Dru Pippin

Hill Folks and Hillosophy

Part One

On the following pages are Ozark stories, observations, jokes, and philosophical musings (which Dru called "hillosophy") recorded by Dru Pippin during 1975-1976. The transcriptions of the audio tapes were a collaborative effort by Dru's nephew, William Eckert, and Terry Primas. The audio tapes vary in quality. Dru's early efforts at recording sessions were somewhat experimental. We were working with at least third generation copies and some words were hard to hear. The transcriptions are as true to Dru's words as our ears would allow with punctuation added, of course. More to come in the next issue of the Gazette.

A Rabbit's Worth

Before we had too many pure food laws, all of the stores in the rural areas bought rabbits if they were dressed with the skins left on and they were placed in sacks and shipped to the cities for consumption. Well, it wasn't anything uncommon for boys on the way to school to carry a pet throwing rock in their pockets, usually a round waterworn rock, the right size to fit their hand, and if the snow was on the ground, they'd walk along the road, look under the grass with snow over it, and they'd find a rabbit hid to keep away from the cold. They'd back off a few feet, throw the rock, and usually that meant a dead rabbit. They'd dress the rabbit immediately and take the rabbit to the store on their way to school. Instead of using money, they'd say "Give me a rabbit's worth of candy."

Camp Meetings

On the Old Swedeborg Road, where the Elliott Subdivision is now located, right at the foot of the hill on the left-hand side, is a cave and a spring. The valley where the Elliott Subdivision is now located at one time was called Campground Hollow. The reason it was called this was because in olden days at designated times during the year, people from all over the area would gather there for camp meetings, religious meetings, and sometimes they would go on for three or four or five days with various preachers preaching all day and all evening services. People would camp there during the night, have their basket dinners during the daytime, and it was quite a gathering in those days. And someone asked me not long ago when I was talking about this, why they quit having them, and all I could say was a quote that I heard an old gentleman say that, "They quit them because more souls were made than were saved."

Campground Cave on Swedeborg Road was the site of early religious camp meetings and Waynesville town picnics. For an account of these early meetings see "Old Time Religion", pages 56-59, in the 2007 *Old Settlers Gazette,* available online at www.Old-StagecoachStop.org. Photo by Terry Primas.

Old Friend

I happened to run into a good friend in the post office the other day. He is several years older than I am, about 85, I would guess. We chatted for a while and recalled several incidents of the past. He recited the incident that took place in the post office when it was located in the last building on the south of the square to the west in Waynesville. Joe Davis was postmaster and at one end of the wall of mail boxes was an open window for handling large packages. Since the private boxes were immediately next to this large opening, one could reach in and to the right and extract the mail from the boxes closest to the opening.

One morning after the mail was distributed, and unbeknown to a box renter whose box was in the last row next to the opening, that a postal inspector was in the office, he reached around the corner for mail in his box. A hand grabbed his arm. "Here," a voice said, "You can't do that." Well, the box renter withdrew his hand, clutching the mail from his box, and said, "By God, I did."

I well remembered that this friend at one time was a school teacher. He taught in the days of the one room school and the teacher carried his or her lunch in a gallon syrup basket and many times walked as far as two or three miles to and from school. The first eight grades were taught, but they were taught and may I say understood

Dru Pippin

a profile

by William Eckert

Dru L. Pippin was born April 13, 1899 in Pulaski County, Missouri, son of Bland Nixon Pippin and Nancy May Vaughn. The Pippin family had settled in the Pulaski County area in the late 1840's, having come from Tennessee and Alabama. Dru was named after area doctors Drura Claiburn and Lavega Tice. His father was a professor of Dentistry at Washington University in St. Louis and Dru grew up in large part in St Louis. Dru caught the so-called Spanish Flu and moved to Waynesville to recover. He attended the University of Missouri at Columbia and met and married Eva Luther. Dr. Pippin, who had a great love of the Ozarks and the outdoors, purchased property near Bartlett Spring and built a resort there named "Pippin Place". Dru and Eva took over management of Pippin Place and ran it until Dru closed it in the late Sixties. While Eva stayed at Pippin Place, Dru also had an insurance agency in Waynesville. In 1947 Dru was appointed to the Missouri Conservation Commission, served until 1959. He served another term from 1961 to 1964. Dru was very active in the effort to make Ft Leonard wood a permanent installation. Dru had two children, Dan and Nancy. Dan was captain of the United States Olympic Basketball team in 1952 and won a gold medal. Eva died in 1962 and Dru later married Wilda Miller. After Dru closed Pippin Place, he and Wilda moved to a small house in Waynesville where he died in 1981 and Wilda in 1980. Dru's father was always fascinated with the unique aspects of Ozark culture, such as the stories and the dialect, and Dru followed in his footsteps. In the 1970's he was asked to record some oral history memorializing his own observations of Ozark culture, customs, stories, and dialect and he recorded some 10 hours, most of which are available at Ft. Leonard Wood.

Dru and his younger sister Lauramae strike a comic pose on the porch at Pippin Place in the 1940s. Photo courtesy of William Eckert.

Pippin Place, four miles from Waynesville on the Gasconade River. Courtesy of William Eckert.

and remembered. This friend read a lot from *The Youth's Companion*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *St. Louis Republic*, *Missouri Naturalist*, and the *Pulaski County Democrat*, as well as available books. I asked him about his reading habits since he was retired. He said, "Pip, I'm like my grandson who is in college at Columbia. He couldn't come home for Thanksgiving, had to cram for his finals. You see, I'm reading nothing but the Bible now. I'm cramming for the finals too."

We covered a lot of subjects, recalled the first automobiles we owned, with the wide running boards on either side, the little tires and tubes, and the "Jiffy Patches" to repair punctures, which was a must for travel, the side curtains with isenglass opening to see through, how the front seat had to be removed in order to fill the gas tank. Now, when the radiator started to leak, and they all did, we would put a little corn meal in with the water, or maybe if we were out of meal, would use a dried horse apple, duly crumbled. They both served well in their expansion and seeking out the leak to expand in. Then, too, there were more horses on the road than cars, and apples of any degree of freshness were readily available.

Then somehow we got started on how we slept warm in unheated upstairs bedrooms. Sometimes you had added heat by being in the room that housed the chimney from the roaring fireplace or the King Heater downstairs. Always we had feather beds, home made home grown feathers from home plucked ducks and geese. Under this heavenly soft covering was the home made, home grown straw tick of freshly threshed wheat, and changed with each harvest. Maybe after corn was gathered in the fall, and as the big ears of white corn or maybe strawberry corn was shucked for shelled corn to take to mill for the winter's meal, the shucks were carefully sorted and shredded to make a shuck mattress. We slept warm and we slept soundly, didn't need "Nytol." Being tired from a day's activity without pressure took its place. A straw or shuck mattress, a feather bed, some hand made quilts pieced with patches in beautiful designs and colors oftimes with the arthritis crippled fingers of another generation, grandma. Here was comfort, warmth, peace, and security and made beautiful by love and memories.

In shaking hands, this fine stalwart Ozarkian said, "I can begin to feel my age, it takes me longer to rest than it did to get tuckered out, and I got a maintenance problem to watch, too, my eating, my manners, and my zipper."

We parted, both agreeing that as each of us had had a repair job done to our Water Works, that all men spend the first fifty years making a living and the last half of their lives making water. We laughed when I told him that statistics proved that for every man over eighty-five, there were seven women, but then it was too late for us men.

Water Shortage

This area experienced one of its worst droughts in nineteen-hundred-and-thirty-four. It was so dry that it was just impossible almost for a lot of people to get water for their stock. It became quite a joke in kidding each other, especially the Methodist and the Baptists, about what they were going to do when they saved the souls. Now, some of the Methodists claimed that they weren't worried because they'd dry clean 'em. And one of the men around town and very witty made the assumption that the Baptists would finally get down to the point where they'd baptize 'em with a damp wash cloth.

Hacks

Waynesville, being an inland town *{meaning not on the railroad]*, as well as the county seat of Pulaski County, depended upon the railroad at Crocker for its outside communication, freight, express travel, and mail. Twice a day connections were maintained. A two seated surrey or commonly called the mail hack left Waynesville each morning at eight o'clock, while at the same time a similar rig left Crocker for Waynesville. The hack to Crocker carried the local mail and was in time to meet the No. 12 train from Springfield and returned to Waynesville after the No. 12 had run from St. Louis. Mail and such passengers as desired transportation to the county seat were taken.The hack that left Crocker in the morning carried such passengers as came in on the fast train No. 4 from St. Louis and No. 9 from Springfield and points southwest. After lunch at Waynesville, this hack returned to Crocker with the afternoon local mail. As you can understand, two drivers each made a round trip each day. The hacks usually met at the "Red Sow Ranch" about two miles from the old Crocker-Waynesville bridge, where an ever flowing spring kept a hollow log trough ever flowing with clear, cool water for the ever slow trotting horses that pulled the hacks. When circuit court was in session in Waynesville, these vehicles were pretty heavy, what with carrying out-of-town lawyers, witnesses, and extra mail, along with the traveling salesmen who frequently rode the hack to Waynesville in order to stay at the Baker Hotel, nationally famous for quality and quantity of food. Lee Baker and his wife, Mae, ran the hotel and Lee the livery stable as well. The good repair of his buggies and the excellent horse flesh that went along with the rental of the buggies enticed the salesmen, known as drummers, to rent the buggies by the week in order to visit the merchandising selling establishments scattered over the county, and not otherwise serviced. Towns now almost forgotten but at one time located within the boundary lines of Ft. Wood were Tribune, Wharton, Bloodland, Cookville, Hannah, and Big Piney. On the outer edge of the boundary were trading places, as well as post offices.

The Baker Hotel ca. 1910. The livery stable was just down the street. Courtesy of John Bradbury.

Expectation

One winter's day, when circuit court was in session and there was a lot of excitement and interest in a criminal case being tried, one of the drivers of the mail hack told me this story. It was a cold, windy, raw day and night when one of the female witnesses, who had finished her testimony, asked for a team, buggy, and driver to take her to Crocker so she could catch the fast train to St. Louis that night. I now quote him as I remember.

"It was a blue cold evenin' and Lee Baker was short of drivers so I told him I'd make the trip if he got someone to take the mail in the morning. So I hitched up a fast little pair of buckskins to the buggy, heated some bricks in the stove, wrapped 'em good in sacks, got two heavy lap robes, and drove to the hotel for my passenger. Boy, was she a good looker, all prettied up fancy like. Made me wish I'd shaved and prettied up, too. She got in and we got our feet together on the hot bricks, pulled up the lap robes, and started for Crocker. It was so cold and her being next to me and smelling like a rose, I seemed to get cold pretty fast. Anyway, I was a shakin' and me teeth was a chatterin' as we drove up to the waterin' trough at Red Sow Ranch. Well, sir, ah got out of the buggy and she said, 'Now would you like for me to warm you up?' as she gave me a little pat on the shoulder and then the cheek. Not knowing exactly what she meant, and maybe expecting just what you are thinkin' now, I said, 'Never turned such an offer down in my life and I ain't a going to begin now.' Well, sir, she laid a blanket on the ground and took out her suitcase, opened it on the robe, and took out a bottle of whiskey and said, 'This ought to warm you up.' The drink I took t'werent as good as what I was expectin', but anyway t'werent nothing excitin' happened the rest of the trip."

Little Pleasures

I would like to turn the clock back just long enough for the youngsters of today to smoke a grapevine cigarette or some corn silks rolled up in toilet paper, to eat some wild honey gotten the hard way and against the wishes of the bee, to taste the flavor of Arbuckle's home ground coffee, or butter fresh from the dasher churn and cooled in a flowing spring or a rock walled, dug basement, and last, but not least, to go to the old tin door cupboard at about four in the afternoon, get a piece of home cured, hickory smoked ham and a slice of corn bread, all left from the noon meal. Then peel an onion, hunt the shade, and enjoy the gifts of the soil.

Ice

So many things of present day usage are taken and used as an everyday necessity without thought of its having been a luxury just a few generations ago. For example, the common commodity ice.

None of us hesitate to throw it away when the drink has been consumed, for which the ice served its cooling purpose. Every home has an electric refrigerator to make ice cubes for home use. No problem at all. Use it freely. You will replace it as fast as you can use it.

It can be purchased in almost any shape or size desired from the cube, the ball, the finger, the statue, shaved, crushed, in three-hundred pound blocks, sculpted or unsculpted into statues, designs, portraits, anything as your pocketbook can stand.

I can remember in 1914 when rural people put up their own ice in the dead of winter for use the following summer. When the weather had stayed below zero for a long enough time and the ice froze on the river or creek or still backwaters or on ponds to a depth of four inches or more, it was time to put up ice.

At Pippin Place, where now stands the Recreation Hall, was an old log building once used as a smoke house. Into this building was hauled some well rotted sawdust, the remnants of having sawed the framing lumber for the first building of the Place there. A hole was chopped in the ice and a crosscut saw used to cut the ice into squares, and when a wagon load was cut, it was hauled to the ice house, placed in layers on the sawdust, and covered with about six inches or more of sawdust. And layer after layer was sawed, cut, and stored in this manner, with a heavy layer of sawdust on top. The door was tightly closed with the knowledge that the ice would be available for the hot months ahead. It cannot be used in drinks, oft times murky brown in color and always maintaining some twigs, some leaves, or pollen, or stuff shed from trees along the bank.

It worked wonders though. It chilled the milk. It made the ice packs for the sick person with a fever and did a super job when Sunday or an old fashioned ice cream social came around. Course, that thick Jersey cream and homemade mixing, with no additives, helped a lot.

Most people in town and a lot of the country had ice boxes. And when homemade ice cream used it, was always put in a sack, which kept the solid from the melting ice. The melted ice dripped through a pipe to a drip pan on the floor and under the ice box. Emptying the drip pan was a must, just the same as putting out the cat at night.

Then came the ice plants, as they were called, and they made ice from clean water in cakes of three hundred pounds. Hauled them anywhere and everywhere for storage and were delivered as required by the household. For over fifteen years, Pippin Place made regular trips to Crocker for ice until Tommy Mitchell of Waynesville opened a storage ice house and delivered it as was required. Then came the first electric refrigerator, the ice trays, and now the automatic ice cube maker in each machine.

The quantity of ice has improved drastically, as has the quality. But the quality of ice cream has deteriorated, in my opinion. Too much artificiality, additives, pasteurization, homogenization, and while the product is palatable, memory of honest to goodness homemade, mother mixed ice cream still gets the blue ribbon in my book. I know it's impossible to agree with me unless you have really tasted honest to goodness homemade ice cream, real ice cream that is, made from real cream. My guess, more of you have not than have. So take my word for it, won't you?

Killing Hogs and Curing Hams

Before the days of government, of slaughtering, curing, and processing of meats other than for home consumption, we used to kill from twenty to thirty fat hogs every fall. This was for use in the following year to maintain the enviable record that we at Pippin Place had established over the nation for having good food. We operated on the principle that producing from the soil to the table we ate what we can, what we can't, we canned. We raised the hogs, we raised the feed, we butchered and cured, canned, and dried the meat. We stored the product, cooked, and served it to the vacationing guests and what profit was available, it was all earned.

When the hogs were fat enough and the frosty nights of November came, it was time to get the knives sharp, check the .22 shells, the rifle, haul some wood, get out the scalding barrel and the iron kettle, and make a tripod of poles over the barrel with a block and tackle and the fork, to be attached to the tractor or maybe the single-tree behind a gentle old mare, so as to lift and lower the hog from the scalding barrel at the right time.

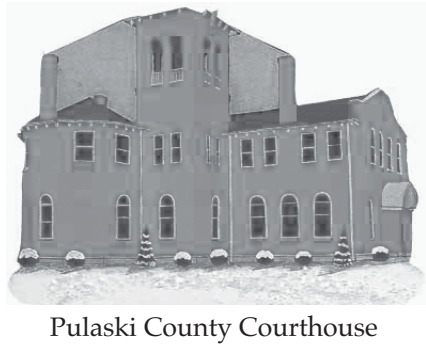
Morning came, the fire was started under the water in the old black kettle. A hog was selected. A good aim as to shoot him between the eyes, a quick thrust of the knife to the throat for rapid bleeding, instant death if possible, then the tugging and grunting as the heavy lifeless flabby animal was dragged to the barrel.

A heavy wire was placed under his lower jaw and around the mouth to which was attached the rope to the hoist and onto the single-tree or drawbar of the tractor. The hog was lifted and dumped butt first into the barrel to which the water, just at the boiling point but not boiling, had been added. We tried not to let the butt hit the bot-

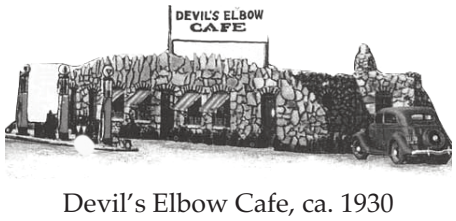
Old Stagecoach Stop Heritage Ornament Series

Old Stagecoach Stop

Fort Leonard Wood Main Gate, 1952



Pulaski County Courthouse



Devil's Elbow Cafe, ca. 1930

The Old Stagecoach Stop Foundation has produced a series of ornaments of buildings that evoke our heritage. The first ornament in the series was The Old Stagecoach Stop, introduced in December of 2001. The second ornament, the Fort Wood Main Gate, was made available in December of 2002. The third ornament in the series, the Old Pulaski County Courthouse was unveiled at the November 2003 Annual Meeting. The Devil's Elbow Cafe, ornament Number Four, commemorates the popular eating spot that stood on Route 66 for 40 years, until it burned in the late '70s. Our fifth ornament is the Bell Hotel, introduced at the November 7, 2005 Annual Meeting. The Bell Hotel was a fixture on old Route 66 since its earliest days. The building still stands in West Waynesville but is now the Waynesville Memorial Chapel. The sixth ornament is the Headquarters building on Fort Leonard Wood in 1941. Our seventh ornament is Rigsby's Service Station, which stood on the corner across from the courthouse in Waynesville and on Route 66. Our newest and eighth ornament in the series is the Frisco Caboose that sits in the Norma Lee Mahalevich park in Crocker. The railroad created Pulaski County's northern tier of communities, namely Dixon, Crocker, Swedeborg, and Richland. The ornaments come with a string for hanging or can be affixed with a magnet. These ornaments have proved very popular as collectibles or gifts.

The ornaments are approximately 3 inches high and 6 inches wide and are available at the Old Stagecoach Stop, Pulaski County Tourism Bureau (or online at http://www.visitpulaskicounty.org/store.html), or by mail. Each ornament is $6.00 or the set of eight for $40.00. To order by mail, send check for number of ornaments plus $3.00 s/h to:

OSS Ornaments
10925 Western Road
Duke, MO 65461

Bell Hotel, ca. 1930

Fort Leonard Wood HQ, ca. 1944

Rigsby's Service Station, ca. 1951

Frisco Caboose Crocker

tom and, by lowering and raising with a continued pulling of the hair, we could tell when was the time to take the knives and start scraping the hair. If the water was too hot it set the hair and that meant a shaving instead of a scraping. Two people usually scraped and by twisting the hands on the legs and the feet and by scraping the flat surfaces, the hair came off beautifully, leaving a slick clean [pinky] skin exposed. When this half was finished, the front end of the hog was worked on. And in this instance a gammon stick was made. Simply a green stick of tough wood about three feet long and sharpened on each end. The skin on the hind legs of the hog behind the tough tendon and above the last joint was cut as to let the sharp end of the gammon go in each leg thus forcing the legs apart and affording a means of attaching a rope to lift the hog by the block and tackle. Once in a while, a particular spot of hair seemed not to slip, so a little removed hair and added spill of hot water onto the hair did the job. Ears, snout, legs, feet, and tail clean, the hog was now ready to dress. It was hung on a pole in the fork of two limbs of opposite trees at a height that the hog would not reach the ground. The pelvic bone was split between the hind legs, and the belly split up the middle between the ribs and the throat ... everything was allowed to fall into a tub. From this mess was saved the liver, the heart, and the small intestine for sausages to be stuffed later. What was left was put in the kettle or iron barrel and cooked for the chickens as a protein supplement for their diet. Nothing was wasted but the squeal.

This routine of taking care of the animal to be processed went on at the rate of about eight to ten a day. The hogs cooled on the pole where they were gutted and were newly washed with bucketful after bucketful of spring water. If there was no danger of freezing, the animals were allowed to hang out overnight. but if freezing was feared, they were taken to shelter because frozen meat won't take the adequate cure for keeping. Next morning, the executioners and the dressers continued with their task while others assumed the task of cutting up the carcass into [joes], sides, ribs, tenderloins, shoulders, hams, and brains for head cheese, feet for pickling, fatty parts for lard, lean parts for drying, and scraps for soap grease. In the process everyone knew his place and his responsibility and it might be more clearly understood if one were to call it a piece of work on a production line. There were times we fried the sausage down and packed the products in sealed tin cans while sometimes we molded the raw sausage all properly, mixed sage and all into shapes as would be an ear of corn. Then, within clean corn shucks, the ear of sausage was inserted and the shuck lightly pressed around and secured and hung to cure with the open end down. Sometimes we subjected this to hickory smoke as we did the hams, the shoulders, and the sides. The hams, shoulders, ribs, and sides were rubbed with a mixture of equal parts of brown sugar and salt; sometimes a little saltpeter was added but pepper and salt to suit the individual taste and maybe a little sage. This caused the parts to absorb the mixture and drip, and for each pound of meat it was allowed to stay with this mixture. Sometimes the mixture had to be added to, but it stayed for two days for each pound of weight.

Hog butchering by pioneer residents J. Allen Dodd, Walter R. Bartlett, and Riley Lovell. Courtesy of the Pulaski County Historical Society.

It was then washed in clean water and hung up to drip because the next day in a tight room and with the meat hung high above, the fire smothered down as to create smoke with as little heat as possible. The meat was to take on the final treatment and flavor of hickory, corn cobs, sassafras, and smoke; the rich brown color, and the ability to age without spoiling. A broom straw inserted along the bone, withdrawn and smelled, indicated whether the cure was going into the innermost areas where a cure must be had. So goes the story of a rural packing plant, home-cured ham, and potential red-eyed gravy, fried tenderloin, and crackling bread.

Today, many eating places advertise country-cured ham, and there are at least two such places in Missouri, who operate on a commercial basis. They cure hams on a specialized, commercialized basis. But still there is a difference in the one cured on the farm with a salt styled recipe and a smoking mixture. The artificial smoke invention and the needle shooting of the cure with a syringe into the area around the bone does something to the taste that Mother Nature leaves out. Course, once in a while, the real country cure spiles [spoils], and it ain't fittin' t'eat, or the screw-worms get to it when the weather gets too warm but that's a chance one has to pay if'n he wants meat that will get old and age gracefully and get better as it gets older. Oh yes, I almost forgot to tell you that when you make red-eyed gravy, never use water, always use black coffee. And getting the cracklings reminds me of another lost art. Making homemade soap and getting cracklings as a by-product from making crackling bread. I get around to these on the next tape. Better not let me forget. My remembrance.

If you have never tasted a real honest to goodness country cured ham, you ain't never tasted nothin' yet. There are those who mass-produce a fair imitation of country hams but mixed store-bought hams, liquid smoke, and modern short cuts can't possibly do what the home fed barrel-scalded hand scraped and time and nature cured porker ends up with. Government inspection and restrictions for selling home processed meat are necessary health precautions and getting hold of a real country cured ham takes a lot of doing. Every country hereabouts has or has had someone noted for his or her ability to produce a blue ribbon prize of a gourmet's delight in the form of hams. Sometimes he is said to have a secret formula. This I doubt, because they are all the same ingredients. It's the quality of the hog to begin with and then the care and the attention to storage and the age that spells the difference.

I never took a prize for the hams I cured, but for forty years I had a hand in curing the meat. There were never less than a dozen porkers a year. I'm glad to give you my secret formula. I won't be using it any more anyhow.

I always let the meat cool for two days before cutting it into the desired cuts. Then lightly I sprinkled the cuts with salt and a little black pepper mixed in. The next day each cut was wiped dry with a clean cloth and the cure rubbed in on the skin side and especially at the shank joint. If the ham weighed twenty pounds or twenty-five pounds, I used the mixture of two pints of salt, one pint of brown sugar, two tablespoons of black pepper, one tablespoon of red pepper, mixed thoroughly. Weighing the hams before curing, the amount of cure mix could be easily determined and then applied as to quantity to the individual cuts. When the skin tied in the shank was rubbed, the remaining allocated mixture was rubbed into and tightly packed around the cuts and placed in a brown paper bag, which in turn was tightly wrapped in cloth and hung with the shank end down. This was hung in a cool, dry, dimly lighted shed for a period of at least six weeks. Time to take off the wrappings and wash the ham completely with water containing a half cup of borax to each two gallons of water. Dry with a cloth. And sprinkle lightly with a little dry borax. This warded off the skippers or insects that might lay eggs in the meat surface, later to hatch. And they formed "skippers". The hams were then hung in rows at least five feet above the floor level in a tight room, preferably with a high ceiling. In a metal drum, a fire was kindled using mostly hickory wood, some sassafras wood, a little spice wood, and a few corn cobs. The fire was reduced to a smoking smudge, with as little heat generated as possible, without letting the fire go out. This smoking lasted without interruption for about a week, day and night. After the length of time, the hams would have acquired a brown color and absorbed the smoke flavor and taken the cure completely. These were called "fresh" hams and were covered with cloth sacks and allowed to hang. Sometimes when we had a big bin of fresh oats, we buried the hams in the oats and there they aged at a uniform temperature. I always preferred year-old ham.

A wine taster whiffs, tastes, and spits it out, but not the ham taster. He whiffs, tastes, chews, and enjoys everything it has, especially the red-eyed gravy made with black coffee ready for

moppin' and soppin' onto homemade biscuits resting aside a couple of country eggs with eyes wide open sunny side up. I just got to stop this reminiscing. Didn't realize how good my rememberer was and how one's thought could bring back taste as well. Anyway, what's the use of building up a hankering when the vittles you crave aren't available, handy, that is.

Naming the Ozarks

We know the county seat, Waynesville, was named for "Mad Anthony" Wayne of Revolutionary War days and Pulaski County was named for Count Pulaski of the same period, and that the Gasconade River and the Roubidoux Creek are French names that date back to the first white men who travelled in the area. For all that, of these several feet of tape used telling you about the people in this part of Missouri, it occurs to me that thus far I have failed to relate how the word "Ozarks" got its name and why it is spelled as it is.

As is the case in so many instances, pronunciation and spelling undergo drastic changes from time to time until for one reason or another the word is stabilized into common usage, or, as the word O-Z-A-R-K, Ozark.

Before the white man explored the Mississippi Valley, Indians, who lived east of the Mississippi River and were generally of Sioux stock, made trips down the river. They were called "quapaw", Q-U-A-P-A-W, or, as translated, meaning "down-stream-people". The Algonquins of Illinois called them the "Arkansas". It was only natural for the French colonists of the Mississippi to adopt this name. As the colonists spelled the word, it varied from writer to writer and from date to date.

It was a common custom for these writers to abbreviate geographical and tribal names. Early 18th Century maps show Arkansas spelled A-C-A-N-S-E-A or A-K-A-N-S-E-A-A-S-I-P-I. Then the French word meaning "the" was "les" and was inserted before "Arkansas" and the name became "Les Arkansas", but later pronounced and reduced to "Les -Arcs," L-E-S hyphen A-R-C-S. Still later, as shown in some old sources in the Jefferson Memorial in St. Louis, the spelling was again changed to A-U-X A-R-C-S. This, when translated, meant "on the river," "at the post," or "in the country of Arkansas." The two words were combined and the spelling then became A-U-X-A-R-C-S and was probably first used by a writer named [John] Bradbury in about 1809 when he spelled the word O-Z-A-R-K. Other writers continued to spell the word O-Z-A-R-K and by 1834 the use and spelling was universal.

The Ozarks or highlands cover parts of five states: Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Kansas and Illinois, an area of approximately 50,000 square miles of which Missouri has 33,000 acres. The highest elevation is in Arkansas in the [Boston] mountains and is 2,300 feet above sea level, while in Missouri the highest point is 1,750 feet in Iron County and is called Tom Sauk.

Regardless of which of the five states you are in, if you are in the highland section, you are in the A-U-X-A-R-C-S and the country of the Arkansas, but may I remind you that simply being in the Ozarks does not mean that you are a hillbilly. You become one first by being born as one, next by being adopted as one, and third by having the honorary title conferred on you by individuals or organizations who pride themselves as such. Thus, Ozark, hillbilly, heritage are all bound tightly together in the one group called "Americans".

Ozark Scrapbook

When [my] dear old Mother died at age 96, she left behind a wealth of clipped materials and sayings that she had pasted in an old scrapbook. In one of these books I found the following copy of church notices. Where they came from, whether they actually happened, or not, I don't know -- apparently, they must have.

First, on Tuesday evening we will hold our regular baptismal meeting. The candidate for baptism will be one adult and three adultresses.

Second. Wednesday our quarterly tea meeting. All ladies giving milk please call early. After the meeting we will have a short musical program. Miss McGinness will sing "Put Me in My Little Bed," accompanied by the pastor.

Three. On Thursday we'll hold our mothers' meeting. Any lady desiring to become a mother will please call in the study after the meeting.

Four. We will now sing hymn 320, "Little Drops of Water". As our organist is sick and unable to be here, will some lady please start little drops of water?

Grandmother's Recipe for a Home

Tucked away in some old keepsakes, pasted in a homemade scrapbook or more likely always available in the memory of that kindly old soul, grandmother, was a never fail recipe for making a home. Properly mixed, evenly spread in a pan of love, never overheated, and consumed daily as goes the following, turns out as well today as it did two hundred years ago.

Business Graphics

Alarmco

Threlkeld Machine Shop

Old Postcards

Buy, Sell, Trade

573-308-1258

Sweetwater Bar-B-Que

Bassett Insurance

A half a cup of friendship and a cup of thoughtfulness creamed together with a pinch of powdered tenderness, very lightly beaten in a bowl of loyalty with a cup of faith and one of hope and one of charity. Be sure to add a spoonful of each of gaiety that sings and also the ability to laugh at little things. Moisten with the sudden tears of heartfelt sympathy, bake in a good-natured pan, and serve repeatedly.

On Funerals, Burials, Graves, and Graveyards

The older we get, the more time we have to compare the past with the present and, once in a while, we wonder about the future.

The other day I chatted with a 90 year old youngster and I was amused at one of the statements he made and I quote, "I can't afford to die. It costs more to die than to live, so I'm just a goin' on a-livin'." He cited a rumor he heard that when a prominent individual in town lost his wife, it cost him almost three thousand dollars to pay the funeral expenses, and that didn't cover the cost of a lot or the tombstone. "Course," he said, "I've got Social Security and they pay two hundred fifty bucks or thereabouts on expenses but, shucks, it costs as much to bury a person nowadays as I could buy a pretty good farm for when I was a young man.

Burying weren't no problem then. Womenfolk took care of the women corpses, and they cleaned and dressed and combed her hair and closed the eyes with silver coins and kept fresh wet baking soda towels on her face to keep it from turning black and they always tied a cloth under the chin and under and around the head to keep the mouth closed. Course when the body got cold it stayed shut anyway.

And menfolk took care of the men. There was always someone in the neighborhood who was real handy with tools and he made the coffin according to the length of the dead'n, and sometimes the wood was pine, sometimes it was oak, and for the best, walnut was used. Usually this fellow's wife lined the box with cotton and stuffed the cloth with satin — sometimes it was velvet — and when the body was cooled out on the straight planks, it was just put in the coffin, and the funeral was held as soon as possible, 'cause they was no embalming in those days. Neighbors dug the grave and filled it. There weren't no paid preachers, no singers that got paid either, and they mourned just as hard and maybe harder in them days than they do now, and the neighbor took over the feedin' and the housin' and the cleanin' and the burnin' of the shuck or the straw mattresses, and the dead person is just as dead then as he is now. And they'll go to the same place in the hereafter that they earned while they was a-livin'.

Now when my time comes, I hope they'll make it simple so my folks can pay cash for it."

When burying the dead was a hurry-up must, when neighbors were far apart, land was cheap, and generation after generation lived on it, family cemeteries were common and named after the family that first buried their dead there. It was home, and this had always been home. All around us small graveyards: Bartlett, Wheeler, Bates, Long, Christeson, Bradford, just to name a few.

As the population grew, graveyards sprung up adjacent or near to a country school or a country church where families of different names were laid to rest.

Then came larger community burial grounds, and gradually plots were sold, [and some order or arrangement for identification of rows], and now this together with endowments for permanent maintenance of the cemeteries is called "perpetual care".

Mayfield Cemetery on the Big Piney River. The gathering appears to be a decoration day. Courtesy of Bob and Geneva Goodrich, George Lane Collection.

As long ago as fifty years it was not uncommon to plow up a sandstone head marker in a bottom field where years ago someone had been buried. Maybe a traveler, maybe a forgotten resident — who knows. Once I knew of two scrubby cedar trees side by side and two sand stones which looked like markers. This was in the middle of a corn field. The trees were a hindrance to cultivation, the stones were in the way, so out they had to go. And dust to dust and ashes to ashes has made a full cycle.

This type of graveyard working happened as named; relatives, interested people gone with time, no record but unrecorded history erases forever their memory.

And there's still another type of graveyard working that is gradually phasing out, where families, friends, and relatives gather and meet once a year and then bring their axes, their rakes, pitchforks, shovels, and scythes. The poison ivy and the trumpet vines are cut off level to the ground, the weeds removed, the dead limbs from the trees are carved away, and, where needed, the markers are straightened up and the sunken graves are mounded again, the fences fixed, and a new post or two driven.

This is graveyard working time, and work it is. The womenfolk spread the baskets of home cooked ham, chicken, cakes, pies, and lots more, plenty of coffee, remembering, then recollecting births, deaths, weddings and funerals, and recalling the happenings of yesteryear.

Decorating the graves was and still is an honored custom. But August when the sign was ripe was the time to clean the graveyard. Crops were laid back, wheat [weeds?] killed easier, and the cemetery could still be in pretty good shape when decoration came the following May.

At any graveyard working you'll be told that each year the gathering gets smaller and smaller. “They moved away -- ain't none of them left anymore and what's left live a fur piece from these parts”, and they usually send someone a check to have certain graves worked, or donate to a common collection to hire someone to clean off the growth. So the fight with nature goes on, and as always, Mother Nature wins, and gradually but surely, another lost city will occur, unless provisions are made to sort that thing called time, and there's always been more of that than anything else. When graveyard working stops, Mother Nature has a way of always healing the scar on her face with a weed, a shrub, a flower, a vine, or a tree, and where death once ruled, new life begins with the birds and the bees, the animals that crawl, as well as those that run. The silent city becomes a symphony of nature.

A Joke

Last week I visited one of the grand old characters of the Ozarks, who has outlived his family and is patiently awaiting his call.

I found him in a soft easy chair with his back turned to the window [so] as to get the afternoon light, and he was reading his Bible, when I quietly opened the door to his room in a home for the elderly. The smile on his face, the gleam in his eye, and a quivering of the chin told me how unthoughtful and selfish I had been not sharing more of my time with him. This was an experience, this was love as only men can exhibit to men, this was the scolding for me without words. This was joy for one with a lonesome heart.

The Bible was opened to the story of Jesus walking on the sea, and, after a while, the conversation drifted back to this miracle, as Jesus walked on the water. Our friend said, "I read this passage quite often, and every time I read it I think of the story a fellow told me a long time ago and I always get a big laugh out of it. Maybe you will too.”

He told me that a Protestant and a Catholic and a Jew went fishing in a boat about a hundred feet from the shore. They ran out of bait, so the Protestant said, “I'll go to the shore and get some.” He stepped out of the boat, walked to the shore, and returned with some bait that he'd left in his car. Lunchtime came, and in their excitement to go fishing, they had left their lunch in the car as well. So the Catholic stepped out of the boat on the top of the water and went ashore, and came back to the boat in the same way. The Jew was dumbfounded at seeing this feat that he just couldn't quite understand seeing his companions walking on the water. So when their water supply was exhausted in the afternoon, he volunteered to go to the shore to get it. If they could walk on the water so could he, he thought. So out he stepped and down he went, up he came, and down he went again, and when he came up again, the Protestant said to the Catholic, "We better get him out before he drowns, and we better show him where those rocks are so he can step on them."

My friend remarked that this would prove to the unbeliever that there are tricks in all trades.

Dru Pippin’s audio tapes were made available by the Post Museum at Fort Leonard Wood and the Missouri State Archives.

Dru Pippin

Memoirs

Part Two (Part One 2009 OSG)

On the following pages are Ozark stories, observations, jokes, and philosophical musings (which Dru called "hillosophy") recorded by Dru Pippin during 1975-1976. The transcriptions of the audio tapes were a collaborative effort by Dru's nephew, William Eckert, and Terry Primas. More to come in the next issue of the Gazette.

Annual Float Trip

As far back as I can remember, my father and Uncle William Bradford and two or three of my father's close friends from the city camped out on the Gasconade River for at least a week every summer. When I learned to swim and paddle a boat, I was always included. I got to fish and paddle about but my main job was to keep the free range stock, especially the hogs, from getting into the camp and our supplies. We had a rule: anyone complaining about the food had to wash the dishes. One morning, Dr. White said, "Whoever made this coffee got that water from the lower side of the boat", which was reserved for washing and so on. He said it tasted like soap and quickly realized what his criticism meant for he then said in a loud voice, "And that's exactly the way I like it."

Uncle William, with his key winding Waltham watch that he carried through the Civil War, a spacious tackle box with various sizes and colors of corks and bobbers, and trot line staging, home made lead sinkers and hooks galore of all sizes, a cord stringer or two, and a big reel in a drawstring sack was the extent of his tackle. There was always a can of oil, a small bottle of Sloan's liniment, and a bottle of Early Riser's pills in it. In the top layer of the box was a plug of fresh chew, store bought chewing tobacco, and a can containing slippery elm bark, cut in pieces about an inch long and a half inch wide. Years ago, the local doctor told him to cut his tabacca chewing down to at least three chews a day. This he followed religiously. But after the morning chew, he would refresh it from time to time with pieces of the slippery elm until the time for the noon day chew, and so on until the evening chew, and then on 'til bedtime. When bark of the elm tree was right, he would take draw knife and take sufficient new growth bark from the tree until it was time to skin it again. He hung these slabs of bark in the smoke house and at odd times cut up a supply in the proper size. I guess about the only ones using slippery elm today are those sneaky baseball pitchers who slip in a spit ball every once in a while. This might be a good way to quit chewing, too.

Fish Basket

Have any of you ever seen a fish basket? Most of you who were born and raised in rural Ozarks have, I know. Well, to enlighten you, a fish basket is really a fish trap. Depending on the length and size needed, the maker would fashion three or more hoops from green wood that would bend easily. One end was slatted with green split saplings at about an inch or inch and a half or two inch intervals. Such slats were placed across and around the hoops and across the end so as to completely make a trap similar to what a banana crate looks like today. Water could pass through the openings in the trap. Anything too small to keep could readily escape. Inside the front hoop and pointing inward at an angle toward the rear of the trap and pointed so as to leave an opening of about three inches were sharply pointed slats. A fish could swim into the basket as the slats would give as the body might rub the slats. But once inside, the fish could not swim out against the sharp ends of the stakes that faced him and the small hole that they made. The principle was the same as you see in the glass minnow trap used today. A sack of corn meal, sometimes wheat bran and shorts were mixed with the corn meal, and placed in a gunny sack inside the trap. This was the bait. The trap was placed in deep water with the open end downstream. A few rocks were placed inside the trap to hold its position and a hidden wire was attached to the trap and the other end to a tree made the whereabouts of the trap unknown to anyone except God and the trapper. They are illegal, sure, but they were not many years ago but they are now. There was a time when every farmer on the river had a trap and he kept his table well supplied with fresh fish. Most of them were carp and suckers and red horse, catfish, and drum, and they caught every once in while a big bass. It's illegal now because fish were being caught and sold for profit.

I well remember an experience I had. My father and Jack Gorman were in one boat, Ed Dewey and his son in another, and Ed Clemens and me in another. We were on a day's float and we drew straws for who would go first,

(Text continued on Page 56)

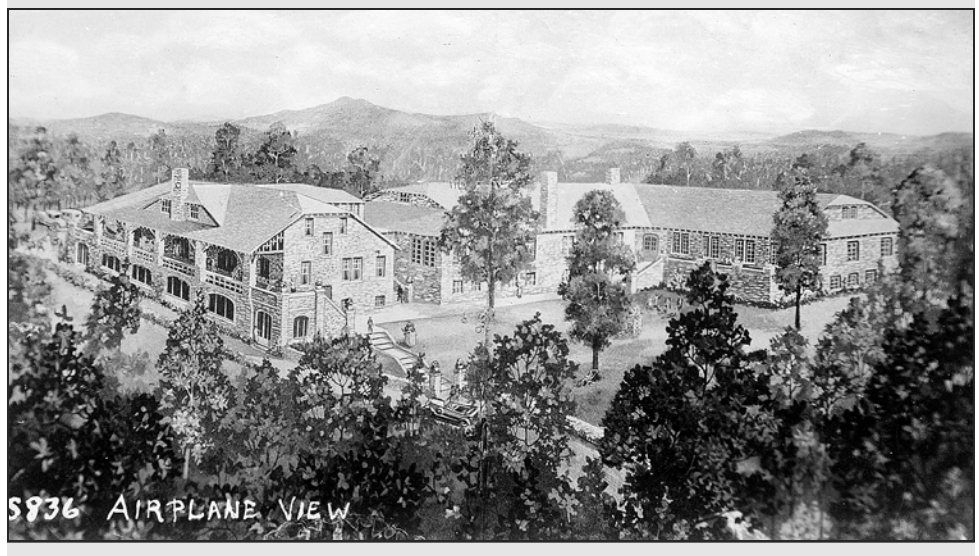
Dru Pippin

a profile

by William Eckert

Dru L. Pippin was born April 13, 1899 in Pulaski County, Missouri, son of Bland Nixon Pippin and Nancy May Vaughn. The Pippin family had settled in the Pulaski County area in the late 1840s, having come from Tennessee and Alabama. Dru was named after area doctors Drura Claiburn and Lavega Tice. His father was a professor of Dentistry at Washington University in St. Louis and Dru grew up in large part in St Louis. Dru caught the so-called Spanish Flu and moved to Waynesville to recover. He attended the University of Missouri at Columbia and met and married Eva Luther. Dr. Pippin, who had a great love of the Ozarks and the outdoors, purchased property near Bartlett Spring and built a resort there named "Pippin Place". Dru and Eva took over management of Pippin Place and ran it until Dru closed it in the late Sixties. While Eva stayed at Pippin Place, Dru also had an insurance agency in Waynesville. In 1947 Dru was appointed to the Missouri Conservation Commission and served until 1959. He served another term from 1961 to 1964. Dru was very active in the effort to make Fort Leonard Wood a permanent installation. Dru had two children, Dan and Nancy. Dan was captain of the United States Olympic Basketball team in 1952 and won a gold medal. Eva died in 1962 and Dru later married Wilda Miller. After Dru closed Pippin Place, he and Wilda moved to a small house in Waynesville where he died in 1981 and Wilda in 1980. Dru's father was always fascinated with the unique aspects of Ozark culture, such as the stories and the dialect, and Dru followed in his footsteps. In the 1970s he was asked to record some oral history memorializing his own observations of Ozark culture, customs, stories, and dialect and he recorded some 10 hours, most of which are available at Ft. Leonard Wood.

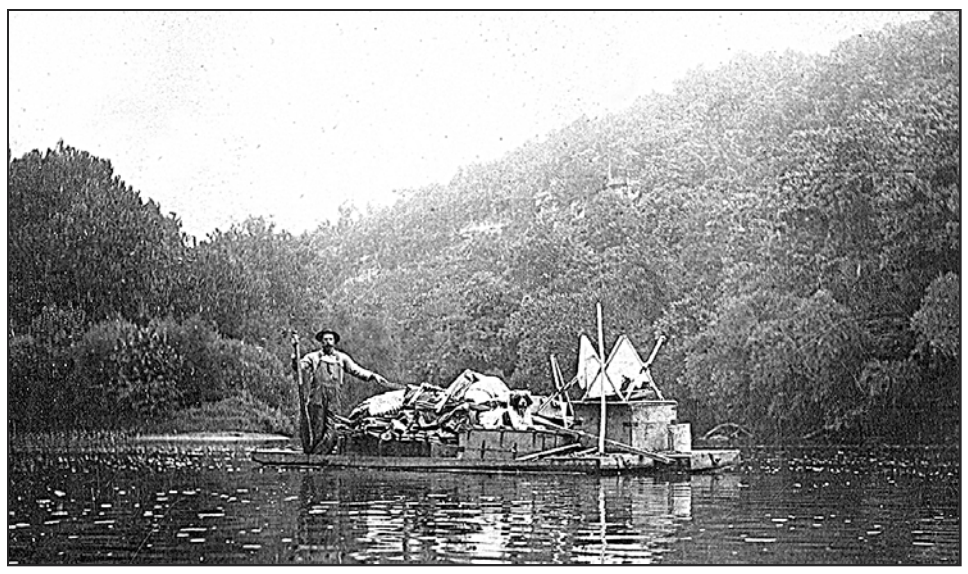
Dru and his younger sister Lauramae strike a comic pose on the porch at Pippin Place in the 1940s. Photo courtesy of William Eckert.



Pippin Place, four miles from Waynesville on the Gasconade River. Courtesy of Terry Primas.

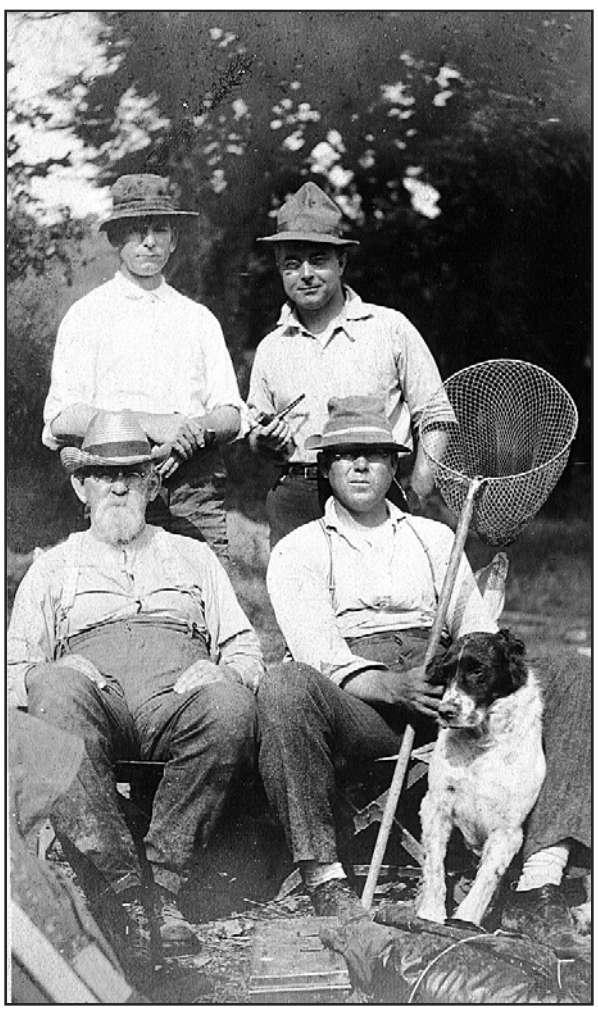
Gasconade Float Trip - 1910

"Off For A 10 Days Float. (Mouth of Roubidoux) August 10, 1910"



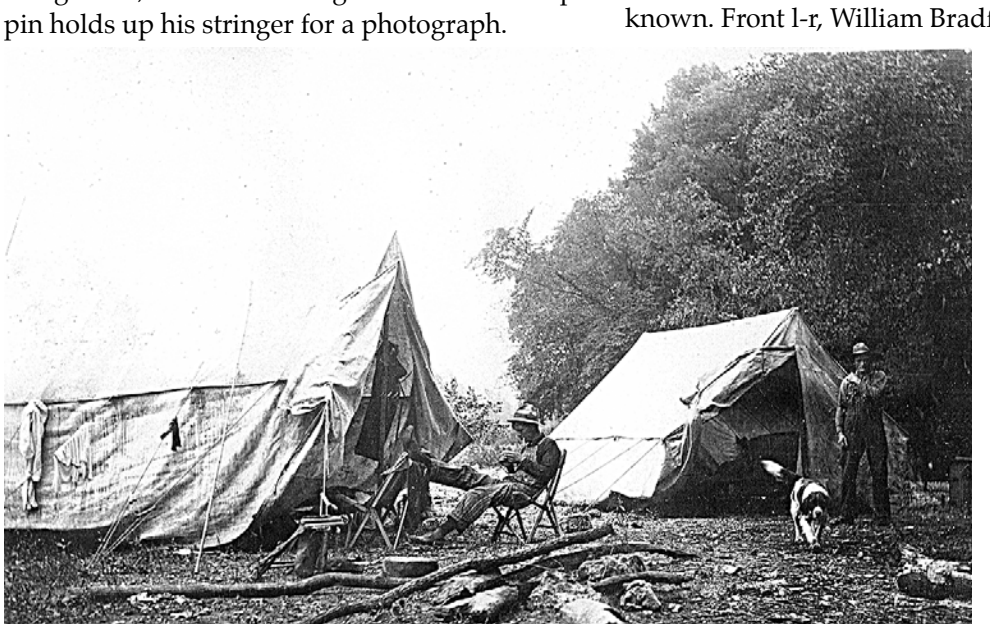
"Witt & Sport in Farris Eddy." This is the commissary boat, loaded with supplies.

"August 15, 1910. A Mornings Catch." Bland Pippin holds up his stringer for a photograph.



"Fishermen." Back l-r, Dr. Bland Pippin, unknown. Front l-r, William Bradford, Dr. White.

One of Dr. Bland Pippin's annual float trips on the Gasconade that Dru mentioned on the previous page was documented by one of the participants with his Kodak. Most of the snapshots had a caption written on them. The float trip began at the junction of the Roubidoux Creek with the Gasconade River on August 10, 1910. The fishermen ended their trip where the Mossy Spring branch enters the Gasconade on August 19. The sportsmen must have fished hard, sampling every shoal and eddy. The ten day float trip covered only 20.6 miles. Of the eleven participants on the float trip, we can identify only four: Bland Pippin; William Bradford, who raised Dr. Pippin when he was orphaned; "Witt", the cook; Sport, the dog; and Dr. White, a friend of Pippin's who was also a dentist in St. Louis. The mouth of the Roubidoux, the starting point, is about 2.5 miles below Bartlett Mill Spring branch, which Dr. Pippin purchased in 1911 and constructed the first section of what would become the well-known resort Pippin Place in 1914. Dru sold Pippin Place in 1969, at the age of 70. The complex burned in the 1980s.



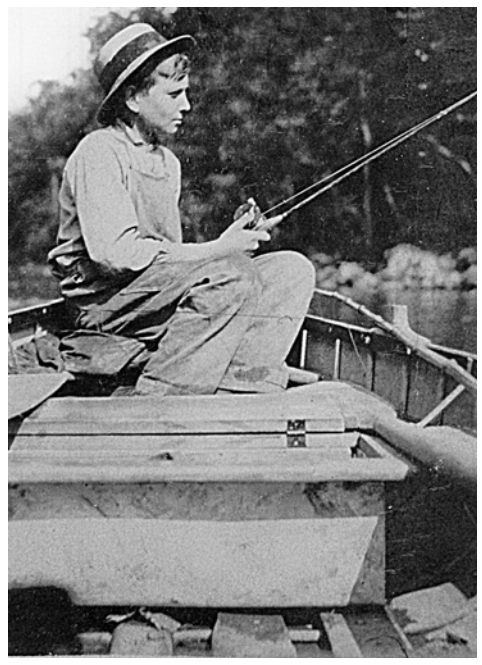
"No More Minnows To Get." This camping location is unknown. Another picture of a gravel bar camp is identified as "Mosquito Camp, Cow Ford, August 11."

"Loading Up - Going Home. Aug. 19, 1910" The take-out at Mossy Spring was about an eight mile wagon trip over rough roads to Waynesville.

second, and third in the day's float. Well, Ed and I drew third place. At noon the first boat had a bass that would weigh about three pounds and some smaller ones. The second boat had a few small ones and Ed and I had not had a strike all morning. At noon we accused them of combing each bank and throwing rocks at the other. Well, since we had a bet on for the one catching the biggest fish, it looked like a sure bet for the first boat. We drew straws again, however, for positions and again we were number three. We tried to make a deal but no, we had to go last. About four o'clock that afternoon, I cast my fly and let it sink and, as I retrieved it, I felt a snag. It wasn't a fish and unable to dislodge it, I simply jumped in the water and swam out to the end of the line and discovered that the hook was around a wire. I knew what it was cause I'd seen them before. I discovered a fish basket. Ed and I pulled the wire and out came the basket which was fairly alive with fish. They were all carp and red horse, one goggle-eye, and one bass that would weigh a little less than three pounds. It was a shade more than the ones our friends had at noon. I put a hook through the lip of the fish and put him on the stringer, along with the one goggle-eye and turned the fish back into the water and left the basket on a gravel bar to dry and be picked up by the Conservation agent or the owner, whoever got there first. I swore Ed in as my accomplice and partner in crime and before we got to the boat landing at Pippin Place, I had carefully stuffed every lead sinker that I had and that Ed had in his tackle box down the gullet of that big bass. If you ever saw a nine month pregnant bass, this one had all the telltale signs. When we were together, our competitors readily admitted our fish to be the heavier and paid off. We outweighed the fish by about a quarter pound. It was our turn to tell them how poorly they fished after having undisturbed water all day, no one to skim off the cream of the hungry fish. Everything went well until Willie, the second string cook, in cleaning the bass stuck his knife in our fish and out fell this assortment of heavy lead. Result: many many hearty laughs, refund of the wagered money, and a friendship that existed as long as they lived. And all I have left of these gentlemen are happy memories.

Fish Dams

It has always been the custom in the Ozarks for families and friends to get together, especially on a Sunday, and in olden days when a circuit rider preacher was in the neighborhood. They got together for basket dinners and maybe a fish fry, if fish were available in sufficient quantities. In the rivers where the current and the depth and the width of the stream were suitable, our forefathers constructed what was known to them as fish dams. They would cut a few loads of poles from twelve to fifteen feet long and about four to six inches in diameter. Then they would go to a narrow place in the river on a shoal and they'd scrape out a trench about three or four feet deep and bury the big ends of the poles in the gravel. They would allow the smaller end to stick upward, downstream, about two feet above the water level. These poles were placed so as to form a screen or baffle for anything going downstream. Such a construction was built across the width of the running water. Then the men folk and the teenagers would go above the trap, beat the water, and otherwise drive and scare all fish above to go downstream. As the fish approached the poles, people behind held a seine or a fine mesh wire or maybe toe sacks sewn end to end so as to prevent the fish from going back upstream. The result was the fish were suddenly exposed on the poles and were easily picked up by the people stationed there for that purpose. The only one I ever remember seeing that might be considered as usable was one on the Gasconade River at the shoal just above the junction of the Gasconade and the Roubidoux Creek and they was below the second island from Pippin Place and was then known as Ellis Island because it was behind the old Ellis farm. I was told that this method of fishing was taught to our early settlers by the Indians who lived by the skill of the hunt. I can't think of a single thing I ever learned by myself. I learned it from someone else.



A young Dru Pippin fishing. Courtesy of William Eckert.

Business Graphics

Alarmco

Threlkeld Machine Shop

HOMEPLATE BAR & GRILL

DINE IN OR CARRY OUT

OPEN MONDAYS 11:00-8:00

TUESDAY - FRIDAY 11:00-9:00

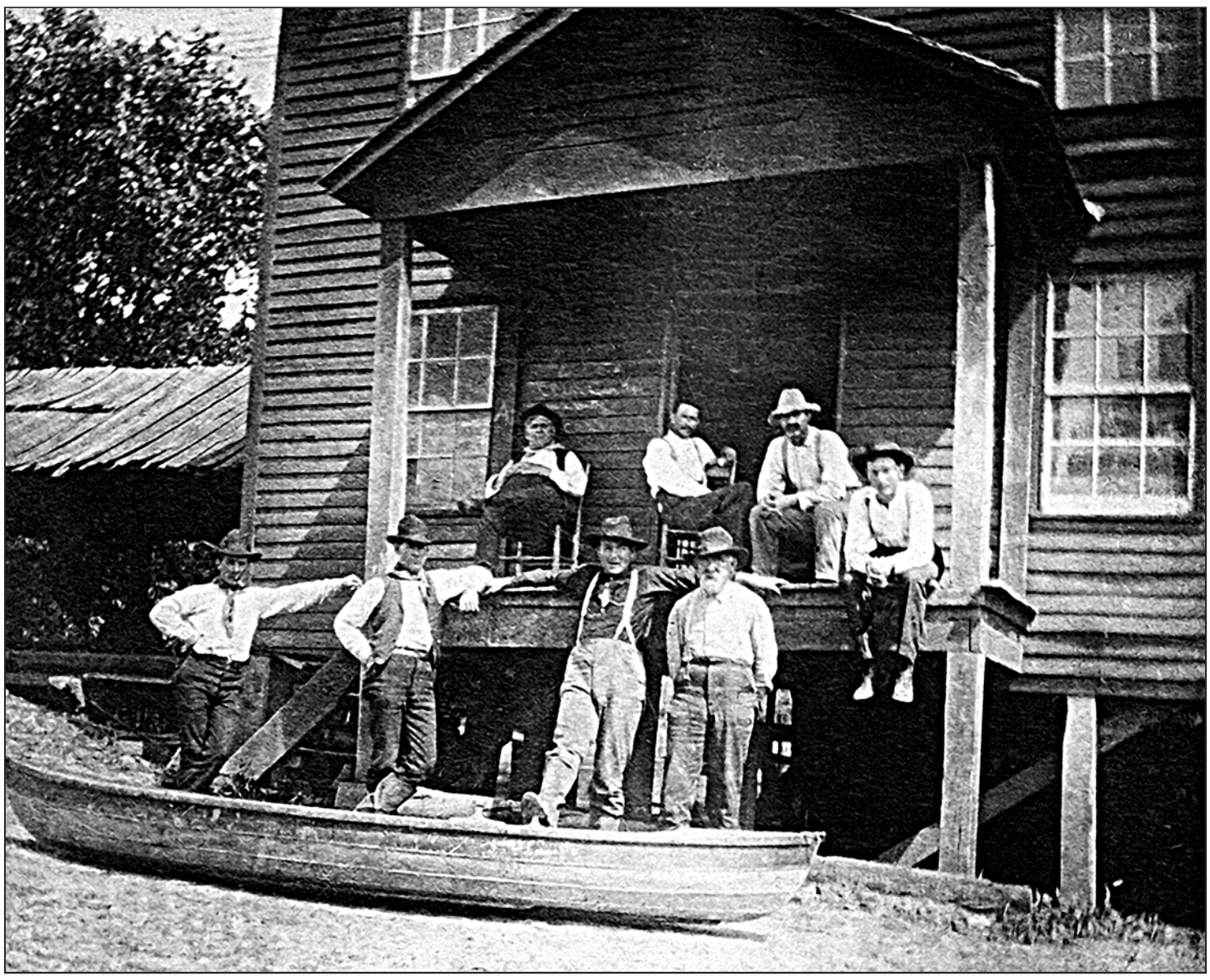
310 S. ELM

DIXON, MISSOURI

573-759-3210

Sweetwater Bar-B-

Bassett Insurance and Realty



Fishing friends sitting on the porch of the mill at Bartlett Spring: First row, far left is Dr. Bland Pippin; far right, first row is William Bradford; rest unknown. Solomon Bartlett purchased sixteen acres and a mill from Larkin Rufus Bates in 1857. Bates had settled the land in 1841 and built the original mill. Bartlett built another grist and sawmill in 1866. Pippin began acquiring nearby property and the mill in 1911. This view might be shortly afterward. In the summer, Dr. Pippin escaped the St. Louis city heat by vacationing in Pulaski County where he grew up.

William Bradford (1839-1934) and his wife Missiniah Tilley Bradford took in Bland Pippin and his siblings when they were orphaned and raised them. William Bradford, a Confederate veteran, had a profound effect on Bland Pippin and his son Dru. Dru said of Bradford, "He was and still is my idol, my first thought of what it takes to be a Christian, humanitarian, a close neighbor to man, and a father to the orphan. Affectionately known to everyone as Uncle William Bradford."
Photograph courtesy of William Eckert.

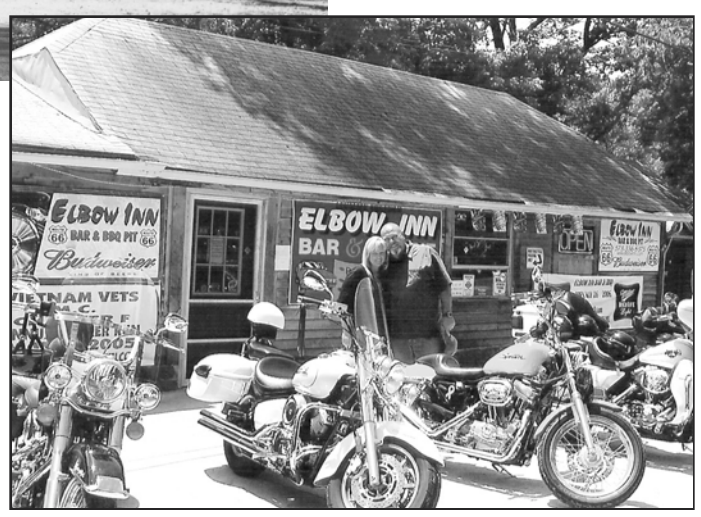
Dru Pippin's audio tapes were made available by the Post Museum at Fort Leonard Wood and the Missouri State Archives.

Dunn's Auto Refinishing

Over 75 Years in Devil's Elbow

Famous for Hickory Smoked Ribs & Bar-B-Que

Full Menu
Beer Garden
Karaoke



MISSOURI
US
66

Closed Sundays
•
Kitchen Closed
Mondays

The Elbow Inn

Open at 11:00 a.m.
573 336-5375
www.elbowinn.org

Dru Pippin

Memoirs

Part Three

On the following pages are Ozark stories, observations, jokes, and philosophical musings (which Dru called "hillosophy") recorded by Dru Pippin during 1975-1976. The transcription is a collaborative effort by Dru's nephew, William Eckert, and Terry Primas.

An old custom prior to the twenties, not now practiced, was used against people who were not wanted in the community. If they were a bad character, had sticky fingers, or were known to be bad influences for the people in the area, their homes were "rocked". At night, those trying to exert influence to move, provoke fear, or, as they said, send a message concealed themselves within throwing distance of the house and threw baseball size rocks onto the roof of the house. This bombardment was usually done on a dark night and the rocks came at intervals from various directions, indicating that more than one individual was doing the throwing. A few nights of this ordeal and usually the occupant took the hint and moved away. Absolute secrecy was adhered to among those doing the rocking and I have never been able to know any of them, much less talk to any of them. Now I know of two such incidents happening close to us. I saw some rocks that were thrown and I saw some holes in the clapboard roofs of the house and I knew the individuals that finally moved. Was the community helped when they moved? I don't know. But it certainly wasn't damaged. And no one was hurt. No one was ever rocked to sleep.

Couldn't Leave

Tom and his wife had lived in Pulaski County most of their lives. They were Christian, law abiding, home-loving parents and were rooted deep in the time and custom of the Ozarks. Prices were depressed, drought had prevailed, pastures had dried up, crops were poor, and these fine people were terribly discouraged. They had a farm sale, sold their house and possessions, their farm machinery, and their livestock. They loaded up their personal belongings into their four cylinder touring car and started for California. Tom recalled how he said goodbye to all of their troubles, closed the farm gate, and headed west. He said he got as far as the Gasconade River at Hazel Green, and he and his wife started to get homesick. They ate their lunch, talked a while, turned around, went back home, and never left the county again. They're still here, and still a part of the soil in properly marked graves.

Stock

Prior to the automobile, the Ozarks had no stock law and cattle and horses and hogs roamed the countryside at will. Every farmer who owned livestock put his mark on the ears of his stock. These marks were registered at the courthouse and were legal identifications of the ownership of that particular animal. The mark was made with a knife by cutting a described slit, cropping, notch, or hole in each ear, as a smooth crop off the left ear and an underbit of the right, or a cut in the right and two notches in the left, a smooth crop of each ear, and so on. Some of the cattle were branded.

The stock were turned out in the early spring as soon as sufficient grass was available, looked after at intervals, and given salt; and in the fall when the pastures fail, the stock and the newly born were rounded up for the winter. If a sow had a scrubby looking litter the general description by the owner was, "a peach-orchard boar got to her". The question always was, is it easier to fence against the other fellow's stock or is it easier to fence my own stock in? There's no more open lands in the county and owners of livestock are now liable for damage that they might do to the other fellow.

The open range problem is now with the dogs. Turned loose and allowed to make their toilet on the neighbor's lawn and shrub, digging up the garden and making tracks across the freshly made flower bed. It's most disconcerting like to start the work in your flowers and suddenly have to retrieve a hand smeared with freshly digested Purina Dog Chow, getting madder still is to sit in it. Don't blame the dog. He has a license. Maybe. But what gives the dog-er a privilege over the dog-ee? Doggone if I know.

Tardy

One morning Johnny was late for school at the Cedar Gap School. He was about three hours late. The teacher asked him why he was so late, and he said that he had to help dress chickens, and couldn't leave until they were all dressed. Then he explained as follows. Last night Old Towser nearly went wild out at the chicken house. Ma heard the barkin' and waked Pa, who

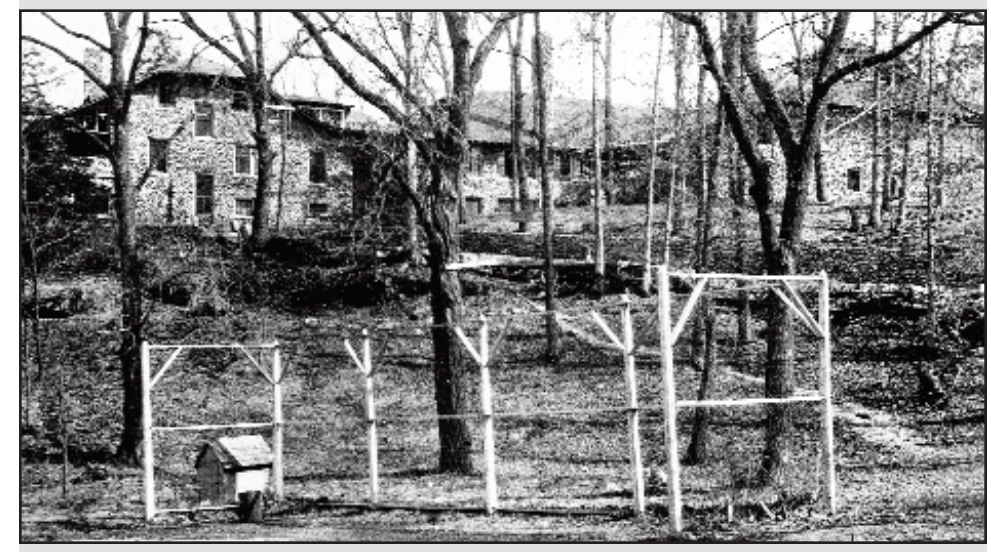
Dru Pippin

a profile

by William Eckert

Dru L. Pippin was born April 13, 1899 in Pulaski County, Missouri, son of Bland Nixon Pippin and Nancy May Vaughn. The Pippin family had settled in the Pulaski County area in the late 1840s, having come from Tennessee and Alabama. Dru was named after area doctors Drura Claiburn and Lavega Tice. His father was a professor of Dentistry at Washington University in St. Louis and Dru grew up in large part in St Louis. Dru caught the so-called Spanish Flu and moved to Waynesville to recover. He attended the University of Missouri at Columbia and met and married Eva Luther. Dr. Pippin, who had a great love of the Ozarks and the outdoors, purchased property near Bartlett Spring and built a resort there named "Pippin Place". Dru and Eva took over management of Pippin Place and ran it until Dru closed it in the late Sixties. While Eva stayed at Pippin Place, Dru also had an insurance agency in Waynesville. In 1947 Dru was appointed to the Missouri Conservation Commission and served until 1959. He served another term from 1961 to 1964. Dru was very active in the effort to make Fort Leonard Wood a permanent installation. Dru had two children, Dan and Nancy. Dan was captain of the United States Olympic Basketball team in 1952 and won a gold medal. Eva died in 1962 and Dru later married Wilda Miller. After Dru closed Pippin Place, he and Wilda moved to a small house in Waynesville where he died in 1981 and Wilda in 1980. Dru's father was always fascinated with the unique aspects of Ozark culture, such as the stories and the dialect, and Dru followed in his footsteps. In the 1970s he was asked to record some oral history memorializing his own observations of Ozark culture, customs, stories, and dialect and he recorded some 10 hours, most of which are available at Ft. Leonard Wood.

Dru and his younger sister Lauramae strike a comic pose on the porch at Pippin Place in the 1940s. Photo courtesy of William Eckert.



Pippin Place, four miles from Waynesville on the Gasconade River. Courtesy of John Bradbury.

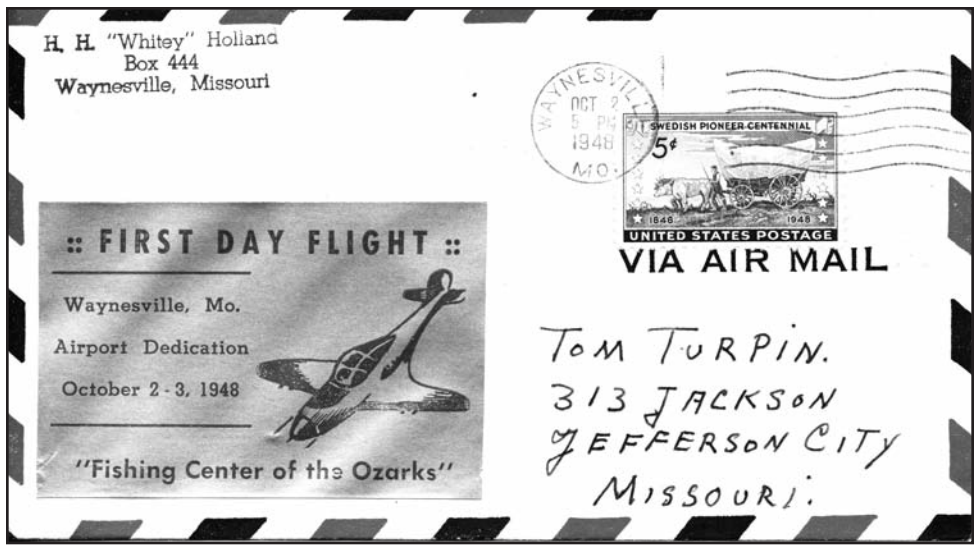
jumped out of bed. He grabbed his shotgun and run out into the cold in his underwear. He headed for the chicken house. Pa didn't know the drop-seat *[on his long underwear]* had a button off and just as he was about to go through the chicken house door, Old Towser nudged Pa with his cold nose and the gun went off and we all been dressin' chickens ever since.

Flying High

Where the East school building now stands was at one time the Waynesville airport. Roy Wilson and I purchased 130 some odd acres from an investment company for something less than two thousand dollars. We deeded all that part north of the highway to the city without any payment so the city could have a memorial cemetery. And we sold the balance to the city for five thousand dollars for an airport. *[Federal branched]* matched bonds, and the airport and building was constructed, and for a while it was used. The airport closed and the city has sold at tremendous profit tracts of land for school purposes. This is OK with me. It has no bearing on the history I'm about to relate.

The first airport that Waynesville ever had was on the hill where the Christmas nativity display is in evidence every holiday season. Bill Bush, a local boy, flew an airplane from the seat of his pants, cleared out the stock, picked out the rocks, made a mark on the ground, revved up his engine, and took off toward the courthouse. As he cleared the bluff, he had about three hundred feet of altitude. I rode with him once, and I'd like to see the iron bar that was in front of me. I'm quite sure that there are imprinted the fingerprints of two hands, none other than mine. To my knowledge there never was the sign of a scratch or a mishap as Bill flew at will, any time he wanted to.

Bill also flew from the city airfield after it was built but he told me he much preferred being on his own at Bell Bluff.



Waynesville Airport Dedication envelope, October 2, 1948. Courtesy of Jan and Terry Primas.

An aerial view of the Waynesville Memorial Airport runway, situated east-west, and the airport buildings. Courtesy of Jan and Terry Primas.

Close-up of the airport's Adminstration Building. The soccer fields near the East Schools complex on Historic Route 66 now occupy this land. Courtesy of Jan and Terry Primas.

"Your Home Loan Professionals"
CITIZENS MORTGAGE COMPANY
Mortgage lending with a commitment to excellent service
Contact Us At:
(573) 336-2666
1-800-440-2666
496 Old Rute 66
St. Robert MO 65584
Apply on-line at www.citizens.biz
ENJOY OLD SETTLERS DAY
• VA Loans • Conventional Loans
• Home Equity Loans
NMLS Office #212528

Old Stagecoach Stop Heritage Ornaments
$6.00 each or $50/set @ Ornaments, 10925 Western Rd., Duke, MO 65461


Old Stagecoach Stop


Ft. Wood HQ 1941


Old Courthouse

Miller's Market 1962

Ft. Wood Main Gate 1943


Rigsby's Standard 1950


Bell Hotel 1936


Frisco Caboose

Devil's Elbow Cafe 1935


Hooker Cut Rt. 66

Legacy

Dru? Yes? Do you really think one leaves us when he's dead? I know what the good book says, and I think I understand what it means. But I got to thinking of my personal life, and this is what I concluded.

I served for a number of years on the Missouri Conservation Commission, fifteen years to be exact. Two full six-year terms and three years of another. I was just one of a Commission of four, of course. But I can selfishly claim some credit for what actually happened during my time of service within my home county Pulaski. Roubidoux Creek from the spring to the mouth was decreed a trout stream, and now it is regularly stocked with catchable trout for the enjoyment of the fishermen of the area.

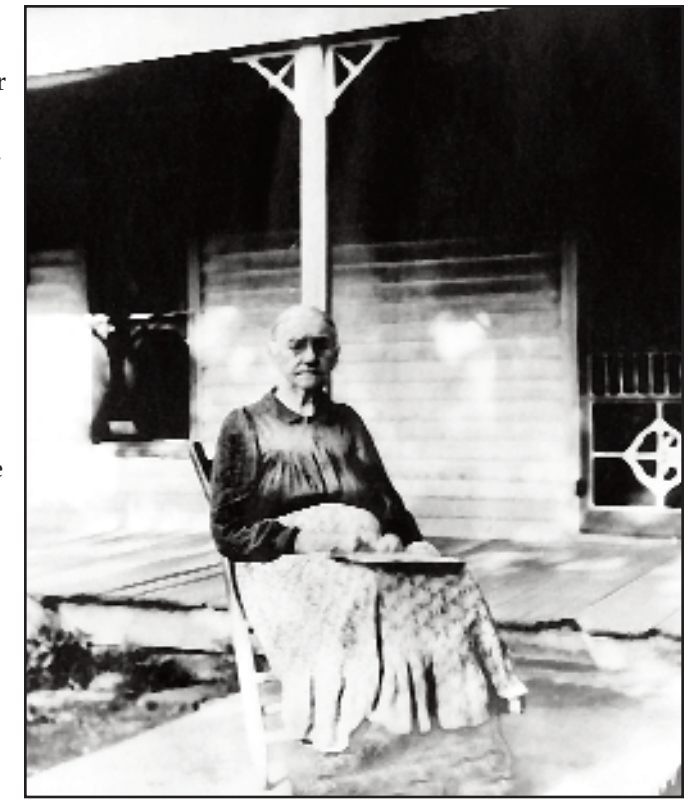
So far as I know, there weren't any deer in the county. But the Commission trapped and brought to the county six females and two bucks. They were turned loose in the Lundstrom Ford, Trower Ford area -- this is on the Gasconade River. And they were treated with respect by the most avid dog hunters and they were protected by the landowners and eagerly looked forward with the anticipation of an open season by the sportsmen of the area. They multiplied, they spread, and four years later we had an open season with legal kill for any sex. Today we have a large herd and regular hunting season as prescribed by the Commission.

The turkey population was almost gone except for a few scattered birds in the Big Piney area. Those were trapped up. Those were trapped elsewhere in the state and brought to the county and released. They spread just as did the deer. Now we have a very available wild turkey open season allowed by the Commission.

I'll just say this, one can live after he's dead. I'll always live as having been a part of something that continues to live. Sure, my name will long be forgotten and the who and the what and the where and the whens and the why will become fewer but I'll still be alive because I'm still a part of something that still lives. If future generations will observe the laws of nature, work with and not against, I can live a long time. I have a life within a life that I helped to preserve. It can outlive the name that might be carved in stone.

Sugar Trap

My father, relating some of his boyhood memories, told me of his love for anything to eat that happened to be sweet. Those days, stick candy was a luxury and people in the rural areas depended on sweets in the form of sugar, sorghum molasses, honey, or homemade canned berries or fruits, and brown sugar. White sugar was a luxury especially used for coffee and this almost exclusively by those that had a sweet tooth. Aunt Nyer *[Missiniah Sophia Tilley Bradford, Mrs. William L. Bradford]* kept the sugar bowl on the dining room table all the time and whenever my father came through the room and no one was in sight, he would take a spoonful or two in his hand, replace the lid, and go outside to enjoy his treat. Aunt Nyer kept saying that something was going with the sugar and she couldn't quite figure it out. There were just two people who used sugar in the coffee, yet enough was going from the sugar bowl for four or five people. Dad could not understand how she knew this. One day, when he had plenty of time, he picked up the sugar bowl and held it to the light. Inside the bowl was one housefly. The secret was solved. With the fly gone, she knew that someone had been into the sugar. From then on, Dad would catch a fly, then get his sugar, then replace the fly that had escaped with the newly caught fly, replace the lid, and then enjoy his sugar.



Missiniah Tilley Bradford, familiarly known as "Aunt Nyer." Courtesy of William Eckert.

Business Graphics

Alarmco

Threlkeld
Machine Shop
573-336-3149 • Monday - Friday 8-5
• Automotive Engine Rebuilding
• Crankshaft Grinding
•Flywheel Grinding
•Drive Shaft Repair
•Valve Grinding
•Guide & Seat Grinding
In Business Since 1961
1 1/2 Miles Down Hwy. 28 from Exit 163

Sweetwater Bar-B-Que

HOMEPLATE BAR & GRILL
DINE IN OR CARRY OUT
OPEN MONDAYS 11:00-8:00
TUESDAY - FRIDAY 11:00-9:00
310 S. ELM
DIXON, MISSOURI
573-759-3210

Bassett Insurance and Realty

No more complaints from Aunt Nyer, even though the sugar bowl was going at the same old rate. Wouldn't think of such a sugar trap today, would we? Anyway, it wouldn't meet the health standards.

Hog Wash

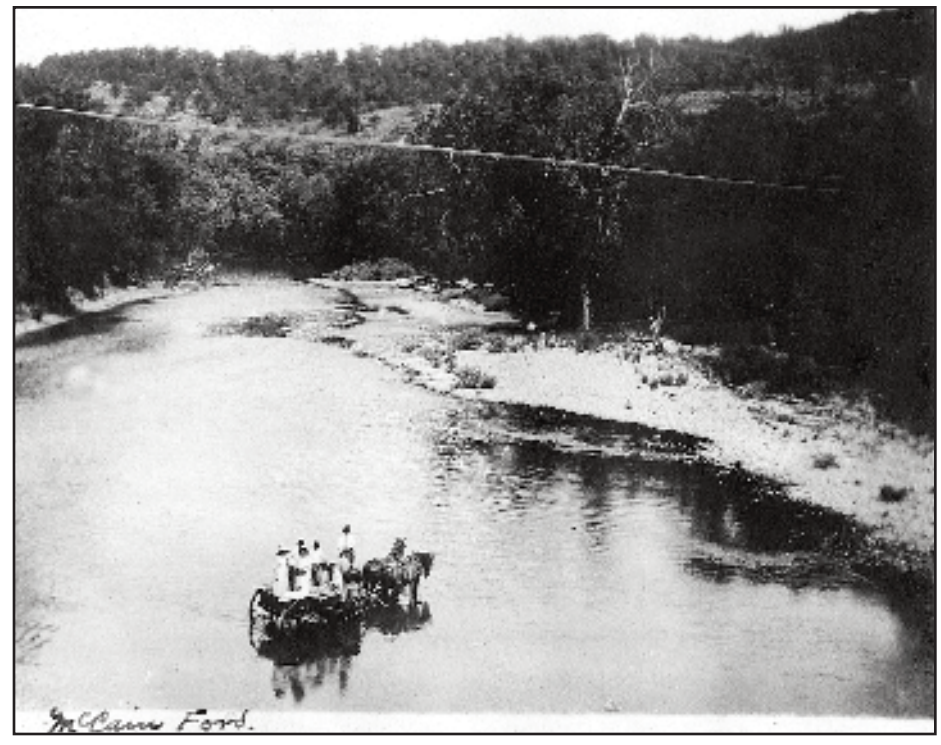
The youngest of a family of sixteen had toddled out of the house and had not been missed until the chairs were filled at the evening meal. The vacant chair was the alarm that one was missing, and a hurried search revealed that the youngster was mired in the hog water in the barn lot all the way up to his neck. One look at the kid and Pa said, "Ma, it'd be a durn site easier to get another'n than it will to clean that there'n one up."

Try This

Doc Adams, the local veterinarian of the twenties, loved to tell this story and he convinced me that it was true. Seems as though a local farmer wanted to breed his saddle mare to his neighbor's saddle stud. It so happened that when the mare came in heat he was away from home and his wife, knowing that he wanted her bred, haltered the mare and took her to the neighbor's. The stud was indifferent. Apparently he wasn't interested, at least for the time being. So the stud's owner took a corn-cob and rubbed the stallion very vigorously behind the ear. Shortly, he showed some interest, and the mare in due time was bred. Several days later the two men met and the owner of the mare said, "John, I just want to give you some good, sound advice. Don't you ever rub that stud's ear with a cob in front of a woman again. Take a look at my ear. It's raw as a beefsteak and the wife won't give it time to heal."

There's a Difference

There is an old story that has been told over and over again ever since the circuit rider preacher who delivered the gospel to the rural people. This particular preacher was condemning card playing, cock fights, gambling, dancing, cussing, and gossiping, and on each new subject, Grandma Peters would exclaim a big, loud "A-men!" Then he condemned snuff dipping. Grandma nudged Grandpa and said, "He's quit preaching now and gone to meddling."



People crossing the Gasconade River at McCain Ford. On the road between the California House and Richland, this was the site of the first county bridge, constructed in 1894. This picture was taken from the bridge. Courtesy of William Eckert.

Standards

After Fort Wood was opened, and soldiers were allowed passes so that they could leave the post, inspectors from the post inspected civilian-operated eating places as to keep health and sanitation standards safe. One day an inspector, after making a thorough examination, told the operator of a hole-in-the-wall eating joint, "I'm going to have to have your place put off-limits, so the soldiers can't use it." "Why?" asked the operator. "Well, you just have too many roaches." "I say", he said. "How many am I allowed?"

William Eckert, son of Lauramae Pippin Eckert and Dru's nephew, is an attorney in private practice in Arcadia, California.
Terry Primas is the editor of the *Old Settlers Gazette*.
Dru Pippin's audio tapes were made available by the Post Museum at Fort Leonard Wood and the Missouri State Archives.

Dunn's Auto Refinishing

Over 75 Years
in Devil's Elbow

Famous for
Hickory Smoked
Ribs & Bar-B-Que

Full Menu
Beer Garden
Karaoke

MISSOURI
US
66

Closed Sundays
•
Kitchen Closed
Mondays

The Elbow Inn

Open at 11:00 a.m.
573 336-5375
www.elbowinn.org