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(SNP009) Harold Baugher interviewed by Dorothy Noble Smith, transcribed by Sharon G. Marston

Harold Baugher

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NARRATOR: HAROLD BAUGHER
INTERVIEWER: DOROTHY NOBLE SMITH
DATE: APRIL 6, 1979
PLACE: SWIFT RUN

TRANSCRIBED BY:
Sharon G. Marston

COMPLETED DATE:
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Dorothy Smith: We are interviewing Harold Baugher who lived right on the edge of the mountain. His property was not quite taken by the park.

Harold Baugher: Part of it was.

D.S.: Part of it was. Where did you live?


D.S.: Near Swift Run. This uh east or west of Swift Run?

H.B.: Right in the little joint up there.

D.S.: Uhhuh. Well was the road going up over Swift Run, was that on your left or right?

H.B.: It uh, from here was on my left. That was old Rockingham Turnpike.

D.S.: Yea, right. The old Rockingham Turnpike. What was your mother's maiden name?

H.B.: It was Wyant.

D.S.: Wyant? Wyant. That's a name I don't know. Did she, uh come from the same area?

H.B.: Yea... not very many miles, separated us.

D.S.: Not many miles. Uh, you said your grandparents property was taken?

H.B.: Uhhuh.

D.S.: On your mother's side or your father's side?

H.B.: My father's side.

D.S.: On your father's... How far away from you were they?

H.B.: Oh possibly three or four miles.

D.S.: Okey. Most of the houses were about how far apart?
H.B.: Well they were down near the edge of the park area.
D.S.: Uhhum. Your nearest neighbor would be about a half mile away then?
H.B.: No the nearest neighbor would be a quarter... 
D.S.: A quarter! Uhhum. How about the family..did you have large families?
H.B.: Most of them had fair families. That is twelve children in my dad's family.
D.S.: Twelve! Wow! Then you had a lot of uncles and aunts didn't you?
H.B.: Quite a few.
D.S.: Yea. Did they all live fairly close.
H.B.: Well, four died in the early twenties.
D.S.: Was that the flu epedemic that got them?
H.B.: No..no.
D.S.: No. Cause, I know the flue epedemic got a lot.
H.B.: That was a little bit later on.
D.S.: Yea, uhhum. Do you know what they died of?
H.B.: T.B.
D.S.: T.B.
H.B.: That's what I've been told, I don't know. Died before I was even born..Didn't know them.
D.S.: Yea, wow! How many were in your family?
H.B.: There were only four of us kids.
D.S.: Four. That was a small family wasn't it. Did you have any special jobs you had to do? Were there any special things that were your responsibility..like bringin in the
firewood, or chopping the trees, or something of that
kind.
H.B.: Oh we all had our part to do.
D.S.: Everybody.
H.B.: We uh, we'd bring the uh...in wintertime...there wasn't
enough wood from Saturday to Saturday. Go to school
between times.
D.S.: Yea.
H.B.: On Saturday we'd work up enough wood to last til the next
Saturday.
D.S.: That was a lot of wood to chop wasn't it?
H.B.: Well, saw and so forth. We had a saw.
D.S.: Uhhum. You were showing me something that I...none of us
had known about. Those...they looked like little horse-
shoes. Now uh, tell about those.
H.B.: Well, they just little ole iron...they look like a
pony shoe. But it isn't
They are homemade...made for putting on the heels of a uh,
rough areas when you are out in the woods cutting wood or
something like that. Real rocky areas.
D.S.: Uhhum. Did you take them off then when you came in the
house?
H.B.: No. No. See they were nailed on your shoes...on your heels.
D.S.: Yea. Didn't they scratch up the floor?
H.B.: Not too bad. Well, we had the wooden floors, we didn't have
linolium.
D.S.: Yea.
H.B.: Most of us.

D.S.: Yea.

H.B.: *Some had* linoleum.

D.S.: I think that was clever. Did save the shoes didn't it.

H.B.: Yea, it would keep the shoes from wearing over and what we call heel-sided. You've seen them.

D.S.: Yea, right. And your father made nails too?

H.B.: Well he did sometimes just for fun. You know just anything *he could* do. He was a uh, you might say a jack of all trades. He did some farming. My grandfather was a blacksmith and quite a few of his sons were. He could make anything mostly like that.

D.S.: Great. He was a blacksmith? Now did he do this for all the neighbors?

H.B.: Well...sort of...if they done work in that area. I had a couple uncles that done blacksmith too.

D.S.: Where did they get the iron to do it?

H.B.: Well you use old horseshoes or any good metal.

D.S.: Uhhum.

H.B.: Any good kind of metal.

D.S.: Uhhum. There were iron mines up there. Did they use those at all.

H.B.: No. Nothing out of there as I know of.

D.S.: No, uhhuh. Okey now school. You were mentioning the school.

How far was the school? *From your home?*

H.B.: Well. Not much more than half a mile maybe.

D.S.: Half a mile!
H.B.: Not too far from my home. In fact the first school I went to was a one room school which was oh couple hundred yards.

D.S.: Oh my gosh. You were lucky.

H.B.: We were very lucky. We had good teachers. That's one thing. We had good teachers.

D.S.: Great.

H.B.: If you didn't know your lessons today you had to know them tomorrow. That was it.

D.S.: Yea. Yea. How far did the school go? How many months?

H.B.: I think it was seven months, at first then nine later. In later years nine. I think at first it was seven. I'm not too sure of that.

D.S.: You were fortunate. A lot of the schools weren't.

H.B.: A lot. Maybe I'm wrong about that but I know we had to go to school early. For short periods of time. I believe it was seven. I wouldn't say about the nine.

D.S.: Yea.

H.B.: Probably I'm wrong on that.

D.S.: They taught what Reading? Writing and Arithmetic, Spelling.

H.B.: Oh yea. Taught everything. History, Civil Government, Geography, Spelling, Grammar, we called it English you all call it. And uh, couple years in there we had a little Algebra along with it in some of the books what we had. It wasn't all dumb stuff.

D.S.: Wow! You know one person I interviewed only was taught spelling?
H.B.: What?

D.S.: He was only taught Spelling.

H.B.: Oh the dickens. We had everything there, geography. Civil Government or we'd skip one morning one thing, one morning the next.

D.S.: Yea.

H.B.: Civil Government

D.S.: Geography probably.

H.B.: We had History, and Grammar, and geography, Spelling and then we'd work in a little of that other stuff ever once in a while.

D.S.: Yea. Oh boy.

H.B.: It wasn't just spelling.

D.S.: How about a garden? Did you people have...raise vegetables?

H.B.: Oh yea.

D.S.: How big a garden?

H.B.: Well it was...in fact at home we had two. Two small gardens.

D.S.: How small is small?

H.B.: Well, I don't know. Just a family size garden. Oh I wouldn't know what size.

D.S.: Hum. And you raised what?

H.B.: All of our vegetables.

D.S.: Yea. Did you raise any wheat?

H.B.: Not too much wheat. We had some rye on some of the land, but not much wheat.

D.S.: Corn.
H.B.: Oh yea...corn. And my dad had a cane mill.

D.S.: So you made sorghumn.

H.B.: He made sorghumn for himself and for other people in the area.

D.S.: Did he sell it to them or just make it for them.

H.B.: No he just made it for them. They would have their patches too.

D.S.: Oh, I see.

H.B.: And we would have a patch too. So he made his own and also for the neighbors, around in different areas. Several miles set up and make sorghumn.

D.S.: Uhhum. Your father was a jack of all trades wasn't he?

H.B.: Yes...he was.

D.S.: Yea. That's pretty fine. Did you uh...raise chickens?

H.B.: Just some for family use.

D.S.: And hogs?

H.B.: Oh yes.

D.S.: Did you keep them penned in or did you let them roam around.

H.B.: Well we didn't have too much space for them to roam...no. Usually kept them in pens.

D.S.: How did you cure the hams

H.B.: Well it...uh...the hams they was cured by a salt process more or less. Not this new method.

D.S.: Yea, right. They were good hams weren't they?

H.B.: Sure were. In fact they all tasted good.

D.S.: Sure. Did you ever eat beef?

H.B.: Beef? Not too much beef. We had a lot...we had our chickens
as I say and we had our hogs and stuff but not too much beef.

We didn't raise any beef.

D.S.: Uhhuh, yea. Did you have a cow? Uh one or two cows?
H.B.: Oh, two or three.

D.S.: That's a lot of cows for a family of only six.
H.B.: Well, we liked milk...milk products from a cow.

D.S.: And your mother made butter?
H.B.: Sure did.

D.S.: Clabber?
H.B.: I still got the churn she used. That old up and down churn.

D.S.: Do you? How wonderful! Great! And did she make clabber.
H.B.: Pardon?

D.S.: Did she make clabber?
H.B.: Oh that just made itself. That's just the sour milk.

D.S.: Yea. Did you like it?
H.B.: Not too well. My dad liked it pretty good but I never did care too much for it.

D.S.: Yea. Where would you keep these in the spring house?
H.B.: No. We kept the milk and the uh butter and all in the spring house or dairy and in the smokehouse we kept our meat.

D.S.: Yea, right.
H.B.: You tried to trick me there!

D.S.: I didn't mean to, I'm sorry. I was talking about the milk and...

How about the water? Was it nice and pure.

H.B.: We had a well.

D.S.: You had a well?
H.B.: Uhhum.
D.S.: You dug a well?
H.B.: Oh yea. Had a pump.
D.S.: Very few people...w.. Did many people around that that area have a well.
H.B.: Well, the ones that didn't have a spring did. There were quite a few springs along the foot of the mountain there, but some of them had a well.
D.S.: Yea. Great. Did you when you had extra eggs and extra...any of your vegetables...potatoes, did you take them down to the store to be sold.
H.B.: No, not to much. Potatoes. We raised our own things...not to much for sale. And we would keep them over til the next year you know. But we had lot of fruit...we had apples, grapes, pears, cherries...of the cherries...black heart and red cherries. We had all of them.
D.S.: Did you dry the cherries?
H.B.: No, that was before my time. My mother said she did when she was young. We didn't.
D.S.: How about huckleberries? Did you have many huckleberries?
H.B.: Not many huckleberries on our place. No.
D.S.: Did you ever hear about the people burning the forest so they'd be sure of having huckleberries?
H.B.: I've heard of it but whether it was true I couldn't tell you. We didn't in our area.
D.S.: Yea. I think it was further north.
D.S.: Yea, right. Uh, did you take anything down to the store to be sold.
H.B.: Oh yes. We had plums, I forgot that. If they had an extra supply of plums or blackberries...oh, they had oodles of blackberries too, up in the wilds you know. We'd pick berries or plums or what ever we had and then take them in to Elkton, in the afternoon...same day.

D.S.: Yea. Now he would bring them down by horseback or by wagon?

H.B.: No, no. He had a spring wagon. We had a wagon and two horses. A two seated surry with the fringe on top.

D.S.: Ah!

H.B.: So we had ways we could travel. Two horses.

D.S.: Yea, sure. Do you know if your family got credit for taking the things in to the store or did they get cash?

H.B.: Well, I don't know about that. I don't know.

D.S.: The reason I ask is a lot of the stores would give the credit and then against that credit they would give them the things they need.

H.B.: No I don't think they did that, that's what they called a script. Remember?

D.S.: Yea, right

H.B.: No I don't think we...probably we take into the stores, but a lot of that we would take to the individual houses in the area.

D.S.: Oh, yea.

H.B.: Didn't go to the store. Blackberries, plums, lot of apples. old time apples right there.

D.S.: What kind is that?

H.B.: Millard

D.S.: I have two of those.

H.B.: What?
D.S.: I have two of those.

H.B.: Two mylam trees. If it is the old type, you can't beat it.

If its one of these I don't think its too good.

D.S.: It's the old type. They're beautiful. How then did your family get the money to buy things like sugar, coffee, kerosene things like that.

H.B.: Well, I don't know. But they always had enough to buy things. Now some of the times we had hams for sale, sell the hams you know then we'd buy the things, items we needed for the kitchen. Things of that sort. And our hens always laid.

D.S.: Yea, right.

H.B.: That brought in the coffee, and the salt and items you couldn't raise.

D.S.: Yea, sure.

H.B.: Everything else, practically, we had.

D.S.: Did you ever raise any sheep?

H.B.: No.

D.S.: No. Then how would you get clothes? Did your mother make them?

H.B.: My mother. Well, when I was real small she probably made them.

Uh. She usta knit. She'd knit our socks, the stockings when I was a boy come out of the drawer, we had socks nearly knee high out of wool. And uh, gloves, she'd knit gloves. And she could weave.

She usta weave on that loom up on the drive.

D.S.: That was her's.

H.B.: That was my aunt's. But my granddaddy made it.

D.S.: You mean the one that's at Big Meadows.
H.B.: That's right. My Granddaddy made it for Aunt Sally...that was my mother's older sister.

D.S.: Oh dear, that's great. Then somebody must have raised some sheep.

H.B.: We didn't have any...some around in the area had a few sheep, but we didn't have any.

D.S.: No. Cause you would need that in order to use the loom. How about shoes...did you wear shoes all year round?

H.B.: Oh no. Not when I was a kid I didn't. Went barefooted of course.

D.S.: Sure

H.B.: Had a good time.

D.S.: In the summer. But you did wear shoes in the winter.

H.B.: Oh yea. Sure we had sunday shoes, which we'd wear to go to Sunday School. We'd always have to go to Sunday School on Sunday mornings...that was a must...and then when you got home, course your foot was all cramped up and you take them off and go play with your neighbor's kids.

D.S.: Sure. How far away was this church?


D.S.: Yea. And you went every Sunday?

H.B.: Oh yea, that was a must.

D.S.: Yea. Did you visit around on Sunday?

H.B.: Well, when I was a kid we'd always go to a neighbor's house, and the kids would all get together and play out in the lot behind the barn and play games.

D.S.: What kind of games?
H.B.: Well I don't remember too much about it but.
D.S.: Marbles?
H.B.: No that was too rough for marbles.
D.S.: Oh, pitch horseshoes?
H.B.: Well, we didn't do to much horse shoe pitching. No. But uh, the older folks would play marbles sometimes thru the week, maybe all the week when they clean up the store. you know a level place play marbles. you know the old timemarbles. you ever see any of them?
D.S.: Yes I did.
H.B.: Huh?
D.S.: Yes, I did.
H.B.: I have a set of them myself.
D.S.: Do you?
H.B.: The corner men, and the king, and the I have them.
D.S.: Gee that's great. So you don't recall any of the games you usta play?
H.B.: No I don't remember. I rember one place we usta play, quite a bit. They had a big willow tree had those long branches on it you know and we'd get out in the field there and cut jackets, and use them to hit each other with you know and sometimes we'd cut your jacket too.
D.S.: Sure right.
H.B.: Had the little balls not any baseballs anything like that, just an old towel like that you know.
D.S.: Did you, uh, I want to go back to the gardens. Did you have
many rocks? in your gardens?

H.B.: Nope.

D.S.: No.

H.B.: We usually picked a place where it wasn't too rough for a
garden.

D.S.: Didn't have to build any strong fences.

H.B.: Wasn't any strong fences on our places. We had the old
chestnut rail fences. And I've helped split a many of them.
We had a lot...quite a bit of chestnut on the place, and we'd
go out and cut uh...a rail as you know is eleven feet long,
and the stake is seven feet long...go out and split raib and
make up the fence over this way or wherever we wanted to go
you know and put it up like that.

D.S.: You used to gather chestnuts too didn't you, and sell them.

H.B.: Oh yes, yes indeed. We had to sell some of our chestnuts
what we didn't use for our own use. And sometimes if I'd find out
where a ground squirrel hid chestnuts in a stump I'd
that squirrel...I've had that to happen.

D.S.: Did any of your people peel bark for the tannery?

H.B.: Yes.

D.S.: And the tannery was in Elkton?

H.B.: Yes, that's right. They uh, in the early spring chestnut
oak is what you would peel, that is the heavy bark
best for tanning...And we had a few chestnuts trees,
and we would go out and peel the bark off, and let it dry,
and then haul it to the tannery, and then the trees after
the bark was off would dry and then in the fall we would
work that up for wood and that really would bake the biscuits.
That was really baking biscuit stuff.

D.S.: Ah. Yea.


D.S.: Uh-hum! Yea. That's great. Did you do much dancing?

H.B.: Nope, my feet are too big.

D.S.: Ah, they are not.

H.B.: Nope I didn't quite cut it. I tried a couple times, but I
couldn't do much with it.

D.S.: But people did do dancing?

H.B.: Oh, yea. There was dancing. Usually in someone's home.

D.S.: Yea.

H.B.: On a Saturday night in someone's home, roll the carpet back
and move a little furniture and pick a fiddle and a banjo.

D.S.: Do you recall any of the tunes they played?

H.B.: No I don't because I'm not a bit of music in me.

D.S.: Have you ever heard that tune Fox Hunt?

H.B.: That What?

D.S.: Fox Hunt or Fox Chase?

H.B.: No.

D.S.: No. Alright now. You had all these apple trees. Did you dry
apples?

H.B.: Yes mam. Made apple butter by the gallons.

D.S.: Uh-hum. Tell about the applebutter.

H.B.: What about it?

D.S.: Okey, how did ya'll do it.
H.B.: Well, we'd gather up a bunch of the neighbors in and have apple cutting later on in afternoon and night. Have an apple pealing they called it, and then they'd get the apples ready for the next morning. Early my dad got up and got a fire going and feed the apples in gradually and cook them. And we usually had a right good size kettle.. borrow one we didn't have one. Make a lot of applebutter and that would last us until the next fall.

D.S.: Did you make a party out of this in any way. Have music.

H.B.: No, no. The neighbors would talk you know...

D.S.: But you didn't make a party out of it?

H.B.: No indeed.

D.S.: Oh you missed all the best part of making applebutter. Once

   How about corn shucking. Did you have a party there.

H.B.: Once in a while we might have a little party. I always heard that if you got a red ear you got a drink. But we didn't drink, so we didn't bother the red ears.

D.S.: With your apple butter boiling when you were stirring if you touched the side of the kettle did you get a kiss.

H.B.: You were suppose to if you had a partner helping you. Supposed to.

D.S.: Right. Yea. So you did have some fun then.

H. B.: Oh yea.

D.S.: I guess it was fun just having everybody around too.

H.B.: Why sure, everybody enjoyed having .. a you know.. a get together and get a lot of work done. Help one another .. neighbors .. you know. Same way with bean stringing and apple cutting.

D.S.: Sure.
I've heard that the tune 'Leather Britches' was about stringing beans.

H.B.: May have been, but I couldn't tell you.

D.S.: Uhhun. Where did you string beans. Did you string beans, outside the house.

H.B.: Oh no. No indeed. My mother would dry them..put them out in the driveway where the sun could dry them and that would be snap and some peoplecall them snap beans, but we call them hay beans, and you throw a ham hock down in them .. old bone something like that.. and you really had some good eating along with some corn bread and milk.

D.S.: Sure that was a good meal.

H.B.: And we canned some beans, but we never did string them up for nothing like that.

D.S.: You didn't.

H.B.: No.

D.S.: Some people did. I heard.

This is the fun of learning about the different areas.

H.B.: We had bees and had our own honey. I forgot about that.

D.S.: You did.

H.B.: Just three or four hives, enough for a family use.

D.S.: Did you ever see a bear?

H.B.: No bear in that area when I was a boy. I reckon I scared him.

D.S.: Did you do anything special to make the bees come to the hives.

H.B.: No. No. No the most of it..well sometimes they'd find a little patch of clover or I think that was a good bloom...I think it was, and if someone had a buckwheat patch you know,
they were crazy about buckwheat.

You know what buckwheat was, I hope.

D.S.: Yea.

H.B.: Sometimes they would have a little buckwheat patch you'd see

making a bee-line toward it.

D.S.: Why did your family raise rye? What did they do with it?

H.B.: Why did they? That was excellent hog feed. Use it for

straw and bedding and stuff like that.

Not many animals would eat rye. But the rye itself is ideal hog feed.

D.S.: So how would you separate the rye from the straw.

H.B.: Oh thru a thrashing machine.

D.S.: I see. And you had one.

H.B.: No we didn't have a thrashing machine, no. But one would

come around thru the neighborhood. one of the small thrashers,
you know.. you've seen them.. get little patches here and little

patches there

D.S.: I see.

H.B.: Then we'd have to take the rye to the mill which was, oh maybe,
a mile, or mile and a half from home and that was ground up into

rye chuck. That was what you called rye chuck.

D.S.: Did you pay the miller or did he take ten percent.

H.B.: I don't recall, I just took it to the mill.. I didn't have any-

thing to do with that.. my dad took care of that. But he pro-

bably took a toll.. I don't know.

D.S.: They pretty generally did.

H.B.: I imagine they did.
D.S.: Do you recall any of the herbs your mother usta use when you got sick?

H.B.: No I just can't recall it. They used them. I remember one thing my dad did. One time I sprang one of my ankles real bad. And he used mullen leaves. Do you know what mullen is?

D.S.: Yea.

H.B.: He used mullen leaves and boiled it and made a kinda in water boiled it and he bandaged that on my ankle. That was what he used for

D.S.: And it took the swelling out. He boiled it down and made a sort of poltrou out of it

H.B.: Well yes, kinda used a liquid on my ankle. And I'll tell you another thing and I know it will work. If you stick a nail in your foot...a rusty nail or anything like that...you can take ashes from a wood stove and boil water just as hot as you can stand to put your foot in, and keep adding hot water to it, and that will draw all of that out and turn it just as white as you please around there, and draw all of that stuff out.

D.S.: Wood ashes and boiling water.

H.B.: Hot water. Cause my brother did that and I saw my dad work on him.

D.S.: Wow!

H.B.: That will draw...you know you've seen things sort of draw up like a shadow.
D.S.: Yea.

H.B.: Well that just sort of draws it up and turns it white and draw that stuff right out of there. That save lockjaw or tetanus whatever you call it.

D.S.: How simply marvelous. You know that's the thing some of these very fine old remedies have been forgotten and they worked.

H.B.: Better than today. And less expensive.

D.S.: How about turpentine and sugar if you got a cold?

H.B.: Well, no. Sore throat maybe turpentine around your throat but no sugar.

D.S.: Did your mother ever make a mustard of onion and corn meal and put it on your chest if you had a cold.

H.B.: No. Don't remember the corn meal. Just trying to think. I believe she made one out of flour and vinegar. I believe. I'm not too sure about that. I don't know. I know I had a little touch of pneumonia one time and it worked on me.

D.S.: And that's what you think she used.

H.B.: I believe so. I'm not too sure of that.

D.S.: Did you ever make sassafrass tea?

H.B.: Oh yea. That's ole tea too.

D.S.: Good wasn't it?

H.B.: Very good, for a change. Sassafrass tea and then sometimes my dad would go out in the mountain and find goldenrod, and make goldenrod tea. That's very good.
D.S.: The bloom or what?
H.B.: No you take the leaves just like you do the other, and uh, make a tea out of it, boil it and make a tea out of it, has a different flavor, and very good too.
D.S.: Sure, would you dry them first?
H.B.: Yea, you have to dry them of course. Or he did rather.
D.S.: Uhhuh. When winter was coming on did your family get more supplies in so in case you were snowed in? Enough to carry you through the winter.
H.B.: Well we didn't go to the store everyday. We usually had enough to last us a couple of weeks on hand.
D.S.: Then you didn't stock up for the whole winter?
H.B.: No, no. No not for the whole winter, but enough to last you for a reasonably short spell.
D.S.: Uhhuh, yea.
H.B.: Get flour by the barrel or the half barrel. Get plenty of corn meal and you always had plenty of meat. Lard and all that sort of stuff.
D.S.: Sure. Your meals what were they like? Say let's take a typical breakfast, what would you have for breakfast?
H.B.: Well, we nearly...most of the time we had great big homemade biscuits.
D.S.: You are making me hungry. Go ahead.
H.B.: My mama was an expert, and uh, we had them with gravy and uh some meat, fry a piece of shoulder meat or maybe a cured up side meat was very good when it was not too fat. and we always had applebutter, honey, preserves, all that stuff. All That.
D.S.: That started you off good for the day didn't it?
H.B.: Well it lasted a little anyway.

D.S.: Did you all get up early in the morning?

H.B.: Well, not too early, not too early.

D.S.: Now, what is not too early?

H.B.: Well when the sun was peaking over the mountain... my dad usually called me up. I don't know what time he got up.

D.S.: Was it part of your job to do the milking of the cows or...?

H.B.: I've helped to do all of that. We didn't have separate jobs to do, we all joined in and did different things.

D.S.: What about, if you didn't feel like doing one of your jobs, did you say to your father, I'm not going to do it?

H.B.: No Mam! That was strictly no.

D.S.: Youngsters were a little more obedient, weren't they?

H.B.: That's right, my dad never did mistreat us... we weren't mistreated, but when he told us to do something, we were expected to do it. And we did it without saying well I can't today, I'll wait till tomorrow... we'd go and do it now! Now if you had another job, he'd tell you what to do or something like that. No sir, I never did sass my parents. Because he'd raised me and my shirttail with a switch if I did.

D.S.: Right. Well, children respected their parents.

H.B.: That's exactly right, and that's why it's not done today.

D.S.: That's right. Uh, Have you... could you tell us how a fellow went courting a girl?

H.B.: How what?

D.S.: How he courted a girl.
H.B.: Oh! We usta have a lot of fun a courting the girls.

D.S.: Okey, how would you do it.

H.B.: Well, I'd just make a date with her and go to the theater on a Sunday afternoon.

D.S.: Sunday?

H.B.: Sunday afternoon. Something like that. And sit up... We had two split bottom chairs and we'd get them up close together so we could talk.

D.S.: Yea. Were you chaperoned?


D.S.: Well they knew you...you had a devil in your eye.

H.B.: No. Probably didn't trust anybody. Or sometimes, one particular girl I went with, I'd go down the road on a Sunday evening or night and Uh, then I'd walk her home, which was a pretty rough road to travel. \(\text{Wasn't} \) macadam road.

D.S.: No.

H.B.: And I'd walk her home, and her mother walked right in front of me with a lantern. And it was lit. But we had a lot of fun.

D.S.: Yea, it was fun. Weren't you ever afraid of snakes?

H.B.: Well, in a way yes. In a way, no. I uh, one time out in what we call the new ground where some high stumps, couldn't get anything over it...my dad was cutting rye I reckon, for the cradle, and I would..I'm left handed, and if I make a double band and tie the spear up, and you catch them and it'll come untied. A right hand person it's different. Can't untie it with the right hand. So I was going along piling
this rye, and my brother was coming along bending the

I'd pick up one little bunch, another little bunch, picked up another little bunch, only that was a snake...now that's the closest I ever come to a live snake that I know of, but course it wasn't too dangerous, it was a little green snake

but, I didn't know the difference. It didn't look good to me.

D.S.: That's right.

H.B.: That's one of the things that happened. I've traveled around up in there, at night where they say there are bear and all kind of cougar's and whatever, but after night without a flashlight or anything...a lot of I've traveled at night by myself...I'm pretty lucky to be here.

D.S.: You are lucky. Very. How about hunting? Did you do any hunting?

H.B.: Not too much. My dad...here I go again...he figured that a man that would sit on a river bank and fish or go a hunting all day...there wasn't much to him. In fact if we had a little spare time to maybe go out in the morning and kill a squirrel, maybe we could...but do a little rabbit hunting. I usually set rabbit boxes. And I had a lot of good luck with them.

D.S.: Then you sold the rabbits?

H.B.: Yes. Not to many when we were at home because we usually ate them. Soak it overnight, and then the next morning I mean that made real good rabbit gravy...hot biscuits...umm...But, uh
I had real good luck with my rabbit boxes. You kind of got to know the nature of an animal to catch it. You got to know what they do.

D.S.: If you sold any, how much would you get for them?

H.B.: Well let me tell you what happened in later life. Now this was in ... can I come up a little earlier?

D.S.: Sure.

H.B.: This was in 1931. That's the year I was married, which was a tough year. I was over in ... back of the place ... cutting some fire wood to haul in ... you know to work up ... and I had a little collie dog, he wasn't a rabbit dog, but he was running rabbits, and catching a few so I was over there cutting wood and he kept a barking ... he wouldn't bark unless he tried anything. He kept barking, barking, so I went over to the hill and took my ax with me and in a hole down about six inches where he sat me, and he'd clawed the bark you know and on the other side was a little hole and I was afraid he would come up and go over there so, I took my jacket off I covered one hole and I had a pair of overalls on over my pants so I took them off and covered the other hole. And you can take the pole of an ax and peck on your hollow tree and tell where the hollow goes. So I found out how high it was off the ground, and I cut a hole in there and was really charging...oh he was charging...I stood there and pulled out one rabbit, stuck him, and the dog just kept on barking, so I finally reached in and pulled out another rabbit out of the same hole and he kept on barking, and you know I pulled a
third one out of that hole, stuck him and that's the three that I sold and bought the shot gun shells with. That's what I did. That's the only three I think I ever sold. Deed it was. I think I got about 15¢ a piece for them. Fifteen and ten for the little one. There was two big ones and a little one. Three in that one tree. That's the truth, so help me. So help me.

D.S.: Yea, I believe it, I believe it. That's so great. Oh, uh, So You didn't do much hunting. How did you keep the wild animals like the rabbit out of your garden?

H.B.: Well, we had a dog there most of the time we had a dog around. But we didn't have anything to eat up the vegetables.

D.S.: I can't keep rabbits out of mine.

H.B.: Nope we didn't have any trouble.

D.S.: Uh, Have you any idea where the Baugher family came from?

H.B.: That's one thing I don't know too much about. I really don't. I think a cousin of mine has a better record than I have. I really don't know where they come from.

D.S.: Nobody knows, They just all were suddenly there. Do you know how long your family was there in the mountains. Have people talked to you about your great-grandfather being there?

H.B.: No, they didn't talk much about that. My granddad died before I was born. I never seen him.

D.S.: Yea?

H.B.: I really don't know. I don't know how many brothers he had. I don't know at all. I want to try and find out. I don't be-
lieve I have anything on that at all.

D.S.: Did your family ever use this method of keeping a fire over night in the fireplace? By putting a long log down the chimney.

H.B.: Oh, no.

D.S.: Have you heard of people doing that?

H.B.: No, never.

D.S.: You've never heard of that?


D.S.: No. Okey. How did you keep it going all night?

H.B.: Well we didn't use the fireplace much at night, we'd let the fire go out earlier than that. Instead of that we had a little stove we set right in front of the fireplace in the winter time of course. And my mother one time, just for fun, said I'm going to make you a cake. So you made the cake.

D.S.: That's good.

H.B.: She in the ashes. I just better not say nothing here.

D.S.: Why?

H.B.: Cause I might say something wrong, about some other county. This is on tape isn't it?

D.S.: Yea. Right. Why. We can always eliminate it.

H.B.: My mother used to always make her own yeast.

D.S.: Really.

H.B.: Yea. She used to keep yeast on hand all the time, for bread. Bake light bread on Saturday, pies. And she would make it out of...I think she really started it with potatoes and uh meal.
But we never did down corn meal and potatoes. Let it ferment. She always had her own... some people called it RIBBLE. But we never did it was always just yeast.

D.S.: She made her own!

H.B.: Oh yea. We always had our own yeast. Yea.

D.S.: That's unusual! It really is. No wonder your biscuits were so good. Yea. Well I be darn. Hey did you have a doctor who would come regularly. Who would come to the house.


D.S.: What was his name do you recall.

H.B.: Well before my time there was a Dr. Richards brought me into this country.

D.S.: Yea, and he was from Elkton.

H.B.: No well, he lived out of town about two miles. And there was a Doctor Gordon. He used to come out. And then there was a Doctor...oh there was two or three.

D.S.: How did you get in touch with them?

H.B.: Well, uh some folks around had phones. Not too many folks had phones. Sometimes had to ride in onhorseback to get one. Something like that.

D.S.: Yea, Now... Did you used to visit people in the hollow or a few miles away,or do anything,walk around like that...?

H.B.: Well yes, I usta kind of do a little courting in some of the other hollows. But we didn't do to much visiting around, not too much.

D.S.: How would you meet the girls, in the other hollows?
H.B.: Well, maybe go to church or something like that, find em
   and meet them or some party or something you'd meet them.
D.S.: Uhhuh. Yea. Okey. So there was visiting back and forth,
   wasn't there?
H.B.: Well, in a way...yes. In a way...not too much.
D.S.: Yea.
H.B.: We couldn't go too far back same day because of the rigs
   we had...you know...go visiting sometime out in
   not too many miles away. Get back before dark...do the milking.
D.S.: Did you ever walk down toward Big Meadows area. That wasn't
   too far...away from you.
H.B.: No.
D.S.: Did you ever go over to Dark Hollow or around there.
H.B.: No. That's on the other side of the mountain isn't it?
D.S.: Yea.
H.B.: I was strickly a Eastern Virginian.
D.S.: Eastern side.
H.B.: Western side, I'm sorry.
D.S.: How did you celebrate Christmas?
H.B.: Celebrate...well...we'd have plenty things to eat, I don't know
   what else...maybe some kind of a program maybe at the church...
   something like that...maybe...not much.
D.S.: Did you do the Kris Kringling?
H.B.: Oh, yes indeed.
D.S.: Well...that's part of Christmas isn't it?
H.B.: Yes we'd go Kris Kringling. We'd have a big old clown suit
   I call it and a mask or something on our face;we'd go around
and try to fool people, which we did. We'd all get together
a bunch of us and go from house to house. They'd try to guess
who it was, and didn't have much luck sometime.

D.S.: And then would you get something to eat?

H.B.: Well, we didn't eat too much, because we had other visits,
going other places same night you know.

D.S.: Oh yea, right. Did you shoot off firecrackers?

H.B.: Oh yes. We had firecrackers, roman candles, that was the long
ones you know...Right smart of those.

D.S.: Yea, sure. I know your family didn't because you've already
said so, but did any of your neighbors make moonshine?

H.B.: Not my neighbors, no.

D.S.: Not your neighbors.

H.B.: Not anywhere close that I know of. One fellow did come by one
time and say come over tonight. He lived a ways from me, and
uh, he said we gonna run off somet tonight. I said no, I
don't believe I'll be over there. So I didn't go, because I
didn't know who else might be there too. But nobody close, no.

D.S.: Yea. Right. Do you...could you tell me how the people felt
when they knew the park was coming in?

H.B.: Well, the most of them opposed it because they weren't allowed
to have anything for their place. They set a price for it, and
you had to take it or else get out, now! That's uh, pretty
burned up, well the way my dad was I think.

D.S.: Yea.
H.B.: Even tho they didn't take all of his place. And some of them got a pretty good price I don't know. We didn't. We had to work hard...no too hard...we had a lot of fun...a lot of fast time along with it...and we had good fresh air, good water, and healthy. Most of us. And if we ever got sick, the neighbors would come in and help you. Same way...vice versa. Anything like that. Man get a broken leg, take care of him 'til get...you know what I mean.

D.S.: Uh, what kind of a lock did you have on your door?

H.B.: Just a small lock. You know, turn a knob...one key fit everything.

D.S.: How do you feel about a person, if there had been one in your neighborhood who did any stealing?

H.B.: Well, I don't know.

D.S.: Was there any stealing?

H.B.: There probably was. I've heard of some along the line, but uh, not too much. They might have took a bag of corn or something like that, at night; but I don't think there was too much pilfering.

D.S.: Were there any...you know Elkton area has always been sort of noted for lots of fights, among the mountain people. Do you recall any that went on.

H.B.: Whatcha mean...something like a fued?

D.S.: Not exactly a fued, but just men with very firey tempers.

H.B.: Well, yes. they usta have a few fights around occasionally; especially young boys from college, you might say. Boys visiting a girl from the other hollow, boys over here didn't
like that. They'd rock you at night. Throw rocks at you.
I've had to run a few times myself. But far as fights or
something they didn't fight...no.

D.S.: I was fairly sure all the stories couldn't have been wrong,
there were fights going on.

H.B.: Oh yes. yes.

D.S.: Yea.

H.B.: Sometimes brothers would fight. Yea. I've known a couple
brothers...three brothers fighting one night. Course...you
know...one of them was laying in the water, uh, mud hole,
and my dad pulled him out, to keep him from drowning. That's
a little story off to the side.

D.S.: Yea. Right.

H.B.: There wasn't too many fights usually.

D.S.: Do you think if given the opportunity, would you go back to
live there.

H.B.: You mean in those days. I believe...in a way..I've thought of
it quite a few times...it would be right interesting and I'd
 kinda like it because the thing we had to do .. what I .. even
since I've been married .. we had taken care of all our fruits
just like I did when I was a boy. We got dried apples, we got
dried beans, and all that sort of thing. And uh, and it would
be right interesting to go back and do what they done then. I've
said it, and I'll still say it, a lot of the people today if
they had to put up with what we did when we were children the
way we lived..which we were happy with what we had and we got
along fine..half of them would starve today. They don't know
how to survive. That's my way of thinking. I might be wrong..
D.S.: You're absolutely right. It was an independence of the people that you had to learn to stand on your own feet. You had to work hard.

H.B.: There is another thing I can remember quite well. We used to have chickens. We didn't care what kind they were as long as they laid eggs. And they'd be mixed red and all that sort of stuff, and sometime my mother would want a better chicken.

so what she would do, she would get out 15 eggs, put them in a basket and say Harold you go over to so and so's house and trade eggs for setting eggs, to put under my hen. That's what we'd do. You ever hear of that?

D.S.: Yea! No I hadn't, but that was good

H.B.: I've carried eggs many a time. Fifteen under one hen, in order to start another breed or a better chicken. Wouldn't cost you anything. Just your own eggs.

D.S.: Did your dad know how to graft apple trees and cherry trees?

H.B.: No, I don't think my dad ever did. But the place that he bought in 1905, that's when he bought this place. 1905 had several grafted trees on it. Apples not anything but apples. Now I don't know if they are still on it or not. I don't know. But they were grafted...I imagine my uncle did it because he (my dad didn't...he bought it from my uncle. One, two three, four...five trees grafted I reckon.

D.S.: Hum. Boy. Are any of your neighbors around here at all?

H.B.: Well I try to. You see a lot of my neighbors are gone...
is a younger set coming on. Not too many...

D.S.: I was just wondering if you had any names so that I could interview some more people.

H.B.: No, I wouldn't know what to tell you. They are younger than I am. A lot of them probably didn't take much interest.

D.S.: Yea. That is too bad that you haven't kept in touch with the people because they've all scattered.

H.B.: I just don't know of anybody around.

D.S.: Oh, there is one question I forgot to ask you. Uh, it's not a very happy one; but, with your funerals now when a person died did you do any embalming?

H.B.: No. That wasn't known then.

D.S.: You kept the body right there in the house then?

H.B.: Yea.

D.S.: And then when the burial time came did you all stay right there at the grave sight til it was filled?

H.B.: Yes.

D.S.: That shows respect doesn't it?

H.B.: Yep. And I'll tell you how the grave was filled if you want.

D.S.: I'd like you too.

H.B.: They were the regular size at the top and they'd go down so far..I don't know..looked like about three feet to me.. and then there'd be an offset, of about three or four inches all around, especially on the side. And the casket .. it wasn't a casket you might say .. a box .. the coffin went in the case and the case went down in that. Well you see that left an
offset of about four or five inches on each side and they put boards across that...solid board and but across the casket...didn't go down on the case but above it and then they would pile the dirt in on top of that. And that's why you see so many sunken graves...old graves sunken down. Because there is so much space down in there, by the time the casket and everything is gone...which is wood, nothing but wood, and the wood case it fit in, goes down in there, so much space that the wood and it all went down. That's why so many sunken graves.

D.S.: Yes.

H.B.: Now you take the vaults, and they don't sink. That's the difference.

D.S.: Did you use monuments or rocks?

H.B.: There is some monuments around. And some rocks.

D.S.: If they used the rocks did they inscribe on them?

H.B.: Some did, but you couldn't hardly tell what they were.

D.S.: Isn't that too bad?

H.B.: Now there was...I just can't hardly remember dates or nothing. But a stone at my...at my grandmother and grandfather's graves. There's stones there.

D.S.: Are they in the mountains?

H.B.: Yea. My grandmother, and my grandfather is up here, right up where am I...yea...about five miles up toward the mountain. And then my granddaddy on my mother's side is about six or eight miles in that direction.


H.B.: I remember when my grandaddy died...I had a Model...I don't know
Ford. One seat loadster.

D.S.: Ah ha!

H.B.: And I had to haul that board up the hillside to put over his grave. They had saw them you know, and I put it in the back of my loadster of my Ford. Model T. And I went up the hillside.

D.S.: How did you get the money to buy a Model T.?

H.B.: Well now, that was later years. That was later years. That wasn't my early stage. I never owned a bicycle even.

D.S.: Yea.

H.B.: And I think...

D.S.: You had two feet...

H.B.: As well as I can remember the only toy I ever in my life... outside of what I made myself...homemade toys...was...Mama let me have a bunch of chickens...I had to feed them of course, and I think as well as I remember she let me sell them and buy a little express wagon. I think that's the first toy I ever had. I never had a cap pistol...nothing. Didn't want any.

D.S.: Yea, yea. Actually you didn't have the time to play...really.

H.B.: No.

D.S.: You were kept sort of busy, Then with school.

H.B.: Well I didn't mind it. We had plenty to eat, plenty to work.

D.S.: And you slept good at night.

H.B.: Good place to stay warm.

D.S.: Hey, was your house a log house?

H.B.: Was our's a log house? Well I tell you this...Part of it was
Part of it was a kitchen built on to the back of it. The old house is still standing.

D.S.: It is?

H.B.: And up in here where my granddaddy is buried, is as fine a house as you would want to see...that my granddaddy...great-granddaddy built. Now it's a nice house. Nice home.

D.S.: Yea.

H.B.: You can go up in there that far and that's all the far you can go. You can't go no farther.

D.S.: Is that Biltmore?

H.B.: The other side of Biltmore. Usta be Roadside. Post Office. Go up in there...and...you ever been up in there?

D.S.: No.

H.B.: You go up there to the foot of the mountain and before you start winding up the mountain the house is on the left. A big white house setting in next to the road. Two stories and a basement under it. Sitting right next to the road. And up there he had a drying shed, a buggy shed, a barn with all kinds of things he had made himself. He was a jack-leg carpenter, and a blacksmith himself. Made latches and things of that sort you know. They were self sufficient.

D.S.: They were.

H.B.: Now some of them that lived farther on up the mountain didn't have all those things like that, but they got along fine. They raised chickens, sell em, chestnuts, cut wood, firewood, wood for extract for the tannery's use. They usta cut extract up there too.
We had chestnuts. That was up in Alaska somewhere you couldn't make a sled out of the lumber.

D.S.: Did you use whistles to call your neighbors?

H.B.: Use what?

D.S.: Use whistles to call your neighbors?

H.B.: No, no. I usta make a few whistles. We made them out of chestnut bark, and you rub it with your knife all around like that til you get till you get your whistle. A piece on the other end and there was your whistle. Nope I didn't have anything to call neighbors.

D.S.: Did you have bells on your cows?

H.B.: Sometimes.

D.S.: Was that so you would know where they were?

H.B.: Uhhum. See we had them on part of it, part the park took. Is where we used for grazing and berry picking and what have you you know up there. And we'd know just exactly where to go to get them in.

D.S.: The reason I asked, I heard the other day that the bells were put on the cows to keep the rattlesnakes away.

H.B.: Oh fiddle.

D.S.: That's what I thought.

H.B.: No...you know when I was a boy we didn't have no uh livestock laws then, and they some of the neighbors up in there did not have too much pasture land and had maybe three or four cows maybe half a dozen cows, would turn them out on the highway and they could go wherever they wanted to. And you had to have a good fence to keep them out. Because they were pretty
well rogues. You know...

And they didn't know just where to go to get em
to come in the night. I didn't know where to go get them by these hills.

D.S.: Uhhuh, yea.

H.B.: Nah, that's what it was for....I never heard of that.

D.S.: Oh boy...well this has been...

H.B.: And some people have got the idea that a rattlesnake has
got to be coiled before he can jump. That's a mistake. They
might do that, I don't know...I never saw one...but I did
watch one one time in the highway out in front of me.
A car had just passed ahead of me and he was back there
with a jack handle you know, fighting
that rattlesnake. He didn't know what he was fighting.
And my brother and I happened to come up on this side here,
and that snake was coiled and then he jumped...and jumped
instead of coiling up like that. That was his way of getting
across the highway out of the way. But that's actually the
truth...I can tell you that by my brother...he can prove it
to you. He didn't coil up and then jump. Now if you run up
on one he may be coiled up, I don't know. A copperhead bit
my grandmother...went in the wood shed to get wood one time.

D.S.: What did they use to put on it?

H.B.: They used a bandage and part of tobacco, I don't know.

My granddaddy didn't use tobacco, but he probably had some
around there. Whatever he used...you know a tourniquet you know.

H.B.: No.

D.S.: Quite a few people usta rip one open and put it on.

H.B.: I never heard that... And ever year around about dog days she could tell that soreness would come back.

D.S.: What did you do after you came out of the mountains? What sort of a job did you get?

H.B.: Oh, I did a lot of different things. Worked with a factory for a while.

D.S.: Merke?

H.B.: Nope. Never worked at Merke. Worked there about five years. Then I worked back up in there on the saw mill. I like wood.

D.S.: Yea.

H.B.: And a neighbor of mine back up in there had a saw mill and I did lots on a saw mill around in different places up in there. I like to smell wood.


H.B.: I sure do.

D.S.: Yea. So it was good you had the education you did so you were able to do alright weren't you?

H.B.: Well most of us... did... we not particularly as bad

A lot of them around in there, they would go to school. Course some of them didn't care whether they did go and there wasn't no compulsory law then... but I had compulsory law... my dad and mom. Which was alright... I don't regret it... what little I did pick up.

D.S.: Well you don't know how we thank you... the Park and I. This
H.B.: What I've told you so far as I know the truth.

D.S.: I know that... I know that.

H.B.: I don't think I've exaggerated a bit... or lied about a thing.

D.S.: I forgot to ask... If I forgot to ask you anything... is there anything you can think of, I forgot to ask?

H.B.: No, I think you pretty well covered it...

D.S.: Okey... well I'm just gonna leave these so in case you think of something.

Mr. Baugher, you mentioned something about making lye? You know how... they did that.

H.B.: Well, my granddaddy had a trough out back of the house in the lot back in there... the chicken lot... and he would put... oh it was about four foot long... and up off the ground maybe two, three feet. And the other end of it which come in put wood ashes down in there and then put water down over top of the ashes and the whatever ran out of the spout at the bottom was lye.

D.S.: How long would it take?

H.B.: Oh, I just don't know about that now, because he keep... he'd empty his ashes out everyday out of the stove and keep adding ashes, course put more water in and that made more, but as to how long I couldn't tell you about that.

D.S.: And that came out as lye then?

H.B.: Yea. And that was about the same thing as the wood ashes for
that uh, for the foot.

D.S.: Yea, the foot

H.B.: Same strength stuff.

D.S.: Yea.

H.B.: But, that was really lye water, and that was what they used to wash the clothes in.

D.S.: Yea, yea. That's good soap.

H.B.: And, I've got a little wood tub about fifteen...oh about that high and about maybe eight inches across...little wood tub that my mother usta say she washed her doll clothes in. How 'bout that?

D.S.: Ah! So she had a doll?

H.B.: Oh yea. Yea, I reckon she had dolls as a child ...

D.S.: Ah ha! I wonder if it was a rag doll?

H.B.: More than likely it was...I don't know. I don't remember ever seeing it.

D.S.: Did you have any sisters?

H.B.: I've got one.

D.S.: Did she have a doll?

H.B.: Why yes, I suppose so...I don't think...

D.S.: You didn't pay attention to little girls

H.B.: She's younger than I am, quite a bit.

D.S.: Ah, yea, Great. Thank You. That is beautiful and I ""