Jacob Tonner
Johannes Ulrich
Jacob Ulmer
Johannes David Völpert
Andreas Vogler
Georg Vogler
Johannes Jacob Weiden
Lorenz Weiler
Michael Weiler
Johannes Weiss ◘ ◘ ◘



THE WILL OF HENRY BAUGHMAN I
WRITTEN 15 JULY 1777 AT WOODSTOCK, SHENANDOAH COUNTY, VIRGINIA
WILL BOOK A, P.223. FILED AFTER DEATH 25 NOVEMBER 1779.
FULLY PROVEN 23 APRIL 1785[229]

In the Name of god Amen,

I, Henry Baughman Senior of Dunmore County and Colloney of Virginia being in a lo state of Health but in Perfect mind and senses thanks be to god, calling to mind the mortality of my body do make and ordain this my last will and Testament in Manner and form following viz I Recommend my Soul into the hands of god the almightly that gave it and my body I Recommend to the earth to be buried in decent Christian buriel at the Discretion of my Executors if please god to order it so and as touching such worldly Estate where with it has pleased god to Bless me with in this natural life I give Devise and dispose and bequeath of the same in the following Manner and form

First I give and bequeath to my well beloved wife Barbara one black maire two years old and branded HB on the rear shoulder and Buttock, and saddle and her Bed and a full third part of all moovable Estate and that she is to have free possession to live in the house and place I now live after my desease, further it is my will that all my Just debts Will be paid by my Executors out of my estate and further concerning my lands and plantations which I now live in and where my son Henry lives besides a piece of land lying back of my place which said lands and plantations I do give to sons Henry and John, and that the said Henry is to have that part of the same side of the Creek he now lives and his line shall run from where Jacob holeman's lane goes over the Creek running up the old field fence as the said fence use to run but the line to run from there a straight course till up to my line or the line of the same land and at the said place where Jacob holeman's laine is the said Henry to have the breadth of three rods running from there with Jacob Holeman's line through the afore said old field a cross the Creek till up the Hill to the road which said land as afore said I give to him and his heirs, and to my son John I give and bequeath the plantation and land I now live on besides the above mentioned piece of land lying back joining this place and my will is that my beloved wife shall have his third part of all the land of both said lands or places and that she shall take it or the same out of both said places equaly of one as much as of the other and my son John is to pay for the said land one hundred and eighty pounds current lawful money of Virginia and the said Henry for his land is to pay the sum of one hundred and twenty pounds of like lawful money as aforesaid and of both said sums each of children shall have an equal share also an equal share of all moovable estate besides and to this my last will and Testament I likewise Constitute make and ordain my son Jacob Baughman and my well beloved wife Barbara the sole executors thereof and I do herby utterly disolve and revoke all former will testaments legacies and executors Ratifying and Confirming this and no other to be my last will and Testament in wittness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this fifteenth day of July in the year of our lord one thousand and seven hundred and seventy and seven
Signed sealed published pronounced
and Declared by the said Henry Baughman
as his last will and testament in the
presenc of

[signed]

Heinrich Bachman

[signed]
Jacob Holeman [X]
Jacob Neff
Johannes opland

° ° °

Two vintage copies of the above document exist at the Shenandoah County Courthouse: as an original, signed two-sided parchment that is folded, bundled and tied with string, and from about the same time, a transcription into the bound official record book cited in the title. This second copy is the one generally made available to the public, but is unfortunately filled with many more flaws of spelling and penmanship than the first. The version above faithfully preserves the spelling, punctuation and approximate layout of the original. It should be noted that signatures of Bachman, Neff and Opland are executed in Old

German Script. As a legal footnote, a will is fully proven only after the court is satisfied by confirmations from all the parties attesting and witnessing it. Only then can its instructions regarding property can be enforced. Jacob Neff's appearance before the court was delayed until 1785, nearly six years after the filing.

Henry Baughman's family ran one of the largest farms and orchards in southern Shenandoah County, with 657 acres and 286 apple trees. A noteworthy contrast can be made between his final standard of living and that of the valley's wealthiest inhabitant, Thomas Lord Fairfax, who drew up his will just a few months after Henry, on 8 November 1777. As the Proprietor, Fairfax had issued Henry the warrant, survey and final grant to his land 24 years earlier. As a cultured man and member of England's nobility, Fairfax set the standard for extravagant living in the wilderness, and became a mentor to the young surveyor George Washington. The rents collected from all his lands left him with £47,377 sterling on hand when he died, although £9,570 was due right away in taxes. The detailed inventory of his personal property mentioned 409 line items, including gold and silver watches, 12 golden rings, 3 wigs, 26 nightcaps, 5 cork teacups covered with silver, 24 settings of chinaware, 13 framed paintings, two desks and a 130-volume library. He shared his estate with 221 sheep, 140 hogs, 67 grown cattle, 20 hunting dogs and 97 Negro slaves.[27] ◘ ◘ ◘

A Petition By 74 Shenandoah Valley Mennonites To Be Exempted From Military Service [10 December 1785]

To the Honorable the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia,

The petition of the subscribers members of the Menonist Church in behalf of themselves and their religious Brethren Respectfully Sheweth

That an Article of Faith established by the said Church forbids the bearing of Arms or shedding of Human blood which Article they conscientiously believe it is their duty to obey. In this scruple of Conscience *Only* they trust they have been short in being dutiful and Obedient Citizens, they have wished at all times to be faithfull to the Laws that hath given them protection, and ever wish so to be, when consistant with the dictates of their religious Profession, their forefathers and Predecessors came from a far Country to America to Seek Religious Liberty. this they have enjoyed except by the Infliction of penalties for not bearing Arms which for some time lay heavy on them. But on a representation, and their situation being made known to the Honorable the Legislature, they were indulged with an exemption from said penalties untill some few years past when, by a revisal of the Militia Law they were again enrolled & are now subject to the penalties aforsd. Therefore your Petitioners pray that the Honorable the General Assembly will take their Case into their Wise Consideration and so exempt them from bearing Arms or indulge them with such Militia exemptions as any other of the Citizens of the Commonwealth are indulged with for Conscience Sake and as far as their Fidelity and good Example shall merit, and your petitioners in duty bound shall pray & etc.

[The following names have been alphabetized, despite minor misspelling variations, for ease of reference. The number following each name indicates the original sequence of old German signatures, and occasional identifying notes were added in 1989 by historian Klaus Wust.]

Christian Anderick [9]
Jacob Bachman [63]
Johannes Bachman [64]
Abraham Biery [32]
Jacob Biery [47]
Nicolaus Biery [31]
Christian Blochnauer [48]
Daniel Böhm [3]
Jacob Böhm [57, a MennoBaptist]
Conrad Bomgarner [60]
Jacob Bomgarner [65]
Johann Bomgarner [59]
Abraham Brannerman [71]
Abraham Brannerman [38]
David Brannerman [39]
Abraham Brij [10]
Heinrich Brumbach [45]
Andreas Christ [35]
David Coffman [54, of Page County]
Jacob Ebersol [34]
Andreas Eby [62]
Abraham Fauber [40]
Johannes Fauber [41]
Z___ Fauber [42]
Christian Frei [61]
Abraham Funkhouser [20]
David Funkhouser [18]
Johannes Funkhouser [19]
Peter Girt [68, Brethren, probably Girtner]
Abraham Gochnauer [17]
Jacob Gochnauer [23]
Johannes Gochnauer [25]
Johannes Gochnauer [28]
Christian Grabill [21, Brethren]
Jacob Greibel [27, Brethren]
Christian Groff [56, of Page County]
Michael Hausmann [69]
Jacob Hodel [7]
Johannes Hodel [6]
Johannes Huisi [22]
Heinrich Kagy [43]
Jacob Kagy [44]
Abraham Kauffman [11]
Hans Kauffman [8, Brethren]
Jacob Kauffman [24]
Christian Maggard [49]
Hans Maggard [50]
Johannes Harshberger [37]

Daniel Muilij [15]
Tobias Muilij [12]
Abraham Neff [66]
Christian Neff [58]
Jacob Neff [29]
Johannes Neff [33]
Jacob Rafner [55, of Page County]
Hans Ulrich Roth [72]
Abraham Rothgreb [51]
Georg Rothgreb [46]
I___ Rothgreb [52, of Page County]
Jacob Ruff [30]
Abraham Schantz [26]
Ulrich Schantz [16]
Heinrich Schenk [70, of Page County]
Michael Schenk [73]
Jabez Schuh [1]
David Stauffer [13]
Peter Stauffer [4]
Ulrich Stauffer [14]
Benjamin Stickli [2]
John Strickler [53, of Page County]
Heinrich Wissler [36]
I___ Westerberger [5]
Frederich Zetty [74]
Balser Hupp [67] ◘ ◘ ◘

THE FOLLOWING DESCRIPTION APPEARS ON PAGE 253 OF Duane L. Borden's *Tombstone Inscriptions of Shenandoah & Page Counties*, a multi-volume survey privately published in Denver, Colorado, during the mid-1980s:[23]

"The Glick-Coffman Cemetery"

This cemetery once existed one half mile south of the community of Hudson's Cross Roads, on the Southeast side of Route No.42 on land now known as the Carroll Frye land, a.k.a. Eugene Polk land. The cemetery site was 350 yards southeast of the Charles W. Turner residence, Route 1, Mt. Jackson, Virginia. The cemetery had been farmed over for many years. The grave markers have all been removed, but grave depressions are still visible. One grave marker, inscribed in German, still stands against a tree north of Hudson's Cross Roads, and was recovered from this cemetery site many years ago.

Shenandoah Will Book I, page 143, 19 March 1805. John Glick Sr. wills to his son John Glick Jr., the home where he resides, adjacent to Abraham Hess, William Good and Henry Baughman, originally 314 acres located one half mile south of Hudson's Cross Roads. John Glick Sr. mentions three daughters, Elizabeth, Barbara and Ann. Also the children of my deceased wife Barbara by her former husband Henry Baughman. He also mentions shares to the children of Jacob Baughman by his wife Catherine, formerly Catherine Neff. John Glick Sr. names his wife Mary, and a son Christian. He names his executors as neighbors Jacob Garber, John Kegy, and son John Glick, or the survivors. Signed in German. John Glick Sr. also mentioned, one year after my death unto the children which my deceased wife Barbara had by her former husband Henry Baughman, excepting always, that Jacob Baughman shall have no part of said 50 pounds, but his children by his wife Catherine Neff, shall have his share. This will was proven 9 May 1814.

This burial site was examined on 14 September 1983, by Jeanette Conner Ritenour (Mrs. George H. Ritenour), Fort Valley Route, Box 81, Seven Fountains, Shenandoah County, Virginia; Linda Varney, Route 3, Box 352, Edinburg, Virginia; and this compiler-researcher, Duane L. Border.

Hier Rut Elisabeth
Hess War Geboren
August Den 27 1775
Und Gestorden Mertz
Den 19 1819 Alter 43
Jahr 7 Monat

[Here Rests Elisabeth
Hess Was Born
August the 27th 1775
And Died March
The 19th 1819 Aged 43
Years 7 Months]

Recalled Legend: Buried here
John Click Sr.

Recalled Legend: Buried here
Barbara Glick
(2nd wife of John Click Sr.)

Recalled Legend: Buried here
Mary Glick
(Wife of John Glick Sr.)

Recalled Legend: Buried here
infant Crider

Recalled Legend: Joshua Coffman

Recalled Legend: Polly Sheetz
Coffman (1st wife of
Joshua Coffman)

Recalled Legend: Elizabeth
Albright (2nd wife of
Joshua Coffman)

° ° °

During a visit to Hudson's Cross Roads on 17 September 1987, the following additional information became clear:

1.) The property cited above, bequeathed to John Glick Jr. "the home where he resides, adjacent to

Abraham Hess, William Good, and Henry Baughman ... " refers to land that touches Holman's Creek, between Forestville and Quicksburg, land sold to the Glick family by Henry's son John on 20 February 1788;[49] and not to the location that was "originally 314 acres located one half mile south of Hudson's Cross Roads," referring to the original homestead of the elder Glick, where Woody Hepburn's home is today.

2.) The Glick Cemetery, and surrounding lands, passed out of family ownership and into disrepair by the 1930s, according to the neighbor across the road, Charles Turner. He remembered being able as a young boy to see the gravestones from his front porch. Another source for pinpointing the no-longer marked plots was a direct descendant of the pioneers buried there. Marlin's home sits about a mile further north, and he uses a slightly evolved spelling of the surname: Click.

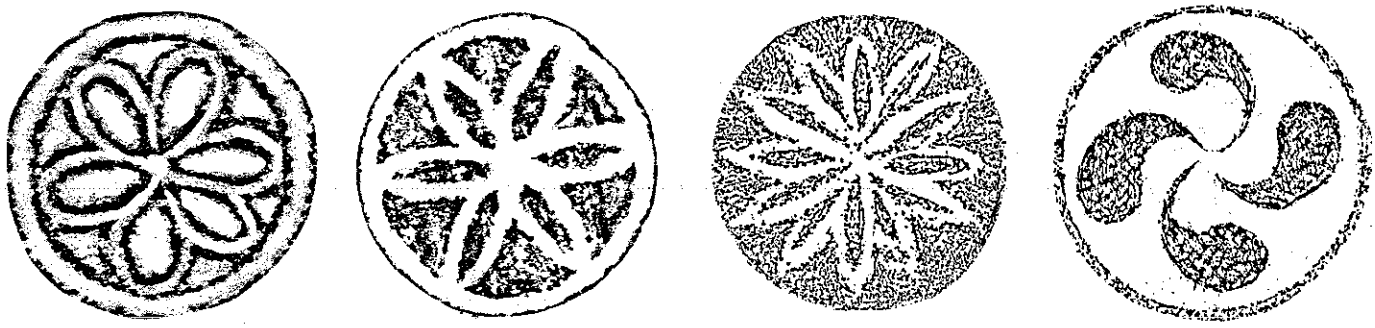
The property's owner in 1941, Gene Polk, decided to dismantle the small, fenced graveyard, to add a few planting rows and simplify the plowing of his adjoining field. Under cover of night, Polk uprooted the tombstones and dumped them into a farm pond below the gently rising hillside. Years later, his son, Everet Polk, confirmed his neighbor's theories about what exactly had happened.

The stone marked for Elisabeth Hess Ward was retrievable, and in 1989 leaned against a tree to the left and inside the gate of Claude Wilkins' front walkway, a mile north of Hudson's Cross Roads. It was superficially carved in primitive capital letters, tightly spaced and in a style typical of many German-American tombstones of that era. Years of erosion have rounded and nearly erased this soft white, moss-stained marker.

The fenced enclosure's original site could still be detected in 1987, not by noticeable grave depressions in the earth, but by interpreting how current fence lines converged, some 200 yards east of Route 42.

3.) Also in Claude Wilkins' possession is a headstone that once marked the grave of Peter Oberholser, the husband of Ann Baughman (granddaughter of Henry and Barbara Baughman, by way of Jacob Baughman and Catherine Neff). The four-and-a-half-foot tombstone languishes in Wilkins' backyard, uprooted and broken in two, with no clue or recollection of where the grave itself remains. When the heavy top third is stacked back on top of the base, it reads:

1818
HIER RUHETT
DER PETER
OBERHOLSER
ERWAGEBOH
REND 4 JUL I
1766 ERTSTGE
STOR D I ABRIL ◘◘◘



RUBBINGS FROM 18TH CENTURY TOMBSTONES IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY, FEATURING *UR-BOGEN* SYMBOLS OF RADIANT SUNLIGHT.

The Estate Inventory of Henry Baughman II
December 1807, Botetourt County, Virginia

In obedience to the December Botetourt Court, we the underneath, have proceeded to appraise the estate of Henry Boughman, deceased.

	pounds	shillings	pence
1 rifle gunshot bag & mold	2	14	
2 axes 1 wedg 1 ring moll		14	
1 kettle, one oven, 1 small pot 1 frying pan 2 pore crocks	1	10	
3 augers 1 anvill 1 hammer 2 pair sheers 3 sickeles 1 gimblet		16	
1 German Bible 6 others assorted	1	4	
6 pewter plates		7	6
1 pewter bason		4	
1 cullender & tin pan		2	6
5 tin cups, 4 table spoons 1 tin quart & funnel		5	
2 rings, 1 lamp 1 pair spurs 1 pair candle molds 2 flesh forks, 5 forks, 3 knives		4	6
1 bucket 1 pale		4	6
1 tumbler 1 salt box		1	6
1 handsaw 1 pare cards 1 plane 1 swingle tree + hangings		2	
1 vinegar bag 1 small fat tub 1 small jug 1 sad iron 1 pare stilyards		10	6
1 salt sack 1 churn 1 pickling tub		6	
1 pare drawing chaires		6	
1 small chest 1 table & sifter		6	
1 small looking glass & chest		7	6
	10	5	6
3 hogs	1	16	10
1 mattock, 1 grinstone 1 hoe		9	
1 shovel 2 pot bearers		2	
1 spinning wheel 6 spools		6	
1 bedstead & bed	1	16	
1 ditto		12	
	15	6	6

[signed] Arch McClung
Fred Pitzer
George Pitzer

At Botetourt February Court 1808
This Inventory & appraisement of the Estate of Henry Boughman, deceased, was returned to court in order to be recorded.

a copy teste
[signed] H[enry] Bowyer[115]

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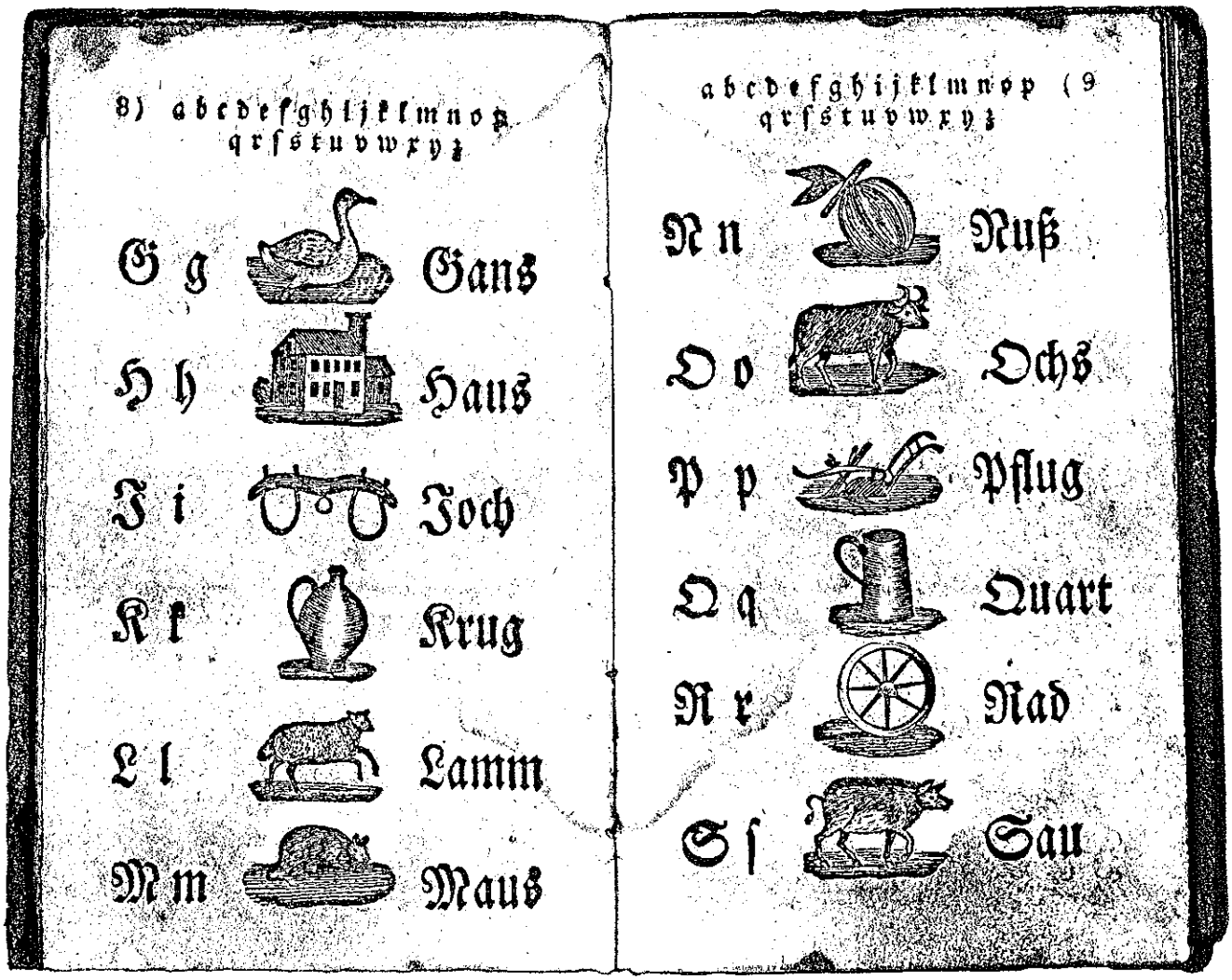
The above archaic names for tools and implements can be interpreted with the following modern equivalents:

augers, gimblet: special types of hand drills.
swingle tree + hangins: a tool for separating flax.
mattock: a combination axe and hoe.
pot bearers: shaped metal braces for lifting, tipping and transporting pots that are heavy or hot.

Several misspellings have been recorded as they appeared in the original document, and may be fairly interpreted as follows: wedg for wedge; pore for pouring; sheers for shears; sickeles for sickles; bason for basin; cullender for colander; grinstone for grindstone.

Unique circumstance can account for the difference in two people's standards of living, but a clear contrast exists between lifestyles in the well-settled Shenandoah Valley and the isolated reaches of Botetourt County. Henry Jr.'s brother, John Baughman, remained near Holman's Creek for his whole life, and left behind an estate on 11 October 1802 inventoried with a value of 379 pounds, 13 shillings and 4 pence. One single item, a grandfather clock and case, valued at 8 pounds, 10 shillings, was worth more than half of all his brother's final worldly possessions.

The two-page list includes other glimpses of John's life: a fur hat worth one pound, leather breeches, one great coat, a coffee mill, two bee hives (with honey bees), two brass candlesticks, one Bible, four new books worth 18 shillings and three old ones worth eight shillings. There were also two bulls, six cows, two heifers and four mares, the last of which ranged in value from 30 pounds down to 20. He also died with four acres of corn still unpicked in his fields, officially valued at 12 pounds. The will instructed his widow, Ann, to keep one third of his wealth, and to divide the rest among their eight children.[116] ◘ ◘ ◘



PAGES FROM HENKEL'S ABC BOOK[100]

The Little ABC Book...
by Ambrose Henkel

An attempt was made in 1819 to safeguard the German language among the pioneers already melting into the American English landscape. The family publishing business run by Paul Henkel and his sons Solomon and Ambrose, tried to satisfy the demand for religious and secular books with the press they established at New Market, near Holman's Creek in Shenandoah County, Virginia. The distribution of their many books, pamphlets and tracts matched well with the elder Henkel's calling as a traveling preacher. He visited Swiss and German communities up and down the eastern seaboard, and drove wagons over the primitive roads as far west as Tennessee. Noted historian Klaus Wust made a gift of a rare Henkel children's book in 1989 to the Baughman's family history library. The weathered volume is missing its title page, illustrated with a primitive woodcut of a walking man and woman, which was originally published as follows:

Das Kleine
ABC - Buch
oder erste
Anfangs - Büchlein
mit schönen Bildern und deren Namen,
nach dem ABC, um den Kindern das Buch-
stabiren leichter zu machen
Von Ambrosius Henkel
Zweite Auflage

Neu-Market
Schenandoah Caunty, Virginia: gedruckt in
Salomon Henkel's Druckerey
1819

On the back side of this title page was included the following notice:

9 Jan. 1819, registered with
William Marshall,
Clerk of the District of Virginia

Following lessons on vocabulary, penmanship, Roman numerals and song came religious instruction on pages 35 and 36, some of it rhyming in the original German, that translates into English this way:

Morning Prayer

Dear Father! in Heaven, I thank You for last night's peaceful rest. Let me live this day after Your will. Protect me from sin and shame. Forgive all my wrongdoing against Your will, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Morning Song

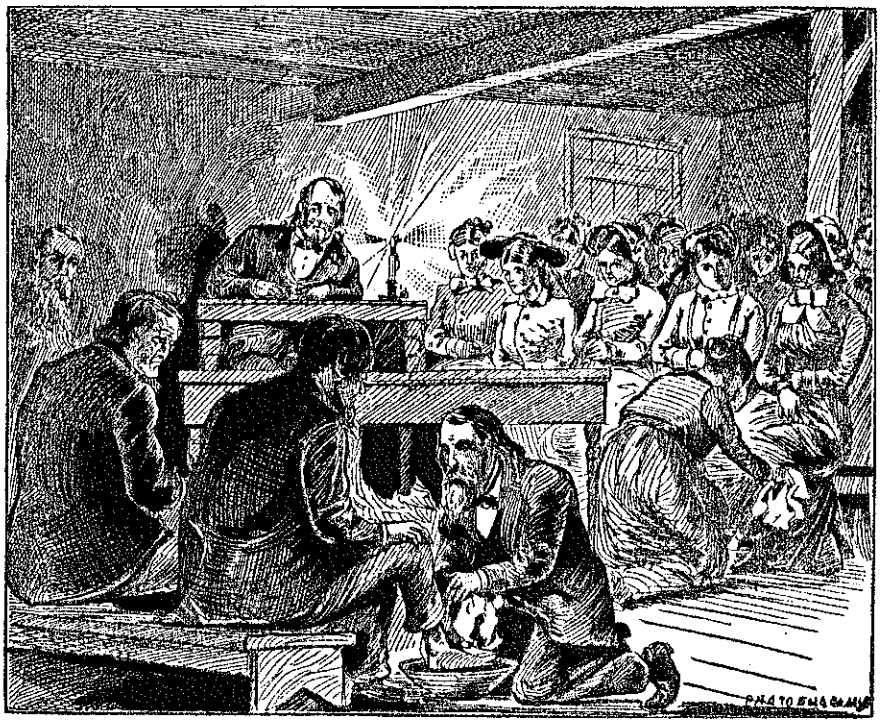
My dear God, I thank You / for heavenly protection
You kept above me / last night.
In this cheerful morning hour, / I pray to the Creator.
I praise Him with heart and mouth / as well as I know and can. / Now, I shall go to school / and learn the way I should. / As dear God is with me / so I shall learn it all well. / God blesses me all day. / Let me be obedient so I shall enter heaven / with all the pious.

Evening Prayer

Dear God, You have made the whole world, the mountains, trees and all I see. You protect all creatures, and You provide their food at the right time. I ask of You to be so kind to protect me this night. Let me sleep in peace and safety until it is day again. Forgive the sins I committed today, for Jesus Christ, Your dear son's sake. Amen.

Evening Song

Now this day is over. / The dark night is about to begin./ For that I am still alive, / I am thankful.
I thank my dear God / that He spared me today.
Because of His protection / I met no dispair.
The wrong I have done today / the Lord shall forgive me. / I call to Him, for Christ's sake, / He shall be lenient with me. / Now, I shall go to bed / and say good night, / hoping to rise again tomorrow / the way that God decides. ◘ ◘ ◘



EARLY BAPTISTS IN MISSOURI
PERFORM A FOOTWASHING CEREMONY[59]

The Bethany Baptist Church
Marble Creek, Madison County, Missouri
An Analysis of the Early Church Minutes Between 1829-1843

The eight original pioneer Baptists of Marble Creek met on Saturday, 5 September 1829 and began to record in a thick 8½-by-14-inch leather ledger how their congregation eventually grew to 123 members. By 1843, the church passed through a changing of the generations, as charter Deacon John Baughman and church clerk Jacob Baughman left with their family for more land in Arkansas. Although no special dramas appear in this book, insights into their daily life and faith are revealed.

In the beginning, the pastor of the Providence United Baptist Church in Fredericktown, James Williams, led a mission to "the home of Mr. Charles Sinclair on Big Creek," later known as Marble Creek. In the company of Littleton Lunsford, from the Cotar's Creek Church in Crawford County, the gathering drew up a new constitution so that a Bethany United Baptist Church could shelter the pioneers' spirits. The name Bethany harkens back to the New Testament account of where Lazarus was said to have been raised from the dead by Jesus. Along Marble Creek though, half of the little eight-member congregation was made up of Baughman family members.

Opening with 22 Articles of Faith, the drafters outlined their own view of the Scriptures: How the innocent beginnings of humanity "became depraved," how forgiveness and redemption were only available through God, and could not be earned thorough good deeds alone. In their Article 9, baptism was required of every church member, but only when a mature understanding of Christ's invitation had been reached, and then only by full immersion in water, repeating the riverside ceremony just as John the Baptist was thought to have performed it. Article 13 set forth Sunday as the sabbath, in contrast to earlier baptist sects who had argued for Saturday.

The remaining articles in the charter departed from theology and addressed roughnesses of wilderness manner: Every member offering a motion shall rise to his feet and address the moderator by the title Brother (No.15); No one shall reflect on the speech of the one that precedes him, but shall strictly attend to the subject in debate (No.16); Male members missing more than three meetings shall tell the reason why, and on the third occasion, the church may send for them if they think it proper (No. 18); Females shall fill their seats as often as convenient (No.19); and finally, that the church shall convene herself seperate from the rest of the house on each church meeting day. (Apparently, this was the only way to avoid the small distractions of daily earthbound life, since their tradition at first was to meet in a church member's home.)

By pattern, they came together no more often than once each month, due to the demands of their farms, the distances and difficulties of travel, and the scarcity of traveling preachers. Closed business meetings, with discussions on church money and matters of bickering or moral failure, led off on Saturday afternoons — in one rarely identified date, the Saturday before the first Sunday in April [the 3rd], 1830. Another hint about these weekends is noted for Sunday, 13 November 1831, when the entire membership voted to hold a ritual feet washing ceremony. The Bethany congregation, and their Bethel Association, were among the few Baptists in Missouri to practice foot washing as a part of their services.[59]

William Polk was ordained as their preacher in 1831. In a history of the pioneer Baptists written by R.S. Duncan 50 years later, Polk was described as "... most energetic, as well as by far the most popular preacher in southeast Missouri. He always had the confidence of the public, regardless of sectarian prejudice or political differences, in a measure unparalleled. The eloquence or fame of other deserving ministers never drew such crowded houses."[59:72]

On Saturday, 9 March 1833, the Marble Creek Church adopted a resolution against missionary work, believing salvation to be a personal, almost preordained grace, and not the fruit of pastoral crusading. Disagreeing baptists gave the Marble Creek elders, and like-minded conservatives, the nickname "hardshell," comparing them to crabs or turtles who button up against a hostile world rather than try to change it.

The disciplining of individual church members tested the church again and again. In May 1834, an unspecified complaint by the two dozen members was lodged against Brother Joe Sharp. At the next

month's meeting, Deacon John Baughman and three other church elders were sent to fetch him. Sharp appeared before the congregation, and "acknowledged that he was hurt with himself ..." The verdict, with special meaning along the rugged frontier wilderness, was that all should consider him "no more of us." Sharp's desire was for his name to be withdrawn from the record books. Twenty three other members left the Bethany flock during its first "generation," some for transgressions. Others were granted letters of dismission, because they were leaving the area, so that they could reintroduce themselves as good Christians to other congregations when they resettled.

Although Deacon Baughman and John Sutton were neighbors, with both of them serving as Bethany elders, and four pairs of their children married, a serious feud between them came to the church's attention in August 1837. At that meeting, John Sutton was reported for having been drunk and Brother James Huff was sent to fetch him. The following month, Sutton accused Deacon Baughman of being drunk, but because Sutton did not make the accusation in person at the meeting, the charge was laid over. Nontheless, for the first time in four years, Deacon Baughman was not chosen to be a delegate to the annual Baptists association meeting.

In October, the congregation reviewed all the charges again, but after Sutton ignored the second order to present himself, he was declared "in Disorder," and expelled. Apparently by coincidence, Joe Sharp showed up to apologize and be readmitted, but only long enough for a friendly letter of dismission to be written. A year and a half later, John Sutton was also restored to the Bethany fellowship. When Deacon Baughman and his family petitioned to leave the congregation in January 1842, a letter of dismission was drafted "with an acknowlegement of his being a faithful deacon."

Special mention was made in July 1839 when "a colored woman" named Moriah joined the church, without rebaptizing but by proof offered in interview of her experience and sincerity as a baptist. Two years later, however, she was "dropped for her conduct."

Noteworthy items of a general nature included a cold snap in February 1835 so bitter that church services that month were canceled. The following July, the congregation finally agreed to build its own meeting house. In the county next door, the Salem Church requested that part of Bethany's ministry be sent to help straighten out a spiritual dilemma, so Preacher William Polk spent the spring and summer of 1836 staying with them. Consequently, Bethany suspended services for June and July.

In 1838, the entire Bethel Association had grown to 27 churches, attended to by 20 ministers. That year, the Bethany Church hosted an association meeting and Preacher Polk served as its moderator.

Floods during June 1839, and later in August 1842, made meeting impossible. In August 1839, it was decided that Preacher Polk would be paid for the preceeding year's worth of services by "4 sabbaths of our time," presumably doing volunteer work at his farm. They also voted at that meeting to affiliate officially as United Baptists. All these groups were affiliated with the Bethel Association of United Baptists, the same group that had taken root back in Sevier County, Tennessee, and was eventually part of the United Baptist movement founded in America back in 1777. Among the members of this fast-growing and influential church could be counted the U.S. President James Madison.

In May 1841, the congregation had become so large that one cluster of homes in the southern reaches of St. Francis County received permission to constitute The New Hope Church. By April 1843, another offshoot had its petition approved, so that the Big Creek Church could be formed.

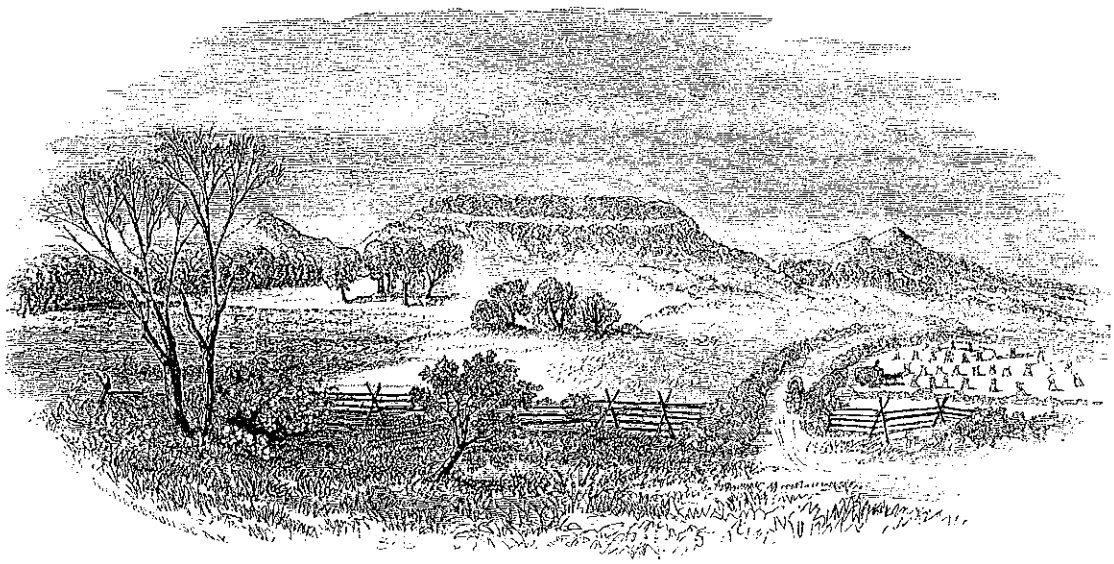
° ° °

Bethany Baptist Churchmembers

[*All spellings are faithful to the original records. The complete church records currently are overseen by Willard and Irene Robbs at the Bethel Association of United Baptists, Route 3, Fredericktown, Missouri 63645.*]

Adams, William [left August 1836, dropped August 1840]
Allen, Manervy
Barns, Mary [left February 1837]
Baughman, Amanda [family left February 1842]
, Dorthea
, Jacob [clerk]
, John [deacon]
, Lenes
, Livea
Bayit, John

Bayit, Pearcy [wife of John]
Belmer, John B.
, Lewis
, Margaret
, Mary
Blackburn, James
Brown, Lina
Davis, John
, Nancy
DeGear, John
DeWett, Margaret
Downs, Nancy
, William [husband of Nancy]
Huff, James [husband & wife left]
, [wife of James]
, Joseph
, Sarah [wife of Joseph]
, Ruth P.
Johnson, James [out March 1839]
, Susannah
Jones, Richard [2nd clerk]
Lane, Biddy
Lashley, Amus V.
Lewis, Jacob
Matthew, John A.
, Margaret [wife of John A.]
Matthews, John [left December 1834]
, Rachel [left October 1837]
McDowell, Elizabeth
Moriah ["a colored woman," out August 1841]
Napier, A.H. [out]
, Jane
Polk, Mariam [born Mary Sharp]
Polk, William [pastor]
Seals, Rodey [female]
Sharp, John
, Joseph [out June 1834]
Sinclair, Robert
, Susannah
Smith, Augustus
, Isaac [out]
, Levi
, Leweresa
Stout, E.
Strickland, John [husband & wife left December 1836]
, [wife of John]
Sutton, Elisabeth
, John [out October 1837, readmitted April 1839]
, Leonard
Thomas, Polly [left May 1834]
Tong, Henry
Vance, Andrew J.
, Elizabeth
, Harrison
, Mary
Watkins, Betsy Ann
Willburn, Elizabeth
Williams, Coby
, Peter [husband & wife left June 1831]
, Rely [wife of Peter]
, Samuel
Wilson, Edward [husband & wife left June 1835]
, Elinder
Wolford, Christina
Wood, Rachel
Young, Sarah ◘ ◘ ◘



A View of the Crooked Creek Valley
In Northwestern Arkansas, 1857

Life Along the White River:
The Baughman Family in the Heart of the Ozarks

An unmatched portrait of Ozark Mountain life has been preserved through interviews conducted around the turn of the century by a local newspaperman and historian named Silas Claborn Turnbo (1844-1922). In several rough, unpublished manuscripts, as well as passing references in his *Fireside Stories of the Early Days in the Ozarks*, Turnbo recorded three extended conversations with neighbor Peter W. Baughman on 22 May, 10 July and 14 July 1902. In brief titles and introductions, Turnbo reveals a few basic genealogical facts about Peter and his family, in addition to calling him "a pioneer of Crooked Creek," "a famed, veteran hunter" and "uncle." Turnbo, a resident of Protem in Taney County, had earlier talked to Peter's uncle, Gideon Baughman, who died in 1898.

Though the Marble Creek community in Madison County, Missouri, had been the Baughman home for 12 years, Peter's father, Henry Baughman [IV], packed up the family and household, moving it south and west some 200 miles.

On Peter's 10th birthday, 11 October 1840, the family stopped its wagon along the Fallen Ash Military Road at a settlement originally named Shawnee Town. The same spot just across the Missouri border is known today as Route 62 in Yellville, Arkansas. Peter's remarks began:

"Yellville was quite a small village then, and I remember that circuit court was in session on the day of our arrival. Court was held under a bush harbor and a big crowd was in attendance. The citizens had their rifles stacked around the harbor. My parents lived in Yellville awhile, then went on up to Crooked Creek where they made a permanent location.

"Here in the fall of 1842, a big bunch of buffalo were discovered traveling up Crooked Creek. My father and John Sutton followed them and shot and killed two grown ones on Terrapin Creek, which empties below Carrollton. They followed the herd several miles west of here and killed two more, one of which was full grown and the other a calf. They would have pursued them further, but they were afraid the Indians might interfere with them, and both turned back."

Of those earliest days, Gideon recalled, "On one occasion my two brothers, William and Henry Baughman, and William Carter and myself went to Sugar Orchard Creek with an ox wagon on a five-day camp hunt. Our special business was to collect wild honey, but if a fat bear or fine buck got in our way we did not refuse to shoot at it. Besides our regular camping outfit, we took barrels, washtubs and water buckets to hold the honey to pay for the felling of the trees. Two were extremely rich and turned out 10 gallons of strained honey each. William Carter carried a large buck skin honey case with him and he crammed all the honey into it that it would hold.

"Yes, about wild turkeys: well, there seemed to be no end to them. I will not tell you anything about as to the number I have seen in one flock for I do not know. But to give you some idea how plentiful they were here once, I went out soon of a morning in the spring season to hunt for my plow horse, and it was almost impossible to hear the tinkle of the bell on account of the constant gobbling of gobblers.

"I went out on the north side of the creek when I saw two bucks together, one of which had crumpled horns. I shot this one and it fell. My dog chased the other one away. I went up to the one I had shot and taking my butcher knife in my right hand, I took hold of the deer's horns with my left in order to poke the knife into its breast, like sticking a hog. But as I went to poke the knife, the buck leaped to its feet and struck my arm with its horns, and the knife flew from my hand. The stroke tore my shirt sleeve and the points of the horns lacerated the flesh of my arm, which gave me much pain. I was angry now, and I quickly caught the deer by the horns with both hands before it had time to gore me. I held it, but it was the worst job I ever undertook to do. I yelled lustily for the dog and he come darting back and caught the buck by the nose and threw the deer down on its broadside and held it down until I could pick up the knife and stab it behind the shoulder and kill it. I loved my tige dog well enough before this, but my affection for him was much greater after my scrimmage with this buck.

"The only time I saw two bucks locked together by their horns was two miles above my place. I had went out soon one morning and while on the north side of the creek, I heard a noise down in the hollow.

On going into the hollow to investigate as to the cause of the fuss, I discovered two bucks locked together. From appearances, they had been in this condition several days. Each was badly wearied, worried and thin in flesh; but had strength enough to pull and push each other around lively. I shot them both, and after removing their hides, I cut their heads and carried them home and kept them for years. Everyone who examined the horns attempted to pull them apart, but failed."*219:7:83*

° ° °

In chronological order, the next tale returns to Peter's boyhood, with an incident that Turnbo called "Dreadful Experience":

"One day in the month of August, 1843, I and my father went to the vicinity of this pond on a camp hunt. Sugar Orchard Creek looked wild then. Tall grass, lots of deer, numbers of bee trees, bear, panther and wolves. The first night out, a panther cried out every now and then close to our camping place. It screamed until nearly the break of day, when it left. I heard it scream while it was passing over a low hill. Then it quit hallooing. We ate breakfast about sunrise. While partaking of our forest fare, the subject of the panther was discussed between me and father, who jokingly remarked that it was not a panther we heard, 'but a catamount, wild cat, or more than likely it was a night hawk,' said he, but I knew better and so did he.

"Soon after sunrise, we left camp in opposite directions on our day's hunt. Being a little nettled at father's remark about what we heard that night, I went in the direction I heard the panther leave that morning. But I walked very slow and cautious and kept a close lookout for the beast. After I had got over the hill just mentioned, I saw the glimpse of something in the grass that I took for a fawn. I stopped and looked around for the doe, but she was nowhere in sight. Then I looked again toward the spot where I supposed the little deer was, but it was gone, and I began to search around for it.

"While I was occupied at this, I was startled by a strange noise behind me. Wheeling around to ascertain the cause, I was confronted by a panther crouching for a spring at me, in 12 feet of where I stood. There was no time for debating, and leveling my gun at it as soon as possible, I fired on it. An instant later, the great beast sprang at me and struck the ground at my feet. The horrifying-looking creature frightened me terrible, and without the least hesitation, I turned and fled like a scared buck. I imagined the panther was pursuing me. I could feel the hair of my head standing out straight. Cold perspiration broke all over my body; but this did not prevent me from running. I yelled for Father as I ran. I took no time to look back, but went on running and halooing. I have no idea how far I would have run; but I halted when I came near running over my father, who had heard me raise my voice so loud after I shot, and was approaching to find out what was the matter with me.

"Meeting my father brought me back to my right mind, and as soon I could catch my breath, I told him about my narrow escape from the panther. We both went back to the place where I had shot at it. The animal had disappeared, but father put his dog on its trail, which led off in an opposite direction from which I had run. The grass was stained with blood, which proved that the panther was bad disabled by my bullet. The dog, after following it a mile or more, overhauled it; but before we could reach them, the panther whipped the dog and he left the beast, and came meeting us, badly used up; and blood was trickling from his wounds.

"We went on to where the dog and panther had fought. The grass was trampled down and sprinkled with blood. We followed on after the panther by its blood to a big hollow log, where we found two young panthers lying in a bed in the log, and killed them. We turned back there, without going any further on the old one's trail. But a few days after this, while Luke Marlor was hunting in this same locality, he found a dead panther lying near the log where we captured the little panthers. Mr. Marlor said it had been shot, and we supposed it was the same one I had shot and wounded."*219:8:96*

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"Near Oregon Flat [east of Harrison, Arkansas], where the Oregon Post office was afterward established, I was hunting one day and seen a fine doe feeding. She was not near enough for me to make a sure shot; and while I was creeping along toward her in order to get in close-range, I heard a whirring noise in the air above me. On raising my head to find what made the fuss, I seen an eagle flying swiftly down toward the deer, and it struck it on the hips with its

talons. The poor deer leaped, kicked and struggled to rid itself of the unwelcome bird. Then it bounded off with the eagle sitting on its hips. No doubt its long sharp claws were sank deep into the deer's flesh, as the terrified animal was fleeing along. The great American bird spread out its wings to balance itself on the deer. The deer and eagle were in plain view for nearly a quarter mile when they disappeared in the thick growth of timber.

"It is my supposition," said Uncle Peter, "that unless the eagle was torn off of the deer's back by limbs of trees, it enjoyed a jolly ride, until the deer was completely exhausted from running and the suffering inflicted by the eagle's talons, and then it fell and became easy victim to this bird of prey.*219:15:27*

"As to wolves," said Uncle Peter, "they did not lack for numbers in the early days here on Crooked Creek. They commited terrible depradations on stock.

"Father owned a distillery and made whiskey. It was not an adulterated stuff like some that is sold nowadays, a few drops of which is liable to poison a man to death, but it was pure corn whiskey. While Father manufactured whiskey, he raised a fine lot of hogs. Among them was a male which he kept in an enclosure. It so happened that about then we had no dogs worth anything in the way of watch dogs. One night, a pack of wolves entered the lot where the hog was kept and killed him while we and the dogs slept.

"Settlers made all sorts of efforts to shoot and poison them, and laid all kinds of plans to entrap them. I have known deep pits to be dug and prepared with trap doors. The doors were baited with fresh meat, and when a wolf came along, he would be sure to go for the meat. The pits were so deep and the walls so steep that Mr. Wolf was not able to scale the walls and escape; and was held a prisoner until the owner of the pit came along and ended his life with a bullet.

"Occasionally, more than one wolf was caught in a pit at one time. Sometimes a catamount, wild cat, coon or fox would fall in, and it was nothing strange to find a runabout dog in there too. It so happened that when one of these pits were properly constructed, a mixture of wild animals would be entrapped during one night. It is something remarkable about the peaceable disposition of wild beasts here when several of them were huddled together in one of these pits.

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From a tale Turnbo called "Killing Three or More Deer in One Shot," Peter Baughman recalled:

"The best shot I ever made at deer with an old flint lock muzzle loader was one day while me and my father were hunting on Crooked Creek in Boone County, Arkansas. We had just separated when I noticed a doe and yearling deer standing double, with broadsides to me. The animals were in a few feet of each other. When I aimed at them and pulled the trigger there was a flash and report and the two deer fell. While I was approaching them, I heard my father halloo, "Here is your deer." I hallooed back, "No, here they are." It turned out that the ball from my rifle had passed through the doe and yearling deer and went on and struck another yearling deer and it ran 100 yards before it fell. Father, seeing this one fall thought it was the one I had shot at; but I had not seen it.

"The luckiest and unluckiest shot I ever made was with a shotgun, while me and Jim Seals were fire-hunting in the Horseshoe Bend of the White River one night in the summer of 1849. My gun was heavily charged with powder and shot. I told Seals that at the first bunch of deer we found in the river that night I intended to discharge both barrels of the shotgun at them and exterminate the group. We had a fine torch on the bow end of the craft. Seals did the steering while I held the gun in my hands ready for a shot. While we were drifting slowly along near where Cornette's Ferry is now, I saw a large number of eyes shining along the edge of the water. I knew it was a bunch of deer, in a compact body. I told Seals to guide the canoe careful toward the deer, which he did.

"When we were in close range of them, I raised the shotgun to my shoulder and aimed to discharge both barrels at the group, but I only had time to discharge one when I found myself and Seals floundering in the water. The old gun had kicked me into the river and in going overboard, I had capsized the canoe. The light was put out and the gun went to the bottom of the river. The sudden turn of affairs rendered me and Seals into a bad humor, and I guess we said something we ought not to have said; but we contrived to swim to shore and pulled the canoe along with us. When we reached where the deer were feeding on the moss, we found three of them in shallow water, but so badly wounded that they could not get out. We dragged them out on shore and knocked them in the head, and taken the hides off and dressed the meat. Though it was rather dark to work

at a job of this kind, we completed it all right.

"We remained here till morning, and were surprised when daylight appeared to see two bloody trails of deer which led up the river bank into the bottom land. We followed and discovered a dead deer about 150 yards from the river. The other deer had run about 300 yards before it fell. This was a total of five at one shot, three of which were bucks. From the way the gun kicked, I came near killing the sixth, which was myself."

In the spring of 1904, two years after telling this story, Peter W. Baughman died at the age of 73, very near this same spot along the river.[219:9:20]

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A final insight into the Baughman family's years on Crooked Creek was passed to Turnbo by Isaac Milam, a neighbor and in-law of Peter's uncle, Jacob Baughman. Turnbo opens his account, "Shot in the Presence of his Daughter," as follows:

"One of the horrible murders that was committed in the Civil War times in what is now Boone County, Arkansas, ... [happened] in the year 1863. Jake Baughman, who lived six miles northeast of Bellefonte, was attacked one night by a robber and after he had broke the door down and entered the house, he demanded a sum of money from Baughman. It was late in the night and Mr. Baughman had retired to bed. He and one of his daughters were living there alone. When the bandit got to the door and began pounding on the door shutter for admittance, Mr. Baughman and his daughter leaped from their beds and snatched up an axe each that they kept in the house of nights and attempted to defend themselves, when the man's partner-in-crime, who had remained on the outside, shot Mr. Baughman through the window — the ball taking effect near the right nipple, and from which he died on the second day following the night he was shot. The murderers left the house at once."

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At the top of the front page of the *Taney County Republican*, a newspaper published weekly in Forsyth, Missouri, the following article appeared on Thursday, 15 June 1950, without a byline:

"Tentative Contract Made For New Court House"

A tentative agreement has been made between the County Court and George Brown to build the court house. The sum agreed upon is $66,912.50. Bond is to be given in the sum of $50,000.00.

George Brown is a Taney County son. His father was Bob Brown, a farmer and later merchant in the Cedar Creek community. But in this tradition, George Brown has another link to the past that commands attention. His maternal grandfather was Pete Baughman. Though his grandfather has been dead more than forty years, the memory of his genius remains. Hardy Compton, who is well past the eighty mark in years, says Pete Baughman was the best blacksmith ever known in Taney County.

But his work was not confined to iron. He was an expert woodworker. He made spinning wheels, looms, and other things needed by pioneers when only the home supplied all of a family's requirements. He built the old time chimneys with such skill that his fame remains with each one. A house that had a fireplace built by him carried a recommendation that made it most desireable. He built houses. One memory from Hardy Compton is that Pete Baughman, in the long ago of the last century, built a school house at Bald Knob for $50.00.

Pete Baughman's versatile genius extended to the making of high grade rifles. It was the day of muzzle loaders. A gunsmith of ability was well known at that time. A local man would have to take a bar of steel, drill it, rifle the barrel, put on lock and stock and set on sights. County Judge Bill Manes tells an instance that Pete Baughman had reported to him. He had made a gun but had not had time to "train it," as the expression of the day was. That meant setting the sights after careful testing. A hunt for deer was planned for the Caney Creek vicinity, which at that time had few settlers and many deer. In reporting the trip, Baughman said he got more deer than expected because he broke the back of every one. The sight was set a little too high.

Pete Baughman could take only native products, and if need required, build a wagon. He had been dead nearly half a century, but the worth of his labor remains to testify to his genius and applied skill. He built what was formerly known as the McCarthy house where Austin Brown now lives. The integrity of the man was so faithfully built into the house that it remains today a testimonial to the workmanship of

Pete Baughman. So as we turn from the past to the present, we stand a moment with bowed head, in the spirit presence of the grandfather, before we turn to wish the grandson good speed on his endeavor. May the grandchildren of tomorrow turn back to our court house, as a monument and a testimonial to the grandson of Pete Baughman.

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Mary Collins Wolf, who was born in 1927 as one of Rhoda Ellen Baughman Collins' younger daughters, recalled many impressions of Grandpa Pete she had not been old enough to form on her own, but that were passed down in family conversation:

"He could make or do just about anything. He made chairs and coffins. He even made shoes for his family.

"About my Baughman grandparents, Mother said I got my curly hair (I had long curls — never had a hair cut until I was 12 years old) from her father.

"A story she told, as I recall: At home one evening, during the last winter of the Civil War, Grandpa Pete was half-soling his shoes and had one on the cast and the other still on his foot. Some men came looking for him, and he managed to light out just in the knick of time, but with one foot still bare. He ran off aways to an empty little cabin and hid. There was snow on the ground, and Gramma Jane knew that to save his life she would have to go out before daybreak with a cedar branch. If the men returned, to make sure that they couldn't track him down, she brushed away every last bare foot and boot track.

"When his daughters were married, his wedding gift to each one of them was a five-foot-high spinning wheel. I still have my mother's, with the big old wheel [43" diameter], that he had given her on her wedding day, Christmas Eve, 1901. My husband doesn't much care for old things and so I gave it recently to my son Harold, up in Wisconsin, who does."

Peter's son-in-law, Tom Collins, was never much impressed with the rest of his wife's family. Whenever his children did something that he didn't like, he'd say, "That's the Baughman side comin' through." These ill feelings traced back, in part, to Tom's hunch about Peter's blacksmithing talents, and his ability to craft rifles and shotguns. Tom, an ardent Democrat and sympathizer with the Confederate cause, always felt that his father-in-law must have sold such weapons "to the other side." He never stopped to wonder why the well-armed Federal forces would have been interested in home-made weapons.

Rhoda Baughman, Mary's mother, was raised by Peter with very definite ideas about the right way to live. Mary's older sister, Gertrude, remembers several of these rules well:

"She wasn't afraid of anything. One night late there was a suspicious noise outside, and instead of just worrying, she grabbed the old rifle that was kept hanging on the wall and marched right out there.

"On the other hand, I remember she believed in the saying: 'A whistling woman and a crowing hen will always come to some bad end.'

"Even when times were rough, she could make a meal out of anything. She taught us to take care of ourselves, and to be neat. No matter how poor a body might be, there's no excuse not to be clean and neat. 'Soap's cheap!' she was always telling us."

Rhoda had kept a close relationship with Peter right up until his death, and so was much more in touch with the facts of his burial, and final possessions, than the families of Peter's older children. Two rough fieldstones, with no readable lettering, show where he and his last wife, Jane Angeline Kysar Lewis Greenwood, are resting. Gertrude remembers how as a young girl she had decorated her grandparents recent gravesites with fresh flowers. The exact spot can be recognized since they are immediately to the side of one of their daughters' graves, clearly reading "Margaret Brown," in Cedar Creek's McCarty Cemetery, next to the old Loafers' Glory school house. A new marker for Pete and Jane was carved by the Snapp's Branson Monument Company and added between their original stones in time for Memorial Day, 1989. ◘ ◘ ◘

A FEW NOTES ON LOVE AND COURTSHIP IN THE Ozark Mountains of the 1800s have been handed down, saved in the correspondence of Cosey Ada Baughman, born in 1892. She was the daughter of Spencer, niece of Tipton, and great-niece of Peter W. Baughman Sr. The first item comes from a letter written to her younger sister, Walsie, in the early 1960s. It recalls a bit of family history from what we now know must have been May Day celebrations 100 years before, in Arkansas.[168:186]

"There is one spring, some six or seven miles from Harrison, called the Sunrise Spring. It was called this for the reason, the sunshine hit the spring as soon as the sun came up. It had a romantic quality. All young maidens that would be there at the rising sun and look into the spring would see the face of her future husband.

"There was a great fuss when a group of girls, I mean two or three, would get there by sunrise and try this folklore out. Your Aunt Basheba, that lived some distance from this spring, spent the night with a relative, one that lived a close enough distance from the spring. This relative had a daughter near Basheba's age, and they simply had to go to this spring by sunrise to try their luck.

"Now Tipton, who lived on the farm next to Basheba, knew of this trip to the spring, and he must have had his eye on this lovely, dainty girl. He went to this spring and hid himself among the dense growth above the opening of this spring that came out from the rise of the ground.

"After going through a doggeral about 'My True Love Showing His Face,' her eyes had to be closed while the magic word was said. Tipton stuck his head out from the shrubbery, and his face showed in the spring.

"She, no doubt, was looking for a fairy prince in shining armor. When she was asked if she had seen her future love, she said, 'All I saw was the face of Tipton Baughman.'

"She told this many times.

"The Baughman men were quiet men, and a bit girl-shy. He used his head to get her to notice he was alive, and had already made up his mind to marry her. Notice, he was some years older than she was. His three brothers had married three Milam sisters and she was the only Milam girl that was near enough and of the age to marry."

Cosey's mother, Adeline, had an identical twin sister named Angeline. They were the daughters of a nearby Indian named Red Cloud. In 1876, they had started to date two Baughman brothers: Spencer, who was three years older, and Scaphus, two years younger than the twins. Scaphus told Spencer that he would give him 50 cents to switch girlfriends, and they did. After not too much longer, both couples decided to get married, and all lived happily ever after.

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Walsie Baughman Ruble got a letter from her first cousin Ernest Baughman that had been postmarked 24 September 1959 in Auburn, Washington. In it, he recalled that his eldest great-uncle, Peter W. Baughman, had sired 17 children by three wives. Though Peter had been made a widower twice, "he never gave up," Ernest wrote.

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Among the 522 identified descendants of Henry Baughman Sr., there is but one known case of first cousins marrying. It happened in Indiana, around the time of the Civil War, when William E. Baughman, born in 1840, married his Uncle Emmanuel's daughter, Isabel, who was three years his junior.

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Swiss and German pioneers brought a frank and lusty sexuality with them from the countryside along the Rhine and among the Alps. The austere lifestyle of the early baptists had rarely, at least through most of the 19th Century, tried to repress the pleasures of the flesh. A language barrier in front of the Pennsylvania and Virginia "Dutch," along with the remoteness of the Ozark mountains, kept this a secret from the rest of Puritan America.

In 1954, the Kinsey Institute filed away an unpublished series of reports on sexuality in the Ozarks. Their findings described "old-time planting rituals that were believed to guarantee fertile fields in the long term and a good harvest for the coming

year." Outside one small town, a naked couple was reported to have planted their flax before sunrise, repeating the phrase "Up to my ass, and higher too!" until the field was finished. Their love-making, immediately afterward on the freshly plowed earth, was the necessary conclusion of the ceremony. Residents claimed that it was an old Indian custom, though native Americans of the area could not recall anything like it.[171]

Their leisure activities often reflected a raucous sexuality. Country dances, attracting young and old, married and unmarried alike from miles around often featured fiddlers well-known for improvising bawdy lyrics. Some of the most requested tunes had titles such as "Hard Pecker Reel" and "Take Your Finger Out of My Pants." One square dance call went:

> Lead the ace and trump the king,
> Let me feel that pretty little thing.
> Up and at 'em, everybody dance,
> Goose that gal and watch her prance.
> Ladies do the shimmy, down goes her britches,
> In goes a little thing about six inches.

In the heat of a summer hoedown, some of the Ozark women got so worked up by their own dancing that they were reputed to have hung "every last stitch of their clothes up on a nail." One old Missouri fiddler offered the opinion, decades later, that the dances eventually died off because "the folks that knowed 'em ... got religion." He was actually pinpointing the arrival of purity reformism and the influence of Victorianism, sweeping America in 1900.[170]

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No matter how secretive outward signs of sexuality were or were not becoming, old romantic superstitions died hard. In the human heart, romance has always stirred the deepest insecurities, leading many to whatever combinations of science, white magic and superstition that seemed to have helped a friend. The lovesick of all ages could be heard reciting a plea to the new moon:

> New moon, new moon, do tell me
> Who my own true lover will be,
> The color of his [or her] hair,
> The clothes that he will wear,
> And the happy day he will wed me.[168:175]

That very night, an answer will come to all callers in their dreams. Parents who noticed their teenager acting a little strange were sure it could be cured by more bedrest. In their minds, the youngster had simply been spending too much time out of doors at night. Too much romantic silliness was the natural result of too much moonlight, or being "moonstruck."

Young Ozark girls who wanted to make themselves more appealing resorted to an occasional facial mask, trying to remove their freckles and soften the skin with a dark poultice of cow dung. Before cosmetics were sold widely in country stores, or for those who wouldn't be caught in such deliberate vanities, a glowing blush on the cheeks could be imitated artificially with the red sap of "Cow Slobber" weeds. Another guaranteed treatment for imperfections of the skin came with a visit to the undertaker's parlor. One young girl with an unsightly wine-red birthmark on her face rubbed it against a dead man's hand; her whole family swore that it had been erased this way.[168:162]

In Cassville, Missouri, folklore had it that a woman need not be especially attractive in the first place. Simply by swallowing a raw chicken heart in one gulp, she would be rendered irresistable to "whoever she wants." To go to work especially hard on one fellow, she should connive to secretly touch the back of his head with one fingertip. If that could not be done, she could serve him whiskey in which her own fingernail clippings had been soaking for awhile. Turkey bones, hidden ahead of time in the room of meeting or among the clothes she was wearing, would also do the trick. Especially powerful aphrodesiacs were boiled up in outdoor kettles, from mistletoe or the roots of the Lady's Slipper, also known as the Moccasin flower (Cypripedium). Great care and experience in preparation was necessary since a dose too strong could be fatal.

If a woman has caught the fancy of too many suitors to choose among, she could take a walk through the weeds. To read their long-term intentions, she should pick one cocklebur at a time, name it for a man, and toss it against her own skirts. If it doesn't stick, he won't stick around very long either. A variation on this method is supposed to be more reliable, but it requires privacy and a mirror, or else a friend who can be trusted with the secret results: Name apple seeds for each heartbreaker, moisten with saliva and then press them hard enough to the forehead so that they'll stick. The one to stay

up the longest will make the best spouse.[168:164]

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Anthropologists have noted the root of such romantic styles. Peasant traditions in Europe, among the Germans, Swiss, Dutch and Welsh, permitted teenagers to spend the night together — in bed in their parents' homes — as a part of courtship. This served the needs of a suitor who might have traveled great distances to visit. It provided time for the two, sometimes pushed together by family arrangement, to get to know each other. Some of the small cabins didn't allow many other sleeping combinations anyway, and keeping warm enough to survive the frigid nights was a real concern for host and guest. It also cemented family bonds, instead of driving teenagers away, and gave sanction to approved sexual venting within the home.

"Spooning" and "sparking" made intimacy permissable, up to a point. Couples were ordered to keep all of their clothes on all night — to remain "bundled" as the tradition became known in English. Parents who didn't completely trust their visiting Romeo, or who weren't sure how powerfully a first whiff of romance might hit their child, resorted to blanket barriers tied between the two with rope. In some families, a ceremonial wooden board was lashed between legs.

Intercourse was not supposed to occur, but if it did, and pregnancy resulted, the couple would certainly marry. In Germantown, Pennsylvania, Americas's first settlement of Swiss and German immigrants, colonial records show 25 percent of all first-born babies arrived less than nine months after the wedding day.[236] ◘ ◘ ◘

In Switzerland, north and east of Zürich, the Thur River crowns three cantons, including, in the middle, Thurgau. The word Thur is a variation on the name of an ancient Norse god Thor, who was thought to hold all of the powers of thunder, lightning and fertile harvests, and who was to be honored every Thursday. An early ex-resident of northeastern Switzerland might have announced his origins plainly by calling himself Thur Mann, which became Thurman. In America, an easy mishearing created the surname Thurmond.

Records in Virginia establish Thurman families in Albemarle County as early as 1761. The land John Thurman began buying among the Blue Mountains, near Cove Creek, bore a considerable resemblance to the rolling Swiss highlands.

By 1776, other Thurmans surfaced nearby, including Richard on Buck Mountain Creek, and Philip on Doyle's River. William Thurman had settled along Green Creek two years earlier. All three of these households packed up and moved west by 1790.

Another couple already settled by 1790, and determined to stay awhile longer, was Benjamin Thurman and Nancy Carr Thurman. Their homestead on the west side of South West Mountain became well-known enough to change the whole area's name from Hammock's Gap to Thurman's Gap. Their five daughters and two sons interwove with surrounding families and towns, but did not put down permanent roots, all eventually drifting to western Tennessee.[237]

Elisha Thurman, the younger son, and his wife, Mary Dickerson, started another generation in the family chain that stretched to Missouri. Their second son, William, would one day marry Martha Adkinson and have a son in 1842, James Granville Thurman, nicknamed Dee. They eventually settled in the Ozark Mountains of southwestern Missouri. On 6 January 1837, the lower section of Greene County had attracted enough settlers to become its own county, and was named Taney, after a popular chief justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, Roger Brooke Taney, who filled that post from 1836 to 1864.

The earliest detailed view of our Thurman family was recorded around the turn of the century in an unpublished collection of interviews and recollections included along with *Fireside Stories of the Early Early Days in the Ozarks*. Author and editor Silas Claborn Turnbo wrote "Something About Schools in the Early Days" in the unpublished manuscript No. 674. From his own experiences, Turnbo described small, private "subscription schools" that dated back to 1849. A few local citizens hired Bill Wheeler, who'd had a bit of education, to teach some of their children in a little log hut near Bob Thurman's place. Turnbo was too much astonished to think of anything except the noise made in the hut. The students were encouraged "to spell as loud as their vocal organs would permit, thus making a mighty racket during school hours." Turnbo continued:

> In one settlement in Taney County, the settlers held quite an interesting school meeting in 1850 which is told of by W. Thurman. Mr. Thurman said, "that a few citizens, who lived on the south side of the river from Forsyth met one day for the purpose of organizing a school district. They assembled about two miles from Forsyth. I was only 12 years old then," said Mr. Thurman, "and of course did not count for a man, but I was present at that meeting and saw and heard all the proceedings. There were 11 men there and a peculiar and strange feature of this gathering to me was that the men had on their hunting garbs and all wore moccasins. Boy, like I thought they ought to have on their Sunday clothes. Ten of them carried their rifles. The most amusing part of this assembly was the discussion the men had over the game they killed as they went to the designated place of meeting. Harrison 'Hack' Snapp killed four squirrels; two of the Haworth boys, Absalom and Jim, killed two squirrels each; Z.P. Moore, Dave Wood and Jim Phillips killed a turkey apiece; Elisha Thurman and Ward Stover each killed a deer; Ben Chenoworth and John Mitchell brought in a deer between them. Harkness Ogle was empty-handed. When the settlers met they put the dead squirrels, turkeys and deer together, compared notes and counted their game and found... an aggregate of 14. This showed that if the men could not succeed at one thing, they could another.[219]

These original school board members went on to have "a warm discussion over their game as well as a funny debate" about priorities with the school.

Defending Hearth and Home

With civil war brewing between the states, Dee Thurman was determined to avoid taking sides. Feelings in Missouri were probably more torn than in any other state, since a battle in Congress over its entry into the Union had resulted in a bitter compromise over slavery, and few were satisfied. Missouri had been allowed into the Union as a slave state, but the compromise stipulated that no other states farther west could ever permit it. Throughout the summer of 1856, radical abolitionists from Kansas traded bitter cross-border raids with slaveholders in Missouri, blasting many innocents on their way.

A few weeks after Rebel cannons fired on Fort Sumter, starting the war in April 1861, pro-Union home guard militias tried unsuccessfully to wrestle Forsyth, and control of the White River, away from Confederate supply lines. At the same time, the radical abolitionist and U.S. Senator from Kansas, James H. Lane, persuaded President Lincoln to allow an army of Kansas volunteers to enter Missouri. The Kansans were given orders that "everything disloyal, from a rooster to a cow, must be cleaned out." Summary executions preceded the torching of Osceola, Missouri, but not before a million dollars of livestock and property were added to the Union wagon train.[111:124]

Brigadier-General Nathaniel Lyon and 3,600 Federal troops arrived to take over the siege of Forsyth, and among them were poorly disciplined Mounted Kansas Volunteers bent on settling more scores from 1856. The Yankees ran into a brief, hot ambush, but the decisive battle that they had hoped for melted away. Dee Thurman was counted among the hundreds of townspeople able to escape in time, though their homes and possessions were left behind unprotected.[112] A troop of Kansas cavalry under Captain Samuel N. Wood took whatever it wanted.[111:62]

A 23 July 1861 diary entry recalls what Private Eugene Ware, of the Union's 1st Iowa Regiment, saw in Forsyth:

> I ate my breakfast and drank a quart of strong coffee, and determined to go downtown and see if the boys had left anything that was loose. As I got to the edge of town, I met the Chaplain with his uniform buttoned right up to the chin [despite a scorching summer heat wave.] He was reeling up, clothesline style, hand-over-elbow, a bolt of silk bandana handkerchiefs, woven in one piece, probably 60 feet long ... He was dragging the piece and walking his horse slowly while winding it up. I asked him where he got them ... He seemed puzzled to explain ... He hated to see it wasted. I rushed into town. I was much too late. Everything worth taking was gone.[111:70]

Though often described as a border state, Missouri narrowly voted to break away from the Union on 28 October 1861, and was admitted into the Confederacy in November. The Union later counted it as one of their's, and many thousands of its men formed into Union regiments. Almost as many joined the Confederate forces.

Two major battles and at least 33 smaller clashes kept the Ozarks boiling.[60] Besides the first siege of Forsyth, and the more or less continuous occupation through the war, one skirmish fell directly on Thurman's Bend, on 4 August 1862. A Confederate colonel, Robert R. Lawther, had led his company of Missouri Partisan Rangers against a Federal camp in the town of Ozark, south of Springfield on 1 August. Repelled, Lawther's troops rode back to their camp at Snapp's farm just below Forsyth. They were surprised at dawn three days later by 100 Union cavalrymen, under the command of Captain Milton Burch. When the attack began, many of the Rebels were undressed and asleep, but they managed to snatch up their guns and flee into a tall cornfield, where they returned "a spirited fire," according to Captain Burch's report. Lawther's strength was battered; not only did his men lose their uniforms, but blankets, camp supplies and 75 saddles were also confiscated. Lawther gave up his personal trunk, filled with his maps, intelligence reports and his officer's sword.[111:218]

In the middle of this struggle, marauders, such as the Jayhawkers from Kansas, Quantrill's Raiders, the Bolin Gang, and later the Bald Knobbers from Missouri exploited the chaos by attacking any soft target, for their own notions of home-rights justice, or plain profit and power.

Dee Thurman, whose family never resorted to

slave labor on the farm, was on the way home from his fields after a hot summer day's work in 1864. He heard a commotion beyond the next hill, and sneaking up to the crest, saw a large band of renegade fighters ransacking, and finally burning his farmhouse to the ground. He sat under a big tree and watched helplessly, even after these bushwhackers had gone, as the flames finished off everything for which his family had worked their whole lives. Then and there he made up his mind, only after being pushed that far, not to be passive any longer, but to become a fighter, too.

Years later, one of the Bald Knobbers who helped burn the Thurman house became deathly ill from smallpox, and none of his neighbors offered any help. Dee Thurman, who had already had smallpox as a child and was therefore immune, went to the man's bedside in a distant, isolated cabin and nursed him till he recovered.

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Dee Thurman took up fighting as a private in the Confederate Army's Missouri Cavalry, in Company I under the regimental command of Lieutenant Colonel Alonzo W. Slayback. He enlisted in time to join up with the state's future governor, then general, Sterling "Old Pap" Price on a last-ditch expedition to reclaim Missouri. They started out from Camden, Arkansas, on 29 August 1864, even though the Ozarks and the whole western front had been lost two years earlier to Union forces at the Battle of Pea Ridge, also known as the Battle at Elkhorn Tavern. [Map on page 150.]

This three-month campaign ultimately failed, with three of Price's staff generals taken capture, and 1,000 other rebel fighters lost, some simply left behind because of their wounds. In his final report filed 28 December, Price also admitted a loss of heavy field artillery, along with considerable quantities of rifles and revolvers.

Such losses, however, balance out against the sheer scale of his crusade. His forces pushed their way through 1,500 miles of enemy territory, capturing 3,000 Union troops after 43 battles and skirmishes. They also captured large quantities of arms and ammunition, and destroyed Federal supplies and properties worth an estimated $10,000,000.

Price attracted more volunteers along his march than he could arm, equip and feed; his army of 12,000 was eventually organized into three divisions, commanded by Major-Generals Fagan, Marmaduke and Brigadier-General Joseph O. Shelby. Slayback's cavalry fell under Shelby, as did mounted regiments under Colonels Gordon (5th Missouri), Smith (11th Missouri), Shanks (12th Missouri), Elliott, and Captain Collins' 14-piece artillery batteries.

This gray tornado first crossed into southeast Missouri near the town of Doniphan, with skirmishes near Poplar Bluffs, Bloomfield and Patterson. It proceeded to more serious combat above Marble Creek, in the newly formed Iron County, defeating a Union outpost at Arcadia and chasing the soldiers from Ironton to Fort Davidson, at nearby Pilot Knob.

The battle there raged all day long on 27 September, with considerable losses for both sides. Nightfall made finding and aiming at an enemy impossible, and so the killing stopped until dawn. The Union troops, under Brigadier-General Thomas Ewing Jr., had used the dark to sneak out of their fort and flee, but were cut off by Slayback's cavalry along the Mineral Point Road, near Shepherd's Mountain.

Just below St. Louis, Price's army arced westward through the middle of the state, penetrating to DeSoto, Franklin and Richwoods. A bold maneuver followed near Russelville, and then they spread out to Boonville before a raid on 9 October against the armory at Glasgow, for badly needed small arms.

On 13 October, Slayback's troops foiled a trap set by massed Union forces in the heart of Missouri, at the state capital, Jefferson City. Their mission had been to scout out and report back to Price on the Union strength there, and so they averted what Federal commanders had hoped would be a "knock-down dragout" battle.

Two days later, Slayback turned toward Sedalia, capturing the town and the considerable cache of weapons, wagons and supplies there. For their efforts from 17 to 19 October, his cavalry received special commendation for their "courage and steadiness" during a route of Union forces at Lexington, a town near the Little Blue River in Jackson County.

It all came to a ferocious climax at the Battle of Westport, east of Kansas City, when Price's army of 9,000 was thrown from the field by 20,000 Yankees. Some never-say-die rebels stayed behind, hitting and running when they could, but by the end of the day on 23 October, there was nothing left for Price but retreat.

By 2 December 1864, Price had pulled his forces back to Laynesport, Arkansas, and shortly thereafter

fled with General Shelby to Mexico, not returning until the war was over.[61]

The Rebuilding Begins

DURING THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, KNOWN AS THE Reconstruction, Dee Thurman saw Taney County suffer. A vacuum of civil authority lingered from the war years, when the popularly elected governor drew the wrath of Federal authorities for sympathizing with the South. Governor Claiborn Jackson, the people's choice, had been summarily replaced by President Lincoln's own choice.

For 20 years after the war, former Confederate officers were not allowed to hold many state or local offices, so "carpetbaggers" arrived from the northern states. Nicknamed for the bulging carpet-covered suitcases that many carried, these men sought out compliant locals (nicknamed scalawags) to help them fill a range of vacant political posts. Because they were untrusted, though, they could do little to stop a plague of house-burnings, robberies and as many as 30 murders across the hill country.

Since the official law got no respect, vigilante groups like the Bald Knobbers gathered on the barren knob hills southwest of Forsyth to plot "justice" of their own. They worked mostly at night, anonymous under their sinister black hoods with tassel-tipped horns. These men most often resorted to lynchings with a noose, but for one offender, bound and hobbled, held a grim, silent ceremony and pushed him into what was thought to be a bottomless crater at Marvel Cave.

Communities throughout the region were becoming polarized. The Knobbers strongest support came from veterans from the Union side, merchants and Republicans. Ex-Confederates or home militiamen, farmers and Democrats drew up against them in a loose alliance known as "Slickers." Outright anarchy broke out on 19 December 1885, when tax resistors burned down the newly rebuilt county courthouse just to destroy its records.

Fear in the Ozarks had become so rampant by 1886 that Missouri's new governor, John S. Marmaduke, the former major-general in Price's army, considered sending in the State Militia. Instead, the state's adjutant general, J.C. Jamison called a meeting with Nat Kinney, the Bald Knobbers' 6'5" leader, and his 500 hooded followers. On 10 March, the Bald Knobbers agreed in writing to disband their "Law and Order League" forever.

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About this time, an important little settlement sprang up where the forks of Shoal Creek are crossed by the road from Yellville, Arkansas, to Chadwick, Missouri. Just a few miles north of the White River, overland freight drivers would make a point to camp — enjoying the especially cold spring water there and resupplying from the nearby stores. The next town of any size was Cedar Creek, over 10 miles of rocky Ozark Mountain road ahead. So a leading shopkeeper, Captain C.C. Owen, petitioned the federal government to let him set up a Post Office. Unfortunately, the Postmaster General and Owen could never come to an agreement on a name for the future town.

To end the argument, some nameless government official declared, "We'll call the settlement Protem," — his way of using the Latin word *protempore*, and naming the Post Office and the town "... for the time being." The name stuck.[61]

The Thurmans bought up sizeable amounts of the farmland between there and Forsyth, moving in to a grand two-story ranch house midway between Protem and Cedar Creek. Peter W. Baughman was their next-door neighbor.

On 14 October 1900, Dee's son Charles Tone got married in an outdoor ceremony in Forsyth, and the whole town was invited. Dee persuaded the man who ran the river ferry to park it midway, and to arrange wooden planks out to either riverbank, to form a bridge.

The bride was Mary Alma Walker, a spirited 17-year-old neighbor, and for his wedding present to her, Tone led out a fine new saddle horse. Without a pause, Allie insisted on trying out her new horse on a seven-mile ride, all the way to Kirbyville.

Years later, Tone Thurman started the First Bank of Protem, owned a hotel and regularly bought whole trainloads of young cattle to fatten on his ranch. He was so well-regarded that the local *Taney County Republican* newspaper went out of its way to compliment the birth of his daughter, Mary Beatrice, in 1904: "... a handsome girl. May the advent of the little lady never be the cause of anything but happiness."

When the White River Association of General

Baptists met at Hercules, Missouri, on Monday, 10 September 1906, Dee Thurman, 74, was one of the most senior among the 24 delegates.

Modern Times Arrive

In 1894, a wealthy Canadian named William Henry Lynch was visiting relatives in the United States, and heard about a cave so large that it contained a whole mountain within it. Without even seeing it for himself, he excitedly set about buying up the land surrounding the cave entrance. Marvel Cave became his life's work.

Lynch built stairs and a set of platforms down to the entrance of what measured out as the third-largest cavern in America, and even a road to get there from the town of Lucia, later renamed Branson. By 4 July 1905, when train tracks finally connected Taney County with the outside world, the flood of tourists really began. Lynch set up decorated, comfortable wagons to shuttle them back and forth from the train station. The boom he began probably saved the local economy.

The Shepherd of the Hills, a nationwide best-selling novel first published in 1907, was based on author Harold Bell Wright's visits with folks who lived around Marvel Cave.[240] A deserted old log house, known as Uncle Matt's Cabin, had served as the inspiration for Wright's book, and by 1926, it was restored to its original rustic charm to satisfy the curiosity of visiting crowds. This success led to the restoration of several old stone and log chapels, and the re-creation of a complete 1880s village called Silver Dollar City in 1960.

Tourist dollars kept the past important, but it was the money and electricity generated by damming the White River that forced the Ozarks into the 20th Century. Before, flooding of the White River regularly wiped out the pleasant homes and good livings of folks along its riverbank. The excellent fishing brought back sportsmen year after year, even though the modernization of the region — so remote and rugged — lagged far behind the rest of the state.

The need for flood-control and electrification was addressed, and valuable short-term jobs were pumped in, once the plan to build the Powersite Dam was announced in 1911. After two years, a massive horseshoe-shaped reservoir wrapped around the boom town of Branson and was named Lake Taneycomo.[61]

Further modernization, even more ambitious in its scale, rose up in the late 1940s. The building of Tablerock Dam first required that an entire town, the county seat of Forsyth, be moved several miles up the side of a mountain between 1950 and 1951. When the project was completed in 1956, a large hatchery was built to stock trout, so the area could remain a fishermen's vacation spot. Times had certainly changed though; since the rainbow fingerlings were raised on Velveeta cheese, that was the only bait they were interested in biting.

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Siblings and cousins from the Thurman family still have vivid memories of the Ozarks as it entered the 20th Century. At the 71st birthday party for Woody Thurman, they swapped stories about all of the mischief and adventure that they enjoyed as children.

Myrle Hayworth:

When Woody was about eight or nine years old, he got mad when the folks went off and left him at home. He got himself a rock and broke out all of the lights and windows in that car.

Woody Thurman:

They never did go off and leave us anymore.

Myrle:

And he didn't get a whippin' for it neither.

Woody:

Bus got a lot of whippin's. All the time. And he needed every one of 'em.

Mil Thurman Whitaker:

He got real hard ones, too. Pop used kind of a leather strap, like a bridle rein whip, really. When Bus was 12 or 13, he had a gun. [A small nickel-plated 22 caliber revolver.] Pop didn't like that at all. He'd tried to hide it down in his boot. He did a lot of things that Woody wouldn't do.

Bernice Thurman Frank:

When I was about 10 or 11 years old, Poppy had a feller workin' for 'im, a Virginian. One day it was a'rainin', and everybody was up at the house, including the hired man. Mom and Poppy's in the dining room,

and he kept teasing me about that ol' red-headed boy that was workin' for 'em. I kept tellin' him, "Now you better shut up, Pop!" And he didn't. He just kept a'teasin' me. I had a shoe layin' down there, and I just picked it up, and hit him right up the side of his head with the heel of that shoe. Oh, it just made a big ol' black hump knot, out to there.

Mommy said, "Now, you ought to give her a *good* lickin'."

And he said, "No, I shouldn't; because I shouldn't have been a'teasin' her like I was." If he ever would have given me a whippin' it would have killed me.

Woody:

He was doin' the same thing to me that day. He kept taking my ball and throwin' it under that bed. I'd have to crawl under that bed to get it, and I was gettin' tired of that. And told him so ...

You know down at Pop's bank at Protem he used to have checks left over from people who had just abandoned an account or something, and he'd give me them old checkbooks. Well, I'd go over to Mr. Neff's [general store] and write him a check for soda pop and candy. Whatever I wanted, I just wrote out a check, even though I was only about three years old. And he'd take it. I couldn't write. I'd just scribble, and he'd write down there what it was for.

So he took those checks for a long time, and one day he called Dad (the bank was just next door to the store) and he said, "Tone, come over here. Want to show you somethin'." He had a whole stack of them checks. He said, "Do you know what this is?"

Dad looked at him and said, "I sure do: Woody's been writing checks again."

But he paid him for 'em.

When Mom and Pop first got married (they told us) they took off for a few days, maybe a week, and rode an old wagon up to Springfield to buy clothes and furniture. They wound up buying a new wagon that they hitched up behind the other just so they could bring back a piano and two whole loads of furniture. One time Pop made the trip to buy a cultivator for the farm, but you had to assemble the thing yourself. Well, he brought it home and layed out all the parts on the ground. When he wasn't noticing, Bus snuck off with some of the wheels and made himself a little cart. He had a pair of goats and Bus hooked 'em goats up to his little cart. He like to ruin them wheels, 'cause them goats run off down the hill over some rocks. Those wheels were all bent up. Dad, I think, thought, "Boy..."

Bea, Mil and Bus was all of 'em in it at the time. They didn't quit. They just harnassed up an old cow to that cultivator cart. They got to running with the cowbells ringing and the calves chasin' after 'em, bawlin'. They just had a regular time.

Mil:

Mom used to whip us all of the time. She whipped me for things when I didn't even deserve it. I'll tell you about one time with Mom, and you can say whether you think it was right or wrong. It was on a Saturday afternoon, when all of us used to go down to a nice yard, with tall grass, next to Pop's bank in Protem. We used to take blankets and sit there on Saturdays, because there was a lot of people who would come to town.

Mom had an old hen and about 12 little young chickens. It come a hard rain, a real hard rain, and that old hen didn't go into the chickenhouse. She brought her chicks out and they drowned.

We went back and she didn't say a word to Bernice and Bea, but she about beat the pants off a' me.

Bernice:

Well, I don't even remember that...

Mil:

Well, *I* sure remember that. I never did get over that. 'Cause that was *so* wrong. They was both older than I was, but she said I should have stayed home and watched those chickens. That's stayed with me my whole life.

Johnny Ross, I don't remember you ever gettin' any.

Ross Baughman:

Our mom gave up on spanking us because I figured out how if you clinch your muscles up back there it didn't hurt. This was like learning some kind of top military secret, 'cause then I told Tom and Mary Ann, and all three of us could do it.

And so Mom would come out there in the back yard, and she'd be mad about one thing or another. One summer, when I was about four, we had taken the hose out of the garden and started squirting the side of the house. We were going to clean the house.

We all had to line up, and she would spank each of us in turn, and we didn't even flinch. It was just

like we weren't even paying attention to her. She just got so mad about that, that she just went back into the house.

Bus Thurman:

Pop wasn't a hunter, really. He wanted to kill an elk. And one time he killed a bear.

He was taking care of a gas station *way* up in the mountains one winter. That ol' bear kept gettin' in their garbage and up on their porch. So he had this ol' 30-30 [rifle] of that feller's there, and saw one mornin' the bear down by the garbage pit. He walked out there and that ol' bear just reared up just like that, and Pop shot 'em just up above his right eye.

Tom Frank — Bernice's husband — was there and they went down to where that bear was, and they looked and looked and finally found that hole.

Dad looked, and said, "That's *just* where I aimed."

He had 2,800 acres, all fenced. But he didn't want to hunt. He'd eat any of the meat we'd bring back from huntin', but otherwise he never seemed to be interested. Ye could find him up here on his horse, with a sack of salt, huntin' for his cows, but that was all ...

One turkey season a few years ago, I had got myself all ready for sunup on the opening day, and I was sittin' on an old log. A dang wolf came right out of the end of that log. He couldn't see me, and I couldn't see him till he was *right* in front of me. He wasn't but 30 steps from me, just lookin' at me. I had that shotgun that's yours now. I just upped right like that, and shot that sucker in the face. He didn't pay a bit of attention to that No. 6 shot. He run off like I'd just hollered at him or somethin'. He headed right up there by Woody and Smitty, and Wood knocked him down with another shot, but he got away from us. We didn't get him.

That evenin' we heard some pups up the holler there, and we were pretty sure it must have been an old she-wolf, after all. If I'd a'knowed that, I wouldn't have shot her, 'cause I'd hate to starve them little pups to death.

We still hear lots of coyotes, but we've never seen another wolf. The conservation outfit claims there ain't no wolves here no more, but don't believe it.

Nowadays, people have bought up this land, and if ye come on 'em, they'll have ye prosecuted. It's a pain in the ass. People never was used to that here. Why, we was all just one family, ye might say.

If your're going huntin', just go! We never paid no attention. Nobody cared. Even if they had fences, they didn't care if ye were a'huntin'. People done as they pleased.

Ye try it now. Our old home place was down on the river there at Thurman's Bend. That's where I was born. I told Sinda one Saturday, "I believe I'll run down to the old home place and shoot a mess of squirrels." I tried to head down there, and some new owner had put up a big fence across the road. The government eventually made him take it out, 'cause he was fencing up Bull Shoals Lake. Ye can go plumb to the lake, now, but ye can't get off that road along the way. There are signs posted about every 30 yards. I never seen anything like it in all my 80 years."

During the 1920s, many in the Ozarks were still desperate to make a living wage, and so headed for the promise of prosperity in Detroit. Thousands of new jobs in its auto and steel industries were opening up. Seemingly overnight, it had become the third-largest city in America — after New York and Chicago — and among the ten largest in the world.

This was a big part in the life story of James Lafayette Thurman, better known to his family and neighbors as Uncle Bus. When his older sister, Mary Beatrice Thurman was buried in Branson in January 1986, Uncle Bus invited the whole family over for supper a few days later, on Saturday.

His house sits up on a hillside in Forsyth, overlooking the old Snapp cemetery, where his mother's and father's parents, grandparents and great-grandparents rest. They had originally settled along a curve in the White River a mile or so back up the road, well-known 100 years ago as Thurman's Bend.

When the dishes were cleared, and the apple pie and coffee appeared, Uncle Bus began tellings tales about the '20s and '30s, and how he had managed to survive during the Great Depression. Bea's second marriage had been to a colorful character named Gordon "Crip" James; and Uncle Bus recalled a few stories about his brother-in-law, C.T.'s step-father for a brief time, who disappeared in 1935.

Almost as lively as any other character in the family's history was the "Tin Lizzie," Ford Motor Company's popular Model T automobile. Henry Ford offered them "in any color you want, as long as it's black," and his innovative assembly line in Dearborn put the first ones together in 1908 in about 14 hours

each. By 1924, the same model could be finished in 93 minutes, which lowered the price from $850 to $290. So many could afford a Ford by 1927 that 15,000,000 had been sold, accounting for half of all the cars in the world.[190]

Bus:

Crip James' dad, Arthur, got a brand-new Model T, and it was one of the first ones in the county. It was about 1921 or '2, when he got it. So he had a grocery store over here to Forsyth, and he said to Crip, "Son," — he always called Crip that — "Son, now you hang around here until I close, and I'll take ye for a car ride." He had just got that brand-new Ford.

Crip said, "Boy, I stayed around! We got in that thing, ye know, and took off!"

They went up that big steep hill over there and up to the ridge; and they was just a'steerin' that thing. Now, ye know the gas [accelerator] was there right by the wheel, and ye worked it with ye finger. His coat sleeve hung up on that gas, and he went to turn, and that just jerked 'er wide open.

Well, he didn't know what in the world to do. That ol' Ford just danced all over the hill. He finally got that thing stopped, and he told Crip, "Jump out, Son. Jump out."

Now, the switch key was down on the coil box, but he just jumped out, and run off over there a little ways, and by that time, his dad was over there, too.

"Just be still, Son. That thing'll blow up just any time now."

Crip got to thinking, and so he said, "Now I had more sense than Dad, and I knowed all we had to do was get to that key and we'd get that thing switched off."

So his dad says, "Ye better watch out, Son."

And Crip says, "I just slipped up and reached in there, and grabbed that key. Ye should have seen that Ol' Fool just a'dancin' all over the road."

Crip got his name 'cause he was crippled with the same thing that Roosevelt had, when he was just a little boy. It made one leg shorter than the other, and sorta twisted his foot in. But he wouldn't let ye hate him.

Up in Detroit, you could always find him in one of those Beer Gardens, where they'd dance and all. And they was always a bunch of women around him, but a lot of them's got money. Boy, he'd find it out. He'd get their pocketbooks, and get in it; and with them a'lookin' at him, too. He didn't care, and they didn't seem to care neither.

The drunker he got, the farther his bad leg would get out from under him. That's how you could tell.

Crip and me was right up here by the hotel in Branson, one day, and I'd already been up to Taneyville, drivin' Crip's Chevy, and got us a gallon jug of moonshine.

Crip got in with me, and he'd been drinkin' all the time I was gone, so he hadn't dropped back a bit. I scooted over, and he got in, and boy, we was promenadin' around.

So Crip says, "Let's go into this alley and see how this moonshine is."

Just about that time, the Highway Patrol got after us. We come around the back of that alley by the hotel, and Crip said, "Break that thing!"

A whole gallon of moonshine. Well, I took up a tire iron and I hit 'er, and it broke 'er. And you know what? That patrolman stopped us, and looked in and said, "*Myyyyy* goodness. What are ye doin' here?"

Crip said, "I don't know *what* we've done."

That ol' Chevy floorboard held every drop of that stuff. It was just about an inch and a half deep.

The patrolman said, "Ye broke your whiskey, didn't ye?"

And Crip said, "Yeah, we had to break 'er."

"Well, what did ye do it for? I wasn't after ye for that. I just wanted to see your car license. I didn't want your whiskey."

Crip said, "How in hell did *we* know?"...

I went up to this fella standing by the [train tracks in Branson], and I asked him, "Does anything get out of here to Detroit?"

And he said, "Yeah."

So we got on down out of the yards a ways, and I told Iris, "We better not get down too far aways, or they'll get too much speed up and we can't catch 'em" So we went down there about couple a hundred yards, maybe a little further, and Iris, he had his little suitcase, you know, the kind an ol' Victrola record player comes in. And he'd never rode a freight in his life.

That guy told us what time that train would pull out, and sure enough, I seen that train a'comin', right through that gate and, you know, right up on the front was the number. That was our number. I told Iris, I said, "Did you ever catch a freight on the run?"

And he said, "No!"

And I said, "Well, you're gonna learn right here. Now when that train gets up here ..." — You know I never thought about explaining it — "head for a ladder, and just go up on top. Take your suitcase."

Boy, he backed off and made a run a one of 'em cars, and hit the side of it, and that suitcase flew open and went down into the ditch. He said, "Oh, I've got to have my suitcase, with all my stuff..."

You know what he had? A deck of cards and two pairs of socks. I said, "You go on and catch that train, and I'll get that suitcase and bring it. Don't run right up straight to that train that away. Run over there and get aside of it, and run along with it till you pick up with it, and then hop on the ladder." He did, and he made it. And I got his suitcase, filled with cards and sticks and leaves and everything else in there. It wasn't going too fast, but he just run straight up to it, and hit 'er just like that.

So we rode that one into Chicago. That guy told us wrong. I guess he got mixed up, because I know he didn't intend to. I told Iris, "Oh well, it's all right. We'll just switch over, and catch a Pier Marquette out of Chicago." We was in a fruit car, and that's when they got us out of this empty ice reaper. They lined up 52 of us that was on that train. I seen I couldn't do nothin' with him, so I said, "Well, we'll just buy us a ticket on into Detroit." See, we was half way or more when we got to Chicago. It cost us four-something apiece into Detroit, and I had 12 bucks. We got into Detroit, and that bus stopped at the Statler Hotel right downtown. Iris wanted to go up to Pontiac, so I took him over and helped him get headed the right way, up Woodward Avenue. That was the last I ever saw of ol' Iris, him and his little suitcase.

The first guy I ran into over on Vernor Avenue was ol' Crip. He said, "*Heey*, Stud!" (He always called me Stud.) "You got any money?"

"I've got five dollars..."

He says, "Let's go eat."

I said, "Okay ..." We went to a little hamburger joint right there at Spring Mills and Vernor. Good place to eat; I'd eat there a thousand times. 'Course in those days you could eat pretty good for a quarter.

Crip said, "I've got a good little room down at the hotel, and you can stay with me."

And I said, "Well, I'll have to stay somewhere." He did have a nice little room, down at the Lawndale Hotel. We rented it by the week or the month; but it probably wasn't any more than 50, 75 cents a day.

Everybody in the family went up to Detroit to get some work. Detroit had a million people. It was rough back then ...

I've had a lot of fun, a'bummin'. But it's real miserable if you're broke. If you're not broke, it's just funny. But I was always broke.

I rode a freight train from Salt Lake City, Utah, and didn't have 10 cents in my pocket. I stopped in Pueblo, and they had a big transient camp there. That's what they called it, where they fed people, you know, during the Depression. We got something to eat there. If it hadn't been for that, I don't know what we'd a'done.

Well, I ran into one ol' boy, and he had a slab of bacon in his sack. He had a frying pan and he had salt from the Salt Lake Desert. That was his salt. It had black in it. It looked like it had pepper in it. Boy, it was salty, and it tasted good, but you know we was eatin' dirt, too. He said, "Well, I ain't got too much; but you're welcome to what I've got."

And I said, "Well, it looks good enough to me."

"I've got this slab of bacon. Do you reckon we could bum some bread somewhere?" One of us went to a bakery, and they gave us two loaves of day-old bread. Boy, we made coffee, and fried bacon and had ourselves a good time there in Pueblo.

Me and ol' Jess McCarty — remember Jess? — he was with me there in Pueblo. We had come in on one of those big ol' steam-engine trains. Those engines were bigger than this house, with 26 wheels, I think they had. Great big tall ol' wheels. They called them "Twenty-two Hundreds." Three engines: one in the front, one in the middle and one in the back. Comin' through the mountains though, they had to stop first and get those steam engines filled with water. They pulled us by a little store there, that we could see in front of us and stopped for just a few minutes.

Me and Jess had 15 cents. We'd had it for days, and we were holding on to it.

Jess said, "I'm starving to death. Are you hungry?"

And I said, "Naw. I've quit being hungry. I used to be, but I ain't no more. But I could eat if I had something."

He said, "I'm gonna go see what I can buy with this 15 cents."

"Don't stay too long," I said, "It'll leave you, and you'll be in a heck of a mess stuck out here all alone." Well, pretty soon he came back with a hunk

of cheese — you never seen anything like it — and a sack of crackers ... for 15 cents. Man, we just eat them things. We had an old man who was on that train with us who was blind.

Jess said, "I'm gonna give the rest of this to that poor old blind man."

And I said, "Give it to him." And he just ate that up like a hog. He was starving to death. So we asked that old man, "Where are you goin'?"

And he said, "I don't know. I'm just on my way."

We kinda seen after him, you know. He was a pleasant-actin' old man, and I felt so sorry for him.

There was a pretty little garden we seen by the side of the tracks. Prettiest thing you ever saw, with pretty onions, and lettuce, and radishes and stuff. Them dadgum bums happened to notice that, they jumped out of that boxcar, and over that fence, and when they got done it looked just like a bald field. Nothin'. But me and Jess didn't get into that.

Then we pushed on up Rabbit Ear Pass.

When we stopped next time, me and Jess had already talked it over, 'cause the ol' blind man was still with us and the rest of those bums didn't give a dang whether he made it or whether he didn't. He can't see nothin'. He'll get killed. We went into the depot and told the depot agent that we'd been lookin' after this ol' man who couldn't see nothin' almost all the way back to Salt Lake City. We told him they'd have to do somethin' about it. Get the Law and do somethin' with him, so he could get something to eat, at least, and a place to stay all night.

I guess he did, 'cause they came and got him ...

Me and Jess caught a freight train that was headed straight across Kansas, coming to Kansas City. They told us, "Now, you've got to watch Kansas all the way across. It's a rough one. If they catch ya, they'll put you on the rock pile."

So we did, and we got into Emporia, Kansas. We were on a long freight train. Had two of those big ol' engines, one on either end. That thing was a mile long, I know, and we's right up fairly close to the front. It wasn't so far that those cinders just burned our shirts full of holes, and just burned us all over. Goin' against the wind, you know. Them cinders would fall on you, and they'd just stick.

We got to Emporia at night, and I looked way down that train, and I saw a flashlight on each side a'comin' down the track.

"Jess," I said, "we've got to get off here. I see the Law comin'."

He said, "Which side?"

And I said, "Both sides."

He said, "You get off on that side, and I'll get off over here." And he did.

I ran right back down that train, till I got back around those cars, and cut off and got out into a wheat field. I ran out there about 150 yards, and I run right into a big ol' straw stack where they had been a'thrashin'. That was back when they was still thrashin'. It was sprinkling rain, and I was just dead for sleep, you know. Hadn't slept none for three nights and days, and I said, "Boy, that looks awful good to me." Now, I got on the back side, where no one would see me from the railroad, and I just started diggin'. I dug me a hole a ways back in there to where, you know, it was warm and dry. I just laid down in there. I didn't know what had become of Jess. I knew I couldn't find him that night, 'cause it was just black out, just as dark as could be. I thought, "Well, he'll hide somewheres, and I'll find him him the mornin'."

I laid back down in there, and when I woke up, the sun was a ways, way up yonder, 10 o'clock in the morning. I crawled out, and peeked around, and fooled around, and went over around them yards. I was afraid to, pretty near. I didn't get very close. I tried to stay out of the yards, because if you're not in the yards, they can't bother you. I stayed on the roads. I fiddled around there and looked for him for three days, lookin' for Jess.

What happened was, he wouldn't run, and they caught 'im. They didn't put him on the rock gang, but they took him 20 miles out into the country and set him out.

We was gonna change trains there, take a K-D down to Parsons, Kansas, and then catch that St. Louis Special goin' across to La Marr, and then from there, we'd get the Missouri-Pacific and go on into Branson. I didn't know where the right train was, but we had a kind of a map, showin' us where. It should have been on the east side of town, somewheres.

So I went over there and was piddlin' around, and this ol' boy walked up to me and said, "What are you doin'? Waitin' for a train?"

And I said, "Yup."

And he said, "Where are you from?"

So I said, "I'm from Branson, Missouri. You know where that is?"

And he said, "My home is in Poplar Bluff,

Missouri" — it's a little place just east of here. "How long's it been since you had anything to eat?"

And I said, "Oh, about three days."

He had his lunch bucket with him, and he said, "I'll give you half of what I've got." He opened that bucket up and he gave me two sandwiches and a cup of coffee. He had a thermos bottle with two cups of coffee, I guess, and he gave me one of them. He have me *two* of them sandwiches, now, out of three. He was a real good ol' boy.

So I asked him, "Can you tell me when the train comes through here that goes down to Parsons, Kansas?"

And he said, "Yeah. It comes through here about 11 o'clock at night."

I waited around and caught it. But I was still hungry, 'cause I hadn't had all I could eat. I ran into a woman. Boy, she had all kinds of stuff to eat. She had two little dogs with her, and a quilt or two.

I said, "What in the wide world would a woman be doin' out like this?"

She said, "I'm a'huntin' for my husband."

And I said, "Well, where's your husband; and how come you'd lose him?"

"We got separated from each other someplace back west. The Law got after us, and we got separated," she said.

"Well," I said, "That's just what's happened to me. My partner, I don't know where he's at." So I just fooled around there. She had bacon and stuff, too. We were just eatin' and havin' coffee, and finally she lit out, and said that she'd go to St. Louis, since that's where her husband probably would be. I helped her on the train, with her dogs and quilts and this and that. She went on around the bend — she was on that same train I wanted to be on — but I didn't want to be caught with her. I caught a car back in the back. I stayed away from her.

When we got into Veda, Missouri, I thought he'd stop; but that train just went through there just a'bustin' things. I jumped off, and just skinned myself all over.

Back then, they had what they called, well, hobo camps is what it was. Jungle Camp, they called it. They had one under a viaduct down there. I didn't know where it was, but a fella told me where to find it. I went down there, and it was a great big viaduct, for a big, wide bridge. I looked up on the wall, and they had all kinds of coffee pots, fryin' pans and all kinds of cookin' pots hangin' on nails — I don't know how they got 'em up on the cement — but man, I tell you, they had, I mean to tell you, they had a kitchen down there.

One ol' boy told me, "Listen, it's absolutely agin the rules: Don't destroy nothin' here. Leave it like ye find it. If ye don't, they'll get ye."

And I said, "Who'll get ye?"

"The hobos. This is strict stuff."

I said, "I ain't gonna bother nothin'." And I didn't for the two or three days I stayed there, but I used all of the pans and things.

A railroad brakeman told me, he said, "Boy, you're gonna have a hard time gettin' a ride outta here. Two hobos were killed down here between two trains. Some way they got their foot on the trip and pulled those two cars apart, and then they come back together and cut one of 'ems legs off," — somethin' like that — "so they're watchin' real close."

I said, "Do you know any way a fella could get out of here to get to Branson, Missouri?"

And he said, "Yeah, I can tell ye how to get one. They'll be one come out of here at 12:55 tonight." And he told me the number and everythin', and he said, "Don't be gettin' in the yards, 'cause they'll be puttin' ye off if ye do. Get out here and you'll catch it. You may have to ride in a coal car, no tellin' what."

And I said, "I'll ride anything to get out of here." And I did. I had to get in a coal car. I jumped in there, and that thing was about half full. When I jumped in, I landed right on top of anothr guy. He was the blackest thing you ever saw. I thought he was a Nigger, but he wasn't. He was black from that coal.

I rode it down to where it joins in by Joplin, at Carthage. I had to change trains there, to a Double Header, a Red Ball, to come one in. But boy, they didn't stop when they got into Branson. God, they just went through, about 40 miles an hour. Just when I got to the depot, that's where I hit the ground. Boy, it just peeled me all over. You're supposed to curl up like a ball when you jump off a train going that fast, and I done that; but you don't stay in a ball. Both hands skinned real bad.

I slipped over into the stockyards, and I had a bar of soap in my pocket, and I tried to wash. But it was cold water, you know, and it just smeared that coal dust. Went up to Dad's hotel. You couldn't see nowhere, 'cause it was so foggy; and I was glad of it. I sneaked up to the back door, and Mom and Dad was up having breakfast. I walked into that door, and

was up having breakfast. I walked into that door, and their eyes just got that big. They didn't know me. I looked just like a Nigger.

Mom just looked at me and directly she said, "Bus, is that you?"

So I said, "I guess it is."

And Ol' Jess, he was on this same train, but we didn't know it. I was in one car and he was right in the other. He didn't have the nerve to leave it, so he went right on into Newport, Arkansas. He never got back till the next day.

I had breakfast and ran upstairs to the bathtub, and stayed in there for about an hour, and finally got clean ...

Hobart Owens called Crip in one time and said, "We've got some other drivers drivin' for me, and I think they're knockin' down on me. I think they're stealin' from me. I'd like for ye to watch 'em, just check 'em."

And Crip said, "Hobart, when you've got a man workin' for ye, and ye don't pay him enough to live on, but he keeps on livin', ye know he's stealin' from ye."

The Family Scattered

By 1936, during the gloomiest days of the Great Depression, Charles Tone Thurman, 55, had to give up his bank and see his hotel go broke. The Thurman family still owned land in the Ozarks, which they would not part with, but were so cash poor that they decided to go west for fresh opportunities. Their children, all grown up, had pulled up their roots and left home; now their parents had no other choice.

Not unlike the Joad family from Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*, they overloaded their 1929 Ford Model A coupe, and started out with a prayer. Alma, Tone and his brother John camped out all along the way. Bad navigation took them on a 300-mile detour through Utah, and when they finally arrived where they had been headed in the first place — Klamath Falls, Oregon — there was only 75 cents left among the three of them.

Tone got a job with the Weyerhauser Lumber Company. Alma found a big house they could rent, and eventually made a going business out of taking in boarders. This modest security was a start, at least, keeping them comfortable and allowing them to put away the savings that would permit their homecoming after the war.

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Before she left her home at 142 Riverside, in Klamath Falls, a letter from Alma for her daughter Bea, back in Branson, described a harrowing experience from which Tone was only beginning to recover. Quite naturally, Bea was supposed to relay the news to the rest of the kids in Missouri.

Wednesday [November] 13, '46

My Darling Babies,

I'll try to answer your letter, although I can't begin to tell you this as it is or was. I'll send you the clippings out of the paper.

The woman at Susanville is writing the story as Pop told it. She took it all down. She is going to send it to a magazine, and said she would write me so I could tell you all. She took Pop's signature, as it being a True Story. She writes for the *Oregon Journal.* They took his picture, so she said they would send me one.

The man from the *News and Herald* came over yesterday and got his picture, so I'll send you one. He looks bad, but not as bad as this picture does. He is o.k. every way. Only his feet are awful sore. He can't even wear his shoes. I can't cook all that he can eat.

He left on Friday morning, and got back to the camp Thursday morning at 3:30. He didn't have anything to eat for five days and nights. Not one bite. He just ate snow. It was up over his knees.

He fell and hurt his hip. Then he tried to back track, but his tracks were snowed over. He knew he was lost. It was snowing hard. He had been tracking an elk. He had shot it twice and knocked it down each shot ...

The next morning, his hip as so sore that he couldn't go ... He got under a big spruce tree ... He knew there were 500 coyotes gathered around his fire, but he wasn't afraid. He was just as wet as he could be, so he pulled off his clothes and dried them. Then he put them back on and laid down to sleep ...

He was 25 to 30 miles from our camp ...

So we called the State Police, the Forest Rangers, the Game Commissioners, the Oregon Lumber Men and all the neighbors. We had 28 men, and John

Thurman made 29, with six on horseback. Hunted all day, but no trace. Next day, about the same bunch. Then it was Election Day, and we didn't have many. The State Police came down and tried to get me to go home. I told them I'd be right there when the flowers bloomed if they didn't find Tone.

Every one told me he was dead, as a man his age couldn't live out in that snow without anything to eat that long. They would come and tell me to prepare for the worst. They were sure if he was found, he would be dead. So you see what I was up against. Wednesday night ... I had them sending a wire for 200 soldier boys from Fort Lewis, Washington ...

[When Tone was rescued] he called this woman at Susanville. She jumped in a pickup, her and her husband, and ran down to tell me. I just knew they had found him dead when I saw them coming. She began trying to tell me before we got out of the car ... Well, we all was so happy we just had a regular holy roller meeting there in that cabin.

Since we came home, we have had so much company that we can't get anything done ... Lots of love to my babies.

Love, Mom

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During World War II, Uncle Bus settled down for a moment, and learned to be a tool and die maker for the Ford Motor Company's Rouge River factory in Detroit, working on the huge steel stamping presses. Later, back in the Ozarks, he franchized a "Dog 'n' Suds" drive-in restaurant, and ran the Sooner Motel, at Van Buren, Arkansas, and married Sinda Jeffrie.

C.T. Baughman, born in 1922 to Bea and Walter Baughman, started off in Ford's foundry, too, until he had the chance to switch over to another of the company's division, the Willow Run military air field near Ypsilanti, Michigan. Since he was one of the few people there who knew anything about riveting, he took advantage of the moment and became an instructor. His whole family was delighted when he quickly became the general foreman.

Woody Thurman found work nearby as a parts manufacturer for the Lyons Company, and married Helen Cutter in 1938.

Mil Thurman's husband, Rollie Whitaker, started a successful truck rental firm at 775 Ecorse Road, in Ypsilanti.

Bernice Thurman was the first member of the family to go to college, for a while becoming a high school English teacher, and later a Postmaster in Springfield, Missouri. She married Tom Frank.

Bea held on to several blocks of residential property on the south side of downtown Branson. Several of the two- and three-bedroom homes that she rented were built of the most modest whitewashed clapboard, but of all the properties, she was proudest of the 1½ story field stone home next door to the one in which she lived. During World War II, she was married for the third time, to Branson's leading dentist, Dr. John Ross Wise, who died in 1967.

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At the age of 90, shortly after his wife had died, Tone decided it was time to be baptized. Brother Bob Grady took him down to the White River, despite a very bad cold. Brother Grady allowed as how it was the first time he had ever baptized anyone while wearing hip waders and a hat. ◘ ◘ ◘

An Oral History
Of The Baughman Family
In the Early Twentieth Century

At the beginning of an Ozark family reunion, from 26-31 October 1988, C.T. Baughman's aunts and uncles gathered around the dinner table in Springfield and freely reminisced about their youth down on the family ranches in Protem and Kissee Mills, in Taney County, Missouri, from the early 1900s through the 1920s. Letters and conversations collected during the following spring are also included here. Bernice Thurman Frank, nicknamed Pete by her father, remembered an incident that took place in the spring of 1922, after her younger sister, Mary Beatrice Thurman, had married Walter Lee Baughman, and the two of them were about to take a ride using two horses that belonged to his father, George W. Baughman:

Not too long before C.T. was born, one Saturday night, Bea and Walter were going to stay all night with some people, Homer Stokes and his wife, in Protem, and they asked me to go with them. Poppa had a real saddle horse — oh, he was good! But Bea and Walter were just riding some of Mr. Baughman's horses — they just joggin' along, ye know. So we got a ways out along the ridge and Walter said, "Pete, why don't you let Bea ride ol' Doc, and you ride this horse she's got," ('cause Doc was just easy ridin', ye know).

And I said, "Well, Okay." And we get off and changes, and I get on that old horse. The road was just a solid rock. It was up on a glade, ye know, and it was just solid rock down that road.

So Walter said, "Let's run a race."

And I said, "Well, Okay." And started down that road, and that old horse I was ridin' just turned a flip-flop, just like that. And I just went down there, rootin' my nose down in that solid rock. I was a terrible sight. I broke the side of my nose.

So we went on over there and stayed all night. The next day we started back home and met Mom and Poppa out there, goin' that way. I guess they was goin' over that way to see [my brother] Bus. I don't know. And I was goin' just right on by, not lettin' Mom see me. I got up about right even with her, and she said, "What's wrong with you? What made your face so blue?" And oh, it was just black.

That old horse was Mr. Baughman's horse, and he rode him a lot. Just a little while after that he was riding him to the lodge [of the Odd Fellows in Hollister] and that old horse's leg just come in two. Evidently, it was hurt that night in the fall worse than I was.

When Bea and Walter lived with his parents briefly later that same year, some of scenes there were recalled by Mildred Thurman Whitaker:

I remember your Great Grandma Baughman. They had this log house, with two big rooms and then there was a kitchen there on the back part. They had this big living room with a big fireplace on the end and the other room was like a bedroom. Your Grandma Baughman had real long, dark hair that she always pulled up in a twist on the top of her head. I can just see her one daughter, Alberta, who would always want to comb it out for her.

When C.T. was born, we weren't very big, not very old; and we was gonna do the cookin' and takin' care of them, the place there and your grandmother and your dad.

We didn't know anything about cookin', though. We went out and collected sheepsharl. It's something like a three-leaf clover and it tastes real sour, like gooseberries. It's good! We went out and gathered that and we'd make a pie. We did that every day.

They got so tired of that! But we thought it was lots of fun.

I can remember Bea comin' down to Protem every weekend, later then. She'd be coming, and we could see her from a long, long ways off. She was riding a horse and she'd have C.T. sitting up in front of her on a pillow. He was just a tiny thing. And I'd run oh so fast, you know, so that I could get him first.

Bus Thurman:

I was just a kid, about 12 or 14 or along about in there, and Dad was pretty strict with me. When I was still livin' here on the ranch with Bea and Walter Baughman, he didn't want me to be chewing tobacco, or smoke, or anything if he could help it. So Dad said to Walter, "You get some ol' twist of *strong* tobacco, and give Bus a chew and make him good and sick."

Me and Walter was bringing a bunch of cattle up

from Protem to the ranch. Walter was always into stock, and had quite a few head to tend to along with Pop's at the ranch. So anyway, we started up the road and Walter had a twist of Beeswax brand, that's a real sweet kind that Walter chewed quite a bit to keep from smokin'. He called out to me, "You want a chew of tobaccer?"

"What kind you got?" I said.

"Beeswax."

"Sure. If you give me a chew of yours, I'll give you a chew of mine," I said. I got a twist of Log Cabin brand that I'd snuck off of Dad. It was the strongest you could get, and shit, there wasn't nothing made that I hadn't already taken a likin' to.

Walter just had to laugh, and I made him tell me what for ...

Jess Baughman would come up and stay with Bea and Walter [his older brother] about half of the time, and I'd just stay all of the time. He and I would go squirrel huntin' and just messin' around.

Ol' Jess had himself a moonshine still, but boy, Walter and him kept that away from me. They would not let me know it until it was all over. I was pretty bad to drink, and that's why they didn't want me to know about it. They's afraid I'd slip over to them barrels and finish off about half of it.

So, it was hid in the horse pasture, right up from the edge of where we came into that last ol' field, right up in that holler is where he had it. He had two barrels of brown sugar mash, and went up there to see if it had cooked enough and was about ready to run, and it seemed to be. About three or four days in hot weather is all it takes to ferment. He raised that burlap bag back off the top of one of them barrels and looked inside and there was a squirrel just floatin' around. It must have gotten up under there and fallen in, and it was drowned.

Jess just got him by the tail and threw him out. It sold real well, and Jess called it Squirrel Whiskey, but nobody else ever knew how it got that name ...

Walter and me had to take care of at least 200 or 300 head of cattle just about all of the time. Every cattleman had to be a veterinarian, and know what to do if something got wrong. In the spring, the first thing that would come out in these hollers would be green buckeyes, and when the cattle eats 'em they'll get bloated for sure.

There's a buckeye. I carry that in my pocket for rheumatism. They claim that it'll keep you from gettin' it, but *shit*, I don't know if it does.

But Dad, he'd take his pocketknife and stick it right in the cow's flank. They get bloated, you know, and get filled with air. It's just like you, if you have to take a Tums 'cause you can't belch. He'd take a goose feather and make a quill — cut the top off and stick a straw down the middle to open up a tube. He'd run that goose quill right down into their paunch and leave if in there for a while and it would let that air out. Stink? You *never* smelled nothin' like that gas comin' out of 'em. After a while though, they'd be eased. They'd be able to get up again, and they'd be over it ...

Me and Walter had been up there camping before at the head of this holler. We camped in Sassafras Low Gap, and had a wagon and a team of horses, and two or three hog dogs. I think we had Ol' Sam and two other dogs. Some of those ol' sows weighed 300 pounds apiece, and after the dogs would catch one by the nose, it was strictly one at a time over the back of a horse. We built us a pen over there on Black Oak Ridge, and every time we'd catch one, we'd throw it in that pen, until we got a wagon load. We was down here three or four days. We had our guns, and we'd kill squirrels and cook 'em. We had a time.

One time I loaned Walter, I don't know, maybe 300 or 400 dollars. I forgot what he wanted that money for, but he paid me back part of it and part he never did. Well, it wasn't that much. Today, it wouldn't be much at all, but in those days, money was *Money*. When he left in 1925 and went to Michigan, I knew he didn't have no money. That was the reason Bernice and Mil and some of the others had already gone up there, too. So he said to me, "Tell ya what I'll do: I've still got a hundred head of wild hogs down in these hills, and if you catch 'em, they're yours, for that money I owe you."

And I said, "I don't know if I can, but I'll try." I never did get any, hardly. A while later, one came charging down a path right towards me 'cause my huntin' buddy was spookin' him from the other side. Boy, I let him have it right in the head with my shotgun, but I never knew if that one was Walter's or someone else's ...

All of your folks was stiff Democrats — Walter, and his dad, George, and his dad, Pete. That's one reason why Pop got along so well with Walter.

When we lived on this ranch, Pop would have a lot of hired hands, and some of them would be Republicans. Boy, they'd get to bettin'. I don't know how many brand-new Stetson hats he won bettin' on the election. Once in a while he'd lose one, but his hired hands would have to pay off much more often. Back in them days, you know, Stetson hats were the main thing! That's cowboy hats.

Bernice:

I remember Jess Baughman better than any of them. Truett never would have anything to do with any of us, very much; but Jess was ... he was a mean little scamp.

Bea and Walter lived up on the hill up above where we lived in Kissee Mills after 1923. C.T. would come down out of that field, and up to the back gate and holler out to his grandma, "Momma, here youish little man."

Mil:

Then Pop would sit him on his knee, and say, "Toots," (that's what Pop always used to call him) "tell us a big windy."

C.T. Baughman:

That's the first thing I can remember in my life, there in Kissee Mills. I'd say to him, "I heard something comin' down the road behind me, and I looked around ..."

And Pop would say, "What was it, Toots?"

"It was an essant." That's what I called an elephant. "I had picked a whole big bucket of blueberries, but the essant came after me. So I ran over the ice on the creek and got across, and the essant fell through the ice."

Pop got such a kick out of that.

Mil:

Do you know about the time Bea had me up in the tree so I could fly like a bird? I can still show you the tree down at the old ranch. She got me up on a high limb, at least ten foot, you know. She told me, "I can tie these boards on your arms, like that," and she did. I had my arms back like that, and she said, "You can fly just like a bird."

When she got the boards all tied on like that with a rope — they were big long boards, well my arms weren't that long, but they stretched out past my hands — she said, "Now jump!"

And I jumped.

I didn't get very far, and it liked to kill me. And I was crying and screamin' bloody murder. She was scared to death that Mom was gonna come over.

Woody:

Every time me and Bus comes by there now Bus says, "There's where Mil learned to fly."

Mil:

Bea used to cut the stove wood and make me carry it in. I said to her, "I'm gonna lay my thumb down there, and you better not hit it. You better not cut any more wood. I layed my thumb on that piece of wood and she hit it. Almost cut it off. I've still got my scar. She just about took the end of it off.

Normally, I'd always do just about anything she told me to do. Time after time, some of the things she told me to do ...

Bernice:

I don't know whatever made Bea do it, but she took the scissors and cut her hair just real close, about half of one side of it just clean off. Well, Mom couldn't do anything but cut all of it off, and it made her look just like a little boy.

So, there was men haulin' lumber along the front of the house. One of them said, "Little boy!" and then somethin'.

And she said, "I'll let you know I'm not a little boy! You just get off that wagon and come back here and I'll show you I'm not a little boy."

C.T:

I made a big deal out of going hunting with Woody and Bus one day when I was just a shaver of a kid — you know, planning ahead how many squirrels we were gonna shoot. Well, that day we didn't get a single one, and boy, I felt bad at first. But so Mom wouldn't know how bad a day we'd had I made up a little song and started singing it as soon as we got back to the gate, "Ham meat is *good* to eat!"

Woody and Bus and a whole bunch of guys — I think even Pop was in on it — came up to me about the same time and told me, "Toots, you wanna go snipe huntin' tonight?"

And I said, "Yeah!" I always wanted to do anything they wanted to do.

So they said, "Okay, well, this is a good night for it." (See, any night was a good night for it.) So they

said, "Let's go out here by the barn." They got some old burlap bags, and they all take one to make me think they were gonna hunt too. "Get ya a real good bag here."

So we went way, way far down in the fields, and they say to me, "Okay now Toots, you stay. This is a good spot. You stand here and get that bag open and hold it out here. We'll flush these snipes out and chase them down towards you and you catch 'em in your bag." So they all take off and go back to the house, and they'd be standin' there, ya know.

It was just gettin' dark. Oh God, you'd be standin' there like a fool, but not knowin' it, waitin' for those birds to be comin' towards you for an hour or so. Then they'd come back and say, "How many did ya get?"

Woody, speaking to Ross Baughman:

Do you remember when you and Tom went snipe huntin'? [In the summer of 1960]

Ross Baughman:

I was out in the field with that big old boar. He came out lookin' for me, and I knew he wasn't a snipe. I was scared of him, so I just kept movin' further and further back. When I got back to Pop's house, I had clocked at least a couple of miles, and out in the weeds I snagged a little bird feather on my sneakers. Everybody acted so disappointed because I hadn't brought back a whole burlap bag full of snipes; and just then I first noticed the feather. Not only had I missed even seeing a snipe, but I was sure that one must have run right between my feet.

The other thing I remember about that summer was how Mom [Alma Walker Thurman] noticed the wart on my right hand. It was right there on the little arch of skin between my thumb and first finger. When I was just learning my right from my left, that wart was the only way I could be sure, by secretly feeling for it.

When I got older, I'd be picking and scratching at it constantly, and so Mom sent me out to the garden in the backyard for a fresh greenbean. She snapped it in half, rubbed it on the wart and just whispered something so softly I couldn't make it out. I asked her to repeat it, but she wouldn't. She just ordered me to run outside and bury it near the eaves trough, but to never tell anyone just where. I ran back into the kitchen and asked her what to do next, and she said, "Nothin', Johnny Ross. You just wait a week and it'll disappear."

Well, a week went by. It was still there. When I stopped thinking about it, after another week, then all of a sudden, it vanished.

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In April of 1989, the following memory of Bea Thurman was offered in a letter to Ross by her granddaughter, Mary Ann Baughman Bittner:

My first memory of Gramma was a hug; she was probably the first person other than my mom and dad to give me hugs and kisses. And since going with Gramma always involved a journey for one of us or the other, my earliest memories are of falling asleep at the end of an exciting day listening to her 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.

During our time together, usually during vacations, I can remember how fun it was to be allowed to look through Gramma's "pocketbook," to smell her red lipstick in the tube and look at the ever-present accordion-folded rain bonnet in its little vinyl slipcover, usually personalized with her beauty salon's name and address. It was the very beauty salon where I had, at seven years of age, my very first hair cut and styling and shampoo and set. I was very impressed and felt very pampered when the beautician used a shampoo called "Peaches 'n' Cream." I was always being treated to things like this when Gramma was around!

Gramma always drove her Cadillac, and I would always marvel at the idea that a lady who liked fancy things still could like to do her own gardening and put her own worms on the hook when she went fishing! I'm just like her in those respects.

And in others, too. Just recently it has occurred to me how parallel our lives became: Marriage ending in divorce and raising the one child of a generation ...

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When Walter Baughman's car skidded in the rain, and he rammed into the back of truck, his family back in Oklahoma and his son in Detroit didn't find out

about his death for several weeks. Walter had a step-daughter from his final marriage to Mrs. Ruth Opal Bishop, and she wrote to let them know. It turned out that Walter left a will, and in it acreage on an Oklahoma ranch that he wanted C.T. to split with Vernia Gibson, a step-daughter from his second marriage. With no intention of using the land, or moving to Oklahoma, C.T. gave it up to Vernia rather than trying to negotiate to divide it.

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After a Saturday morning at the Forsyth High School home economics classroom in October 1988, 34 Baughman cousins set out for the Coble Cemetery, southwest of Cedar Creek, where many family ancestors are buried. Deep in the back woods, past four closed gates and down several private dirt roads, the caravan of cars searched unsuccessfully for traces of Peter W. Baughman's grave, who had died in the spring of 1904, and was reported to rest somewhere in the nearby hills. Several months after the reunion, one of Peter's granddaughters, Mary Collins Wolf, provided the answer: Peter's final resting place was in Cedar Creek's McCarty Cemetery.

Teresa Tudor Baughman, Norvin's wife and Walter's sister-in-law, thought back to the beginning of the century:

When that book *Shepherd of the Hills*[240] was first wrote [1907], why Granddad [George] and Rex Baughman's dad, which was Si, had a livery stable in Hollister. People would come in there from Springfield, St. Louis and different places about that book, and Granddad and them 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. They took 'em down on rope ladders with nothin' but coal oil lanterns. Granddad told Norvin there was a lake back in there that they had found several 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.

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On 4 February 1989, Aunt Teresa and Uncle Norvin Baughman began writing a nine-page account of life in Oklahoma during the 1920s and '30s. After living in the Ozarks for over 100 years, the Baughman family had moved to northwestern Oklahoma in 1923, and finally resettled in southcentral Coal County by 1927, where their story began:

I'll tell you, how we lived was rough for a few years. We lived in the house with the folks [George and Rosie Baughman] three or four years. Norvin did the farming, and of course we all helped. We milked cows and sold cream; had chickens and sold eggs. Canned everything we could raise. Had hogs for meat, cured it and hung it in the old smokehouse. Sometime in summer, they would kill a hog, partly cook it and chunk it up and put it in a wooden barrel of salty brine. Sure was good eating.

Norvin says, "But now, the government would tell you that you couldn't eat it."

We had a well for water and of course had to draw it with a rope and bucket, and then carry it up a hill to the house. Grandma Rosie had geese and turkeys, and just as sure as you started up that hill with two buckets of water, one of them would take after you. The old geese would hiss and the old gobbler would come strutting, chasing you. It would make cold chills all over you.

Washing was done on Thursday, regardless of the weather, and of course, on a rub board and wash tub. Friday was ironing day. Had to heat the iron on a wood stove, and while the stove was hot, would bake a cake for Sunday dinner. If we had pies, would get apples, peaches, berries or mince meat out of the cellar, or use eggs and milk to make soft pies. Grandma Rosie and [sister-in-law] Alberta were real cooks.

On Saturday, we would take cream and eggs, sometimes chickens, to sell. With that we could buy groceries, just the main things. We ground our grain into meal for making corn bread. We didn't buy all of the extra stuff like we do now. But they always had plenty to eat. Just went to the cellar and got it. We didn't get to town but once a week. Now, even though it's 20 miles to town, we go three or four times, maybe more.

Norvin said his folks always had an old car of some kind, and for the trip to town on Saturdays, there would be six grown-ups and two kids, besides the produce to sell. How we did it, I don't know. Coming home, would have a sack of feed on both front fenders, looking like *Grapes of Wrath*. We didn't care. We just got to go to town. (ha!)

At that time, a lot of people didn't have a car, and went in a wagon. Norvin did a lot of taking people to the doctor back then.

In those days, the roads were only dirt — no gravel or blacktop. We would take the wagon and team [of horses] to pull the old car through this bottom here by the house, and then leave the horses tied up across the creek until we came back.

Something funny happened. There was a big mud hole down here in the road. Since the old four-door Ford was pretty well shot, its floorboard was rusted out between the front and back seats. We had some old chickens we wanted to sell, so we tied their legs together and laid them back on the car's floor board. Well, when we got to town, we was one hen short. It was a puzzle till we got back home, and there that old hen stood, bogged down all day in that mud hole. We brought her to the house and washed her off, a lucky old hen that day.

[For family get-togethers] there would be ten people besides us. I would have pallets all over these two room. I had to run kids out from under the table in order to fix breakfast. We sure had a lot of fun. Now people think they can't stay all night unless there is a room for every one. I don't know how I fed them all then. One thing's for sure, I couldn't run to town to buy something. Did it out of the cellar, and plenty of eggs, butter and milk.

But things are a lot different now. We have come up in the world some. Still are Okies and farmers, but guess we have done as well as anyone else, with an awful lot of hard work and prayers. We got the first refridgerator [in the county], and it used coal oil; but it sure did make ice. We had a battery-powered radio, which we used until we got electricity, and I guess we got one of the first televisions out in the country.

Back about 25 years ago, we had 400 laying hens and sold the eggs. We milked cows to sell the cream at first, then we went into selling milk, too. At the same time, Norvin drove a school bus for a few years. Roads were real bad, and that was pretty rough at times.

"And a garment factory was put in Coalgate," added Norvin, "and I went to work there, and stayed 18 years." Norvin gradually went from dairy cattle to stock cattle, and tried to put up some hay. "No farming."

It has been a lot of work and no play. A few years back, we bought a travel trailer. We do get out in it some; but not as much as we'd like to. Enjoy it when we can.

We have a pretty nice place any more — a good house and pretty nice stuff in it. About as modern as any one else around, so I guess life has been real good to us. I wrote all this just to tell you about us.

"Not bragging," added Norvin. ◘ ◘ ◘

FAMILY LEGEND HAS IT THAT THE EARLIEST HILL IN our line was a Dutchman. It was a loving epithet from Great Grandmother Hill, born Polly Anna Gibson, whenever her husband was being stubborn. In Holland, sure enough, Hill is not an unusual surname. By 1832, William Franklin Hill was born in Maryland, but his parents' names, and even the exact name of his hometown, have been lost in official records amidst a flurry of other Hill listings.

Just before the Civil War, when William was 25, he married Elizabeth Norrick, six years his junior, in Mansfield, Richland County, Ohio. [During his Civ.War service, Wm F. Hill was listed as sick with diarrhea on 19 Aug 1864, and as convalescing 20-21 Aug. One of their children, Joseph Grant Hill was born there in 1868. He had an older sister, named Rapunsel, and two brothers.

Joseph was among the first to line up in the spring of 1889 for the Great Land Rush in Oklahoma. All his life, Joseph loved to speculate on land deals. After marrying in 1893 to Polly Anna Gibson, he settled down for awhile in the western part of the territory. Gotebo (pronounced Go´-deh-bo), the town he helped to start, eventually became part of Kiowa County. In addition to starting his own cattle ranch there, he opened the town's first bank, and had several more banks before long, dotted around the state. The Hills had real estate holdings in Oklahoma City, Stillwater, Perkins and Fayetteville, Arkansas.

Joseph was interested in American Indian culture, and collected the craftwork of the local Kiowa, Comanche and Apache tribes. In the lobby of his first bank, he kept a life-size oil painting of one chief, portrayed in a full-feathered war bonnet. One of his wool Indian blankets (varied patterns on a deep blue field, fringed in red) would become a treasured family heirloom, as would a "Double Wedding Ring" quilt from the Gibson side of the family.

A house fire one night caught the Hills so much by surprise that they were lucky to get out with the nightshirts on their backs. Anna even lost her wedding ring, and went without one until the early 1940s, when her granddaughter, Patricia, gave her another as a gift.

Joseph and Anna's daughters, Faye and Ruth, were born just before the turn of the century; Joseph Grant Hill Jr. was born in Gotebo in 1901. Through Anna's influence, they attended the Methodist Church. Joseph Sr. lost his father not too much later, in 1908.

Faye married Riland Scott, and Ruth married Phillip A. Wilber, of Guthrie, Oklahoma, who became a professor of architecture at Oklahoma's A&M University. Joe Jr. was 19 when he married Freda Helen Vaught, 16, of Ponca City, Kay County, Oklahoma. He worked for the railroad while their three children were born: Elizabeth Josephine, in 1921, Richard Vaught, in 1923, and Patricia Jane, born in 1925 at Wichita, Sedgwick County, Kansas. The marriage split up shortly after that, and Joe Jr. went on to have a general store in Lawton, Comanche County, Oklahoma. Young Patsy was given to his parents to raise, while Freda's parents took the older children. Patricia never saw her mother again.

Of those times, Patricia recalls:

When I was small, playing out in the yard, I would pick up the little honey bees by their wings off of the clover. I'd put them in a jar, and I'd have holes punched in the top of it so they could get air. So, one day I decided it wasn't good to keep them in the jar, that I should bring them in the house, so they wouldn't fly away. And we could make some honey, you know. So, I brought this whole jar of honey bees in the house and let them loose. Granddaddy Hill nearly had a fit, because with most people, bees sting 'em. I laughed about that, but in the house, it turned out they were harder to catch. They didn't have clover to land on like out in the yard. After that, Granddaddy always called me his Honey Girl.

My grandparents were certainly brought up to be frugal. If you could just look at trash piles "Before and After" our modern age, you'd sure see the difference. They didn't have all of this stuff. Perhaps it wasn't promoted, to buy everything in sight. When I was raising you three kids, I wanted you to think that *each* thing was important. I didn't want you to eat just half of this apple, and then throw it away. It's good to grow up like I did. I don't remember any definite rules. It was just a different world 50 years ago — so low key.

I'd help out in all kinds of ways, whether it was

sorting laundry or putting away groceries or just keeping things straight. I'd go through a closet and try to make sense out of it, but it wouldn't stay that way very long. When I'd get back from school, Gramma would meet me at the door and say, "Patsy, I can't find my glasses." I think I was born orderly. She used to kid me about my dirty clothes, because when I took them off, instead of just throwing them, I always folded each one. I didn't learn from them some of the traits I have. It was inherited, maybe, from two or three generations back.

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Patricia had virtually no contact with her brother and sister while she was growing up, and so felt the advantages and disadvantages of being an only child. She made up for a lack of playmates with imagination and a love of drawing and cutting out paper dolls. A self-portrait in pencil from her early teen years shows considerable practice and an eye for realism. She also taught herself to copy clothing from magazines — making her own patterns and tailoring the outfits herself.

Joseph and Anna didn't mind relocating their home, and moved whenever business ventures appeared. Patricia went to high schools in Detroit, Michigan, in 1940; Fayetteville, Arkansas, and eventually graduated in Oklahoma City in 1942. Together, the three of them had visited the 1939 World's Fair in New York City, a trip that would later be echoed when Patricia's daughter visited the 1964 World's Fair in New York. Another big event during her teen years, she recalled years later, was when she was baptized in an indoor tank at the Christian Church in Oklahoma City.

There was never any smoking, drinking or cussing at Joseph and Anna's home. If exasperated, confused or upset, they used colorful phrases to let off steam. "What in the Sam Hill ...?" might start off a puzzled disapproval, followed by "I don't give a hoot 'n' holler," once a mind had been made up. A disturbing mess was "all caddywampus," or "sky-western-crooked," and needed some fixing right away.

Patricia was raised to value economic independence, and had a whole string of part-time and full-time jobs. In Oklahoma City, she was a fashion model at a dress shop named Balliets', and a secretary to the principal at the Taft Junior High School. She was also a receptionist and switchboard operator at the offices of Standard Oil of Indiana. On weekends, she sold popcorn at the drugstore, assisted a florist and, briefly, a dentist.

Patricia volunteered to be a junior hostess with the United Service Organization in Oklahoma City, a social center for the many armed forces personnel stationed in the area during World War II. Several young G.I.s, carrying engagement rings with them for just such an occasion, asked her to marry them. She had said yes to at least one — a Richard E. Ragsdale of Winston-Salem, North Carolina — but broke it off in favor of a sergeant in the Army Air Corps named C.T. Baughman.

Joseph and Anna moved in May 1946 to Mineral Wells, Texas, seeking treatments for his failing health, but returned before long to Perkins, Oklahoma, in Payne County. He died from a stroke in 1947, just over a year after Patricia's marriage to C.T., and left her 25 acres near Oklahoma City.

After starting their lives together in Dearborn, Michigan, both Patricia and C.T. were less than enthusiastic about meeting his father. C.T.'s dad, Walter Baughman, had split away from the family 23 years before, and they had never really known one another. C.T. once agreed to make the trip to see his dad in Oklahoma, but canceled instead at the last minute.

After their first child, Mary Ann, was born in November 1948 — named to honor both his mother, Mary Beatrice, and her grandmother, Polly Anna, Walter traveled to their home in Michigan. His week-long visit didn't make much of an impression on Patricia:

When Walter came to visit us, C.T. treated him just like a business partner — a business acquaintance. There was nothing real close. He slept on a roll-away bed, after we had brought Mary's little crib out of her room. It was just a two-bedroom place. He didn't overstay. He was polite. It didn't really matter to me one way or another; it was his dad. It was separate from me. It didn't have anything to do with me. I wasn't touched one way or another.

In a picture, you can see some gene business between the two of them. Chuck probably has some more of Bea, probably, than he does of Walter. I'm just guessing. Both she and Chuck always judged life more by what you have than what you really are ... that's just my opinion.

Now, Bea was a real wild Indian. She must have said to C.T., "Boy, Walter was an absolute zilch. And if you have anything to do with him ..."

Joe Jr. and his mother, Anna, visited in 1957, when Patricia, C.T. and their three kids lived on Walnut Grove Road, in Memphis, Tennessee. She recalled her father, whom she had never known, saying, "We couldn't say, 'Remember the time ...?' We had nothing in common to talk about, nothing to share. He didn't stay long."

Her father died in Perkins, Oklahoma, in 1969, two years after his mother died. They were buried next to each other, alongside Joseph Grant Hill Sr.'s grave at the Fairlawn Cemetery in Stillwater, Payne County, Oklahoma.

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When her marriage broke up in 1971, and Patricia left Lorain, Ohio, she lived from 4 September 1972 until June 1973 at 381 Woga Lake Boulevard in Stow, Ohio, near her two sons at Kent State University. Her next move, in July 1973, was to be near her daughter, Mary Ann, and her new granddaughter, Brinka in Michigan. Just a five-minute car ride away, Patricia lived at 49051 Denton Road, Apartment 101, in the Lemon Tree Development in Belleville. She recalled in 1989:

When I lived at Lemon Tree, I was always big on volunteering — organizing the bingo games and helping at election time. So, when they started to do the U.S. Census, they couldn't get anyone to do the Lemon Tree one, so I did it. Boy, what a deal that turned out to be!

The funniest one was when this little girl was explaining that her father lived in an upstairs apartment, but she lived down here, but that the man's name on the buzzer wasn't her dad's. When ol' Joe Blow came to the door, he wasn't about to tell you who lived there, 'cause he had one or two girlfriends living there. So I went into the main office, to try and figure out who was living where. There were about 1,000 apartments in this whole complex, but I found out that way too that who rented the unit didn't necessarily mean who was living there. Those census reports were *way* off. At least I put down something for every apartment, whoever rented it. Joe Blow, from Dearborn, could be renting it for Suzie Q., but she would not necessarily be on any records.

They know now that Hispanics and blacks are not anywhere near recorded like a true census. The manager of the whole complex knew the rental records were confidential, but he was willing for me to go through them, so nobody else would come snooping around. If the population was big enough, then he had plans to get the liquor license a small town would be entitled to and start a restaurant.

They were all real pleased when it got finished — Van Buren township, the manager and the owner, too. The township people would call me up and say, "Pat, how come Joe Brown is listed here? Did you make a mistake?" And I'd say, "I make no mistakes. Whatever is down there is the way it really is." And then they'd just crack up laughing.

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For almost ten years, beginning in 1979, Patricia made the Gulf Coast of Florida her home, first at 560 Lakeside, in the Wildwood Springs subdivision in Bradenton. After two years there, she moved within the same town to sublet a condo apartment at the Villas of Pointe West, on 6109-D Walnut Drive. She ran a successful business for herself there, as a tailor and custom dressmaker.

On 1 April 1989, Patricia moved back to one of her childhood hometowns, Fayetteville, Arkansas. Sorting through boxes of books and mementoes, she said, "I know ... *truly*, I know that I have lived other lives. Now, how that works, I'm not for sure, 'cause I think everything's erased each time, as far as your complete memory is concerned. I come up with some of the darndest information sometimes, and I think, 'Now where did I come up with that?' " ◘ ◘ ◘

OBITUARIES FOR G.W. & R.L. BAUGHMAN
FROM TWO UNIDENTIFIED LOCAL NEWSPAPERS IN OKLAHOMA, CIRCA JANUARY 1954

"Mr. and Mrs. G.W. Baughman Buried at Wapanucka"
(with a recent two-column outdoor photograph of both)

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON BAUGHMAN, residents of the Rock Creek community for the past 38 years, died with in four days, he Saturday Jan. 9 and she the following Wednesday. Mr. Baughman, in an Ada hospital and she at the family home. Baughman's death followed major surgery and his wife succumbed to a heart attack.

Baughman was born in Boone county, Arkansas, in 1871, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Pete Baughman, and was 82 years, 5 months and 7 days old at the time of his death. Mrs. Baughman, who was 77 years, 10 months and 3 days old, was born in Taney county, Missouri, March 10, 1877, the daughter of Jacob and Sarah McFadden.

They were married in Cedar Creek, Mo. May 20, 1893. Both were members of the Church of Christ, having joined more than 50 years ago at Cedar Creek, Mo. Mr. Baughman was a member of the I.O.O.F. Lodge No. 58 Atoka.

Six children survive: Silas, Claremore; Walter, Herlong, Calif., Truett, Protem, Mo.; Jess, Okla. City; Mrs. Alberta Barris, Atoka, Rt. 1; Normin, Olney, Okla.; a brother, Floyd Baughman, Pitcher, Okla.; two sisters, Dorothy, Dunn, Mo; Victoria, Sixem__, Checotah. 14 grandchildren, and 17 great grandchildren, and a sister of Mrs. Baughman, Hattie Vawter of Arcadia, Calif.

Double funeral services were held at 2 p.m., Saturday, Jan. 16 in the Church of Christ with Bro. Leonard Owens officiating. Interment was in the Wapanucka cemetery.

The Atoka I.O.O.F. Lodge No. 58 officiated at the grave and acted as pall bearers.

"Double Funeral Service Held For
Mr. and Mrs. George W.
Baughman"

A double service was held at the Church of Christ Saturday afternoon, January 16, at 2:00 o'clock for Mr. and Mrs. George Washington Baughman, Brother Leonard Owen, pastor, officiated.

Mr. Baughman passed away January 9 in an Ada Hospital and Mrs. Baughman died at the home of a daughter, Alberta Barris, January 13.

Mrs. Baughman, whose maiden name was Rosa Lee Juda, was born March 10, 1877 at Taney County, Missouri. Mr. Baughman was born August 2, 1871 in Boone County, Arkansas. They were married in Cedar Creek, Missouri, on May 20, 1893.

Surviving are six children, Silas of Claremore, Okla.; Walter of Herlong, Calif.; Truett B. of Protem, Missouri; Jess B. of Okla. City; Alberta Barris of Atoka and Norvin B. of Olney.

Fourteen grandchildren and 17 great grandchildren also survive.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Baughman joined the Church 50 years ago in Cedar Creek, Missouri. He was a member of the I.O.O.F. No. 58 Lodge at Atoka and that Lodge officiated at the grave and acted as pallbearers for the couple.

Interment was in the Wapanucka Cemetery with Coffey Funeral Home in charge. ◘ ◘ ◘

C.T. Baughman's Memories Of the Ford Motor Company

At Thanksgiving in 1988, C.T. Baughman came to New York to visit for three days with his son, Ross, and daughter-in-law, Jonalyn Schuon. C.T. reminisced about how after serving in the U.S. Air Corps during World War II against the Japanese, he went back to work for the Ford Motor Company. During a 40-year career, he witnessed the rise, the peak and the beginning of America's fall as the world's industrial giant.

In February of 1980, we were sitting with the president of Toyota. We had just finished the end of our 1979 production year, and we thought we were pretty hot in Europe because we had made the best profit ever there: 1.2 or 1.3 billion dollars profit for Ford of Europe. There were four of us meeting there alone with him — the vice president of Body and Car Assembly, the vice president of Truck Manufacturing (myself), the vice president of Material Control and Purchasing, and the vice president of Engineering.

He showed us this chart he had up on the wall. It showed that when they started building cars in 1962, they were building about 200,000 cars that year. Then it went on up and on up. In 1973, we noticed on his chart, they had a real aberration. Manpower had been going up steadily to about 53,000 and then it just leveled out into a straight line from '73 to '79, but their productivity just kept climbing. In 1973, they built about 1.6 million total vehicles. They had just finished '79, and with the same number of people, like 54,000-and-some-odd people, now they'd built three million vehicles.

So our natural reaction was, "How in the hell did you do that? Through automation, or what?"

He says, "That year, the Japanese government — the Emperor — called everyone in and had this big one-week meeting. The whole crux of the meeting was that the government was telling all of the industrialists and the bankers, everybody of any importance in Japan, that we have come to the point where we have used all of the manpower with our current methods and capacity. The government says we have two ways to go: One alternative would be to bring in foreigners, and we're going to tell you before we even have any conversation that we're not going to do that. The Germans brought in these Spaniards, and the Turks, and the you-name-it... the Algerians and everybody to fill out the workforce."

The Japs say, "We're not going to do that. We've got to get to our people. We've got to figure out ways to automate, and improve our methods. We can eliminate manpower jobs and make them mechanical jobs. We can take the people and guarantee them other jobs, so we can start another line and build another 60 cars an hour in each plant. Another hundred cameras. Another hundred televisions.

"You've got to figure out ways with your people and with your engineers how we can do it if we're going to have more of the world market. For the company that makes the most percentage improvement in the next year, they will get the Emperor's Award." Nothing monetary. It was a picture of the Emperor in all his sashes and swords. And second place will get, you know, some other high official award, and all this shit.

"How you want to do it — if you want to give monetary awards — is your business. But the awards are strictly for service to your country." So they go back, he's telling us this story, the president of Toyota, and the first year, Toyota won the Emperor's Award, and they were very proud of that.

What they did is they came back and they got all of their people together and told them their dilemma. They offered to give a year's pay to anyone who could prove that their own job could be done away with, as a bonus, on top of finding them a new job.

Then the president of Toyota says to us, "You know I'm really glad to have you guys here — four guys from Ford — because," he says, "do you know where we learned how to build cars?"

And we said, "Where?"

"At the old B building at the Rouge River plant in Detroit," he says, "from the elder Henry Ford. Way back in the '30s, and you want to know something else? We still build them the same way. Nowadays, American factories are packed full of millions and millions of dollars of spare part

inventories. You people don't realize that that's all money just sitting there that you're paying interest on. You go out into our plant, and you're going to see it just like it used to be. Didn't any of you guys work back then?"

And I said, "Yeah, I used to work in the B building in 1941."

He says, "Well then, you know what I'm talking about." And it was true. We had the stamping plant right there, and we brought the pieces right up to the line. We weren't shipping them all over the place. "You're going to see," he says, "out in our plants a replica of how you *used* to do it at Ford. The elder Henry Ford used to call it the Straight Guts System. We call our whole method the Kan Ban System in Japanese," which means Just In Time. Everything comes to the line, and gets built, just in time. That's their whole philosophy.

"Nowadays," this guy's telling us, "if you have a foreman and 30 guys under his supervision, six of them are inspectors, repairmen who have to fix the problems that the inspectors find, and somebody else to inspect the repairmen. That's 20 percent of the workforce used to make up for the mistakes of the rest of 'em. When the Emperor's Award was first explained to our workers, every department, I mean every foremen came forward and said, "We don't need extra people to make sure we've done it right. We can do it right ourselves. If we can't do it right, we'll stop the assembly line and not let a job go if it's not done right."

Within a week, they freed up 20 percent of their whole workforce and started a new plant. And that's just an example of what they did.

In America, the unions came into Ford in 1941, the same year I went to work. Most of the union people were Italians, and they were famous for not wanting to work. They wanted a job walking around talking to all of the people, you know, "Have you got a problem today, Pete? How about you, Joe?" Trying to find problems. Something to satisfy the guy so he'd vote for him again next time. If he didn't have a problem, he'd create a problem.

When I went over to England [in 1977], the way they ran the unions, you know, they were almost, I mean they were communists, the union leaders. They carried cards. They'd meet with their groups and say, "Now, comrades..." Their theory was to tell the workers in, say, the engine line, "Tomorrow, you guys go out on strike." Then the whole plant had to shut down, but all of the workers except those who actually struck would still get full pay, under British law. They'd just sit down and play cards and shoot the shit, and we had to keep payin' them.

I took the position that if they're on strike, and nobody in the plant can work, then the whole plant is on strike, and we'll just close it all down. The unions just raised hell, but I forced it. It got to be such an issue that the whole plant out at Langley was closed down. It wasn't any different, really, because they were taking these little spot strikes and we weren't getting any production anyway, but we were still paying everybody.

Jack MacDougal got real nervous, and said, "Well Charlie, we can't have this. Phil [Caldwell, the boss of the whole corporation, back in Detroit] is just raising hell with me."

And so I said, "Let me talk to Phil." (I knew him well enough that I could call him Phil.) I came on into MacDougal's office and got onto the phone with him and said, "Phil, these guys are calling spot strikes all over the plant and every day somebody else is on strike. I've taken the position that if they shut down the lines, they're all going out. We've got to lick this problem. Now if you want me to stay over here and lick this problem, fine. If you want to go on the way we've been going, then you let it go on the way it's been going on. We've scheduled them for 800 trucks a day at Langley, and they build 285, or maybe the day shift wasn't working, but at night would get a full 400."

So Phil said, "Well, Okay Chuck. I'll leave it in your hands if you think you can lick the problem."

And we did. They stayed out two weeks total, but it got much better.

We still got strikes though for the craziest things. One day I got a call and it had been a real warm day — 85 degrees. Paul called me up one afternoon and he said, "Boss, I hate to tell you this but they all walked out. We've had an agreement for a long time that if it gets up over 80 degrees, we give 'em a 10-minute break every hour and a glass of orange juice."

And I said, "How come they've *been* working? It's been over 80 since this morning."

"Well, I'll tell you what our problem is," he said, "We've run out of orange juice."

By Ford's company policy, Americans were supposed to be going to these foreign countries to train, you know, the local nationals, really, to take over. And the thing of it was, they never really did. They always went there and then they'd recommend some other American they knew to come down and take their place. Consequently, they never did.

I was the first American in [Ford's operation in] Brazil that ever trained a local to take his job. Moro Brigetti was really a good man. I put on his report, as I was developing Moro, that he could be the managing director of one of these Latin American countries. And oh, everybody just raised hell with me about it — you know, the Americans. Everybody except Joe O'Neal [Ford's managing director in Brazil]. Joe says, "I agree with Charlie." So just during the time I was there, I promoted Moro right along, from the engine plant, where he was really good, into assembly. I also had Bronco Rivera, another real good guy. Real capable guys. They were both in the running; but Moro was younger and more aggressive. More full of piss and vinegar.

But I didn't stop there. I did it again in England, but it wasn't easy.

° ° °

C.T. Baughman's resume gives the following details about his work within the company:

June 1941 - Ford's Willow Run Aircraft assembly plant, west of Detroit, Michigan; Methods Engineer at the River Rouge Plant; General Foreman, Superintendant and later Production Manager, during transfers to Louisville, Kentucky, and Memphis, Tennessee.

November 1961 - Assistant Plant Manager in Metuchan, New Jersey.

November 1962 - General Manufacturing Manager in Pacheco, outside Buenos Aires, Argentina. Started new plants for stamping, assembly and starting a new V8 engine. Phased out old assembly plant at Boca, and developed a new supplier base to maximize the new production capacities.

June 1964 - Special Operations Manager for Heavy Truck Manufacturing at "The Glass House," World Headquarters in Dearborn, Michigan.

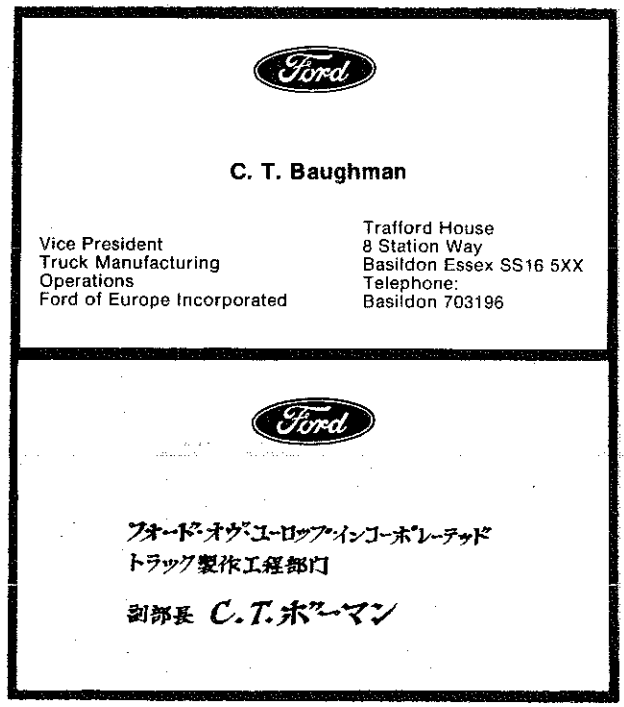
February 1968 - Plant Manager of America's largest assembly operation under one roof, at Lorain, Ohio, where 1200 passenger cars and 800 Econoline Vans were built each day.

October 1971 - Plant Manager for the building of all Lincoln Continental and Thunderbird passenger cars, at Wixom, Michigan.

June 1973 - Director of Manufacturing, Ford of Brazil. From his São Paulo headquarters, oversaw ten plants, including foundries, stamping, machining, engine, transmission and assembly operations.

January 1977 - Vice President, Ford of Europe. From his London headquarters, oversaw truck manufacturing in Southhampton, Langley, Amsterdam, Holland and Genk, Belgium.

31 March 1981 - Special Executive Early Retirement. ◘ ◘ ◘



Baughman Addresses
In Sequence

The following list gives virtually all of the street addresses for three generations of the Baughman family: from the home where Bea raised her son C.T. through adolescence (that she kept for the rest of her life), to the series of homes he established for his family; and eventually his son, Ross, did the same. A "permanent address" is defined here as a residence of at least one month, when no idea of the next home's location is yet clear. Homes of the Baughman's earlier generations were identified by town name and post office delivery only, and are pinpointed elsewhere in this book with maps.

1934 - The Commercial Hotel, Branson, Missouri (Bea and C.T. live with her parents at the Thurmans' hotel.)
1937 - 118 Maddux Street, Post Office Box 186, Branson, Missouri; telephone (417) EDison 4-3446
June 1941 - 1302 North Congress, Ypsilanti, Michigan
October 1944 - 1220 Grape, Denver, 7, Colorado
May 1946 - 304 Elm Street, Ypsilanti, Michigan (with Aunt Mil and Uncle Rollie Whitaker)
July 1946 - 660 Hazelwood, Apartment 208, Detroit, 2, Michigan (near Woodward Avenue and West Grand Boulevard)
September 1947 - 1848 North Drexel, Dearborn, Michigan (paid for with a 10% down payment toward $11,500. A garage was later added for $750.00)
December 1953 - The Moorgate Subdivision, 24 South Hampton Road, Anchorage, Kentucky
September 1955 - 709 Circle Hill Road, Louisville, 7, Kentucky
July 1956 - 75 Lavern Lane, Memphis, Tennessee
July 1957 - 5420 Walnut Grove Road, Memphis, 17, Tennessee; telephone: Mu 2360
March 1958 - 21661 Beachcrest Drive, Dearborn, Michigan
(A house was built in River Oaks, Dearborn, Michigan, but the family never moved in.)
August 1960 - 925 Belvedere Avenue, Plainfield, New Jersey; (201) PLaza7-7410
September 1962 - Bishop Towers, 100 Memorial Parkway, Apartment 7-M, New Brunswick, New Jersey
October 1962 - (A house was built on Karney Drive, North Brunswick, New Jersey, but the family never moved in.)
December 1962 - The Plaza Hotel, Plaza San Martín at Avenida Florida & Marcelo DeAldear, Buenos Aires, Argentina
January 1963 - Camino Curie, Buenos Aires, Argentina
March 1963 - 847 Almafuerte, Acassuso, Buenos Aires, Argentina
January 1964 - 118 Maddux Street, Branson, Missouri 65616
February 1964 - The Traveler's Motel, Room 1, Highway 65, Branson, Missouri 65616
March 1964 - Pacific Street, Branson, Missouri 65616
July 1964 - 5760 Snowshoe Circle, Birmingham, Michigan 48012; (313) 647-4328
July 1968 - 5539 Beaver Crest Drive, Lorain, Ohio 44052
May 1971 - 5537 Beaver Crest Drive, Lorain, Ohio 44052
September 1971 - 24 Stopher Hall, Kent State University, Kent, Ohio 44242 (J.R.B. on own at college)
1972 - The Waterfall Apartments, 1092 Maple Road, Birmingham, Michigan 48012 (with C.T.B.)
1972 - 1085 Waddington Road, Birmingham, Michigan 48011 (with C.T.B.) (313) 646-7167
September 1972 - 120 Johnson Hall, Mail Box 9, Kent State University, Kent, Ohio 44242
- 101 Taylor Hall, Kent State University, Kent, Ohio 44242; (216) 672-2971 (The Chestnut Burr yearbook office.)
June 1973 - 1630 Pontiac Trail, No.2, Walled Lake, Michigan 48088 (with brother Tom Baughman)
August 1973 - 607 São Vallerio, Cidade Jardím, São Paulo, Brazil
(C.T.B. simultaneously owns vacation homes on the Admiral's Walk, 4545 North Ocean Blvd., Boca Raton, Florida 33431; (305) 368-2072; and at The Wabeek Community, 1848 & 1887 Wingate, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013. (313)626-7591
September 1973 - 101 Taylor Hall, Kent State University, Kent, Ohio 44242

June 1974 - 1215 Spruce Tree Lane, Amherst, Ohio 44001 (with A.J.B.'s mother, Bernice Johnson)(216) 988-4308

June 1974 - 256 Lincoln Street, Amherst, Ohio 44001 (with Kurt & Leah Smith)

July 1974 - Linwood Park, 4920 Liberty Avenue, Vermilion, Ohio 44089; (216) 967-4237

August 1974 - 18 Greenbriar, 3760 Beaver Crest Drive, Lorain, Ohio 44053

September 1974 - 101 Taylor Hall, Kent State University, Kent, Ohio 44242

April 1975 - 317 East College Street, Kent, Ohio 44240 (with Nancy Kaye & Jesse Pojmon)

June 1975 - 3901 West Erie Avenue, Apartment D-22, Lorain, Ohio 44053

October 1975 - The Root Mansion, 3363 East Erie Avenue, Lorain, Ohio 44053

June 1977 - 25 Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, London NW1 4ND, England; (01) 935-9035 (with C.T.B.)

July 1977 - 12-A Maxson Court, 8 Selous Avenue, Salisbury, Rhodesia; telephone 23257 (renamed Harare, Zimbabwe within five years)

December 1977 - Tudor Lodge, 14 Bishop's Avenue, London N2 OAN, England (with C.T.B.) 01-883-2169

January 1978 - Al Wahba Building, 33 Sh. Kasr El Nil, 14th Floor, Post Office Box 1077, Cairo, Egypt; telephone 49422

April 1978 - The Wabeek Community, Saint Andrew's Court & 1903 Pine Ridge Lane, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013; (313) 855-2025 (C.T.B. owns these two homes in overlapping succession.) Later, on Vahy Lake, he moves to 1730 Hammond Court, Bloomfield Hills, (313) 855-0339.

June 1978 - 157 Passaic Street, Summit, New Jersey 07901 (with Mark Greenberg)

July 1978 - 105 Fifth Avenue, Suite 904, New York, New York 10003; (212) 255-4047 (The office of Independent Visions International, Inc., at the southwest corner of the Manhattan neighborhood of Gramercy Park, declared an historic landmark district in 1989 called "Ladies' Mile.")

January 1985 - 6954 Pebble Park Circle, West Bloomfield, Michigan 48033; (313) 353-2285. [C.T.B. builds a "bachelor pad" home but never moves into it.)

March 1986 - 120 West Taylor, Savannah, Georgia 31401; (912) 236-9207 & 9208 (C.T.B. simultaneously owns vacation homes at nearby 7128 Harbourside One, Shelter Cove, Hilton Head, South Carolina 29928; (803) 686-5181, and at 424 Captain's Walk, Palmetto Dunes, Hilton Head; (803) 785-2845; as well as an apartment near his office, at Village Green Apartments, No. 305, 25536 West 10 Mile Road, Southfield, Michigan 48075; (313) 353-2285.

April 1987 - 219 Sackett Street, No. 3, New York, New York 11231; (718) 834-1901 (J.R.B. & Jonalyn Schuon move to the Brooklyn neighborhood of Carroll Gardens following their marriage in Pennsylvania.)

March 1990 - 23 Overlook Drive, Huntington, New York 11743; (516)271-9793 (J.R.B. & Jonalyn Schuon move to Huntington in anticipation of their child's birth in July. ▫ ▫ ▫

In Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, C.T. Baughman bought a condominium and had it prepared for his family sight unseen in 1978. A staff writer for *The Detroit Free Press* wrote a feature article that was published 8 April 1978, Saturday, running across five columns at the top of page 4-B. It was accompanied by a two-and-a-half-column-wide photograph of the living room taken by newspaper staff photographer Patricia Beck, that was captioned, "This condominium in Bloomfield Hills was designed and furnished in record time, with emphasis on understated elegance."

"Condo decoration is a 90-day wonder, a minor miracle"
by Lilian Jackson Braun, Design Writer

The Bloomfield Hills condominium of Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Baughman is more than a 90-day wonder. It's a minor miracle. Not only did it progress from empty shell to a custom environment in record time; it was entirely designed and furnished in the Baughmans' absence, without any decisions on their part.

They went to London and returned to a new, larger home — with their furniture comfortably installed in a totally new setting. Accessories were added, pictures hung, lamps plugged in, flowers arranged, plants watered.

What's more, they liked it. "It exceeded my expectations," Mrs. Baughman said.

Obviously, they had faith in their designers, Alvaro Enrique Mendez and Giuseppa Fiore Caputo, a team originally from Colombia and Italy respectively.

"All we knew," Caputo said, "was that the Baughmans had lived in many countries. They wanted understated elegance and easy maintenance. There's not a drapery or a swag or a tassle in the place."

There was only one stipulation, the designer recalled. "No flower patterns."

The design of the interior included wallcoverings, carpet, light fixtures, travertine flooring in the foyer, special hardware for the doors, custom cabinets for the kitchen.

"To finish in 90 days," Caputo said, "required a great deal of effort on the part of everyone: carpenters, carpet-layers. They liked the challenge and did a super job. And one of us — either Mendez or myself — was here every day to make decisions and solve problems."

There were no short-cuts. Even the closets are wallpapered. "It just takes a little more material, but it makes a quieter effect and a richer total."

The existing furnishings included a modular seating group in beige, a travertine coffee table and dining furniture of Oriental style. The modular units, which had been arranged in an L at the old address, readily adapted to a new configuration to suit the larger area.

For background, the designers selected ivory carpet and an off-white wallcovering with the texture of wool yarn. Vertical blinds in translucent linen-like weave co-ordinated with the walls.

"We took one big chance," Caputo admitted. "We used a floral wallcovering in the guest room." It's a stylized Art Deco print, however, "and it's Mrs. Baughman's favorite room," he said. ◘ ◘ ◘

SHENANDOAH

Frontiersmen were said to have originated this classic American folk ballad as a work song, while clearing forests, and brought it down river where sailors took it up as their own sea chantey.[43]

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away, you rolling river.
Oh, Shenandoah, just to be near you,
Away, we're bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Away, you rolling river.
Oh, Shenandoah, across the water,
Away, we're bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

For seven years, I courted Sally,
Away, you rolling river.
For seven years, she would not have me,
Away, we're bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

She would not have me for a lover,
Away, you rolling river.
Because she loved another feller,
Away, we're bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I'm goin' to leave you,
Away, you rolling river.
Oh, Shenandoah, I won't deceive you,
Away, we're bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your waters,
Away, you rolling river.
Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughters,
Away, we're bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

A PIONEER FAMILY HEADS WEST IN THEIR CONESTOGA WAGON,
FIRST DEVELOPED BY GERMAN IMMIGRANTS IN THE CONESTOGA COMMUNITY OF LANCASTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

The Battle of New Orleans

This old American folksong was rescored in 1957 by Jimmy Driftwood, and became a popular sing-along request on the radio.[37]

In 18 and 14, we took a little trip
Along with Colonel Jackson down the Mighty Missi'sip.
We took a little bacon, and we took a little beans,
And we met the bloody British near the town of New Orleans.

CHORUS: We fired our guns and the British kept a'comin'.
They wasn't nigh as many as they was awhile ago.
We fired once more and they began a'runnin',
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

We looked down the river, and we see the British come;
There must have been a hundred of 'em beatin' on the drum.
They stepped so high, as they made them sing,
While we stood beside our cotton bales and didn't say a thing.

CHORUS REFRAIN

Ol' Hickory said, "We can take 'em by surprise,
But don't fire your muskets till we look 'em in the eyes."
We held our fire till the British gave a yell,
Then we opened up and we really gave 'em ..., Well ...

CHORUS REFRAIN

We fired our cannon till the barrel melted down,
Then we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round.
We stuffed his head with cannonballs and powdered his behind,
And when we touched the powder off the 'gator lost his mind.

CHORUS: They ran through the brambles, and they ran through the bushes.
They ran down holes where a rabbit couldn't go.
They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em,
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

The Ballad of Davy Crockett

The true-life adventures of a frontiersman, Tennessee volunteer, patriot and politician named Davey Crockett were popularized in a 1955 film by Walt Disney, Davy Crockett, King of the Wild Frontier, starring Fess Parker.

Born on a mountaintop in Tennessee,
Greenest state in the land of the free,
Raised in the woods, so he knew every tree,
Killed him a bar when he was only three,
Davy, Davy Crockett, King of the Wild Frontier.

In 1813, the Creeks uprose,
Adding redskin arrows to the country's woes.
Now, Injun fightin' is somethin' he knows,
So he shoulders his rifle, and off he goes,
Davy, Davy Crockett, the man who don't know fear.

Off through the woods, he's marchin' along,
Makin' up yarns and singin' a song,
Itchin' for fightin', and rightin' a wrong,
Rangy as a bar and twixt as strong,
Davy, Davy Crockett, the buckskin buccaneer.

Andy Jackson is our general's name,
Reg'lar soldiers he'll put to shame.
Them redskin varmints us volunteers'll tame,
'Cause we got the guns with the sure-fire aim,
Davy, Davy Crockett, champion of us all.

Headed back to war from the ol' home place,
But Red Stick was makin' a merry chase,
Fightin' and burnin' at a devil's pace,
Runnin' through the swamps without a trace,
Davy, Davy Crockett, trackin' the redskins down.

Fought single-handed through the Injun War,
Till the Creeks were whipped, and gave up the store,
While he was handlin' this terrible chore,
Made himself a legend forevermore,
Davy, Davy Crockett, King of the Wild Frontier.

He gave his word, and he gave his hand,
That his Injun friends could keep their land,
And the rest of the white people would understand,
That justice was due every redskinned man,
Davy, Davy Crockett, holdin' his promised hand.

Home for the winter with his family,
Happy as a 'coon in an old gum tree,
Bein' the father he wanted to be,
Close to his boys as a pod to a pea,
Davy, Davy Crockett, holdin' his youngins dear.

The ice ran down and the warm winds came,
And the meltin' snow showed tracks of game,
And the flowers of spring filled the woods with flame,
And all of a sudden, life got too tame,
Davy, Davy Crockett, headin' on West again.

Off through the woods, we're ridin' along,
Makin' up yarns and singin' a song,
Rangy as a bar and twice as strong,
Knows he's right, 'cause he's seldom wrong,
Davy, Davy Crockett, the man who don't know fear.

Lookin' for a place where the air smells clean,
Where the trees is tall and the grass is green,
Where the fish is fat in an untouched stream,
And the teemin' woods is a hunter's dream,
Davy, Davy Crockett, lookin' for Paradise.

Now he lost his love, and his grief was gall,
In his heart, he wanted to leave it all,
And lose himself in the forest tall,
But he answered instead his country's call,
Davy, Davy Crockett, beginnin' his campaign.

Needin' his help, they didn't vote blind,
They put in Davy, 'cause he was their kind,
Sent up to Nashville, the best they could find,
A fightin' spirit and a thinkin' mind,
Davy, Davy Crockett, choice of the whole frontier.

The votes were counted and he won hands down,
So they sent him off to Washin'ton town,
With his best-dressed suit still his buckskin browns,
A livin' legend of growin' reknown,
Davy, Davy Crockett, a plain great congressman.

He went off to Congress and served a spell,
Fixin' up the government and laws as well,
Took over Washin'ton, so we hear tell,
And patched up the crack in the Liberty Bell,
Davy, Davy Crockett, seein' his duty clear.

Him and his jokes traveled all through the land,
And his speeches made him friends to beat the band,
His politickin' was their favorite brand,
And everyone wanted to shake his hand,
Davy, Davy Crockett, helpin' his legend grow.

When he came home, his politickin' done,
The Western March had just begun,
So he packed his gear and his trusty gun,
And lit out grinnin' to follow the sun,
Davy, Davy Crockett, leads the pioneers.

A German Frontiersman Following Tracks Through the Forest

Dixie

Daniel D. Emmett, born in the North and a supporter of the Union cause, wrote the following lyrics and their famous melody as a show tune for the nationally famous Bryant minstrels. At the outbreak of the War Between The States, Southern troops took it up as their marching song, and idolized its author, much to his chagrin.

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Old times there are not forgotten,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land where I was born,
Early on one frosty mornin'
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

CHORUS: Then I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land, I'll take my stand,
To live and die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down south in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

There's buckwheat cakes and Injun batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
Then hoe it down and scratch your gravel.
To Dixie Land, I'm bound to travel,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

CHORUS REFRAIN

° ° °

According to Arkansas historian J.M. Lucey, at least two other verses were discarded, since they didn't lend themselves as easily to patriotic marching.[136]

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Cinnamon seed and sandy bottom ...

Old Missus marry Will the Weaver,
William was a gay deceiver;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
When he put his arms around 'er,
He looked as fierce as a forty-pounder.

His face was sharp like a butcher's cleaver,
But that did not seem to grieve her;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
Will run away, Missus took a decline, Oh!
Her face was the color of bacon shine, Oh!

The Arkansas Boys

This is the Ozark version of a song popular in many parts of the United States in the early 20th Century. Never published commercially, Vance Randolf added it to his third volume of Ozark Folksongs, after a performance by Ed Stephens in Jane, Missouri, on 20 June 1928.[167]

Come all you Missouri gals an' listen to my noise,
Mind how you marry them Arkansas boys,
For if you do your portion it will be,
Cold johnny-cake an' venison is all you will see.

They will lead you out in them black-jack hills,
There so much against your will,
Leave you there for to perish on the place,
For that's the way of the Arkansas race.

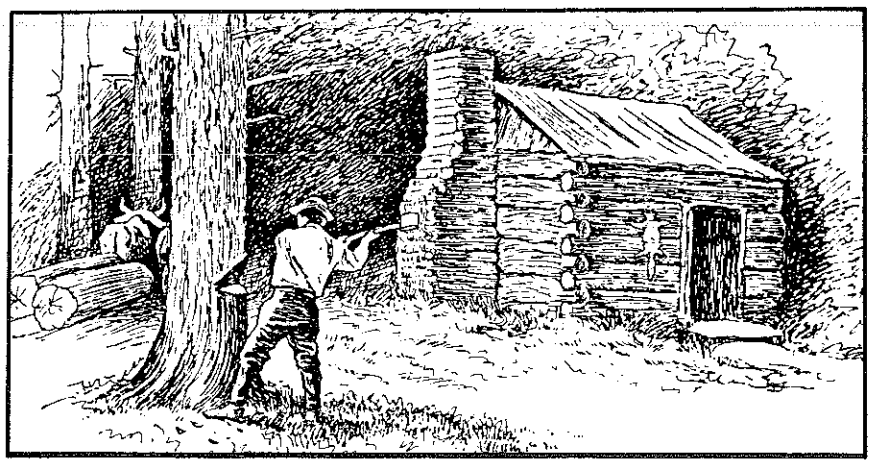
Sandstone chimney an' a batten door,
Clapboard roof an' a puncheon floor,
Some gets a little an' some gets none,
An' that's the way of the Arkansas run.

When they go to meetin' the clothes they wear
Is a old brown coat all tore an' bare,
A old white hat without no crown,
An' old blue duckins the whole year round.

Come all you pretty gals an' listen to my voice,
Don't never marry up with them Missouri boys,
For if you do your portion it will be
Cornbread an' possum an' sassafras tea.

They live in a house with a big log wall,
Nary window in it at all,
Stick-an'-clay chimney, old dirt floor,
Clapboard roof an' a batten door.

When they go to milk, they milk it in a gourd,
Strain it in a corner an' cover it with a board,
Some gets a plenty, an' some gets none,
That's the way old Missouri is run. ◘ ◘ ◘



CHAPTER IV

CONCLUSIONS AND FUTURE RESEARCH

ELLIS ISLAND
1892–1992

The Statue of Liberty-Ellis Island Foundation, Inc.

proudly presents this

Official Certificate of Registration

in

THE AMERICAN IMMIGRANT WALL OF HONOR

to officially certify that

HENRY HEINRICH BACHMANN BAUGHMAN

who came to America from

SWITZERLAND

is among those courageous men and women who came to this country in search of personal freedom, economic opportunity and a future of hope for their families.

Lee A. Iacocca
The Statue of Liberty-Ellis Island
Foundation, Inc.

LIBERTY
1886·1986

OUR FIRST BAUGHMAN REMEMBERED
WITH HIS NAME ENGRAVED ON THE 755 FOOT COPPER SEA WALL AROUND ELLIS ISLAND
IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

Certainly, more details from these ancestors' lives are going to be uncovered. I have tried to let the facts arrange themselves, and have been pleased to see how much they line up like steps on a ladder. A persistent personality does seem to stretch across the generations, despite many changes to their world, and without any special attention to family tradition.

It would be simplest to start with a review of what the Bachmanns and Baughmans did not do:

They were not contented for long periods of time. They could not stay put in one place. They did not pass on the legacies of an old home, a family enterprise or an ancient, honored burial ground, as some families do. They seemed unable to bind the generations together or make peace between fathers and sons. They could not abide far-off authority that told them how to think and what to do. They could not remain silent. When it came time to fight in a war, however, they were never quick to volunteer for violent heroics.

From the opposite vantage, there is a considerable list of what they could and did do:

They took chances. When the price was dear, they persevered. They sought the outer edges of society and made this remoteness into their own security. They valued will power and discipline over emotion. With their wealth broken over and over, their industriousness was proven again with each new start. Faith was learned and tested the hard way, and it taught them to simplify life. Pleasures and satisfactions were won internally, rather than played out as influence over others.

Some of these manners may have been inherited. Perhaps the Baughmans always pass on an extra bit of the brain chemical for contrariness. But the patterns keep repeating, undiminished by the genetic splice of each new spouse. Kindred hearts, drawn to each other's scars, may simply reinforce and reconstitute the Baughman personality and each other's disposition.

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Their lives seem to be set apart from one another and defined by single verbs: for Heinrich, to transform; for Henry Jr., to explore; for John, to believe; for Henry [IV], to thrive; for Peter, to survive; for George, to blossom; for Walter, to revel; for C.T., to win; and for Ross, to learn.

Every generation faces change; exactly how the Baughmans coped still raises questions. During the later years of persecution in Switzerland, how did they maintain their faith and manage to keep it a secret? During years in the wilderness of Virginia, how was their faith as Brethren converted by the Baptists during the Great Awakening. Though some of our Baughmans survived the horrors of the War Between the States, what part of their spirits were killed by it? These are not only questions of religion. As the Latin roots promise, they amount to *re-ligare*, a re-linking of who we think we are to how we got that way, and even further back to our ancestors, when their seeds first hit the wind.

Many of the records have been lost, due to fire, war and crumbling age. A directory on page 151 of this book mentions some of the dates of courthouse fires important to our family's history. All of the state agencies listed there have found nothing else for us in the way of birth and death citations. Dusty church records may yet turn up from early Botetourt, Carroll and Taney counties. Misplaced or overlooked personal papers might still unfold great mysteries, particularly among the shopkeepers, neighbors and friends who sold property to our family. Likewise, families such as the Moyers, Suttons, Drapers and Judas may reveal more; a patient search among all of our newly charted cousins is also warranted. For every eight or nine family members who are approached and show no interest in "all that old stuff," one will pull out a battered shoe box or plastic bag full of genealogical gold.

Some intriguing Bachmann and Baughman clues do not seem to tie directly into the author's line. One Heinrich Bachman was born in Germany in 1717 to Georg Bachman from Ibersheim, on the Rhine River just north of Worms[250], but he is part of a well-documented family that remained in southeastern Pennsylvania. Beware of a distracting Heinrich Bachmann who comes to York County, Pennsylvania, in 1743 from Parish Elgg, Schottikon, Canton Zürich,

Switzerland — in the original Swiss records, his surname is Buchman. There were also two Henry Baughmans from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, that can cause confusion while searching through those local records.

When the town of Alderson, in Greenbriar County, West Virginia, was still part of the colonial Commonwealth's wild frontier, a Henry Baughman built his family a log fortress in which to make their home. On 12 August 1755, during the Indian Wars, this Henry was scalped and his fortress was overrun. In 1810, when our Henry Baughman Jr. had just been buried, and the next Henry was only a year old and living in Sevier County, Tennessee, some other Henry Baughman was arrested in Botetourt County for grand larceny. This poor Henry went through a jury trial and was finally declared innocent.

During the 19th Century, a settlement of Mennonites in Hardy County, West Virginia, built the Baughman Church and a little settlement beside it on the right bank of the Lost River. Abandoned more than 30 years ago, only the ruin of its wooden structure remains, a couple of miles across the Virginia border from Winchester, 2½ miles south of Baker and 3 miles south of McCauley, off Route 259.

Many of the Shenandoah County Baughmans who moved west and north from Virginia have not yet been thoroughly traced. Mennonites in Wayne County, Ohio, have a Baughman township that is 8½ miles east of Wooster, bisecting the town of Orrville. Urbanus E. Baughman Jr., born in 1905, is perhaps the most famous person to share our name, as chief of the U.S. Secret Service during the middle of this century. Unfortunately, his paternal line has been traced back no further than Emmanuel Baughman and Anna Mann, born in 1805. Much more research will have to be done before our ties — if any — can be proven to these families.

As of the writing of this first edition, we are just entering the age of widely computerized genealogical record. In the 21st Century, we will certainly find a more comprehensive indexing of historical documents, and this broader perspective will offer more answers to our questions. But instead of waiting around for these developments, now is the time to start digging in a different direction. Carefully uncovered archeological layers from Heinrich Bachmann's farmhouse may tell a great deal about his family's life in the Shenandoah Valley. Old family sites in the Ozarks may also reveal much, since these also remain undisturbed on remote private ranches or state and national forest land.

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Any insights here have been the reward of many people's efforts. Without Gramma Bea's help, it wouldn't have gotten started. Our family has quite a few tireless, compulsive researchers, such as Walsie Ruble, Jim Baughman, Mary Jane Drake, Glenn Baughman and LaVonna Wood, and parts of this book are made up of the years of digging that they have shared. Without the help of Kory Meyerink, a professional genealogist, I never would have had the framework upon which to hang my own discoveries.

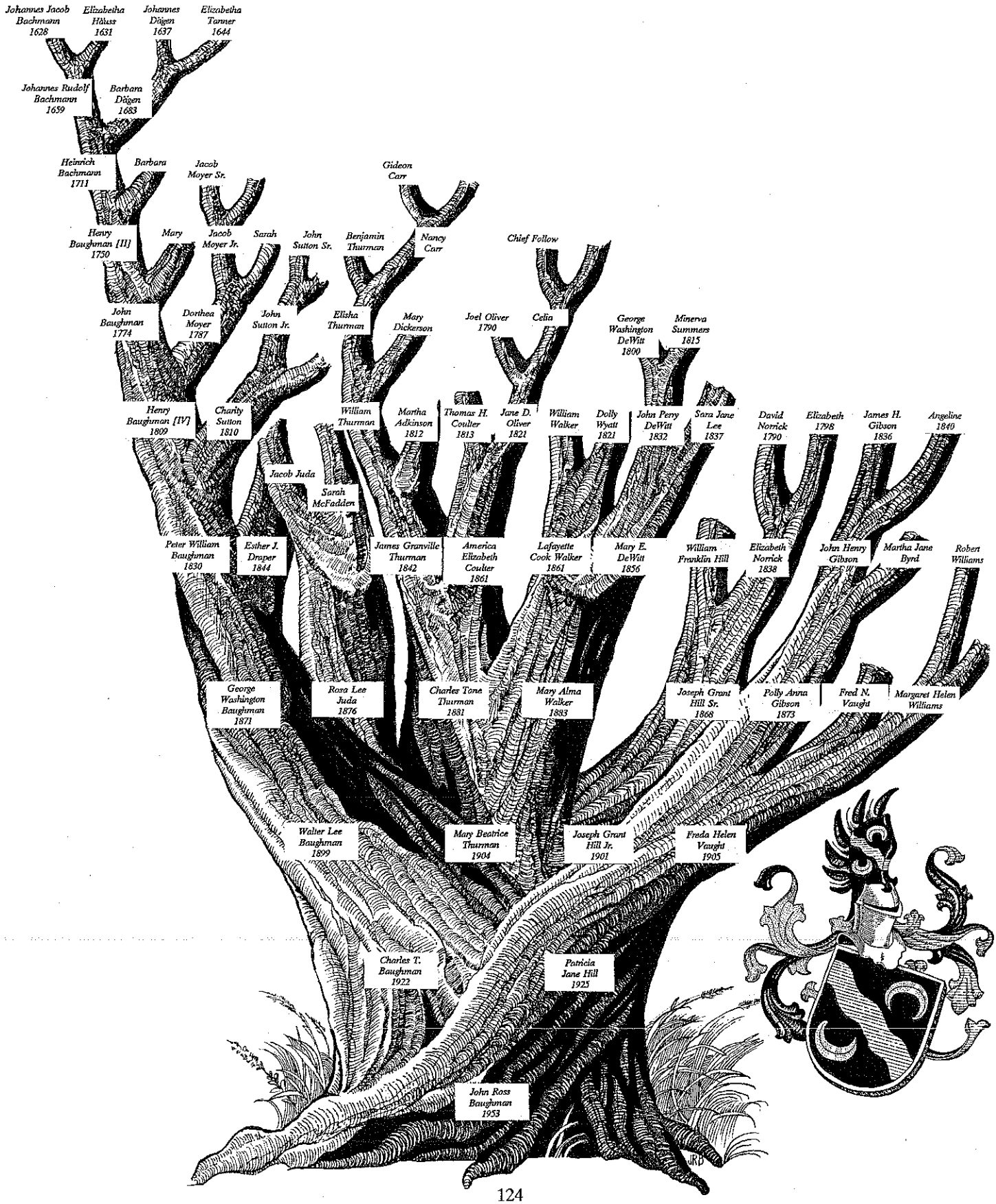
Librarians and archivists made this intimidating search seem manageable. Lloyd Bockstrup at the Dallas Public Library got my Midwestern research rolling, while other regional expertise came from David Rempel-Schmucker in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and Grace Showalter in Harrisonburg, Virginia. At the Staatsarchiv in Zürich, Hans Ulrich Pfister was very patient with my many loose-ended searches.

I am amazed by, and indebted to, strangers who received my phone calls and letters out of the blue and replied so generously. In 15 years of travel as a journalist and teacher, no group of people has turned out to be friendlier than unpaid researchers bitten by the history bug. I'm thinking particularly of Blair Zirkle in the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, Kenneth Wirtmiller in Fredericktown, Missouri, Beulah Linn and Thelma Greene Reagan in Tennessee, and Elaine Wells in Lyons, Illinois.

The kindest friendship I've found amongst all of this comes from Klaus Wust. He makes a living by interpreting German, his native tongue, into English, and doing so with charm and wit. His life-long fascination, though, is for history, even though the years he has spent writing and editing books, journals and articles will never be adequately repaid. He set aside time to decipher old documents with me, and I will always be grateful for the conversations and treasures that he shared. Without a blood responsibility, he still managed to pass on a great deal of the spirit that has gone into this book. ◘ ◘ ◘

CHAPTER V

Family Groupings And Reference Listings


Johannes Jacob Bachmann 1628
Elizabetha Hölzer 1631
Johannes Dägen 1637
Elizabetha Tanner 1644
Johannes Rudolf Bachmann 1659
Barbara Dägen 1683
Heinrich Bachmann 1711
Barbara
Jacob Moyer Sr.
Gideon Carr
Henry Baughman [II] 1750
Mary
Jacob Moyer Jr.
Sarah
John Sutton Sr.
Benjamin Thurman
Nancy Carr
Chief Follow
John Baughman 1774
Dorthea Moyer 1787
John Sutton Jr.
Elisha Thurman
Mary Dickerson
Joel Oliver 1790
Celia
George Washington DeWitt 1800
Minerva Summers 1815
Henry Baughman [IV] 1809
Charity Sutton 1810
William Thurman
Martha Adkinson 1812
Thomas H. Coulter 1813
Jane D. Oliver 1821
William Walker
Dolly Wyatt 1821
John Perry DeWitt 1832
Sara Jane Lee 1837
David Norrick 1790
Elizabeth 1798
James H. Gibson 1836
Angeline 1840
Jacob Juda
Sarah McFadden
Peter William Baughman 1830
Esther J. Draper 1844
James Granville Thurman 1842
America Elizabeth Coulter 1861
Lafayette Cook Walker 1861
Mary E. DeWitt 1856
William Franklin Hill
Elizabeth Norrick 1838
John Henry Gibson
Martha Jane Byrd
Robert Williams
George Washington Baughman 1871
Rosa Lee Juda 1876
Charles Tone Thurman 1881
Mary Alma Walker 1883
Joseph Grant Hill Sr. 1868
Polly Anna Gibson 1873
Fred N. Vaught
Margaret Helen Williams
Walter Lee Baughman 1899
Mary Beatrice Thurman 1904
Joseph Grant Hill Jr. 1901
Freda Helen Vaught 1905
Charles T. Baughman 1922
Patricia Jane Hill 1925
John Ross Baughman 1953

[The double-chevron pointer, ▸▸ , indicates an individual who will later head a family in the author's direct lineage.]

JOHANNES JACOB BACHMANN, nicknamed Jaggli, born 4 April 1628 in Richterswil, Canton Zürich, Switzerland; died also in Richterswil, though the exact date is unknown. His first marriage was to:
_____ _____, of whom nothing is known, except that they had a son:

1.) RUDOLF, born 25 January 1646.

Johannes' second marriage, on 18 November 1651 in Richterswil, was to:
ELIZABETHA HÄUSS, born 23 March 1631. The remaining Bachmann children born to Johannes and Elizabetha in Richterswil during this generation were:

2.) RUDOLF, born 1653. [The choice of this name suggests that the first son has died.]
▸▸ 3.) JOHANNES RUDOLF, born 3 July 1659; died 20 October 1709,
who married Barbara Dägen, born 1 May 1683.
4.) CONRAD, born 3 April 1664.

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JOHANNES RUDOLF BACHMANN, nicknamed *Barrungel* after a red beet, born 3 July 1659 in Richterswil, Canton Zürich, Switzerland; died in Richterswil, though the exact date is unknown. His first marriage was to:
ANNA GOLDSCHMIDT, born 4 April 1655; died circa 1696. In the town's *Verzeichnis* census rolls, they were listed as "Family 3." Two sons were named:

1.) JOHANNES JACOB, born 21 July 1686.
2.) JOHANNES RUDOLF, born 8 October 1693.

Johannes' second marriage, on 20 October 1709 in Richterswil, was to:
BARBARA DÄGEN, born 1 May 1683 to Johannes Dägen and Elizabetha Tanner in Richterswil. Johannes and Barbara had a son named:

▸▸ 3.) HEINRICH, born 13 October 1711; died November 1779 at Holman's Creek, Shenandoah County, Virginia, who married Barbara.

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HEINRICH BACHMANN, anglicized to HENRY BAUGHMAN in Philadelphia, born 13 October 1711 in Richterswil, Canton Zürich, Switzerland; died shortly before 25 November 1779 at Holman's Creek, Shenandoah County, Virginia. Several unreadable limestone grave markers crest the highest hill on his former property, now known as the Doll or Silveus Cemetery. He immigrated to America on 7 February 1739. He married:
BARBARA _____, died circa 1798 at Hudson's Cross Roads, Shenandoah County, Virginia, and was buried there next to her second husband, John Glick Sr. Her children with Heinrich were:

1.) JACOB, died sometime between 1806-1813,
who married Margaret Catherine Neff, born in 1785 to Dr. Jacob Neff.
2.) JOHN, died shortly before 11 October 1802,
who married Ann, born 1773.
▸▸ 3.) HENRY JR., born 1750; died December 1807 in Botetourt County, Virginia.
who married Mary.
4.) ELIZABETH
who first married and had children with _____ Eastep, and after his death remarried, to John Glick Sr., her mother's widower.
5.) ANN, who married Mark Fox, son of Catherine Fox, on 4 June 1785.

HENRY BAUGHMAN JR. [II], born 1750; died December 1807 in Botetourt County, Virginia, married:
Mary Layman, daughter of Benjamin and Catherine Lehman; and their children, most likely all born at Holman's Creek, Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, are:

1.) JOHN, born December 1774 at Holman's Creek; died January 1857 at Crooked Creek, Carroll County, Arkansas [later renamed Harrison in Boone County],
who married Dorthea Moyer, born 25 December 1787 in Botetourt County, Virginia; died 14 September 1873 at Marble Creek, Iron County, Missouri.
2.) BARBARA, BORN 1767
who married Matthew Howard on 20 March 1802 in Botetourt County, Virginia.
3.) POLLY
who married William Cooper on 29 December 1801 in Botetourt County, Virginia.
4.) HENRY [III]
who married Elizabeth Manners on 1 July 1809.

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JOHN BAUGHMAN, born December 1774 at Holman's Creek, Shenandoah County, Virginia; died January 1857 at Crooked Creek, Carroll County [renamed Harrison, in Boone County], Arkansas, and was buried nearby at the Old Milam/Liberty Cemetery in a grave that is no longer identifiable. He was married on 21 January 1805 in Botetourt County to:
DORTHEA MOYER, nicknamed Dolly, born 25 December 1787 in Botetourt County, Virginia to Jacob Moyer Jr. and Sarah; died 14 September 1873 at Marble Creek [redistricted from Madison County], Iron County, Missouri and was buried there. Their children, all born in Jones Cove Valley, Sevier County, Tennessee, were:

1.) HENRY [IV], born 1809; died 1882 at Harrison, Arkansas,
who married Charity Sutton, born 1810 in Tennessee; died 1864 at Crooked Creek, near Harrison, Arkansas.
2.) AMANDA, born 1811; died 25 August 1831,
who married Nicholas Thomure on 2 June 1831 in Madison County, Missouri.
3.) JACOB, born 1813,
who married Lenis McClard on 10 June 1830 in Madison County, Missouri [by Baptist Minister Peter Williams].
4.) SARAH, born 7 September 1814; died 16 October 1878,
who married John Joseph Sutton, born 2 May 1806 to John Sutton Jr.; died 10 May 1872.
5.) ELIZABETH, born 1816; died 1858,
who married Leonard Sutton, son of John Sutton Jr.
6.) JOHN W., born 1818; died ca. 1858,
who married Mary Sutton, daughter of John Sutton Jr.
7.) WILLIAM, born 1820,
who married Mahala Freeman, born in Indiana.
8.) GIDEON, born 27 December 1821; died 1898 at Harrison, Arkansas.
who married Elizabeth Harriet.
9.) ELIZA P., born 1826,
who married John Leach.

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HENRY BAUGHMAN [IV], born 1809 in Jones Cove Valley, Sevier County, Tennessee; died 1882 at Crooked Creek, near Harrison, Boone County, Arkansas, and was buried nearby at the Old Milam/Liberty Cemetery in a grave that is no longer identifiable. He was first married 24 September 1829 at Marble Creek, Madison County, Missouri to:

CHARITY SUTTON, born 1810 in Tennessee to John Sutton Jr.; died 1864 at Crooked Creek, Carroll County [soon renamed Harrison, Boone County] in Arkansas. Their children were:

▸▸ 1.) PETER WILLIAM [I], born 11 October 1830 at Marble Creek, Madison County, Missouri; died in the spring of 1904 near Cornette's Ferry, Cedar Creek, Scott Township, Taney County, Missouri, who was married to Rebecca [1848], Esther J. Draper [1863] and Jane A. Kysar Lewis Greenwood [1875].

2.) LEWIS LAFAYETTE [I], born 11 January 1832 at Orton, Missouri; died 23 March 1872 at Harrison, Boone County, Arkansas,
who was married on 13 July 1853 to Elander Lizine Milam, born 18 August 1832; died 24 January 1925 at Harrison, Arkansas

3.) JOSEPH HENRY, born March 1836,
who first married Harriet E. Patton, born 1839 to Henry Patton; and later Elizabeth Leach, daughter of John Leach.

4.) JACOB, born 21 October 1837 in Madison County, Missouri; died 14 August 1919 in Susanville, Lassen County, California,
who married Mary Olive Milam, born 1842 to Isaac Milam and Rebecca Pickard.

5.) ELIZA J., born 1841 at Crooked Creek, Carroll County, Arkansas.

6.) JOHN WESLEY, born 6 January 1843 at Crooked Creek; died 16 October 1922 in Harrison, Arkansas, and was buried nearby at the Old Milam/Liberty Cemetery,
who was married on 8 December 1870 to Sara Louise Milam, born 19 May 1844; died 16 August 1936.

7.) TIPTON, born 1845 at Crooked Creek; buried at the cemetery in Denver, Arkansas,
who was married on 31 August 1871 to Basheba Milam, born 26 January 1853 to Sam Milam and Drecilla Ragsdale; died December 1934, buried next to Tipton. Their children were Jemmy, Rosetta and Ernest.

8.) MARY ELIZABETH, born 1847,
who married John Capps and had Charity, Nettie and Ambrose.

9.) GEORGE WASHINGTON [I], born 1849.
who was married on 29 June 1878 to Martha E. Buie and had four children with her.

10.) SARAH A., born 1852, and was said to have died during the Civil War.

After his wife Charity died during the Civil War, in 1864, Henry Baughman [IV] remarried, to:

REBECCA MILAM SUTTON, sister of Isaac Milam and widow of Tip Sutton, who had died during the Civil War. Henry and Rebecca had one son:

11.) SEABORN R., born 22 September 1869; died 16 December 1935,
who was married in 1888 to Mary Hickenbottom, nicknamed Molly, born 18 June 1874; died 30 May 1952 in Boone County, Arkansas.

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PETER WILLIAM BAUGHMAN [I], born 11 October 1830 at Marble Creek, Madison County, Missouri; died in the spring of 1904 near Cornette's Ferry, Cedar Creek, Scott Township, Taney County, Missouri; buried next to his third wife, Jane, and his daughter Margaret E. Baughman Brown, in Cedar Creek's McCarty Cemetery. His first marriage, about 1848, was to:

REBECCA _____, a Blackfoot Indian, born 1828 in Taney County, Missouri; died sometime between 1860-1862. Their children, all born at Crooked Creek, Carroll County, Arkansas, were:

1.) ELIZABETH, born 1849,
2.) JOHN H. [or W.?], born 1851.
who married Kissiah E. _____, born 1851 in Missouri to parents from Indiana.
3.) MALINDA F., born 1853,
who was married in July 1870 to Robert Draper, born 1847 in Missouri.
4.) SARAH F. [or A.?], born 1855
5.) JOSEPH E., born 1857

Peter's second marriage, following the death of Rebecca, sometime between 1861-1863, was to:

ESTHER J. DRAPER, born 1844 in Missouri; died sometime around 1873 in Missouri. Their children, all born at Cedar Creek, Taney County, Missouri, were:

6.) PETER WILLIAM [II], born 1864; died 1925 [?].
▸▸ 7.) GEORGE WASHINGTON [II], born 1 August 1871; died 9 January 1954 in Ida, Oklahoma,
who was married on 20 May 1894 in Cedar Creek to Rosa Lee Juda, born 10 March 1876; died 13 January 1954 near Wapanucka, Oklahoma.
8.) LEWIS LAFAYETTE [II], born 13 November 1873

Peter's third marriage, in 1875 following the death of Esther, was to:

JANE ANGELINE KYSAR LEWIS GREENWOOD, born January 1855; died in 1897. Their children were:

9.) MARY ANGELINE GREENWOOD, a daughter from Jane's previous marriage,
who married _____ King, and had Flora, Ruth, Robert and Effie; and was later married to _____ Reeves.
10.) DORATHY, born 1883 at Cedar Creek; buried at the Coble Cemetery, southwest of Cedar Creek,
who married William Parrish and had Sally, Tom Luther, Lydia, Leona, George, Jess, Rhoda and Ben.
11.) RHODA ELLEN, born 20 June 1885 at Cedar Creek, Taney County, Missouri; died 11 October 1949; buried at the McCarty Cemetery,
who was married on 24 December 1901 to Thomas Jefferson Collins, born 14 February 1868; died 3 May 1931, and had a baby who died, Ruth Marie, Bess Mae, Audra Gertrude, Bertha Alice, Thomas Howard, James Truman, Edna LaVon, Kirby and Mary Catherine.
12.) MARGARET E., born 6 November 1887 at Cedar Creek; died 23 January 1920; buried at the McCarty Cemetery,
who married Robert Brown, and had George.
13.) ALICE VICTORIA, born February 1890 at Cedar Creek,
who married _____ Nally, and had Pearl and Charles; and then married Howard Sizemore, and had Howard Jr.
14.) FLOYD C., born August 1893 at Cedar Creek,
who was married on 18 May 1912 to Elsie Collins, and had William, Eileen, Gladys and Grover.

Peter was reported to have three other children, about whom only the following is known:

15.) GERTRUDE, born at Checotah, Oklahoma
16.) DORRIS, a son, born 20 June 1904; died 22 December 1975; buried at Gobbler's Knob Cemetery in Hollister, Taney County,
who was married on 10 July 1928 to Clara O. Lewallen, born 11 June 1909; died 4 February 1985.
17.) [_____?_____]

GEORGE WASHINGTON BAUGHMAN [II], born 1 August 1871 in Cedar Creek, Scott Township, Taney County, Missouri; died 9 January 1954 in Ada, Pontotoc County, Oklahoma, and was buried in Wapanucka, Johnston County, Oklahoma. He was married on 20 May 1893 at Cedar Creek to:

ROSA LEE JUDA, born 10 March 1876 to Jacob Juda and Sara McFadden; died 13 January 1954 near Wapanucka, Oklahoma. Their children, all born at Cedar Creek, were:

1.) PETER WILLIAM [III], born 26 October 1894; died 25 September 1918 from blood poisoning, after cutting a pimple on his face while shaving; buried at the Coble Cemetery, southwest of Cedar Creek, who was married on 3 July 1914 to Beulah Bagley, with whom he had a daughter.

2.) SILAS ALEC, born 15 February 1897; died 28 August 1973 in Claremore, Oklahoma, who was married on 21 September 1920 to Pearl Brown, a schoolteacher in Taney County.

▸▸ 3.) WALTER LEE, born 30 May 1899; died 22 December 1955 near Doyle, Lassen County, California, who married Mary Beatrice Thurman [1921]), Iva Dean Gibson [1927], Haden Hayworth [1949] and Ruth Opal Bishop [1950].

4.) LEVI TRUETT, born 3 November 1901; died 31 January 1959, who was married on 29 October 1921 to Lucy Clemons, born 4 July 1901; died 26 May 1982, and had L.T., who was married on 12 May 1942 to Mollie Blakely.

5.) JESSE LAFAYETTE, born 3 July 1904; died 7 May 1965, who was married on 2 June 1927 to Pauline Latta, born 8 October 1908; died 16 January 1980.

6.) EMMA ALBERTA MAY, born 15 May 1908; died 11 January in Atoka, Oklahoma, who married William F. Gibson [1930] and David Aaron Barris [1937].

7.) GEORGE NORVIN, born 30 September 1914, who was married on 10 July 1936 to Teresa Tudor, born 4 April 1921.

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WALTER LEE BAUGHMAN, born 30 May 1899 at Cedar Creek, Scott Township, Taney County, Missouri; died 22 December 1955 at Doyle, Lassen County, California. Although he married four times, his only child was borne by his first wife:

MARY BEATRICE THURMAN, nicknamed Pudd (as in pudding dessert) or Bea, born 2 June 1904 at Forsyth, Taney County, Missouri, to Charles Tone Thurman and Mary Alma Walker; died 5 January 1986 at Skaggs Community Hospital, Branson, Taney County, Missouri. Their son was named:

▸▸ 1.) C.T., later he took the first name CHARLES, born 6 June 1922 at Cedar Creek, Taney County, Missouri, who married Wanda Lee Moore [1939], Patricia Jane Hill [1946], Anne Johnson May [1971] and Elizabeth Seymour [1986].

Walter later married Iva Dean Gibson, and adopted her daughter Vernia [now Mrs. Victor Downing of Atoka, Oklahoma]. His third wife was Bea's cousin, Haden Hayworth, daughter of Mack Hayworth and Hattie Cenath Walker. Haden remarried later, to a Mr. Spring. Bea later married Gordon James [1937], Dr. John Ross Wise [1942], born 8 October 1899 in Boaz, Greene County, Missouri; died 20 December 1967 in Branson, Taney County, Missouri; and lived out her remaining years with Simon Griss.

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CHARLES T. BAUGHMAN, nicknamed Toots and later Chuck, born 6 June 1922 at Cedar Creek, Taney County, Missouri, was married for the first time from 1939-1946 to Wanda Lee Moore, but they had no children. His second marriage, on 4 May 1946 in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, was to:

PATRICIA JANE HILL, born 15 August 1925 at Wichita, Sedgwick County, Kansas, to Joseph Grant Hill Jr. and Freda Helen Vaught. Chuck and Pat's children, born in Dearborn, Wayne County, Michigan, were:

1.) MARY ANN, born 6 November 1948, who was married on 1 July 1972 to Alfred Bittner in Amherst, Lorain County, Ohio, and had Brinka Süssen.

2.) CHARLES THOMAS, born 19 January 1951.

▸▸ 3.) JOHN ROSS, born 7 May 1953, who was married on 9 May 1987 in Ephrata, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania to Jonalyn Sue Schuon, born 12 March 1961 in Allentown, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania to Marshall Jean Schuon and Loleen Ruth Cartwright.

BENJAMIN THURMAN, of South West Mountain, circa 1790, Albemarle County, Virginia
son of Phillip Thurman "of the Colonial Wars and the Revolution,"
who married:
NANCY CARR, daughter of Gideon Carr.

1.) FENDALL C., left in 1827 for western Tennessee, near Memphis
after marrying Ann Royster of Goochland, Virginia. Their children were Edward, Janetta and Catherine.
2.) SUSAN, who married John Rothwell on 7 January 1799 in Albemarle County.
3.) SARAH, who married Austin Sandridge in 1799 in Albemarle County.
4.) MARY, who married John Gentry.
5.) ANN, who married Micajah W. Carr.
▸▸ 6.) ELISHA, who married Mary Dickerson in 1816.
7.) LUCY

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ELISHA THURMAN, a veteran of the War of 1812
who married in 1816:
MARY DICKERSON, daughter of Wiley Dickerson, to whom the following children were born:

1.) DANIEL WILSON, born 24 July 1817; died 4 October 1864; buried at the Kissee Cemetery near Forsyth, Taney County, Missouri, who married Cynthia _____, born 20 November 1818; died 3 September 1885.
2.) FENDALL D.
▸▸ 3.) R_____, born 10 March 1820; died 13 August 1898; buried at the Taneyville Cemetery, in Taney County.
4.) WILLIAM, who married twice, the second time to Martha Adkinson.
5.) ANN, who married James Wheeler.
6.) MARY, who married John Carr.
7.) THOMAS LINDSAY
8.) CAROLINE, who married William H. Peyton.
9.) BENJAMIN W.
10.) THEODORE LINDSAY, who married Homieselle Victoria Quaintence

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WILLIAM THURMAN, died circa 1850,
who first married:
_____ _____, about whom only their son is known:

1.) GENERAL, born 1838, a Taney County clerk in 1908; buried in Branson, Taney County, Missouri, who married _____, and had four children: Sterl, Red, Priscilla and "Black" Jim of Texas.

Following the death of this first wife, he remarried, to:
MARTHA ADKINSON, born 5 May 1812; died 22 April 1867; buried at the Snapp Cemetery, Forsyth, Taney County, Missouri. They lived on a farm in Prairie Township, Taney County, Missouri in 1850 and had at least four children:

▸▸ 2.) JAMES GRANVILLE, born 25 August 1842; died 20 February 1915; buried at the Snapp Cemetery, who was married to Phoebe _____ [1861], and America Elizabeth Coulter [1879].
3.) W.R., born 1844
4.) MARY F., born 1847, who married G. Green Stallcup, and had four children: Leddie, Rebecca, Susie and Roy.
5.) J., born 1850

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JAMES GRANVILLE THURMAN, nicknamed Dee, born 25 August 1842; died 20 February 1915 after being bedridden for two weeks as the result of "a fatty heart," near Forsyth, Taney County, Missouri; buried at the Snapp Cemetery. His first marriage was to:

PHOEBE HENRY, born 18 April 1844; died 19 April 1878. Their children, all born in Taney County, Missouri, were:

1.) MARTHA, born 16 March 1862; died 19 April 1867.
2.) FRANCES E., born 23 October 1864; died December 1880.
3.) JOHN W., born 1867; died winter of 1918 of a gunshot wound [by murder suspect _____ Penneston, but suicide not ruled out]; buried at Snapp Cemetery,
who was first married on 18 March 1886 to Phoebe Wade and had James W., Henry, Walter, Jess, John, Ernest and Bessie; and then to Anna Williams, born 1891; died 1965. [From James W.'s marriage to Anna came Jess, whose son Vernon had a son Keith, friend of Mary Ann Baughman.]
4.) ARILDA PORTIA, born 8 March 1870; died 13 February 1945; buried at Snapp Cemetery,
who was married in 1890 to Jim Rose and had two daughters: Lula Mae, and Etta, who died young.
5.) WILLIAM F., born 16 April 1874; died 16 October 1874.
6.) DAVID, born 1 October 1876; died 1 November 1876.
7.) _____, born and died April 1878.

Following Phoebe's death, Dee remarried, on 16 January 1879, to:

AMERICA ELIZABETH COULTER, born 17 April 1861 to Thomas Coulter and Jane Oliver; died 20 January 1929 after a sudden flu, in Forsyth, Taney County, Missouri, and buried next to Dee. Their children, all born in Forsyth, were:

►► 8.) CHARLES TONE, born 13 June 1881; died 28 May 1973 in Springfield, Greene County, Missouri,
who was married on 14 October 1900 to Mary Alma Walker, born 1 September 1883; died 5 September 1971. They had seven children.
9.) NANCY MARGARET, born 1 October 1884; buried at the Ozark Memorial Cemetery in Branson,
who first married Walter Johnson; and later Kern Johnson, with whom she had a son named Richard.
10.) NELLIE, born 29 January 1886; died 12 January 1969; buried at Walnut Shade's Cemetery, Taney County,
who married Dominic Ingenthron, nicknamed B.J., and had a son, Homer.
11.) HENDERSON LEE, born 11 October 1890; died 15 January 1950; buried at Anadarko, Oklahoma,
who married Myrtle Rose [1907] and Delia Robreck.
12.) ROSE, who died young.
13.) DAISY, born 19 January 1893; died 26 September 1968; buried 30 September in Springfield's Rivermonte Cemetery,
who married William McCarty, and had a daughter, Ethyl.
14.) COLONEL D., born 10 September 1893; died 16 September 1893.
15.) ERNEST H., born 8 September 1895; died 10 December 1895.
16.) JAMES G., born 15 February 1897; died 16 May 1897.
17.) LONEY E., a son born 22 January 1899, died 14 February 1899.
18.) WINNIE, born January 1900; died 30 October 1900.
19.) ISAAC MONTGOMERY, nicknamed Gum, born 18 March 1902; died 22 November 1967; buried at Snapp Cemetery, who married Chloe Casey, and had four children: James Paul, born 20 September 1925, died 6 April 1931; Virginia May, born 26 October 1931, died 23 May 1948; Marlene and Garland.
20.) _____, born 18 August 1903; died 8 September 1903.
21.) _____, who died young.

Dee was a lifelong member of the General Baptist Church at Sardis, Pleasant Hill, near Swan Township, Taney County, Missouri. Elizabeth remarried in May 1926 in Hollister, Taney County, to Judge Palmer, a preacher. Their marriage lasted until the spring of 1928.

LAFAYETTE COOK WALKER, nicknamed Fate, born 29 November 1861 in Kissee Mills, Taney County, Missouri; died of a heart attack and hypertension on 26 August 1940 on his farm near the town of Mildred, not far from Forsyth; buried at Forsyth's Snapp Cemetery. He was married on 3 December 1882 at home in Mildred, to:

MARY ELIZA DEWITT, born 23 June 1856 in Illinois [Indiana ?] to John Perry DeWitt and Sara J. Lee; died April 1937 at home in Mildred; buried at Snapp Cemetery. Their children, all born in Taney County, were named:

▸▸ 1.) MARY ALMA, born 1 September 1883; died 5 September 1971,
who was married on 14 October 1900 to C.T. Thurman, born 13 June 1881; died 28 May 1973.

2.) HATTIE CENATH, born 9 December 1885; died December 1982,
who was married on 22 October 1905 to Mack Haworth, born 1888; died 14 July 1945 in Bakersfield, California. They had Lawrence, Haden, Anne, Evelyn and Myrle.

3.) JAMES

4.) COLUMBUS

5.) JAKE

6.) EMMA

7.) GEORGIA

8.) MAY

Fate Walker was baptized and converted from agnosticism to Christianity on 2 August 1912, and thereafter attended the General Baptist Church at Sardis, Pleasant Hill, near Forsyth.

° ° °

THOMAS H. COULTER, born 1813 in Tennessee, [son of Anderson Coulter ?]
married:

JANE D. OLIVER, born 6 May 1821 to Joel Oliver of North Carolina and Celia, daughter of Cherokee Chief Follow, (known to his tribe as A-s-da-wa-dv-s-d or A-s-da-wa-di-sv) of Coosawattee, Georgia;[99] died 20 December 1909. Their children were named:

1.) FRANCIS, a daughter, born 1835; died 1928,
who married Richard Gimlin.

2.) MARY JANE, born 11 August 1841; died 20 February 1910,
who married Col. Benton Stallcup.

3.) THOMAS A., born 1845,
who married Virginia Walker, from Missouri, born 1846; died 1921; buried at the Old Forsyth Cemetery, Taney County, and had two children: Sarah J., born 1868 & Amanda E., born December 1869.

4.) JAMES N., born 1849 in Arkansas; later became a blacksmith.

5.) WILLIAM J., born 1852, who "went to Canada and was never heard from."

6.) SARAH FRANCIS, born 1854,
who married _____ Hamilton.

7.) MARTHA E., born 1856.

8.) SAMUEL H., born 1858; later became an undertaker,
who married Lucy Maxwell and had Jesse, Niva, Willa, Arch and Truman.

▸▸ 9.) AMERICA ELIZABETH, born 17 April 1861; died 20 January 1929 at Forsyth, Taney County, Missouri,
who was married on 16 January 1879 to J.G. Thurman, born 25 August 1842; died 20 February 1915.

10.) LAURA E., nicknamed Lu, born 1864,
who married _____ Leonard.

Jane Oliver Coulter was often remembered as being engaged with her grandson, Henderson Lee, in good-natured teasing, as she smoked a reed-stem clay pipe while sitting in the pressback rocking chair recently refurbished by the author.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DEWITT, born circa 1800 in London [or Loudon County ?], Virginia; died 19 October 1864 in McCord, Stone County, Missouri,
who was married on 29 January 1832 at Galena, Stone County, Missouri to:
MINERVA SUMMERS, born 1815 in Indiana. They divorced after 20 years. They had the following three children:

▸▸ 1.) JOHN PERRY, born 2 July 1832 in Macon County, Missouri; died 23 December 1898 in Taney County, Missouri, who married Sara J. Lee, and later Rebecca _____.
2.) WILLIAM L.
3.) SARAH E.

In the 1850 U.S. Census, G.W. DeWitt was listed as a farmer in Campbell Township, Greene County, Missouri. George W. DeWitt enlisted 29 November 1861 as a confederate private in Company B, 6th Regiment Cavalry, of the Missouri Volunteers. He received a disability discharge on 10 December 1863 on account of chronic diarrhea.

° ° °

JOHN PERRY DEWITT, born 2 July 1832 in Macon County, Missouri; died 23 December 1898 in Taney County, Missouri; buried at the Meadows Cemetery beside the Pine Ridge Church in Taney County. His first marriage was to:
SARA JANE LEE, born 1837 in Indiana; died 1860. Their children were:

1.) WILLIAM L., born 1853; and had three children
▸▸ 2.) MARY ELIZA, born 23 June 1856 in Forsyth, Taney County, Missouri; died 1937 in Springfield, Greene County, Missouri, who was married on 3 December 1882 to Lafayette Cook Walker and had two daughters
3.) JAMES, born 1857,
and had three daughters, including Jessie and Nora.
4.) Gerome, who died in infancy

Upon the death of Sara, John was remarried, to:
REBECCA WILKERSON, born 1845; died 1908; buried next to John at Meadows Cemetery. Their children were:

4.) SARAH JANE, born 1864; died 1937
5.) ANNE, born 1865
6.) JOSEPH, born 1867
7.) JACOB PERRY, born 1869
8.) THOMAS BENTON, born 1871
9.) ANDREW JACKSON, born 1873; died 1937
10.) MARGARET NORA, born 1876
11.) EMMALINE, born 1879
12.) REBECCA, born 1881
13.) NANCY GEORGIA, born 1884
14.) MAE, born 1886

John Perry DeWitt enlisted 22 August 1862 as a confederate private in Company F, 8th Regiment Cavalry, of the Missouri Volunteers. He received a disability discharge on 12 March 1863 on account of gangrene afflicting his right ankle. His military papers described him as "5'6" with dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion; a farmer."

° ° °

JACOB MOYER JR., born in Virginia to Jacob Moyer the immigrant; died circa 1795. [Buried in the Noffsinger Cemetery, Botetourt County, Virginia ?]
He was married to:
SARAH _____, about whom nothing more is known. Their children were named:

▸▸ 1.) DORTHEA, born 25 December 1787 in Botetourt County, Virginia; died 14 September 1873 at Marble Creek, Iron County, Missouri,
who was married on 21 January 1805 in Botetourt County, Virginia, to John Baughman, born December 1774 in Shenandoah County, Virginia; died January 1857 at Crooked Creek, Carroll County, Arkansas.
2.) ADAM
3.) ELIZABETH

Jacob Moyer served as a corporal at General Washington's Valley Forge headquarters, appearing on the muster roll during May 1778 of the company first commanded by Captain Daniel Burchardt, and later by Captain Peter Boyer, in the German Regiment led by Lieutenant-Colonel Ludwig Weltner. This unit existed from 27 June 1776 to 3 October 1780. Jacob Moyer was listed in the 1785 census for Botetourt County, Virginia, as head of a household of 11 souls living in one dwelling.

° ° °

JACOB JUDA
was married to:
SARA MCFADDEN, and they had children named:

1.) EMMIE
2.) ELEXANDER E., a son nicknamed Elec, born November 1872 in Chariton Township, Randolph County, Missouri
3.) HATTIE,
who married _____ Vawter in Arcadia, Los Angeles County, California.
▸▸ 4.) ROSA LEE, born 10 March 1876; died 13 January 1954 at the Hardwood Community, Coal County, Oklahoma,
who was married on 20 May 1894 in Cedar Creek, Taney County, Missouri, to George W. Baughman, born 1 August 1871 in Cedar Creek; died 9 January 1954 in Ada, Pontotoc County, Oklahoma.
5.) _____, a daughter.

° ° °

WILLIAM FRANKLIN HILL, born 4 January 1832 in Greensburg [or Greensboro ?], Maryland; died 16 February 1908, was married on 14 May 1857 in Mansfield, Richland County, Ohio, to:
ELIZABETH NORRICK, born 2 March 1838 in Scio, Harrison County, Ohio [to David Norrick ?]. Among their eight children were:

1.) RAPUNSEL
▸▸ 2.) JOSEPH GRANT, born 10 August 1868 in Mansfield; died 14 September 1947 in Stillwater, Payne County, Oklahoma,
who married Polly Anna Gibson, born 6 December 1873 in Aurora, Lawrence County, Missouri; died 5 November 1967 in Stillwater.
3.) _____, a son
4.) _____, a son

° ° °

JOSEPH GRANT HILL, born 10 August 1868 in Mansfield, Richland County, Ohio; died from a stroke on 14 September 1947 in Stillwater, Payne County, Oklahoma; buried at Stillwater's Fairlawn Cemetery [Block 1-A, Section 3, Row 7, Space 19; next to his wife in plot 20, and his son in plot 21]. He was married on 14 May 1893 to:

POLLY ANNA GIBSON, born 6 December 1873 in Aurora, Lawrence County, Missouri, to John Henry Gibson and Martha Jane Byrd; died 5 November 1967 in Stillwater. Their children were named:

1.) FAYE,
who married Riland Scott, and had children named Riland Jr., Chloe Ann and Ruth.

2.) RUTH,
who married Phillip A. Wilber of Guthrie, Logan County, Oklahoma, and had children named Richard and Martha Lou. [They lived at 315 Knoblock, in Stillwater.]

▸▸ 3.) JOSEPH GRANT JR., born 19 December 1901 in Gotebo, Harrison Township, Kiowa County, Oklahoma; died 14 April 1969 in Stillwater,
who married Freda Helen Vaught, born 1905.

° ° °

JOSEPH GRANT HILL JR., born 19 December 1901 in Gotebo, Harrison Township, Kiowa County, Oklahoma; died 14 April 1969 in Stillwater, Payne County, Oklahoma; buried at Stillwater's Fairlawn Cemetery, next to his parents. He married:

FREDA HELEN VAUGHT, born 1905 and later lived in Ponca City, Kay County, Oklahoma. Their children were named:

1.) ELIZABETH JOSEPHINE, born 1921

2.) RICHARD VAUGHT, born 1923

▸▸ 3.) PATRICIA JANE, born 15 August 1925 in Wichita, Sedgwick County, Kansas,
who was married first on 4 May 1946 in Oklahoma City to Charles T. Baughman, born 6 June 1922 in Cedar Creek, Taney County, Missouri. This marriage ended in divorce on 4 September 1971. Her second marriage on 4 December 1971 was to Frank Lucas, but divorcing him on 4 September 1972.

° ° °

JOHN HENRY GIBSON
married
MARTHA JANE BYRD. Their children were named:

▸▸ 1.) POLLY ANNA, born 6 December 1873 in Aurora, Lawrence County, Missouri; died 5 November 1967,
who married Joseph Grant Hill Sr., born 10 August 1868 in Mansfield, Ohio; died 14 September 1947 in Stillwater, Payne County, Oklahoma.

2.) DOLLY,
who married _____ Lee, and lived in Alexandria, Virginia.

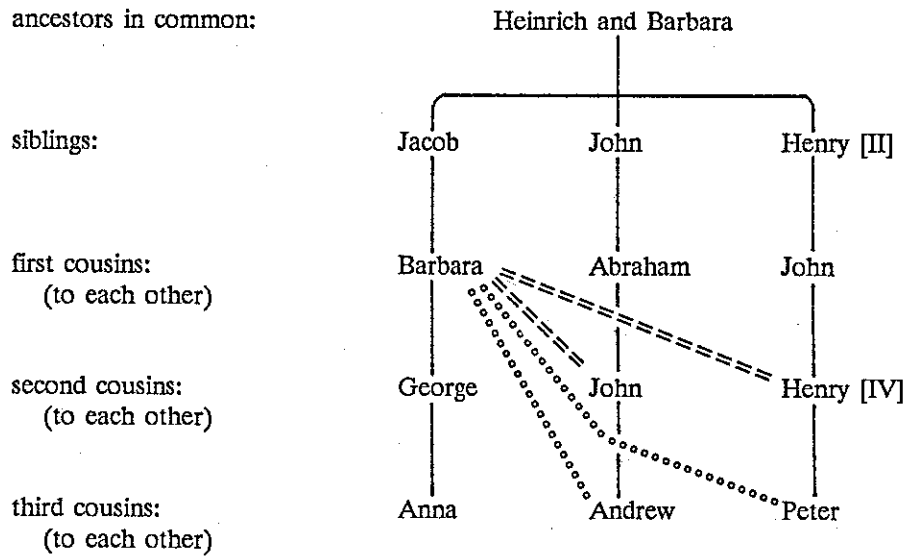
3.) JOHN

4.) THOMAS

° ° °

FRED N. VAUGHT, who had a pool hall in Ponca City, Kay County, Oklahoma,
married
MARGARET HELEN WILLIAMS, daughter of Robert Williams. Their only child was named:

▸▸ 1.) FREDA HELEN VAUGHT, born 1905,
who married Joseph Grant Hill Jr., born 19 December 1901; died 14 April 1969. ◘ ◘ ◘



"First cousins, once removed" [see ==] are the children of your first cousin. John and Henry [IV] are Barbara's first cousins, once removed. Sometimes confusingly, they may also be called "second cousins," although technically they are not. Cousins from earlier generations are referred to as collateral ancestors, to distinguish them from direct ancestors.

"First cousins, twice removed" [see ∘∘∘∘] are the children of first cousins, once removed. Andrew and Peter are Barbara's first cousins, twice removed.

"Cousins by marriage" are spouses of your cousins.

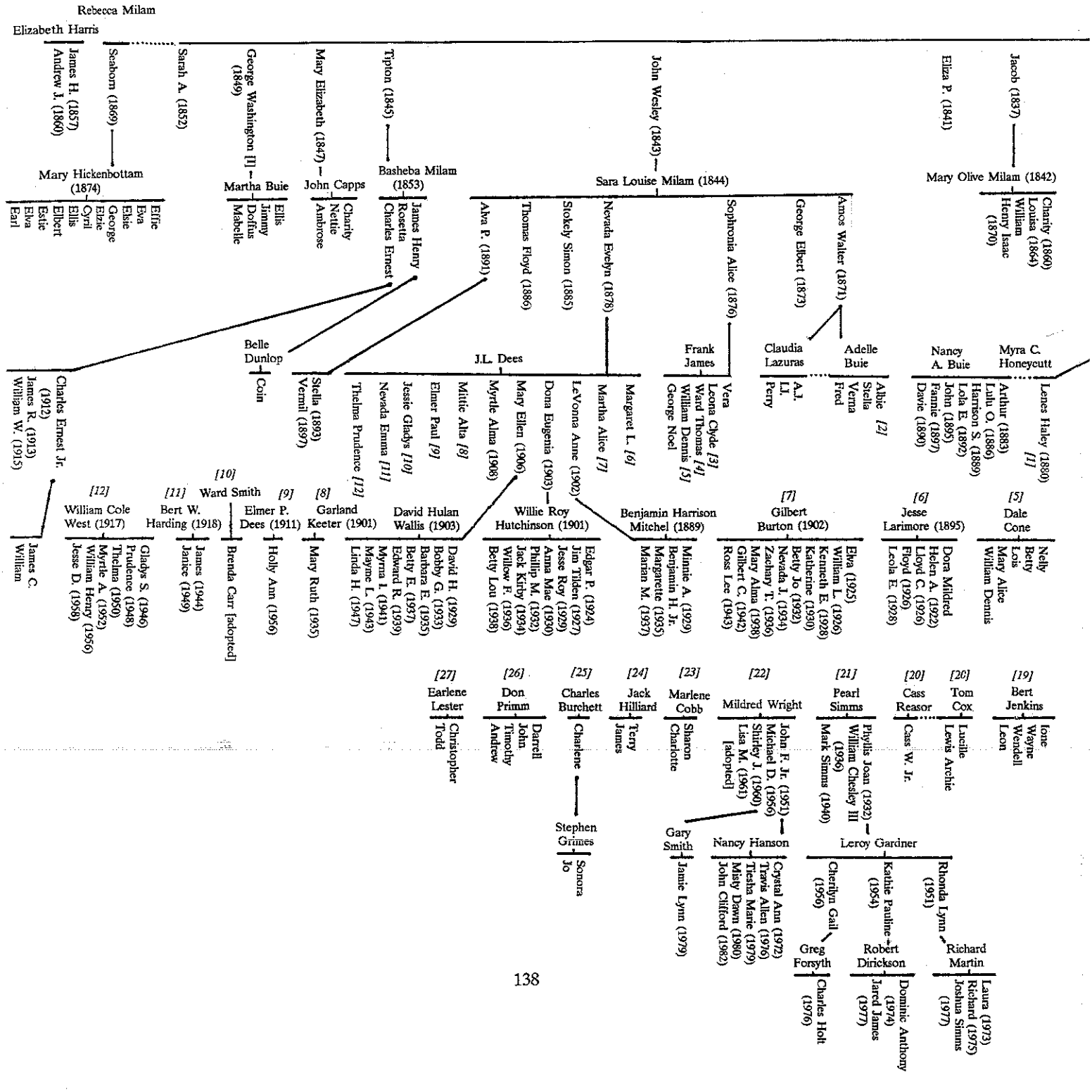
∘ ∘ ∘

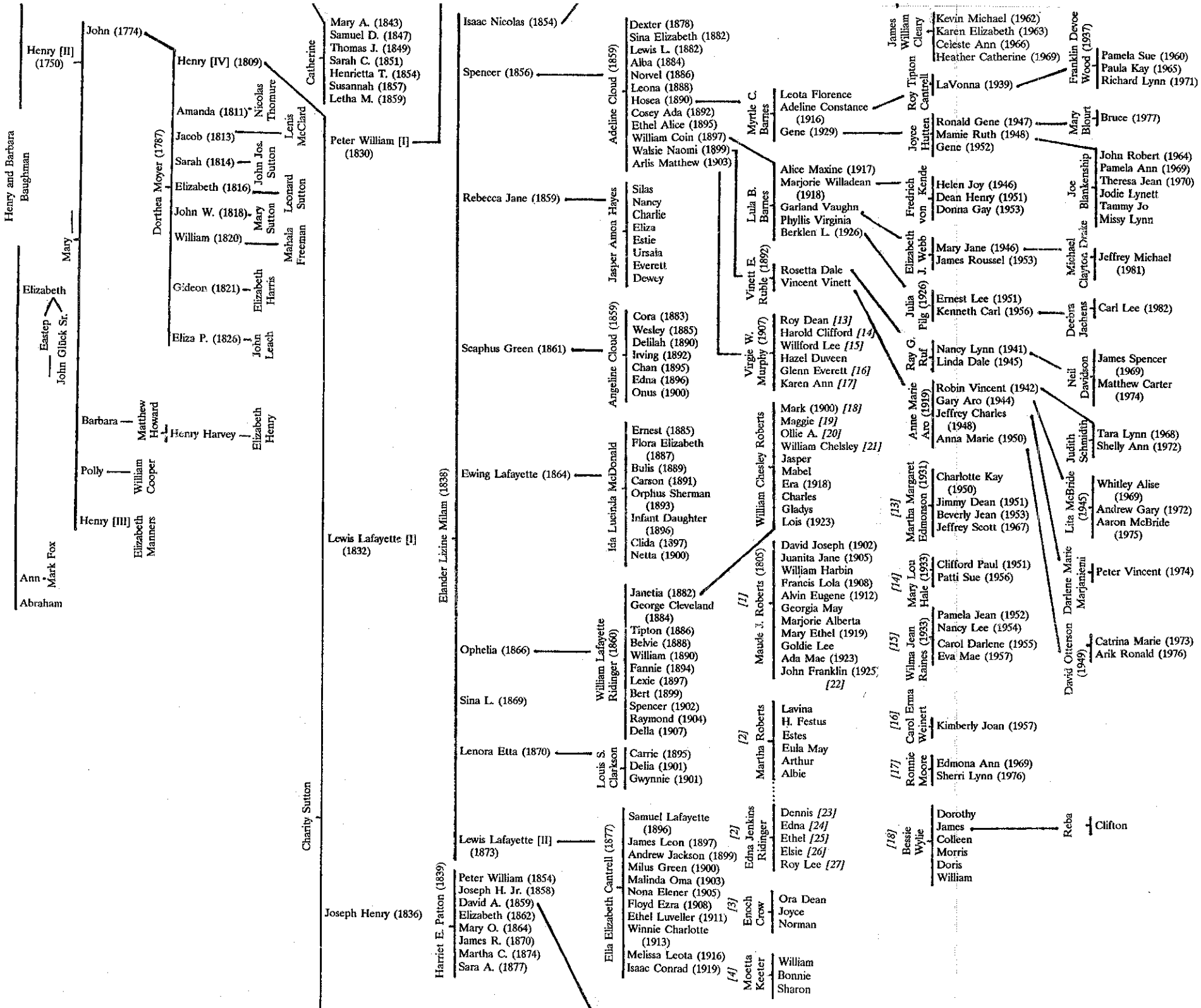
Each generation stretching back into the past has twice as many genetic contributors as the one before it. Only ten generations ago, about 1739, 512 parents had to have been involved. Across just those ten generations, a total of 1,022 ancestors were necessary to the creation of any single individual today.

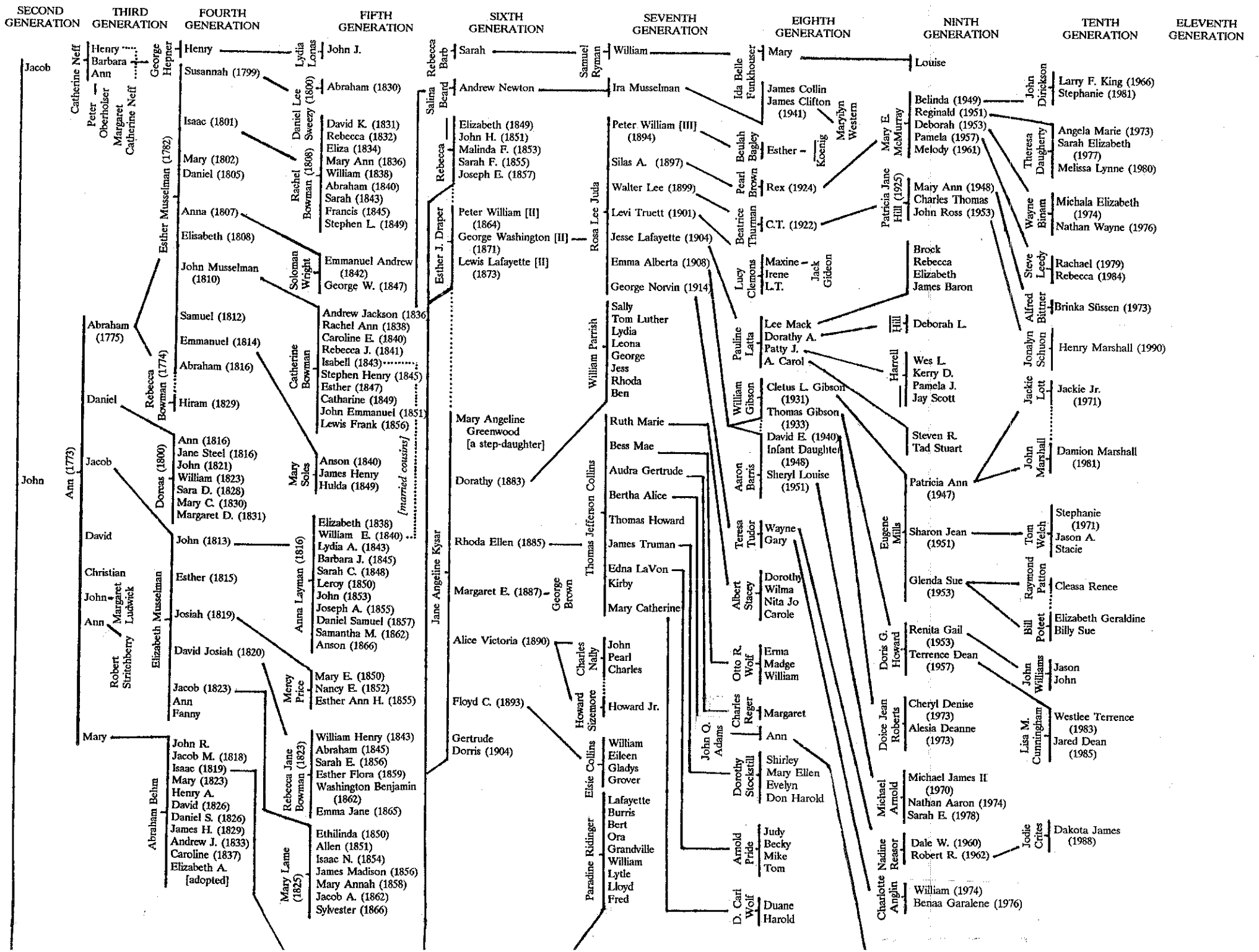
Allowing a moderate 25 years per generation, a check for the 20th generation could be made about 1500 A.D., where the required total of ancestors would have geometrically increased to 1,048,574. Around 1250 A.D., for the 30th generation back, 1,073,741,823 ancestors had to have been involved. Around 1000 A.D., more than a trillion contributors have slots permanently reserved for themselves. With each ten generations, the triangle's width jumps 1,000 percent. Marriages long ago between distantly related cousins would greatly reduce this population base. ◘ ◘ ◘

SOME DESCENDANTS OF THE BAUGHMAN FAMILY

Eleven generations of American Baughmans and their spouses are shown here, with direct descendants connected by lines. Due to space limitations, parents are sometimes matched to their children by bracketed numbers instead of lines. Multiple marriages are indicated by forked bars or duplicate numbers. Siblings are united by the line to the left of their names; half-brothers and -sisters are joined by dotted lines that connect the family groups.




Henry and Barbara Baughman
Henry [II] (1750)
John (1774)
Mary
Elizabeth
Eastep
John Glick Sr.
Ann
Mark Fox
Abraham
Barbara
Matthew Howard
Henry Harvey
Elizabeth Henry
Polly
William Cooper
Henry [III]
Elizabeth Manners
Dorthea Moyer (1787)
Henry [IV] (1809)
Amanda (1811)
Nicolas Thomure
Jacob (1813)
Lenis McClard
Sarah (1814)
John Jos. Sutton
Elizabeth (1816)
Leonard Sutton
John W. (1818)
Mary Sutton
William (1820)
Mahala Freeman
Gideon (1821)
Elizabeth Harris
Eliza P. (1826)
John Leach
Catherine
Mary A. (1843)
Samuel D. (1847)
Thomas J. (1849)
Sarah C. (1851)
Henrietta T. (1854)
Susannah (1857)
Letha M. (1859)
Peter William [I] (1830)
Lewis Lafayette [I] (1832)
Charity Sutton
Joseph Henry (1836)
Elander Lizine Milam (1838)
Harriet E. Patton (1839)
Isaac Nicolas (1854)
Spencer (1856)
Rebecca Jane (1859)
Scaphus Green (1861)
Ewing Lafayette (1864)
Ophelia (1866)
Sina L. (1869)
Lenora Etta (1870)
Lewis Lafayette [II] (1873)
Peter William (1854)
Joseph H. Jr. (1858)
David A. (1859)
Elizabeth (1862)
Mary O. (1864)
James R. (1870)
Martha C. (1874)
Sara A. (1877)
Adeline Cloud (1859)
Dexter (1878)
Sina Elizabeth (1882)
Lewis L. (1882)
Alba (1884)
Norvel (1886)
Leona (1888)
Hosea (1890)
Cosey Ada (1892)
Ethel Alice (1895)
William Coin (1897)
Walsie Naomi (1899)
Arlis Matthew (1903)
Jasper Amon Hayes
Silas
Nancy
Charlie
Eliza
Estie
Ursaia
Everett
Dewey
Angeline Cloud (1859)
Cora (1883)
Wesley (1885)
Delilah (1890)
Irving (1892)
Chan (1895)
Edna (1896)
Onus (1900)
Ida Lucinda McDonald
Ernest (1885)
Flora Elizabeth (1887)
Bulis (1889)
Carson (1891)
Orphus Sherman (1893)
Infant Daughter (1896)
Clida (1897)
Netta (1900)
William Lafayette Ridinger (1860)
Janetia (1882)
George Cleveland (1884)
Tipton (1886)
Belvie (1888)
William (1890)
Fannie (1894)
Lexie (1897)
Bert (1899)
Spencer (1902)
Raymond (1904)
Della (1907)
Louis S. Clarkson
Carrie (1895)
Delia (1901)
Gwynnie (1901)
Ella Elizabeth Cantrell (1877)
Samuel Lafayette (1896)
James Leon (1897)
Andrew Jackson (1899)
Milus Green (1900)
Malinda Oma (1903)
Nona Elener (1905)
Floyd Ezra (1908)
Ethel Luveller (1911)
Winnie Charlotte (1913)
Melissa Leota (1916)
Isaac Conrad (1919)
Myrtle C. Barnes
Leota Florence
Adeline Constance (1916)
Gene (1929)
Lula B. Barnes
Alice Maxine (1917)
Marjorie Willadean (1918)
Garland Vaughn
Phyllis Virginia
Berklen L. (1926)
Vinett E. Ruble (1892)
Rosetta Dale
Vincent Vinett
Virgie W. Murphy (1907)
Roy Dean [13]
Harold Clifford [14]
Willford Lee [15]
Hazel Duveen
Glenn Everett [16]
Karen Ann [17]
William Chesley Roberts
Mark (1900) [18]
Maggie [19]
Ollie A. [20]
William Chelsley [21]
Jasper
Mabel
Era (1918)
Charles
Gladys
Lois (1923)
Maude J. Roberts (1905) [1]
David Joseph (1902)
Juanita Jane (1905)
William Harbin
Francis Lola (1908)
Alvin Eugene (1912)
Georgia May
Marjorie Alberta
Mary Ethel (1919)
Goldie Lee
Ada Mae (1923)
John Franklin (1925) [22]
Martha Roberts [2]
Lavina
H. Festus
Estes
Eula May
Arthur
Albie
Edna Jenkins Ridinger [2]
Dennis [23]
Edna [24]
Ethel [25]
Elsie [26]
Roy Lee [27]
Enoch Crow [3]
Ora Dean
Joyce
Norman
Moetta Keeter [4]
William
Bonnie
Sharon
James William Cleary
Kevin Michael (1962)
Karen Elizabeth (1963)
Celeste Ann (1966)
Heather Catherine (1969)
Roy Tipton Cantrell
LaVonna (1939)
Franklin Devoe Wood (1937)
Pamela Sue (1960)
Paula Kay (1965)
Richard Lynn (1971)
Joyce Hutten
Ronald Gene (1947)
Mamie Ruth (1948)
Gene (1952)
Mary Blount
Bruce (1977)
Joe Blankenship
John Robert (1964)
Pamela Ann (1969)
Theresa Jean (1970)
Jodie Lynett
Tammy Jo
Missy Lynn
Fredrich von Kende
Helen Joy (1946)
Dean Henry (1951)
Donna Gay (1953)
Elizabeth J. Webb
Mary Jane (1946)
James Roussel (1953)
Michael Clayton Drake
Jeffrey Michael (1981)
Julia Pilg (1926)
Ernest Lee (1951)
Kenneth Carl (1956)
Deebra Jachens
Carl Lee (1982)
Ray G. Ruf
Nancy Lynn (1941)
Linda Dale (1945)
Neil Davidson
James Spencer (1969)
Matthew Carter (1974)
Anne Marie Aro (1919)
Robin Vincent (1942)
Gary Aro (1944)
Jeffrey Charles (1948)
Anna Marie (1950)
Judith Schmidth
Tara Lynn (1968)
Shelly Ann (1972)
Martha Margaret Edmonson (1931) [13]
Charlotte Kay (1950)
Jimmy Dean (1951)
Beverly Jean (1953)
Jeffrey Scott (1967)
Lita McBride (1945)
Whitley Alise (1969)
Andrew Gary (1972)
Aaron McBride (1975)
Mary Lou Hale (1933) [14]
Clifford Paul (1951)
Patti Sue (1956)
Darlene Marie Marjanieni
Peter Vincent (1974)
Wilma Jean Raines (1933) [15]
Pamela Jean (1952)
Nancy Lee (1954)
Carol Darlene (1955)
Eva Mae (1957)
David Otterson (1949)
Catrina Marie (1973)
Arik Ronald (1976)
Carol Erma Weinert [16]
Kimberly Joan (1957)
Ronnie Moore [17]
Edmona Ann (1969)
Sherri Lynn (1976)
Bessie Wylie [18]
Dorothy
James
Colleen
Morris
Doris
William
Reba
Clifton


SECOND GENERATION
THIRD GENERATION
FOURTH GENERATION
FIFTH GENERATION
SIXTH GENERATION
SEVENTH GENERATION
EIGHTH GENERATION
NINTH GENERATION
TENTH GENERATION
ELEVENTH GENERATION
Jacob
John
Ann (1773)
Catherine Neff
Henry
Barbara
Ann
Peter Oberholser
Margaret Catherine Neff
George Hepner
Henry
Lydia Lonas
John J.
Esther Musselman (1782)
Susannah (1799)
Daniel Lee (1800)
Abraham (1830)
Isaac (1801)
Rachel Bowman (1808)
David K. (1831)
Rebecca (1832)
Eliza (1834)
Mary Ann (1836)
William (1838)
Abraham (1840)
Sarah (1843)
Francis (1845)
Stephen L. (1849)
Mary (1802)
Daniel (1805)
Anna (1807)
Elisabeth (1808)
John Musselman (1810)
Soloman Wright
Emmanuel Andrew (1842)
George W. (1847)
Samuel (1812)
Emmanuel (1814)
Abraham (1816)
Hiram (1829)
Catherine Bowman
Andrew Jackson (1836)
Rachel Ann (1838)
Caroline E. (1840)
Rebecca J. (1841)
Isabell (1843)
Stephen Henry (1845)
Esther (1847)
Catharine (1849)
John Emmanuel (1851)
Lewis Frank (1856)
Abraham (1775)
Rebecca Bowman (1774)
Daniel
Jacob
David
Christian
John
Ann
Margaret Ludwick
Robert Stritchberry
Dorcas (1800)
Ann (1816)
Jane Steel (1816)
John (1821)
William (1823)
Sara D. (1828)
Mary C. (1830)
Margaret D. (1831)
Mary Soles
Anson (1840)
James Henry
Hulda (1849)
[married cousins]
John (1813)
Esther (1815)
Josiah (1819)
David Josiah (1820)
Jacob (1823)
Ann
Fanny
Elizabeth Musselman
Anna Layman (1816)
Elizabeth (1838)
William E. (1840)
Lydia A. (1843)
Barbara J. (1845)
Sarah C. (1848)
Leroy (1850)
John (1853)
Joseph A. (1855)
Daniel Samuel (1857)
Samantha M. (1862)
Anson (1866)
Mercy Price
Mary E. (1850)
Nancy E. (1852)
Esther Ann H. (1855)
Mary
Abraham Behm
John R.
Jacob M. (1818)
Isaac (1819)
Mary (1823)
Henry A.
David (1826)
Daniel S. (1826)
James H. (1829)
Andrew J. (1833)
Caroline (1837)
Elizabeth A. [adopted]
Rebecca Jane Bowman (1823)
William Henry (1843)
Abraham (1845)
Sarah E. (1856)
Esther Flora (1859)
Washington Benjamin (1862)
Emma Jane (1865)
Mary Lame (1825)
Ethilinda (1850)
Allen (1851)
Isaac N. (1854)
James Madison (1856)
Mary Annah (1858)
Jacob A. (1862)
Sylvester (1866)
Rebecca Barb
Sarah
Samuel Ryman
William
Salina Beard
Andrew Newton
Ira Musselman
Rebecca
Elizabeth (1849)
John H. (1851)
Malinda F. (1853)
Sarah F. (1855)
Joseph E. (1857)
Esther J. Draper
Peter William [II] (1864)
George Washington [II] (1871)
Lewis Lafayette [II] (1873)
Jane Angeline Kysar
Mary Angeline Greenwood [a step-daughter]
Dorothy (1883)
Rhoda Ellen (1885)
Margaret E. (1887)
George Brown
Alice Victoria (1890)
Floyd C. (1893)
Gertrude Dorris (1904)
Rosa Lee Juda
Peter William [III] (1894)
Silas A. (1897)
Walter Lee (1899)
Levi Truett (1901)
Jesse Lafayette (1904)
Emma Alberta (1908)
George Norvin (1914)
William Parrish
Sally
Tom Luther
Lydia
Leona
George
Jess
Rhoda
Ben
Thomas Jefferson Collins
Ruth Marie
Bess Mae
Audra Gertrude
Bertha Alice
Thomas Howard
James Truman
Edna LaVon
Kirby
Mary Catherine
Charles Nally
John
Pearl
Charles
Howard Sizemore
Howard Jr.
Elsie Collins
William
Eileen
Gladys
Grover
Paradine Ridinger
Lafayette
Burris
Bert
Ora
Grandville
William
Lytle
Lloyd
Fred
Ida Belle Funkhouser
Mary
James Collin
James Clifton (1941)
Marylyn Western
Beulah Bagley
Esther
Koenig
Pearl Brown
Rex (1924)
Beatrice Thurman
C.T. (1922)
Lucy Clemons
Maxine
Irene
L.T.
Jack Gideon
Pauline Latta
Lee Mack
Dorothy A.
Patty J.
A. Carol
Hill
Deborah L.
Harrell
Wes L.
Kerry D.
Pamela J.
Jay Scott
William Gibson
Cletus L. Gibson (1931)
Thomas Gibson (1933)
David E. (1940)
Infant Daughter (1948)
Sheryl Louise (1951)
Aaron Barris
Teresa Tudor
Wayne
Gary
Albert Stacey
Dorothy
Wilma
Nita Jo
Carole
Otto R. Wolf
Erma
Madge
William
John Q. Adams
Charles Reger
Margaret
Ann
Dorothy Stockstill
Shirley
Mary Ellen
Evelyn
Don Harold
Arnold Pride
Judy
Becky
Mike
Tom
D. Carl Wolf
Duane
Harold
Louise
Mary E. McMurray
Belinda (1949)
Reginald (1951)
Deborah (1953)
Pamela (1957)
Melody (1961)
Patricia Jane Hill (1925)
Mary Ann (1948)
Charles Thomas
John Ross (1953)
Brock
Rebecca
Elizabeth
James Baron
Steven R.
Tad Stuart
Patricia Ann (1947)
Eugene Mills
Sharon Jean (1951)
Glenda Sue (1953)
Doris G. Howard
Renita Gail (1953)
Terrence Dean (1957)
Doice Jean Roberts
Cheryl Denise (1973)
Alesia Deanne (1973)
Michael Arnold
Michael James II (1970)
Nathan Aaron (1974)
Sarah E. (1978)
Nadine Reasor
Dale W. (1960)
Robert R. (1962)
Charlotte Anglin
William (1974)
Benaa Garalene (1976)
John Dirickson
Larry F. King (1966)
Stephanie (1981)
Theresa Daugherty
Angela Marie (1973)
Sarah Elizabeth (1977)
Melissa Lynne (1980)
Wayne Binam
Michala Elizabeth (1974)
Nathan Wayne (1976)
Steve Leedy
Rachael (1979)
Rebecca (1984)
Alfred Bittner
Brinka Süssen (1973)
Jonalyn Schuon
Henry Marshall (1990)
Jackie Lott
Jackie Jr. (1971)
John Marshall
Damion Marshall (1981)
Tom Welch
Stephanie (1971)
Jason A.
Stacie
Raymond Patton
Cleasa Renee
Bill Poteet
Elizabeth Geraldine
Billy Sue
John Williams
Jason
John
Lisa M. Cunningham
Westlee Terrence (1983)
Jared Dean (1985)
Jodie Crites
Dakota James (1988)

A Perpetual Calendar

[from *Smithsonian Physical Tables*, 9th edition, 1956]

This chart may be used for determining the exact day of the week for any date between the year 0 A.D., as recorded by the Julian Calendar, up to the year 2300 A.D. on the Gregorian Calendar. Cross-match the desired century column with the specific year in the left-hand rows to determine the dominical letter code. Leap years have two dominical letters, the first applying only to the months of January and February, and the second letter for all of the remaining months. In the lower chart, match the month desired to the column bearing the same dominical letter code. Staying in that column, trace down to a row matching the desired date. In the 1500s, both the Julian and Gregorian Calendars were employed, making additional research necessary as to the governmental or ecclesiastical source.

YEAR				CENTURY											
				JULIAN CALENDAR							GREGORIAN CALENDAR				
				0 700 1400	100 800 1500*	200 900	300 1000	400 1100	500 1200	600 1300	1500+	1600 2000	1700 2100	1800 2200	1900 2300
0				DC	ED	FE	GF	AG	BA	CB	...	BA	C	E	G
1	29	57	85	B	C	D	E	F	G	A	F	G	B	D	F
2	30	58	86	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	E	F	A	C	E
3	31	59	87	G	A	B	C	D	E	F	D	E	G	B	D
4	32	60	88	FE	GF	AG	BA	CB	DC	ED	CB	DC	FE	AG	CB
5	33	61	89	D	E	F	G	A	B	C	A	B	D	F	A
6	34	62	90	C	D	E	F	G	A	B	G	A	C	E	G
7	35	63	91	B	C	D	E	F	G	A	F	G	B	D	F
8	36	64	92	AG	BA	CB	DC	ED	FE	GF	ED	FE	AG	CB	ED
9	37	65	93	F	G	A	B	C	D	E	C	D	F	A	C
10	38	66	94	E	F	G	A	B	C	D	B	C	E	G	B
11	39	67	95	D	E	F	G	A	B	C	A	B	D	F	A
12	40	68	96	CB	DC	ED	FE	GF	AG	BA	GF	AG	CB	ED	GF
13	41	69	97	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	E	F	A	C	E
14	42	70	98	G	A	B	C	D	E	F	D	E	G	B	D
15	43	71	99	F	G	A	B	C	D	E	C	D	F	A	C
16	44	72		ED	FE	GF	AG	BA	CB	DC	...	CB	ED	GF	BA
17	45	73		C	D	E	F	G	A	B	...	A	C	E	G
18	46	74		B	C	D	E	F	G	A	...	G	B	D	F
19	47	75		A	B	C	D	E	F	G	...	F	A	C	E
20	48	76		GF	AG	BA	CB	DC	ED	FE	...	ED	GF	BA	DC
21	49	77		E	F	G	A	B	C	D	...	C	E	G	B
22	50	78		D	E	F	G	A	B	C	...	B	D	F	A
23	51	79		C	D	E	F	G	A	B	...	A	C	E	G
24	52	80		BA	CB	DC	ED	FE	GF	AG	...	GF	BA	DC	FE
25	53	81		G	A	B	C	D	E	F	...	E	G	B	D
26	54	82		F	G	A	B	C	D	E	C	D	F	A	C
27	55	83		E	F	G	A	B	C	D	B	C	E	G	B
28	56	84		DC	ED	FE	GF	AG	BA	CB	AG	BA	DC	FE	AG

MONTH	DOMINICAL LETTER CODE						
January, October	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
February, March, November	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
April, July	G	A	B	C	D	E	F
May	B	C	D	E	F	G	A
June	E	F	G	A	B	C	D
August	C	D	E	F	G	A	B
September, December	F	G	A	B	C	D	E

1	8	15	22	29	Sun.	Sat.	Fri.	Thu.	Wed.	Tue.	Mon.
2	9	16	23	30	Mon.	Sun.	Sat.	Fri.	Thu.	Wed.	Tue.
3	10	17	24	31	Tue.	Mon.	Sun.	Sat.	Fri.	Thu.	Wed.
4	11	18	25		Wed.	Tue.	Mon.	Sun.	Sat.	Fri.	Thu.
5	12	19	26		Thu.	Wed.	Tue.	Mon.	Sun.	Sat.	Fri.
6	13	20	27		Fri.	Thu.	Wed.	Tue.	Mon.	Sun.	Sat.
7	14	21	28		Sat.	Fri.	Thu.	Wed.	Tue.	Mon.	Sun.

* = *On and before 1582, October 4 only;* + = *On and after 1582, October 15 only.*

A Table of Measures
For Appreciating Archaic and Metric Scales, Along With Some Monetary and Military Systems In Familiar, Comparative Values

[Some of these terms are used in this book; the list may also prove useful for future research.]

LINEAR MEASURE

1 centimeter (cm.) = 0.3937 inches; 10 millimeters
1 inch (in. or ") = 2.54 centimeters
1 palm = 3 inches
1 hand = 4 inches
1 span = 6 inches
1 link = 7.92 inches
1 foot (ft. or ') = 12 inches; 0.3048 meter
1 cubit = 18 inches
1 cubit (biblical) = 21.8 inches [from elbow to fingertip]
1 pace (military) = 30 inches; 2½ feet
1 yard (yd.) = 36 inches; 0.9144 meter
1 meter (m.) = 39.37 inches; 1.0936 yards
1 rod or pole = 16½ feet; 5.029 meters; or 25 links
1 chain = 66 feet; 4 rods
1 furlong = 660 feet; 40 rods
1 kilometer (km.) = 0.621 miles
1 mile (m. or mi.) (statute) = 5,280 feet; 1.609 kilometers; or 8 furlongs
1 German hour (*stunden*) = 2.4 miles; approx. 3.875 kilom.
1 league = 3 miles
1 mile (German) = 4 miles

NAUTICAL MEASURE

1 fathom = 6 feet
1 cable length = 720 feet; 120 fathoms
1 nautical mile = 6,080.2 feet; 7.33 cables

SQUARE MEASURE

1 sq. foot = 144 sq. inches
1 sq. yard = 9 sq. feet
1 perch = 16½ sq. feet
1 sq. rod = 30¼ sq. yards
1 rood = 40 sq. rods
1 acre = 4,840 sq. yards; 4 roods; 0.4047 hectare [by tradition, what an ox could plow in one day]
1 morgen = varies locally from .66 to 2 acres [a morning's plowing in Germanic countries]
1 hectare = 2.471 acres; 10,000 sq. meters
1 farthing = 30 acres
1 section = 640 acres; 1 sq. mile
1 township = 36 sq. miles (usually 6 miles X 6 miles)

CUBIC MEASURE

1 dry quart (qt.) = 67.2 cu. inches; 2 pints
1 dry gallon (gal.) (U.S.) = 231 cu. inches
1 peck = 537.6 cu. inches; 8 quarts
1 cu. foot = 1,728 cu. inches
1 bushel = 2,150.42 cu. inches; 4 pecks
1 cu. yard = 46,656 cu. inches; 27 cu. feet
1 shipping ton = 69,120 cu. inches; 40 cu. feet
1 chaldron = 77,415 cu. inches; 36 bushels
1 cord = 128 cu. feet

LIQUID MEASURE

1 gill = 4 liquid ounces
1 pint (pt.)= 16 liquid ounces
1 quart = 2 pints
1 liter (lt.) = 0.264 U.S. gallon; or 0.22 Imperial gallon
1 gallon (U.S.) = 4 quarts; 3.785 liters
1 gallon (Imperial) = 1.201 U.S. gallons; 4.546 liters
1 keg = 9¾ gallons
1 barrel = 31½ gallons
1 hogshead = 2 barrels

WEIGHT

1 ounce (oz.) (avoirdupois) = 16 drams; 28.35 grams
1 pound (lb.) = 16 ounces; 0.3732 kilograms
1 kilogram (kg.) = 2.2046 pounds; 1,000 grams
1 stone = 14 pounds
1 keg = 100 pounds
1 short ton = 2,000 pounds
1 long ton = 2,240 pounds

CLOTHING SIZES

Men's Hat (U.S.) (large) 7½ = size 60, European
Men's Shoes 9½ = size 43

CURRENCY EXCHANGE RATES

		British Pounds (£) Shillings		Pence(d)
1709-1750				
1 Germanic kreutzer	=	-		½
1 Germanic florin	=	3		4
1 Swiss reich thaler (rix dollar)	=	4		9
1735				
1 British farthing	=	-		¼
1 British florin	=	2		-
1 British crown	=	5		-
1 British £ sterling	=	20	or	240
1 British guinea	=	21		-

1 British shilling = $0.13 American
1 British £ sterling = 8.83 Germanic florin
" = 6 Swiss gold reich thalers
" = 1 £ Pennsylvanian
" = $2.67 American

1750
1 New French dubloner = 11 Dutch guilder
1 Germanic dugat = 5 British £ sterling; or 10 Swiss batzen
1 New Swiss reich thaler = 37½ Swiss batzen

1800 AMERICAN PRICES

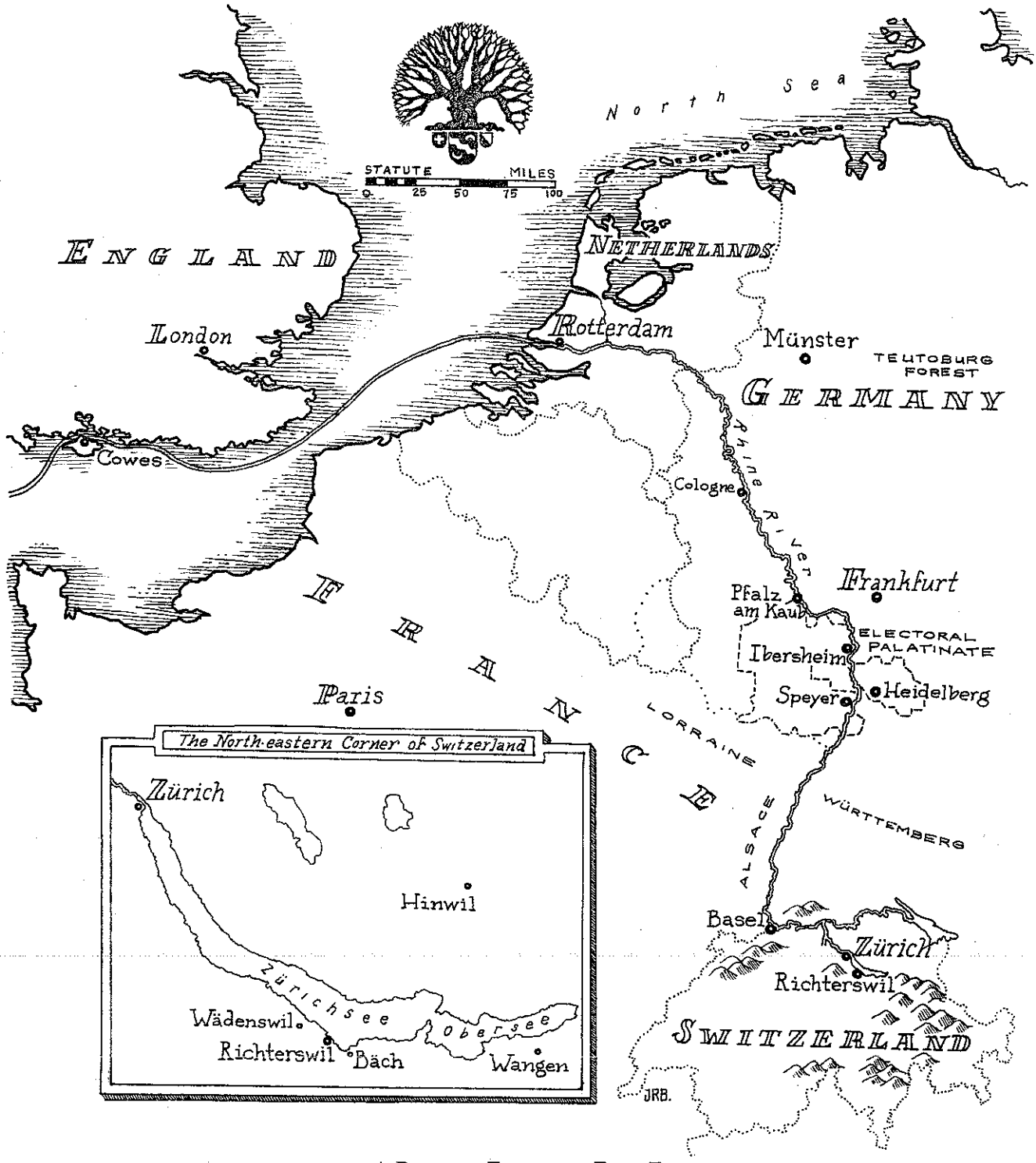
		American Shillings	Pence (d)
1 pound of meat	=	-	3
1 bushel of oats	=	2	2
1 bushel of barley	=	3	3
1 typical new book	=	4	6
1 hog	=	12	-
1 mare = 24 pounds		15	-

ROMAN NUMERALS

I=1, II=2, III=3, IV=4, V=5, VI=6, VII=7, VIII=8, IX=9, X=10, XI=11, XII=12, XIII=13, XIV=14, XV=15, XVI=16, XVII=17, XVIII=18, XIX=19, XX=20, XXX=30, XL=40, L=50, LX=60, LXX=70, LXXX=80, XC=90, C=100, CC=200, D=500, DC=600, M=1,000

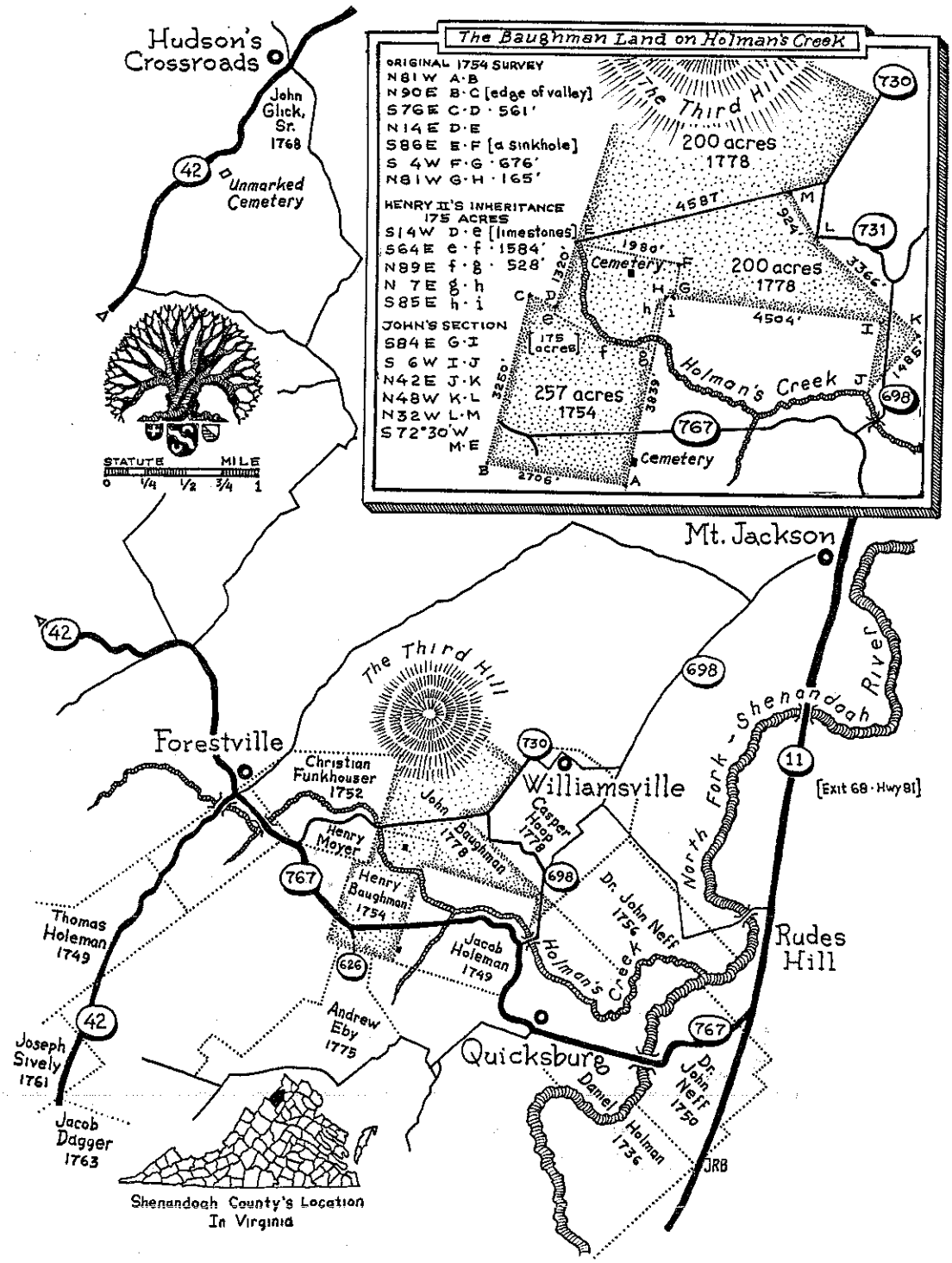
MILITARY RANKING & UNIT SIZES

Private (pvt.)
Private First Class (pfc.) or Lance-Corporal
Corporal (cpl.)
Sergeant (sgt.) has command of a squad of 10 soldiers
Staff Sergeant (stf. sgt.)
Master Sergeant or Sergeant-Major
Second Lieutenant (lt.)
First Lieutenant has command of a platoon of four squads (40 soldiers)
Captain (capt.) has command of a company of four platoons, plus a headquarters staff (160+ soldiers)
Equal cavalry strength is a troop.
Equal artillery strength is a battery.
Major (maj.)
Lieutenant-Colonel (lt. col.) has command of a battalion of two or more companies, plus staff (320+ soldiers)
A regiment consists of two or more battalions, plus staff (640+ soldiers)
Colonel (col.) or a Brigadier-General (brig. gen.) has command of a brigade of three or more battalions, plus staff (960+ soldiers)
Major-General (maj. gen.) has command of a division of three or more brigades, plus artillery and staff (2,880+ soldiers)
An army corps consists of two or more divisions, plus staff (5,760+ soldiers)
General (gen.) has command of a field army of two or more corps (11,520+ soldiers)

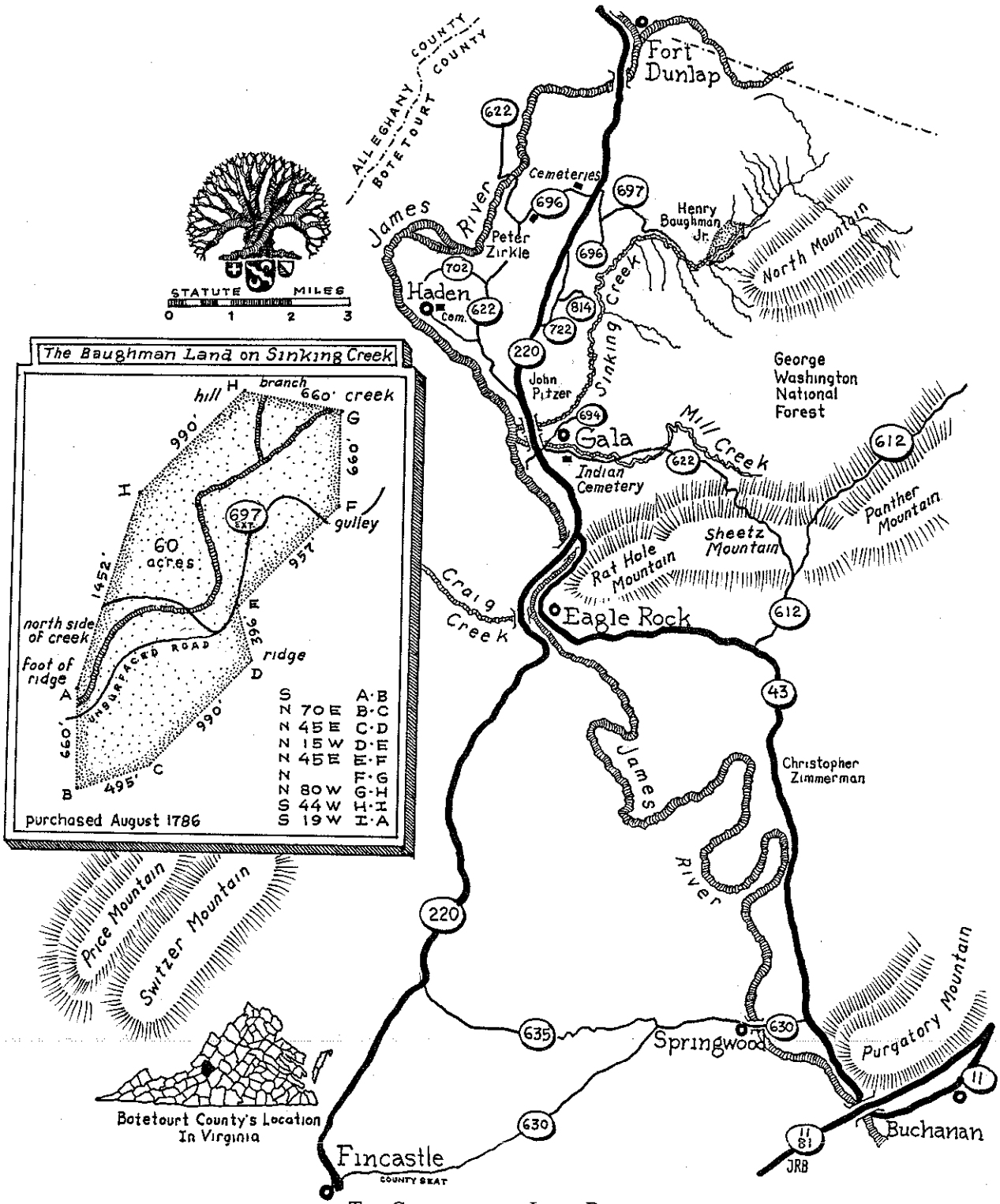


A Route of Emigration From Europe
Along the Rhine River

THE BAUGHMAN FAMILY'S ROUTE
THROUGH AMERICA

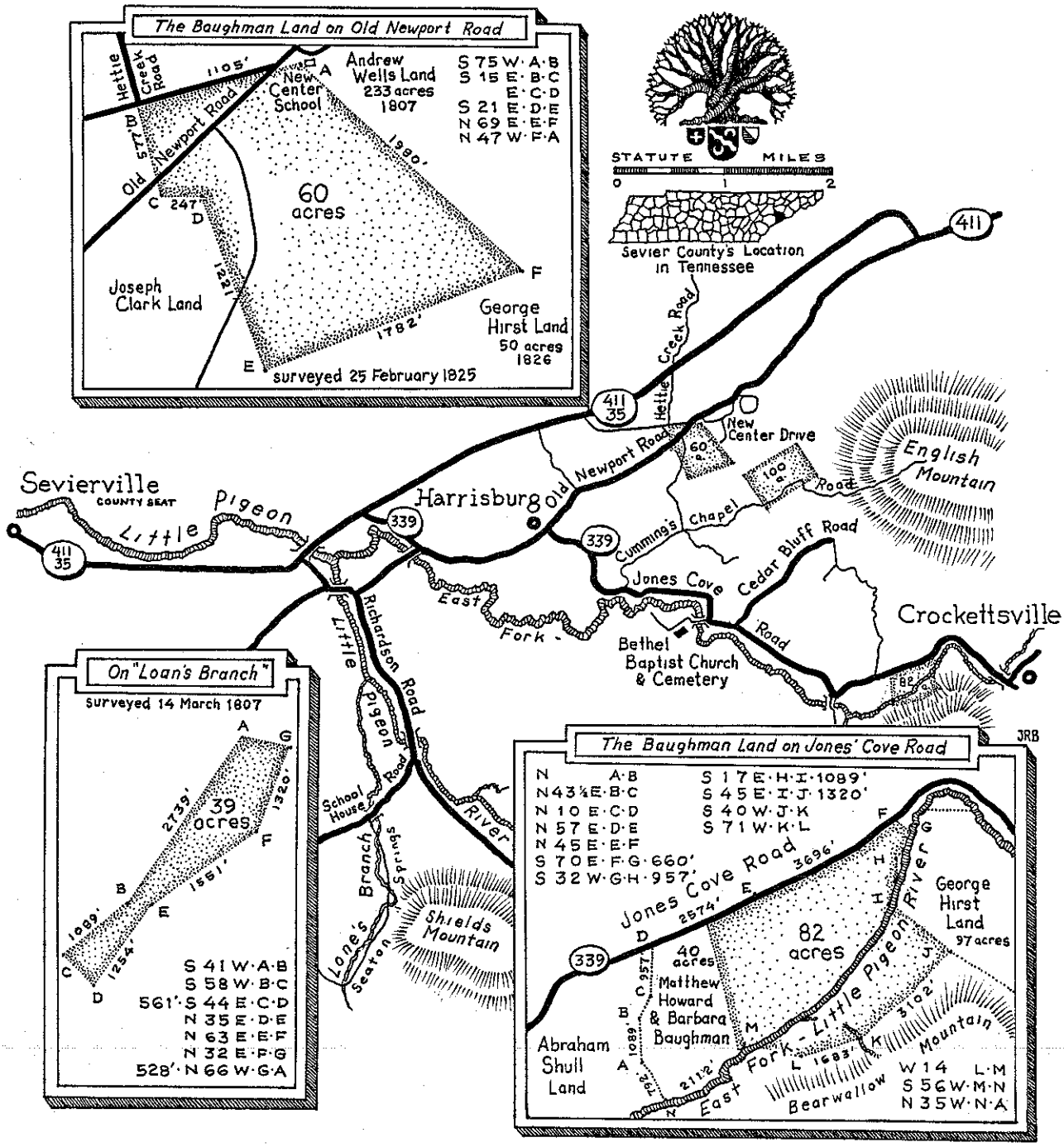


HOLMAN'S CREEK
IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY OF VIRGINIA

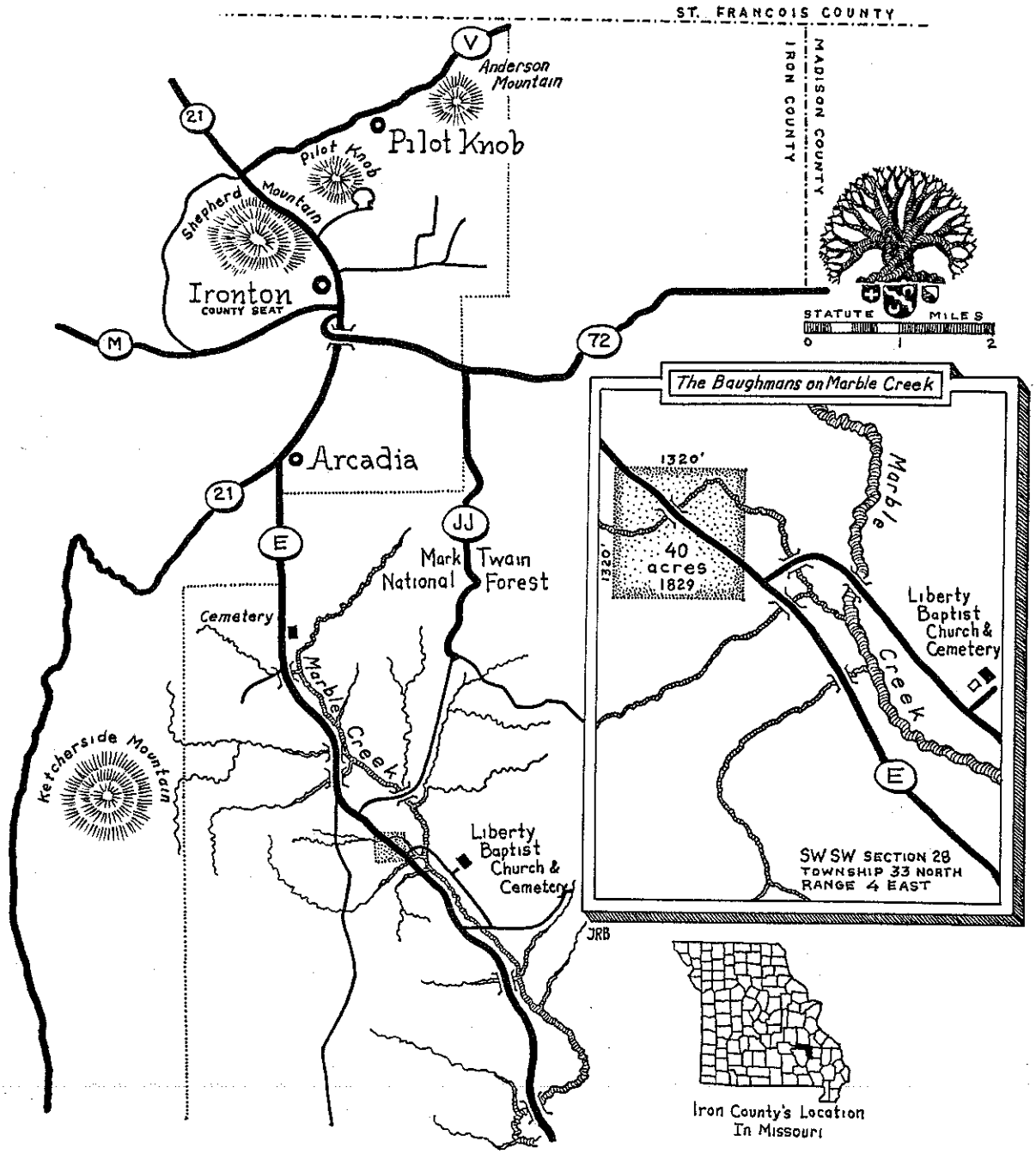


THE COURSE OF THE JAMES RIVER
IN BOTETOURT COUNTY, VIRGINIA

(NOTE: SINKING CREEK WAS KNOWN AS TOM'S CREEK IN LATE 18TH CENTURY.)



THE JONES' COVE VALLEY
IN SEVIER COUNTY, TENNESSEE

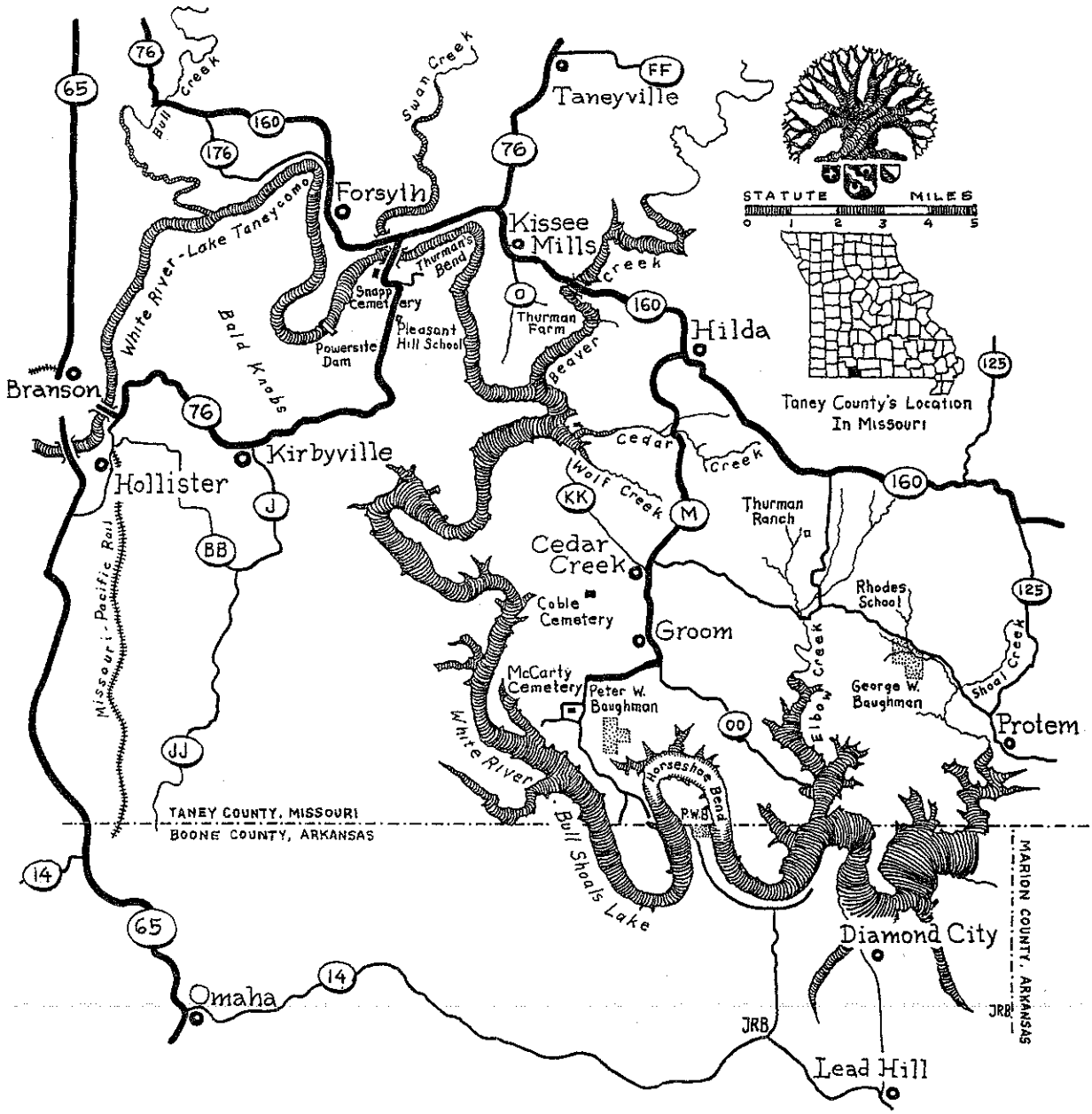


A Settlement on Marble Creek
In Southeastern Missouri

(NOTE: MARBLE CREEK WAS KNOWN AS BIG CREEK IN IN THE 1830s)

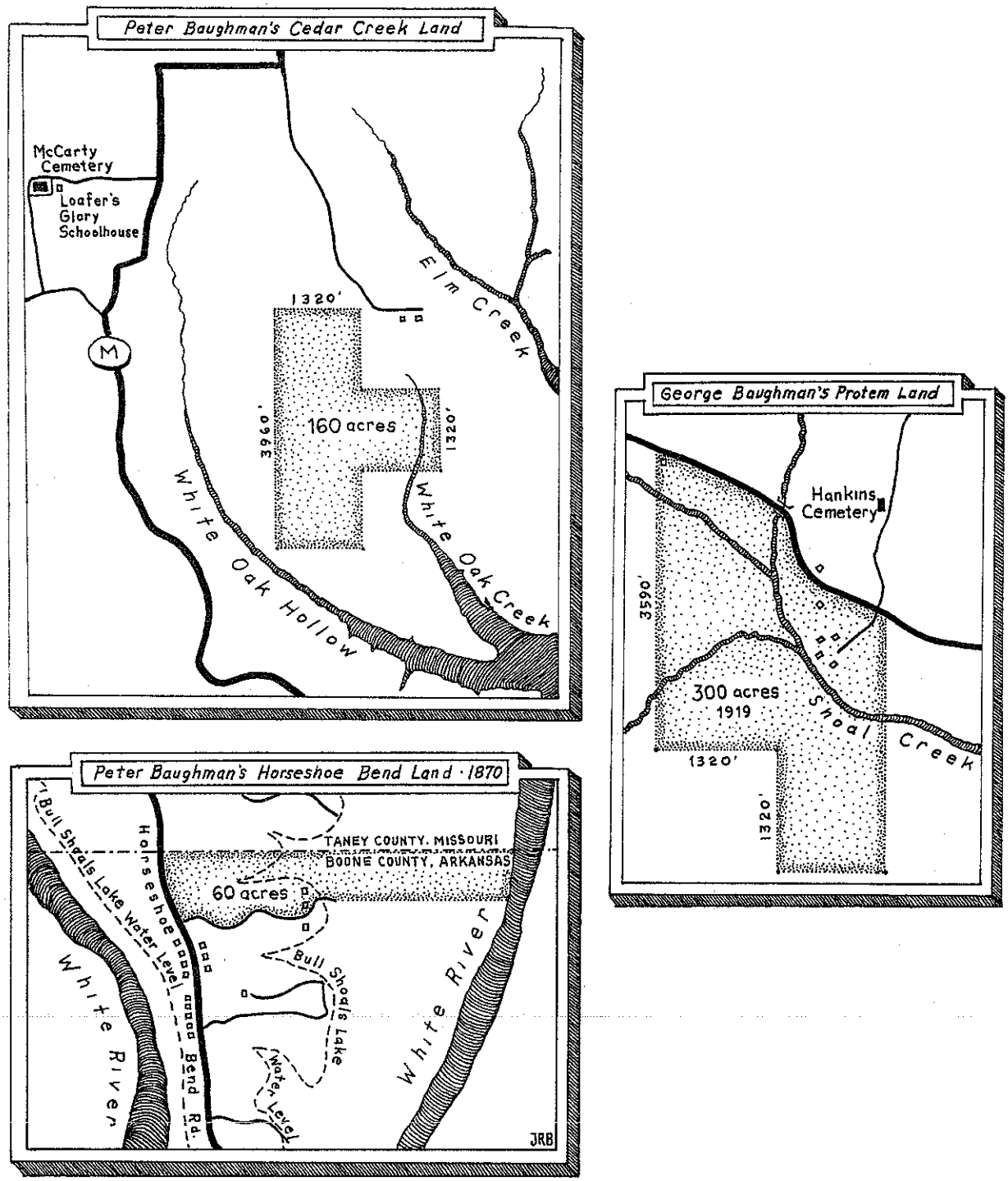
THE CROOKED CREEK VALLEY
IN NORTHWESTERN ARKANSAS

(NOTE: HARRISON WAS KNOWN AS CROOKED CREEK BEFORE 1865, AND STIFFLER'S SPRING BEFORE 1837; BELLEFONTE WAS KNOWN AS MOUNT PLEASANT BEFORE 1865, AND BELLER'S STAND DURING THE 1840s.)

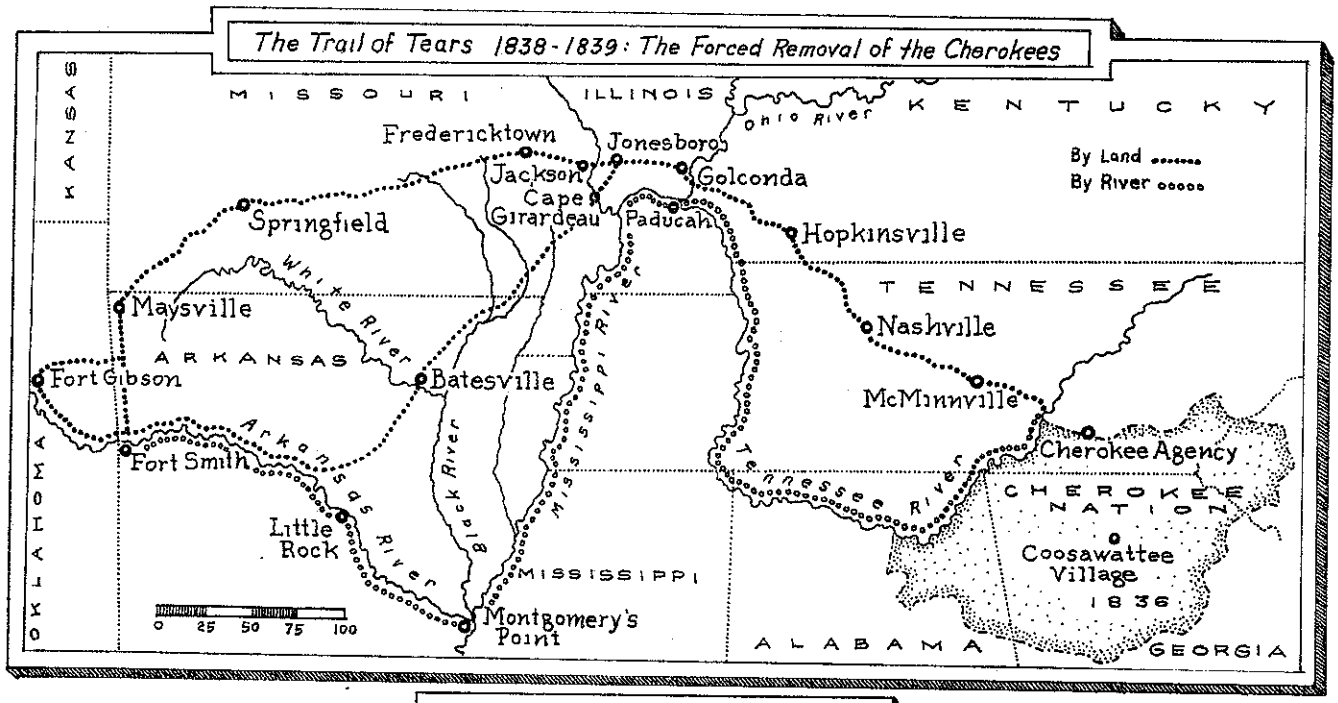


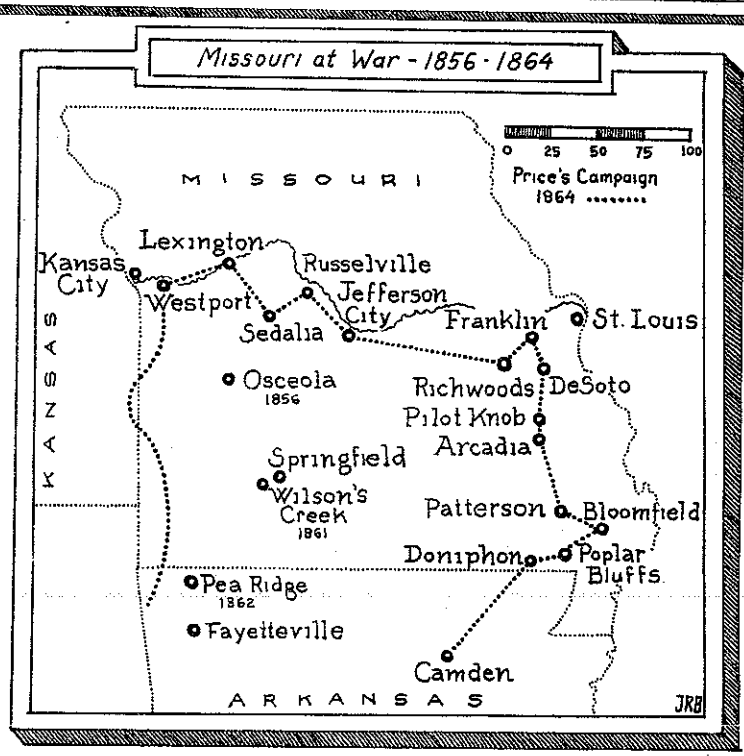
THE COURSE OF THE WHITE RIVER
IN THE OZARK MOUNTAINS OF ARKANSAS AND MISSOURI

(NOTE: BRANSON HAD BEEN NAMED LUCIA IN 1900; MARVEL CAVE IS LOCATED WEST OF BRANSON.)



White River Region Detail Maps





TWO HISTORIC MILITARY CAMPAIGNS
IN THE SOUTH

A Directory of
Important Sources & Organizations

Family Relations

[Mo.R: *Attended the Forsyth, Missouri, Reunion, 29 October 1988*]
[Ar.R: *Attended the Harrison, Arkansas, Reunion, 31 October 1988*]

Cletys R. Ackerman, 2171 E. Berkeley St., Springfield, Missouri 65804
[Descendant of the DeWitt and Walker families, formerly of Forsyth]

Marjorie Baughman Anderson, 2516 Quincy, Kansas City, Missouri

Thomas Dean Barris, Route 1, Box 28, Atoka, Oklahoma 74525; (405) 889-2935
[with wife Doris Gail] [Mo.R]

Charles T. Baughman, I.M.&I.C., 18470 W. Ten Mile Rd., Southfield, Michigan 48075; (313) 559-8898
38797 Lancaster Drive, Farmington Hills, Michigan 48331; (313) 788-1722 [Mo.R]

Charles Thomas Baughman, 1630 Pontiac Trail, No.2, Walled Lake, Michigan 48088; [No telephone]
[son of Charles T., above]

Clifford Baughman, Route 8, Box 55, Harrison, Arkansas 72601; (501) 741-6129 [Ar.R]

David J. Baughman, 705 Peachblossom, Cambridge, Maryland 21613

Donald Eugene Baughman, P.O. Box 1087, Branson, Missouri 65616; (417) 587-3722 [Ar.R]
[with wife Opal Dixon]

Elizabeth Seymour Baughman, 622 A Victoria Dr., Belvedere, South Carolina 29841

G. Norvin Baughman, Route 1, Box 115, Wapanucka, Oklahoma 73461; (405)428-3276
[with wife Teresa Tudor; closest small town is Clarida] [Mo.R]

G. Vaughn Baughman, 1211 Yankee Jim Court, Cool, California 95614
[with wife Elizabeth "Bette" Webb] [Mo.R & Ar.R]

Gary Baughman, Dallas, Texas; (214) 681-8921
[younger son of G. Norvin & Teresa]

George H. Baughman, 30989 Success Valley Dr., Porterville, California 93257
305 West Ridge Street (@ Spring Street), Harrison, Arkansas 72601; (501) 741-2061
[with wife Juanita Crawford] [Ar.R]

Glenn Everett Baughman, 9 Grandview, Harrison, Arkansas 72601; (501) 741-2462
[with wife Carol Wienert, Glenn owns furniture store]

James C. Baughman, 3726 E. 35th Pl., Lake Station, Indiana 46405; (219) 962-2235
[genealogist; descended from Henry Jr.'s older brother John.]

John Franklin Baughman, 407 Seminole Dr., Independence, Missouri 64056; (816) 796-8814 [Ar.R]

John Ross Baughman, 219 Sackett St., New York, New York 11231; (718) 834-1901
[with wife Jonalyn Sue Schuon] [Mo.R & Ar.R]

Lee Baughman, Route 9, Box 379, Harrison, Arkansas 72601; (501) 741-2463
[with wife Wilma J. Rains] [Ar.R]

Orville Baughman, 1822 Callahan St., Muskogee, Oklahoma 74401
[great great nephew of Peter W.B., via Lewis Lafayette B.]

Patricia Jane Hill Baughman, Park Lake A-1, 1753 Zion Rd., Fayetteville, Arkansas 72703; (501) 521-1752

Paul "Whiskey" Baughman, 2100 N. Leverett Ave., Fayetteville, Arkansas; (501) 442-7291

Reginald Alden Baughman, Route 1, Box 367, Claremore, Oklahoma 74017; (918) 341-5452
[Reggie is a teacher; with wife Theresa M., and daughters Angela, Sara and Melissa] [Mo.R]

Rex A. Baughman, 1500 S.W. Keetonville Road, Claremore, Oklahoma 74016; (918) 341-2304
[with wife Mary Elizabeth, "Betty," near Tulsa] [Mo.R]

Robert Baughman, P.O.B. 463, Atoka, Oklahoma 74525; (405) 889-3807
[grandson of G. Norvin; with wife Jodie]

Debra L. Baughman Binam, Rural Route 1, Box 340, Claremore, Oklahoma 74017; (918) 341-4507
[with husband Odell Wayne Binam, and children Michala Elizabeth & Nathan Wayne] [Mo.R]

Mary Ann Baughman Bittner, 250 N. Liberty, Suite 209, Belleville, Michigan 48111; (313) 699-6743
[daughter Brinka Süssen Bittner]

Olene Large Cagle, 342 DeFoe Dr., Maryville, Tennessee 37801
[genealogist, via Henry Jr.'s sister Barbara Baughman Howard]

Belinda Baughman Dirickson, 1807 North Chambers Terrace, Claremore, Oklahoma 74017 [Mo.R]

Vernia Gibson Baughman Downing, 204 W. Third, Atoka, Oklahoma 74525; (405) 889-2296
[Walter's step-daughter; with husband Victor Downing]

Mary Jane Baughman Drake, 20431 Bollinger Road, Cupertino, California 95014; (408) 446-2425
[fellow genealogist] [Mo.R & Ar.R]

Ann Johnson Baughman Esposito, 4930 Fairway Ridge Circle, West Bloomfield, Michigan 48033; (313) 851-3478.
[with husband Nick Esposito & daughter Jacqueline]

Bernice "Pete" Thurman Frank, 2044 S. Weller, Springfield, Missouri 65804; (417) 883-1039

Maxine Baughman Gideon, P.O. Box 233, Forsyth, Missouri 65653; (417) 546-3566
[with husband Jack B. Gideon] [Mo.R]

Melody Baughman, Bixby, Oklahoma 74008 [Mo.R]

Dorothy A. Baughman Hill, 9700 Manor Circle, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73139; (405) 794-8132 [Mo.R]

Wayne Spencer Jackson, Route 7, Box 351 A, Harrison, Arkansas 72601; (501) 741-8443
[with wife Doris Rose Wallis] [Ar.R]

Pamela Baughman Leedy, 3527 W. 43rd Pl., Tulsa, Oklahoma 74107
[with husband Steve, in Sheriff's Office, and children Rachel & Rebecca] [Mo.R]

Linda Gideon Levingston, 910 W. Greenwood, Springfield, Missouri 65807

Hazel Duveen Baughman Norton, 1503 Capps Rd., Harrison, Arkansas 72601; (501) 741-3936
[with husband Vernon Ray Norton] [Ar.R]

Gertrude Collins Reger, Forsyth, Missouri 65653; (417) 546-5763
[daughter of Rhoda Baughman Collins, granddaughter of Peter W. B.]

Louise Ritchie, Quicksburg, Virginia 22847; [related via Heinrich, Jacob and Barbara Baughman Hepner]

Robin V. Ruble, 4920 Oakcrest Dr., Fairfax, Virginia 22030; (703) 821-3392
[business: REJ Inc., 1310 Vincent Pl., McClean, Virginia 22101; (703) 734-2900]

C. Woodrow Thurman, 2624 Wallis Smith, Springfield, Missouri 65804; (417) 881-0260
[wife Helen Cutter]

James "Bus" Thurman, Highway 76, Forsyth, Missouri 65653; (417) 546-4881
[wife Sinda Jeffrie]

B. Mildred Thurman Whitaker, 937 E. Elm, No.12, Springfield, Missouri 65802; (417) 869-3727

Mary Collins Wolf, Rt. 2, Box 47-1, Forsyth, Missouri 65653; (417) 546-3620
[husband D. Carl, mother of William Harold in Wisconsin; younger daughter of Rhoda Baughman Collins, granddaughter of Peter W. B.]

LaVonna Cantrell Wood, Route 7, Box 243-2, Harrison, Arkansas 72601; (501) 741-8313 [genealogist]

Distant & Possible Relations

Bret Baughman, 55 W. 26th St., New York, New York; (212) 725-0832

Ed and Kim Baughman, Rt. 1, Mount Crow, Virginia; (703) 433-1820

George W. Baughman, 7503 W. Hutchinson St., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
[Westinghouse executive, *Who's Who* biographee, born 11 February 1900 to George W. Baughman and Mertie Peckinpaugh, has sons George & John.]

Glenn Baughman, 7550 Dogwood Dr., Dayton, Virginia 22821; (703) 867-5630
[resident of the Shenandoah County Mennonite area]

J.A. Baughman, 481 Eighth Ave. [@ 33rd St.], New York, New York; (212) 594-1250

James Stanley Baughman, 4702 Overbrook Rd., Washington, D.C.; c/o his office at 811 Vermont Ave., D.C.
[*Who's Who* biographee, born 1 January 1898 to James D. Baughman & Ida Graham, has daughter Mildred.]

Lorene Baughman, Rt. 3, Berryville, Arkansas 72616; (501) 545-3494

Mary L. Baughman, 307 Parker Rd., Green Forest, Arkansas 72638; (501) 438-5331

Roger L. Baughman, Rt. 1, Dayton, Virginia 22821; (703) 828-2781
[resident of the Shenandoah County Mennonite area]

Mrs. Jack C. Bird, 826 Santa Paula, Oceanside, California 92054
[daughter of Mrs. Ruth Opal Bishop, ex-stepdaughter of Walter, wrote G. Norvin & Teresa in 1956 with news of Walter's death.]

Joanne Garner, 21 Bayview Ave., Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey 07632
[Carroll County Historical Society, Arkansas, inquiry, 26 Aug. 1976]
Doris Hall, Route 1, Kinta, Oklahoma 74552
[granddaughter of Mary Angeline Greenwood King who was a stepdaughter of Peter]
Bob Judah, Branson, Missouri 65616; (417) 334-6569
[he doubts kinship]
J.W. Bill Judah, 111 Michel Ave., Branson, Missouri 65616; (417) 334-6208
John E. Judah, Fall Creek Road, Branson, Missouri 65616; (417) 334-6086
Jim Overhuls, 114 W. Main Street, Norwalk, Ohio 44857; (419) 668-2219
[related via Heinrich]
Mrs. Glenn I. Sproat, 3509 Suiter Way, Pasadena, Texas 77503
[Carroll County Historical Society, Arkansas inquiry, 31 Aug. 1977]
Don Thurman, Rt. 1, Box 1853, Quitman, Texas 75783
Vernon Thurman, Rt. 1, Box 264, Forsyth, Missouri 65653; (417) 546-5653
[father of Keith; a descendant of James Granville Thurman, via Jess, son of James W., son of John W.]

Historians

David J. Bachman, 3925 Beech Ave., Apt. 211, Baltimore, MD 21211
Annette K. Burgert, 691 Weavertown Rd., Myerstown, PA 17067
Mrs. Peggy Mercer-Joyner, 5008 Dogwood Trail, Portsmouth, VA 23703; (804) 484-5580
Kory L. Meyerink, 2219 East 3020 South, Salt Lake City, UT 84109; (801) 466-1888
[German-American migration & genealogy]
Prof. William Powers, Department of History, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, NJ
[Cherokee authority]
Prof. Leo Schelbert, 2523 Asbury Ave., Evanston, IL 60201; [from the University of Chicago]
Prof. John G. Stewart, Harrisonburg, VA 22801; (703) 896-2579
[retired from James Madison University's German Deptartment]
Klaus Wust, 350 Bleecker St., No.4-S, New York, NY 10014; (212) 675-7215
[@ W.10th & Charles St.]
[Editor & Publisher, Shenandoah History, R.F.D. 3,(Post Office Box 98), Edinburg, VA 22824;
(703) 459-4598]

Arkansas Institutions

Arkansas Department of Health, Bureau of Vital Records, 4815 W. Markham St., Little Rock, AR 72201
Arkansas Genealogical Society, P.O. Box 908, Hot Springs, AR 71902
Arkansas Historical Commission, 1 Capitol Mall, Little Rock, AR 72201; (501) 682-6900, 371-2141
Attn.: Russel Baker, deputy director
Attn.: John L. Ferguson, state historian
Arkansas Research Publishing Co., P.O. Box 303, Conway, AR 72032
Attn.: Desmond Walls Allen, publisher
Arkansas State Library, 1 Capitol Mall, Little Rock, AR 72201; Reference: (501) 682-2053, General Information: (501) 371-1524
Arkansas State University Museum, Box 490, State University, AR 72467; (501) 972-2074
Boone County Assessor, Rt. 4, Box 282, Harrison, AR 72601; (501) 741-8428
Attn.: Barbara Starkey [Records start in 1869, courthouse burned in 1901]
Boone County Historical & Railroad Society, P.O. Box 1094, Harrison, AR 72601
Attn.: Jim Miller, historian, 104 W. South, Harrison, AR 72601
Boone County Library, 221 W. Stephenson, Harrison, AR 72601; (501) 741-3665
Attn.: Marilyn Smith
Carroll County Courthouse, 210 W. Church St., Berryville, AR 72616; (501) 423-2422
Attn.: Stephen A. Swafford, county clerk [Courthouse in Carrollton burned in 1869]
Carroll County Historical Society, P.O. Box 249, Berryville, AR 72616
Ouachita Baptist University, Riley-Hickingbotham Library, Arkadelphia, AR 71923; (501) 246-4531
Attn.: Dr. Ray Granade, director of Library Services
Attn.: Pamela R. Dennis, archival assistant
Ozark Folk Center, Mountain View, AR 72560; (501) 269-3851
[museum & research]
Sebastian County Courthouse, P.O. Box 1087, Fort Smith, AR 72902; (501) 782-5065
Attn.: Betty Jaber, county & probate clerk
Silver Valley Community Center, Rt. 3, Box 19, Harrison, AR 72601 [Old Milam cemetery]
Attn.: Mrs. Ivan Atkinson (501) 743-3962
Attn.: Ruby Clayborn (501) 743-2160
University of Arkansas Library, Fayetteville, AR 72701; (501) 575-4101
Attn.: Charlene M. Kaufmann, Special Collections

Arkansas Referrals

Adeline & Roy Cantrel, Harrison, AR 72601; (501) 741-8179
[residents of the site of the Crooked Creek church services, circa 1900]
Roger V. Logan, chancery judge, Rt. 8, Box 304, Harrison, AR 72601; (501) 741-4011
or in his chambers at the Boone County courthouse, (501) 741-2484
J. Troy Massey, 103 N. "O" St., Harrison, AR 72601; (501) 741-8846
[authority on Ozarks during the Civil War]
Dennis W. Norton, Rt. 4, Box 326, Harrison, AR 72601; (501) 743-2818
[current owner of Henry IV's Crooked Creek farm]

Missouri Institutions

Bethel Association of United Baptists, Rt. 3, Fredericktown, MO 63645; (314) 546-2021 ?
Attn.: Willard and Irene Robbs
Churches of Christ in Taney County, Branson (417) 546-5135; and Forsyth, Missouri (417) 334-3866
Forsyth City Library, P.O. Box 522, Forsyth, MO 65653; (417) 546-5257
Attn.: Leslie S. Wright
Greene County Historical Society, 2214 E. Cherryvale, Springfield, MO 65804; (417) 883-8396
Greene County Library, [397 E. Central] Box 737, Springfield, MO 65801; (417) 869-4621
Shepherd of the Hills Local History Room, M,T: 8-12:30 p.m., W-F: 8:30 a.m.-9 p.m.
Lawrence County Courthouse, Clerk of Records, Mt. Vernon, MO; (417) 466-2638
Liberty Baptist Church, Arcadia, MO 63621
Attn.: William D. Blanton, record keeper, Rt. 1, Box 120, Arcadia, MO 63621; (314) 546-7753
Madison County Clerk of the Circuit Court, Fredericktown, MO 63645
Attn.: Virginia M. Mattingly [Records start in 1848]
Madison County Historical Society, 300 Court Sq., Fredericktown, MO 63645; (314) 783-3867
Attn.: George Knott, (314) 783-3867
Attn.: Kenneth Wirtmiller, 414 Lindell St., Fredericktown, MO 63645; (314) 783-2606
Missouri Adjutant General, Army National Guard, 1717 Industrial Dr., Jefferson City, MO; (314) 751-9500
[State military records]
Missouri Department of Health, Bureau of Vital Statistics, P.O. Box 570, Jefferson City, MO 65102
[Birth & death records after 1910 for $4 each]
Missouri Historical Society, 1020 Lowry St., Columbia, MO 65202; (314) 882-7083
[State newspaper library]
Missouri State Archives, P.O. Box 778, Jefferson City, MO 65102; (314) 751-3280 & 6400 for general info.
[1883-1900 Madison County births and deaths, all other counties after 1886.]
Missouri State Museum, Room B-2, Capitol, Jefferson City, MO 65101; (314) 751-2854
Museum of the Ozarks, 603 E. Calhoun, Springfield, MO 65802; (417)869-1976
Ozark Genealogical Society, Box 3494 G.S., Springfield, MO 65804
Ozar' Kin, Rt. 2, Box 89, Strafford, MO 65757
Attn.: William L. Wood, editor [magazine of the Ozark Genealogical Society]
Ozarks Mountaineer, Rt. 3, Box 868, Branson, MO 65616; (417) 546-5390
Attn.: Clay Anderson, editor [local monthly historical magazine, 1 year subscription, $8.50]
School of the Ozarks, Point Lookout, MO 65726; (417) 334-6411
Attn.: Linda Schmidt, librarian
Attn.: Nancy Anderson, head librarian
Attn.: Barbara Huff, journalism instructor

Taney County Courthouse, Box 335, Forsyth, MO 65653;
(417) 546-6131, 751-6400
Attn.: Katherine Clarkson, county clerk; Nadine S. Etem
[Courthouse fire wiped out most records in 1885]
Taneyhills Community Library, Pacific & 4th St., Branson, MO 65616;
(417) 334-1418
White River Historical Society, School of the Ozarks, Point Lookout, MO 65726; (417) 334-6411
Attn.: Doug Mahnke, lawyer and historian, P.O. Box 53, Forsyth, MO 65653; (417) 546-2201, 3791;
Attn.: Emmett B. Adams, Forsyth, MO 65653; (417) 546-4455
Wilson's Creek Battlefield Archives, Highways 182 & ZZ, Springfield, MO;
(417) 732-2662
Attn.: Ranger/Historian Rick Hatcher

Missouri Referrals

Cliff & Vi Edom, [The Little Photo Gallery], Shadowrock Dr., Forsyth, MO 65653; (417) 546-4873
Loafers' Glory School House Board, c/o Harley Hughey, Taneyville, MO 65759; (417) 546-5705
& Gene R. Schwyhart, Cedar Creek, MO 65627; (417) 794-3539
Lynn Morrow & Kristen Kalen, P.O. Box 399, Forsyth, MO 65653;
(417) 546-3761
[biographers of Turnbo and authorized editors of his collected works]
Othell Ray, Cedar Creek, MO 65627; (417) 794-3508
[current owner of Thurman Ranch, related to Peter Ray, son of Frank, and Ernest Ray.]
Iona Mae Rebenstorf, High Hill Haven, Hollister, MO 65672; (417) 334-4807
[professional genealogist]
Marsha Rising, 6058 Primrose Lane, Springfield, MO 65804
[professional genealogist]
John Scott, Forsyth, MO 65653; (417) 546-4959 at home, 546-5910 at American Family Insurance
[current owner of Peter W. B.'s Cedar Creek farm]

New York Institutions

Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10028; (212) 744-8310
[German language, culture. T-F: 9-5 p.m., T&Th: 9-7 p.m., Sat.: 12-5 p.m.]
Museum of the American Indian, Audubon Terrace, Broadway near 155th St., Washington Heights, New York, NY; (212) 283-2420 [T-Sat.: 10-5 p.m., Sun.: 1-5 p.m., $3 admission]
and the Museum's Heye Foundation Library, 9 Westchester Sq., Bronx, NY; (212) 829-7770
Attn.: Mary Davis, or Kathy
New York Genealogical & Biographical Society, 122 E. 58th St., New York, NY 10022; (212) 755-8532
New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West, New York, NY 10023; (212) 873-3400
New York Public Library, 455 Fifth Ave. [@ 42nd St.], New York, NY 10018; General catalog, (212) 340-0822; Research, (212) 930-0830; Telephone reference, 340-0849; Genealogy & Local History, 930-0828, M,W-Sat.: 10-5:45 p.m., Tues: 10-8:45 p.m.; Cartology, 930-0587; Music Library at Lincoln Center, 870-1630,
Attn.: Guy.
Sky Books, 48 E. 50th St., New York, NY 10022; (212) 688-5086
[Military history]
Staats Zeitung und Herald, 36-30 37th St., Long Island City, NY 11101;
(718) 786-1110
Attn.: Erwin Stever, publisher; Gerty Graf Agoston, advertising, (718) 937-5696

New York Referrals

Harriet Bachman, 4 E. 95th St., New York, NY 10028;
[Descendant of Christian Bachman of Lancaster County, PA]

Ohio Institutions

Harrison County Clerk, Cadiz, OH 43907; [for Scio, OH]
Ohio Genealogical Society, 34 Sturges Ave., Mansfield, OH 44902;
(419) 522-9077
Richland County Clerk, Mansfield, OH 44902; (419) 755-5543

Oklahoma Institutions

Atoka County Clerk, Atoka, OK 74525
Attn.: Helen Koger
Fairlawn Cemetery, 1123 E. Sixth St., Stillwater, OK 74074; (405) 372-8603
Attn.: Clifford Martin, Randy Hamilton
Grand Lodge of Oklahoma, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, 123 N. Main St., P.O. Box 237, Kingfisher, OK 73750; Cecil S. Mannay, Secretary
Kiowa County Clerk, Hobart, OK; (405) 726-5286
[For Gotebo, OK]
Oklahoma County Clerk, 321 Park Ave., Oklahoma City, OK 73102
Oklahoma State Health Department, Vital Statistics, [1000 N. 10th St.], P.O. Box 53551, Oklahoma City, OK 73152; (405) 271-4040
Payne County Clerk, Stillwater, OK 74074; (405) 624-9300
Payne County Genealogical Society, c/o City Library, 206 W. 6th St., Stillwater, OK 74074; (405) 372-3633
Strode Funeral Home, P.O. Box 487, (610 W. Duncan) Stillwater, OK 74076;
(405) 372-5550

Pennsylvania Institutions

Free Library of Philadelphia, Logan Square, Philadelphia, PA 19103
Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania, 1300 Locust St., Philadelphia, PA 19107; (215) 545-0391
[T, Th & F: 9-5 p.m., W: 1-9 p.m., Sat.: 10-3 p.m.]
Germantown Historical Society, 5214 German Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19144;
(215) 844-0514
Historical Society of Pennsylvania, 1300 Locust St., Philadelphia, PA 19107;
(215) 732-6200/ 6201
Lancaster County Historical Society, 230 N. President St., Lancaster, PA;
(717) 392-4633
Lehigh County Clerk of Orphans' Court, Room 510, 455 Hamilton St., Allentown, PA 18105; (215) 820-3014
Attn.: Sandra Schantz, Ms. Borneman [County death records beginning 1893-1904]
Lehigh County Historical Society, Old Court House, Hamilton and Fifth, Allentown, PA 18101; (215) 435-1074
Montgomery County Court, Norristown, PA; (215) 278-3000
Montour County Court, 29 Mill St., Danville, PA 17821; (717) 271-3010
[for Foulk & Bomboy families]
Pennsylvania Department of Vital Records, P.O.B 1528, Newcastle, PA 16103;
(412) 656-3126/ 3138
[Beginning in 1906, $4 for complete birth records with doctor's report, $3 for death records.]
Pennsylvania Folklife, society & magazine, P.O. Box 92, Collegeville, PA 19426;
Attn.: Nancy K. Gaugler, editor
Pennsylvania-German Society, Allentown, PA; (215)437-0567
Pennsylvania State Archives, Harrisburg, PA; (717) 787-2761 or 783-9877
Attn.: Jonathan Stayer or John Sheeley
Philadelphia City Archives, City Hall Annex, Room 523, Philadelphia, PA 19107; (215) 686-2273
Attn.: Jefferson Moak
Pittsburgh County Court, Pittsburgh, PA 15219; (412) 355-4141
St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church, 32 S. Fifth St., Allentown, PA 18101; (215) 435-0615

Tennessee Institutions

McClung Museum, University of Tennessee, Circle Park, Knoxville, TN 37996; (615) 974-2144
and U. T.'s Hoskins Library, 1401 Cumberland, Knoxville, TN;
(615) 974-4465
Smoky Mountain Historical Society, P.O. Box 286, Sevierville, TN 37862;
(615) 453-3532
Attn.: Beulah D. Linn, county historian, 204 Country Club Rd., Pigeon Forge, TN 37863
Tennessee Historical Society, War Memorial Building, Nashville, TN 37219;
(615) 741-2660
Tennessee Library & Archives, Archives & Manuscript Section, G-1, L & A Building, 403 Seventh Ave. N., Nashville, TN 37219;
(615) 741-2764/ 2561
Attn.: John H. Woodard Jr., Archival Assistant III, Technical Services
University of Tennessee, Department of Germanic and Slavic Languages, Knoxville, TN 37916
Attn.: David Lee

Tennessee Referrals

Thelma Greene Reagan, Rt. 3, Box 18, Louisville, TN 37777
Elaine Wells, 7303 W. 40th St., Lyons, IL 60534
[authority on Sevier County Occupant Grant plat maps]

Virginia Institutions

Agricultural Stabilization Conservation System, Shenwood Office Building, Woodstock, VA 22664
Albemarle County Clerk, Charlottesville, VA 22906
Botetourt County Courthouse, Circuit Court Clerk, Fincastle, VA 24090
Attn.: George Holt Jr., clerk; Dorothy Kessler
Bridgewater College, Bridgewater, VA 22812; (703) 828-2501 ext. 91
Attn.: Ruth Greenawalt, library director, including the Brethren Rare Books Collection
Attn.: Roger Sappington
Eastern Mennonite College, Menno Simons Historical Library [Highway 81 @ Exit 64], Harrisonburg, VA 22801; (703) 433-2771
Attn.: Grace Showalter
Loudon County Clerk, Leesburg, VA; (703) 777-0270
Museum of American Frontier Culture, P.O. Box 810, Staunton, VA 24401; (703) 332-7850
Attn.: Anne McClary, staff historian
Roanoke City Library, Virginia Room, Jefferson St., Roanoke, VA; (701) 981-2473
Attn.: Carol Uckweiler
Roanoke Valley Historical Society, 1 Market Square SE, Roanoke, VA; (701) 342-5770
Shenandoah County Courthouse, Woodstock, VA 22664; (703) 459-3791 [M-F: 9-5 p.m.]
Shenandoah County Library, Rt 1, Box 1-B, Stoney Creek Blvd., Edinburg, VA 22824; (703) 984-8200
[M,W&F: 10-6 pm, T&Th: 10-9 p.m., Sat: 11-5 p.m.]
Attn.: Valerie A. Robbins, library assistant
Attn.: Karl Stutzman [research into musical lyrics]
Shenandoah Historical Society, R.F. 3, Box 352, Edinburg, VA 22824;
Attn.: Linda Varnie (703) 984-8625
Thunderbird Archeological Foundation, 126 E. High St., Woodstock, VA 22664; (703) 459-4017
Attn.: Prof. Bill Gardner, Carol Nash
Virginia Historical Society, P.O. Box 7311, (428 North Blvd.) Richmond, VA 23221; (804) 358-4901
Virginia State Library, 11th St. and Capitol Square, Richmond, VA 23219; (804) 786-2306
Attn.: Donald Morecock, correspondence unit, and Minor Weisinger
Woodstock Museum, 137 W. Court St., Woodstock, VA 22664; (703) 459-5518 [Th-Sat: 10-6 pm]
Attn.: Ralph Sheetz, county historian and antique metals authority (703) 459-2572

CURRENT OWNERS OF HOLMAN'S CREEK LAND

Doug E. & Martha M. Evelyn, 2318 King Pl. NW, Washington, D.C. 20007; home (202) 333-9029, Smithsonian National Museum of American History, (202) 357-2914 [residents on John Baughman's 1774 land]
Franwood Farms, No.3, Quicksburg, VA; (703) 477-2722, 740-3185
[A large-scale poultry farm, specializing in turkeys.]
Attn.: Leonard Wilkins, Manager [at the hill by the Wine Cemetery]
Attn.: Kenneth Hackenbracht (703) 477-9233, 740-9992
Attn.: Lacey Rea, retired orchard manager, (703) 477-3813
Attn.: Owen Larrick, retired manager, Mt. Jackson, VA; (703) 477-2235
Hearty of Virginia, Box 364, Mount Jackson, VA 22842; (703) 477-9233, 740-9992; C.W. Long (703) 740-3185, 740-3725 [a commercial apple orchard situated on Henry II's land]
Julie Jenkins, Rt. 1, Box 163, Quicksburg, VA 22847; (703) 740-3753
[genealogist living west of Heinrich's access road]
Thomas Lloyd, R.F.D. 1, Quicksburg, VA 22847
[current owner of Heinrich's cemetery knoll, now called the Doll or Silveus Cemetery]
Granville C. & Ollie F. Simon, Rt. 1, Box 71, Quicksburg, VA 22847
Rich C. Tucker & Ellen Witt, Rt. 1, Box 168-B, Quicksburg, VA 22847; (703) 740-8656

Virginia Referrals

Duane Borden, 5995 W. Arizona Ave., Denver, CO 80226; (303) 922-3402
R.C. Click Sr., 9091 Congress, New Market, VA; (703) 740-3854, 459-2981
Susan Holsinger, Quicksburg, VA 22847; (703) 740-3315 [friend of Julie Jenkins, ready to use metal detector to search Heinrich's property]
George & Jeanette Connor Ritenour, Ft. Valley Route, Box 81, Seven Fountains, VA
Charles W. Turner, Rt. 42, Mt. Jackson, VA; (703) 477-3017
[his home is located across from Barbara Baughman's unmarked gravesite]
Isaac J. Wine, Rt. 1, Quicksburg, VA; (703) 740-3697
J. Floyd Wine, 924 Woodland Ave., Winchester, VA 22601; (703) 662-5735
Blair Zirkle, R.F.D. 1, Quicksburg, VA 22847; (703) 740-8652
Richard L. Zirkle, 7718 S. Briarwood Ave., Broken Arrow, OK 74011; (918) 451-3048

Federal Institutions

Department of the Interior, U.S. Geological Survey, 1C402 National Center, 12201 Sunrise Valley Dr., Reston, VA 22092; (703) 648-6892
Distribution Section, P.O. Box 25286, Denver, CO 80225-0286
[for topographic maps @ $2.50]
Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20540
Attn.: Cataloging in Publication Division
National Archives, Washington, D.C. 20408
Attn.: Linda Evan, Legislative Archives Division, (202) 523-3281
Attn.: Robert E. Richardson, Assistant Chief, Cartographic Division, (202) 523-3044
Attn.: Still Pictures Branch, Special Archives Division, Pennsylvania Ave. & 8th St. NW, Rm. 18-N, (202) 523-3236.
National Archives Regional Branch, Bldg. 22-MOT, Bayonne, NJ 07002; (201) 823-7252
[microfilm of the U.S. Census, 1790-1910, military & other federal records.
M-F: 8-4:30 p.m. & 3rd Sat. of each month: 8:30-4 p.m.]
The National Cartographic Information Center, Geological Survey, Department of the Interior, 507 National Center, Room 1-C-107, 12201 Sunrise Valley Dr., Reston, VA 22092; (703) 860-6045
[payment to National Archives Trust Fund Board, P.O. Box 100793, Atlanta, GA 30384]
Personal Service Branch of the National Archives, Bureau of the Census, Department of Commerce, Pittsburg, KS 66762; [confidential census information requests, covering 1920-1990]

National & International Religious Institutions

American Baptist Historical Society, 1106 S. Goodman St., Rochester, NY 14620; (716) 473-1740
[Baptists] Rock of Ages United Baptists, Buffington St., Huntington, WV
Attn.: Brother Egbert "Earl" Frye
[Baptists] Southern Baptist Convention's Historical Commission, 901 Commerce St., Suite 400, Nashville, TN 37203-3620
Center for Mennonite-Brethren Studies, 4824 E. Butler, Fresno, CA 93727
Attn.: Rachel Hiebert
Historical Committee of the Mennonite Church, 1700 S. Main St., Goshen, IN 46526; (219) 535-7476
Attn.: Leonard Gross
Mennonite Archives, Goshen College, Goshen, IN 46526; [for back issues of the *Mennonite Quarterly Review*]
Mennonite Family History, P.O. Box 171, Elverson, PA 19520;
Attn.: Lois Ann Zook Mast
Mennonite Historical Library, Bluffton College, Bluffton, OH 45817
Mennonite Library, 2215 Millstream, Lancaster, PA 17602; (717) 393-9745
Attn.: David Rempel-Schmucker, Lola Lehman [T-Sat.: 8:30 - 5 p.m.]
Mennonite Library & Archives, Bethel College, N. Newton, KS 67117; (316) 283-2500 [monthly magazine]
Mennonite Mission, 112 E. Vine St., Lancaster, PA 17602
Mennonitsche Forschungsstelle, D 6719 Weierhof, Post Mannheim, FRG-W. Germany
Attn.: Gary Waltner
[Mormons] Genealogical Society of Utah, 50 East North Temple St., Salt Lake City, UT 84150;
Catalog desk (801) 531-3702/ 2331
Genealogy, Department P, 35 North West Temple St., Salt Lake City, UT 84150

[Mormons] LDS Genealogical Research, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, 160 Washington Ave., Plainview, NY 11803; (516) 433-0122
[T-Th: 10-4 p.m. & 7:30-9:30 p.m.]
Attn.: Jeanne Eide, 47 Westwood Rd. N., Massapequa Park, NY 11762; (516) 798-8778

[Mormons] LDS Visitors Center, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, W. 65th St. & Broadway, New York, NY 10023; (212) 595-1825
Attn.: Elder & Sister Fugal, Larsen or Lewis

National Historical Societies

Baughman-Bachman Quarterly, Box 1812, Upland, CA 91785; (714) 946-1746 [Kathryn Baughman, editor]

Cherokee Nation-Eastern Branch, P.O. Box 525, Cherokee, NC 28719; (704) 497-3481
Attn.: Bob Blankenship, Tribal Council President
Attn.: Museum & Archives, P.O. Box 770-A, Cherokee, NC 28719 [by appointment only]

Children of the Confederacy, 328 North Blvd., Richmond, VA 23220; (804) 355-1636

DeWitt Historical Society, 121 E. Court St., Ithaca, NY 14850; (607) 273-8284

General Society of the War of 1812 (founded 1814), Hearst Hall, Washington National Cathedral, Wisconsin Avenue & Woodley Road, Washington, D.C. 20016

General Society, Sons of the Revolution (founded 1876), Fraunces Tavern, 54 Pearl St., New York, NY 10004; (212) 425-1776

Holland Society, 122 E. 58th St., New York, NY 10022; (212) 758-1675

Society of Descendants of Washington's Army at Valley Forge (founded 1976), Box 915, Valley Forge, PA 19481

Sons of Confederate Veterans, Box 5164 Southern Station, Hattiesburg, MS 39406; (601) 268-6100

Statue of Liberty-Ellis Island Foundation, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, NY 10017-3808; (212) 883-1986
Attn.: Constance Solomon, donor services coordinator

World Archeological Society, Star Route-Box 445, Hollister, MO 65672; (417) 334-2377 [free SASE inquiries]

Zirkle Family Historical Society, P.O.B. 600, Mt. Jackson, VA 22842

Swiss Institutions

Schweizerische Gesellschaft fur Familienforschung, Zürich, Switzerland [family history research]

Swiss-American Historical Society, German Department, University of Illinois, Urbana, IL 61801; (217) 333-1288
Attn.: Prof. Marianne Burkhard, president

Swiss-American Society for Cultural Relations, P.O. Box 161, 8032 Zürich, Switzerland; 41-01-251-9977; Attn.: Hans L. Davatz, secretary

Zürich Cantonal Archives, Winterthurerstrasse 170, CH 8057 Zürich; telephone 41-01-363-3606 [T-F: 8:15-6:45 p.m., Sat: 7:45-11:45 a.m.]
Attn.: Ulrich Helfenstein, state archivist
Attn.: Werner Debrunner, state archivist
Attn.: Hans Ulrich Pfister, adjunct am Staatsarchiv der Kanton Zürich
Attn.: Fred Better, researcher

Zürich City Archives, CH 8057 Zürich
Attn.: Dr. Hugo Hungerbühler, city archivist

Zürich Landesmuseum, CH 8057 Zürich
Attn.: Dr. Ulrich Ruoff, chief archeologist [underwater specialist, Iron Age dwellings of 2680 B.C.]

Swiss Referrals

Ursula Fortuna, Oberri Bachstrasse 4, CH 8852 Schlieren ZH, Switzerland [genealogist, good English]

Maria von Moos, Neugrundstrasse 5, 8320 Fehraltorf, Switzerland [professional researcher]

Michael Richter, Bahnhofstrasse 34, 8702 Zollikon, CH - Switzerland telephone 41-1-391-7401 [former I.C.P. photojournalism student]

Hans Schulthess, Postfach 161, CH 8304 Wallisellen, Switzerland [researcher]

German Institutions

American Council on Germany, 680 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10019; (212) 541-7878

American-German Historical Association, 4146 South 3100 St., Salt Lake City, UT 84117

Central Institute for Genealogical Studies, Bernhard-Custodis Strasse 5, 5300 Bonn, FRG-W. Germany; 2221-214620, Attn.: Hans Himmelman

Dobel Pfarramt, Neusatzer Strasse 16, 7544 Dobel, FRG-W. Germany; telephone 07083/2459

Evangelical Church in the Rhineland, Koblenz, FRG-W. Germany
[Archive for most 17th and 18th Century Rhineland church records]

Genealogische Gesellschaft Sitz Hamburg, E.V., Postfach 302042, D 2000 Hamburg 36, FRG-W. Germany

German-American Genealogical Association, Stoddarstrasse 81, D 4930 Detmold, FRG-W. Germany

German-American Genealogical Club, P.O. Box 24, APO NY, NY 09012 [Armed Forces mail drop]

German Chamber of Commerce, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, NY; (212) 974-8830

German Information Center, 950 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022; (212) 888-9840

German Interpreter Service, 46 W. 69th St., New York, NY 10023; (212) 877-1434

German National Tourism, 747 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017; (212) 308-3300

German Research Association, P.O. Box 11293, San Diego, CA 92111

Hamburg Emigration Office, Hamburg Museum, D 2000 Hamburg 36, FRG-W. Germany
[Records of all departures, by name, spouse, profession, ship, etc. between 1850-1914]

Hauptstaatsarchiv Stuttgart, Konrad Adenauerstrasse 4, 7000 Stuttgart 1, FRG-W. Germany; telephone (0711) 212-5335

Heimatstelle Pfälz, Stiftplatz 5, Kaiserslautern, FRG-W. Germany

Institut für Pfälzische Geschichte und Volkskunde, 6750 Kaiserlautern, Benzinoring 6, FRG-W. Germany
Attn.: Dr. Karl Scherer

Mid-Atlantic Germanic Society, P.O. Box 1273, Orange, VA 22960
Attn.: Barbara Little, editor of *Der Kurier*

Palatines to America, Capital University, Box 106, Columbus, OH 43209

Südwestdeutsche Blätter für Familien- und Wappenkunde in Württemberg und Baden, Galgenbergstrasse 48, D 7030 Böblingen, FRG-W. Germany [Genealogical newsletter]
Attn.: Landrat Karl Hess

Verein für Familien- Und Wappenkunde in Württemberg u. Baden e.V., Postfach 769, (Konrad Adenauerstrasse 8), 7000 Stuttgart 1, FRG-W. Germany

German Referrals

Roland zu Dortmund, Postfach 1147, D 46 Dortmund-1, FRG-W. Germany [researcher recommended by Mennonite Church]

Dr. Wolfgang Günther, Wittorfer Strasse 19, 2720 Rotenburg/Wümme, FRG-W. Germany
[Rhineland and Saar specialist]

Cornelia Schrader-Muggenthaler, Karl Stieler Strasse 1, D 6000 Frankfurt 1, FRG-W. Germany
[Mennonite recommendation]

British Institutions

British Information Service, 845 Third Ave., New York, NY; (212) 752-5747

British Tourist Authority, 40 W. 57th St., New York, NY 10019; (212) 581-4700, 593-2258

General Register Office, St. Catherine's House, 10 Kingsway, London WC2B 6JP, England

Royal Historical Society, London, England; (01) 387-7532

Shropshire County Council, The Shirehall, Abbey Foregate, Shrewsbury SY2 6ND, England
Attn.: Mrs. M.T. Halford, county archivist [Cartwright family]

Miscellaneous

Caroline County Clerk, Denton, MD 21629 [for Greensboro, MD]

Dallas Public Library Genealogy Department, Dallas, TX; (214) 749-4129/4130
Attn.: Lloyd Bockstruck

Lassen County Courthouse, Susanville, CA 96130; (916) 257-8311

Society for History of Germans in Maryland, P.O. Box 22585, Baltimore, MD 21203

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And Footnote Source Guide

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ADDITIONAL SOURCE MATERIALS BY AND ABOUT THE BAUGHMAN FAMILY IN THE AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

Books

252.) *Photographs.* A 10-by-7-inch dark brown cardboard covered album, containing 78 pages filled with 292 small black & white vintage photographic prints taken of and by Bernice Thurman Frank and the Baughman family, circa 1910.

253.) *Photographs: Souvenir of Detroit, Mich.* An 8-by-5¾-inch dark brown cardboard covered album, containing 34 pages filled with 138 small black & white vintage photographic prints taken of and by Mary Beatrice Thurman Baughman, circa 1925.

254.) *Our Wedding* (C.R. Gibson and Company, Norwalk, CN, 1942). A 7-by-10-inch padded, white leather-covered album, containing 40 pages filled with photographs and memorabilia from the wedding of Charles T. Baughman and Patricia Jane Hill on 4 May 1946, in Oklahoma City.

255.) *Our Baby* (C.R. Gibson and Company, Norwalk, CN) An 8-by-10½-inch padded, white leather album, containing 32 pages partly filled with greeting cards and memorabilia, following for a year after the birth of John Ross Baughman on 7 May 1953.

256.) *A Wedding Album for Jonni and Ross: filled with notes, plans and pictures that stretch from the first of September 1986 up until their wedding day, the ninth of May 1987.* A 99-page 8½-by-12-inch hand-made book, with a black leather cover and parchment endsheets. Assembled, and partly captioned in his own handwriting by J. Ross Baughman, with an appended journal by Jonalyn S. Schuon.

257.) [*Untitled Collection of Wedding and Preparatory Photographs*] A 16-page 11-by-12½-inch picture album, with a blue cloth cover. Title photograph in black & white by George Colt, with others by Anne Fadiman, Leslie Goldman, Katherine Gahan Loving, Jay Schuon, Stephen Shames, Mandy Vahabzadeh and Jeffrey Vock. May 1987.

258.) [*Untitled Collection of Autobiography, Essays and Fiction by J. Ross Baughman, from 1967 to 1973*] A 9¾-by-11½-inch brown leather notebook, overfilled with 2 inches of loose handwritten and typed manuscripts.

259.) [*Personal Calendars for the Daily Appointments of J. Ross Baughman, from 1973 to 1989*] Two formats: Large deskblotter sheets, by month, from 1973-1975; 10 spiral-bound *Monthly Minder* calendars. All entries are handwritten in pencil in mirror script — that being upside-down and backwards.

260.) *Poetry: 1970-1980* by J. Ross Baughman. A small black hardback book partially filled with verse handwritten in mirror script.

261.) *UNUS: A United Earth* by J. Ross Baughman. A 10-by-11½-inch black vinyl folio containing essays, tables, maps and illustrative drawings executed from 1964-1968.

262.) *Graven Images: a thematic portfolio* by J. Ross Baughman. An 8¾-by-9¾-inch monograph of black & white photographs, with captions and a foreword, was published by Cambric Press of Huron, Ohio, in 1976. The 64-page collection, centered around the theme of individual identity versus stereotyping, was first seen as a solo exhibition during his senior year at Kent State University on 7 May 1975.

263.) *Forbidden Images: a secret portfolio* by J. Ross Baughman. An 8¾-by-9¾-inch monograph of black & white photographs, with several introductions and a foreword, was published by Cambric Press of Huron, Ohio, in 1977. The 64-page series of five short photo essays, based on a theme of nonconformity and unseen societies, was the result of his work as a newspaper staffer at the *Lorain Journal* in Ohio. This volume is also in the non-circulating research collections of the New York Public Library and The International Center of Photography.

264.) *LIFE: Fifty Assignments During The Nineteen Eighties* by J. Ross Baughman. A 10½-by-13½-inch red leather cover holds 150 clipped and bound pages as they originally appeared in *LIFE* magazine's layouts. An introductory chart recounts each assignment's file name, shooting dates, whether the idea for each story was self-generated, the kind of film used, the publication date, and whether the pictures were republished internationally in other magazines.

265.) [*Untitled Portfolio of Published Photo Stories*] by J. Ross Baughman. An 11-by-14-inch grey leather cover holds 60 clear vinyl pages filled with clippings from numerous international picture magazines, including *Stern, Geo, Panorama, Manchete* and *Photo*.

266.) [*Untitled Portfolio of Columns by, Reviews about, and Interviews with J. Ross Baughman*] A 9¾-by-11¾-inch black plastic cover holds 48 clear vinyl pages filled with clippings from numerous magazines, including *News Photographer, Columbia Journalism Review, New York, Camera 35, Popular Photography* and *Fortune*.

VHS Videos

267.) *Home Movies of the Baughmans* by Charles T. and Patricia J. Baughman. A 70-minute soundless compilation, filmed originally on 8mm Kodachrome, of birthday and holiday celebrations from 1950-1959.

268.) *The Baughman Family Reunion* produced by Dorathy Baughman Hill. A 60-minute duplicate of candid videotaping made during the reunion on 29 October 1988 in the high school's home economic room at Forsyth, Missouri.

269.) *The Photographic Vision: Photojournalism* [No.17] produced by Public Broadcasting affiliate KOCE-TV in Santa Barbara, California, in 1984. A 30-minute documentary overview of the field's history and practices, featuring a running interview with J. Ross Baughman, as well as the works of W. Eugene Smith and Larry Burrows. The Council for Non-Theatrical Events, in Washington, D.C., gave this series segment their top national award, "The Golden Eagle," in May 1985, as the best educational short documentary on television.

270.) *I Hear Wedding Bells* by Mark G. Greenberg. A 20-minute narrated documentation of the wedding of Jonalyn S. Schuon and J. Ross Baughman at the Ephrata Cloister in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania on 9 May 1987.

271.) *Clausablanca* by Stephen B. Schneider. A 75-minute movie musical, starring the staff of Independent Visions International, including Ross, premiered at the office Christmas party held 20 December 1986, at 105 Fifth Avenue, in Manhattan.

Miscellaneous Works

272.) *Family Register* (Ambrose Henkel & Comp., New Market, Shenandoah, VA, 1811) A three-generation chart, bordered by seven woodcuts illustrating the stages of human aging, from the original 18-by-23-inch plates.

273.) *Haus Segen* (The Press of the Brotherhood, The Cloister, Ephrata, PA, 1985) A House Blessing fraktur engraved from the original 16-by-13½-inch printing plate made in 1813.

274.) Moll, Herman. *Atlas Minor: or a new and curious set of Sixty two maps* (Thos. Bowles, London, 1745) Loose folio 10-by-8-inch hand-tinted maps entitled "Suisse or Switzerland ... " and "The South West Part of Germany." [1706]

275.) Ringger, Rud. "Richterswil am Zürichsee ... " (Verlag v. Chr. Krüsl, Basel, Switzerland) Loose folio 9½- by-8-inch engraving of a lakeside landscape, early 19th Century.

276.) Shepherd, Thomas. "Chester Terrace, Regent's Park" (H. Melvelle, Engraver) Loose folio 7-by-5-inch engraving of a hand-tinted architectural view, mid 19th Century.

277.) Willard, Emma. *Ancient Geography, as Connected With Chronology, and Preparatory to the Study of Ancient History* (Oliver D. Cooke & Sons, Hartford, CN, 1822)

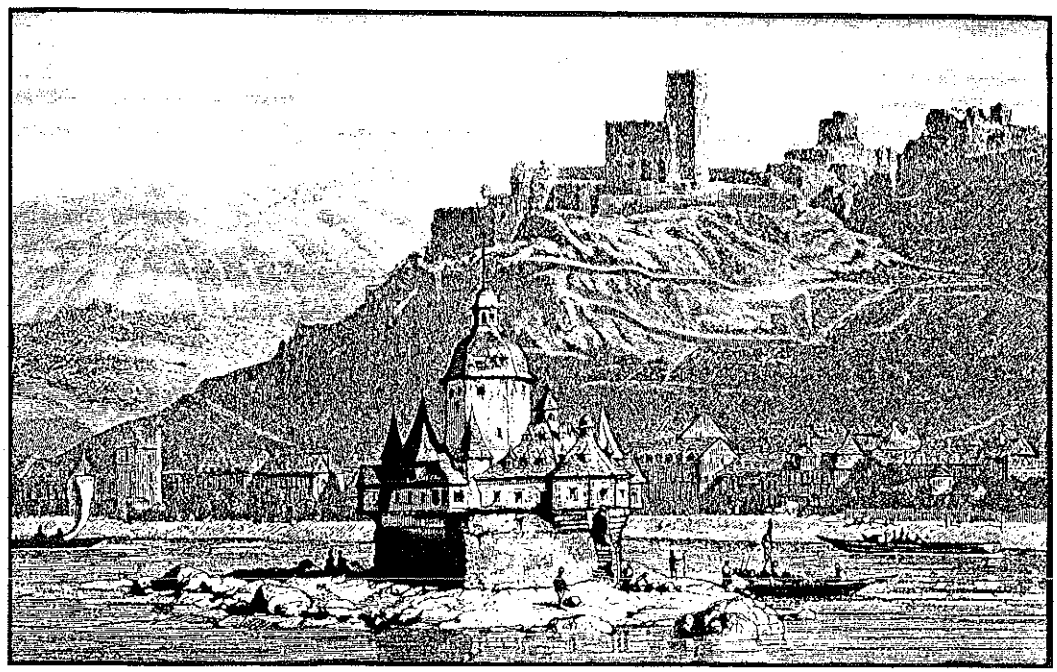
278.) Life-casting mask of Charles T. Baughman (1988)

279.) Life-casting masks of J. Ross Baughman (1985) Two white plaster copies.

280.) Life-casting masks of Jonalyn S. Schuon (1979) Two glazed clay copies.

An Index
To People, Places & Events
Among *Some Ancestors of the Baughman Family*

The term (also as ...) signals the reader that variations on a proper noun exist in the text.
Women are usually indexed by their maiden names



THE PFALZ AM KAUB ON THE RHINE RIVER,
WHERE TAXES WERE COLLECTED IN TIMES PAST FROM PASSING BOATS