Dru Pippin

Reminiscence

Part Four

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.

Village Blacksmiths

Modern machinery, electrically powered tools, drills, presses, welders, sanders and grinders, have made obsolete a one-time necessity, the village blacksmith. In days gone by, he was just as essential to the community as was the midwife or the family doctor.

I've known several in my lifetime, and when I think of them as individuals, and then as a group, they all seem to have a common denominator, as well as a definite character trait. I'm thinking of four of these God-fearing men: Bill, John, Cliff, and until a few months ago, Fred Manes. The last of the men of the forge. *[John and Cliff Doolin were brothers and worked side by side in their blacksmith shop in Waynesville.]*

None of these men were big men as far as size was concerned, but inside I doubt if a man could be bigger. All had learned their trade as very young men, even as boys. Each had served as a helper in a shop and in some cases they were but another generation following in the footsteps of their elders.

This business was an art, but an art that required sweat and brawn and a willingness to work.

Work it was. No soft hands. No manicured fingernails, and pink, clean, smooth complexions were impossible. Here was a six day a week job. From seeing to blinking, beset with all sorts of requests.

Fix this, mend this, weld this, patch this, can you make this work until I can order a new part?

This filly never been shod before, and she's skittish, and mean as all get-out. 'Spect you and me will have to hog-tie this here'n afore she gets the best of us. I got to put shoes on her. I'll help you throw her, if you want.

I been a-waiting for this ice to melt so's I can get in some wood. Old woman's about out.

And I got to break this into another hay-rick for my cattle and the ice is so bad the team can't stand up. Better fit my team with ice shoes so's I can get this job done.

Tire went off on this wheel. Put it back on and had it soaking in the pond to swell up the hub, but it needs re-settin', John.

Cliff, if you got two identical wagon thimbles, wish you'd make me a pair of andirons for my fire place. Three feet deep and five feet long.

Got me one o' them silky plows and it pulls a team down in that heavy crawfish you saw it on the bluff side. Make me a treble tree so's I can use three horses instead of two. It'll plow easier and deeper.

Don't know who tempered this pick before, but picking rock from a road to pay my poll tax sure is hard on a pick. Seems like it's too soft and needs more temper.

Old woman left the iron kettle outside. It filled with water and the heavy freeze t'other night plum cracked it from top to bottom side so shrink an iron band around it, John. Be as good as new then.

So on and on were the challenges thrown at these men. Day in and day out. They all had skill, imagination, understanding, and know-how. Each a self-trained student in human nature and behavior. Each had a willingness to lend a helping hand. Is it any wonder Longfellow wrote that poem? They're never to be forgotten. "Under the spreading chestnut tree, the village smithy stands ... ." Each one I knew had his individual mannerisms. Each had high standards. Each was completely honest. Each could be found in church or lodge at the proper time.

One of these four men was a deeply religious man inwardly but he could out-cuss the champion but it was only when he liked you; meant no harm to anyone. The best I can describe this cussing was that he was cussing for fun. One day my old brown Chevy drove up to the entrance to his shop. John, beating out a stacatto on his anvil, gave a hurried glance at the car then he realized it was my car, so he started giving me a cussing to the tune of the ringing anvil. As the red hot iron cooled, he glanced up at the car, and lo-and-behold, my wife was at the wheel with a smile on her face from ear to ear. This was a time when the sludge or tempering barrel couldn't be used to change the red of his face.

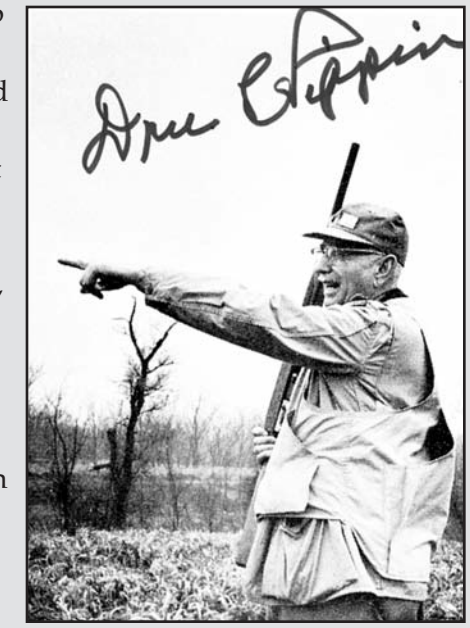
Wait a minute. That's not the end. The very next time I went to his shop, he worked me over doubly hard for sending a woman to his shop when he was busy, for driving the car that I should have been driving myself.

Dru Pippin

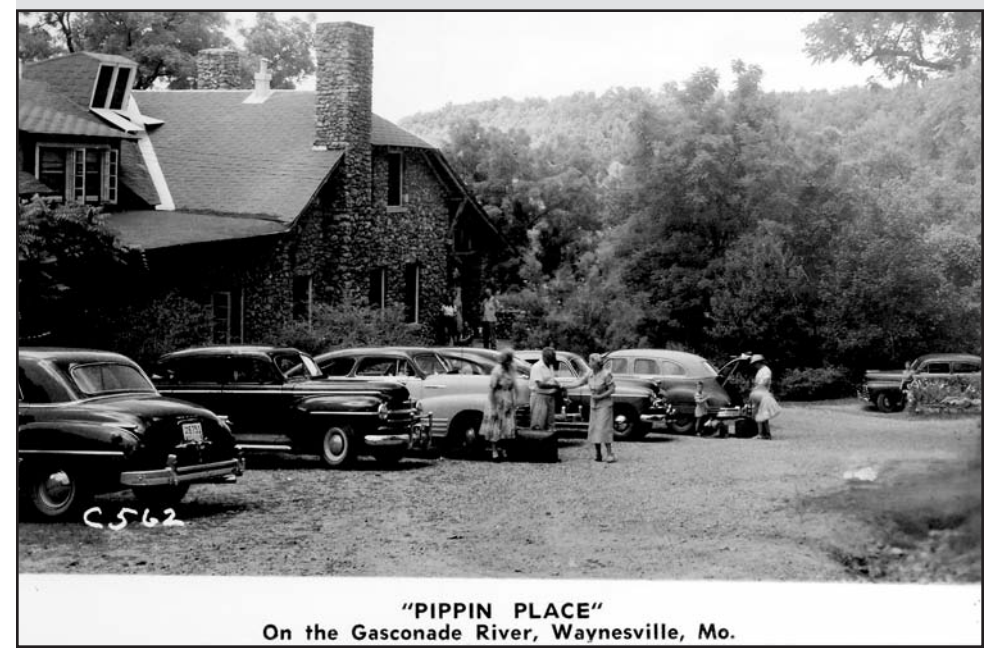
a profile

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 was an an avid outdoorsman and particularly enjoyed quail hunting and fly fishing. This photo appeared in the July, 1961 *Conservationist*.



"PIPPIN PLACE"
On the Gasconade River, Waynesville, Mo.

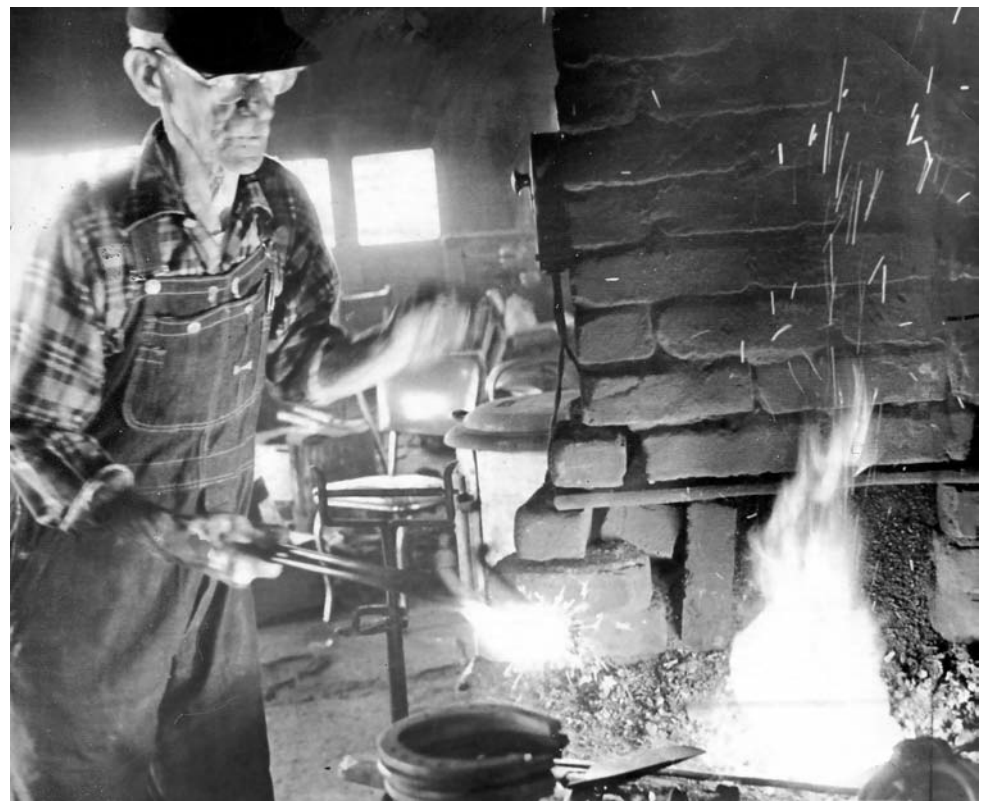
He was always my friend. A good man. Raised a good family, and his daughter was my Sunday School teacher and a better student of the Good Book I never knew.

Then there was one that could trim a horse's hoofs, fit a nail on four shoes quicker than anyone I ever saw. In his younger days he took on all comers—horses, mules, broncos, studs, jacks, and saddle mares. He had a way to overcome any disposition that the animal might have. He might throw one, stretch another one out on stobs in the ground, pet and gentle and sweet talk another, or put a twitch on his upper lip. A twitch was a stick with a looped rope on one end. The loop was put around the upper lip and twisted tight until the critter forgot about his feet entirely.

Fish spearing or gigging was a popular winter sport and Cliff was an expert in sharpening either a three or a four-tined spear or for making one from an old horse shoe rasp. Sharpening one of these, Cliff cut his hand, paid no attention to it, got an infection, then blood poison, and finally the loss of the arm above the elbow. No miracle drugs in those days.

The grandfather of Fred Manes started the shop about the time of the Civil War in Richland and on this same spot his son and then Fred carried on for over sixty more years. Six days a week, rain or shine, snow or sleet, heat or cold, wind or fog, found Fred happiest when his regular tall-tale telling cronies visited while he worked.

He had a hobby and a most unusual



Fred Manes at his forge in Richland at the age of 81 years in 1974. Manes' father and grandfather were both blacksmiths. Fred worked at this shop for 60 years. Courtesy of Jan and Terry Primas.

one. He raised mice. Even had a mouse castle for them and gathered black walnuts each fall, cracked 'em in a machine of his own design and make, and saw to it they had plenty to eat. Feed stores sent him samples of mouse and rat killer, D-Con and the like, just as a hint, but it was never used. Cat couldn't read the sign to stay out, so when traveling cats failed to come home, it might be hinted that Fred was the best sling shot in the Ozarks.

He once said he would retire when he got to be a hundred years old, farm a year, and then go back to the shop, but he died in 1975, the last of the old time blacksmiths. I said he died. Well, really, neither he, Bill, John, or Cliff died. They are all very much alive today in our memory and respect. Such men of character, industry, skill and courage, and empire builders who reinforce the backbone in our Ozark heritage.

They welded freedom firmly on solid rock so that we can forge ahead to the tune of the anvil chorus of old. Its tempo is tempered. Not too hard, not too soft, always ready to help, aid and assist, and never too busy to be of service. Thanks to that great architect of the universe, their heritage founded on calloused hands, sweaty brows, and God-fearing men.

So as I bring this *[recording session]* to a close, I offer you a little verse of tribute that sums up my thoughts on Washington's Birthday, February 22nd, 1976, and I call it "Me To Thee for Liberty."

Under the drafty rough oak shed,
the village smithy stood,
small in stature but powerful of arm,
possessed of skill, red hot iron to bend,
artistic for he was, good neighbor indeed,
no enemies to fear,
and friends everywhere.

Your plow he'd sharpen,
your wagon he'd mend,
there's John, Bill, Cliff and Fred.
Benefactors all four,
but now they're dead.

The flying sparks from red hot iron,
the murky water in the tempering barrel,
where sizzling steam changed red to gray,
reminds me of another day.

All this went with a way of life,
as if today from newborn red to aged gray,
they bonded me to thee,
in love of Liberty.

DeLaval

On my back porch is a converted machine, a bowl on top and a small one below, both growing hen and chick plants and all the more curious because of a crank on one side. You would be

Pictured is a gigging trip on Big Sugar Creek near Pineville, MO in 1929. Courtesy of Vance Randolph Collection, School of the Ozarks.

Local blacksmiths made the gigs used to spear suckers, such as the one below made by Webb Reagan in the 1940s on Democrat Ridge near the Big Piney River.

surprised to learn that ninety percent of the generations born since the great depression of the thirties do not know what this machine once was used for.

My late son used to say that this was his French tutor, that he took lessons twice a day, and never learned to say but one word of French, DeLaval. In depression days on the farm, this word indicated bread and butter, cash income, the thing that separated the yellow cream from the white milk and left the blue john *[skim milk]* that all came from the brindle cow that ate green grass or brown hay and never drank anything stronger than water.

DeLaval was a popular cream separator of the day that would prolong muscular exertion of the arm and the crank produced centrifugal force sufficient to throw off the lighter cream in one spout and the skim milk through another. The cream was ready cash, while the blue john had as yet a conversion from chicken to eggs and meat or from hog to meat before being expendable.

Cream separator, 1908.

DeLaval is almost a hallowed name to so many Ozark families of the thirties. What would have happened had there been no such thing as the cow, the sow, the hen, and the separator would have been a tragedy. It was the one straw that kept us afloat when financial disaster hit the hardest.

Every time I look at plants now growing in the bowls that once held liquid gold and spinning disks, I am reminded of the present day expression "everyone has to do his thing." Some sold apples and pencils, many stood in bread lines, others kept alive at charitable soup kitchens, and many went hungry, while those of us who lived close to the soil survived with a keen understanding of the old saying, "Where there is a will, there is a way." And my way was a close partnership with DeLaval. I give thanks to the Almighty for it. It saved me, and now I'm saving it.

Silos

I dare say that many of the younger generation wonder what and why these forty to sixty foot high concrete tanks stand on so many farms. Seemingly they're not being put to any use. A young man from the East the other day asked me what these things were used for. They couldn't be water tanks, he said, because there was a row of windows about every four feet from top to bottom. And then he remarked, that without a roof, they would be useless for storage. Well, that's where he was wrong, because that's just what they were used for.

Listen ... These were empty silos into which was blown from a cutter the ground stalk leaves and ears of corn freshly cut in the field when the juices in the plant were at their best and the food value at its highest and the grain matured sufficiently to retain its food value. Properly chopped and blown into the silo, tromped and packed by an ever walking bunch of men in the silo. As the blowing continued, the packing continued as the filling went up, and a 40 by 10 or 12 foot silo could be filled in a day if everything went well.

This was a busy day. Eight, ten, or twelve flat-bed wagons with teams, a driver for each team, enough loaders to pick up the cut corn and load the wagon, while cutters with corn knives cut the stalks down, caught them in a free arm, and then laid them on the ground in the same direction for easy loading. Truly, it was a production line with each individual doing his thing in a smooth, methodical rhythm, some singing, some whistling, others talking, and all working up an appetite for a filling meal at noon.

Twin concrete silos stand at the edge of a field along the Big Piney River as a reminder of past Pulaski farming practices. Photo by Terry Primas.

A steady stream of wagons to and from the silo, where a tractor-powered cutter with an operator regulating the feed of the corn to the revolving knives, kept an ever flow of ensilage going into the bore and the silo. As a window was reached, it was closed, the area sealed by using tight, red clay around the edges. This process was continued foot by foot, window by window, until the top was reached, well-rounded to allow for the settling that would occur. Two days later a refill was necessary to replace the empty space caused by settling. Again it was well-rounded and, when again settled, sometimes a little wheat or rye was thrown on top to prevent as much decay as possible. Sometimes a canvas was put on as a covering, but most often, nothing was done at all. The product when used produced a most nutritious, succulent, green, and powerful feed for cattle.

As time went on, machines replaced manpower. A tractor pulled a cutter in the field that cut, chopped, and blew the silage into an ensilage wagon pulled from behind, and as it filled another wagon was attached while the first one was emptied at a pit that was dug in the ground. Settling was done with a tractor; unloading was done by dumping the truck; and efficiency, manpower, the necessity for building an upright structure, was eliminated. The equipment cost was much greater but time and manpower were lessened. The quality of feed was the same.

Silo filling time in the early days was a busy time. Very few chiefs were needed, but a lot of Indians were necessary. It was a busy time for Mom, too. The men were empty to the toes, hungry as wolves, and had unbelievable appetites. Nothing fancy, just plain ordinary country filling grub. Beans, dried and green, mashed potatoes, tomatoes, cornbread, light bread, ham, fried jowl meat (and that's the fat cheeks of the hog), hominy, cabbage, buttermilk, sweet milk, and plenty of coffee, and anything else the womenfolks had lots of. Then there was huckleberry pie or blackberry cobbler, apple pie, and always Ozark sorghum, and home-churned butter to satisfy the sweet tooth. Then came the shade tree, the chew, the pipe, and the belching from those who were over-stuffed. A few tall tales , some bragging, some kidding, and, with fresh water jugs, off to the field again they went.

The womenfolks had their job to do, with all those dirty dishes, pots, and pans. The dogs and cats got their bellies full with scraps and the garbage went to the hogs and when night came, everything was full except the bank account. Nothing had been wasted. The field where the corn came from was now ready to disc and prepare for fall wheat, and winter and early spring pasture. The succulent feed for the cold winter months ahead was in readiness.

A farmer discing the field after cutting the corn. Photograph by G. E. Ingram, Edgar Springs, ca. 1910. Courtesy of the Kohenskey Family.

Now that the family farm is a thing of the past, and farms are mechanized and have large acreage, silos as we knew them, both above and in the ground, are fast disappearing and in their place are expensive metal storage tanks with a complete balanced ration concocted, formed, and fed up by mechanical conveyors.

It took a little time to give you a thumbnail history of the silo, but now you know the story. Next time you drive to Waynesville, and turn left off of Fort Wood Spur onto City Route I-44 after you pass the Ramada on the right, you will see the remains of a concrete silo built by the Scott boys. Take a look at it, because time will doom it, and another landmark will pass on to memory alone, except that maybe someone might listen to this tape and get a mental picture of the past.

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.

Dru Pippin - a reminiscence
Part Five

Reel Purpose

The other day a friend of mine asked "Why are you taking all of this time and effort to record so much about this who, where, and why and you don't even know if anyone will even listen to the tapes after they're completed." It kind of set me back for a minute and I pondered a truthful answer and this is what I came up with. "Listen," I said. "...my friend, these tapes, listen if you want to or forget all about them if you want to. I have hopes that those who follow me will benefit by my having taken the time to understand us as we lived out our life's span.

Pawpaws

I suppose one's thinking, especially at the time when the foremost topic of conversation is the bicentennial celebration all over the nation, I find myself asking the question, "Is this native American?" Was this brought here from abroad and introduced here? Was this here and then changed to its present form by inbreeding, cross breeding, or seed selection? For a native Missourian, it's a natural trait to ask these questions. And then say, "Show me." Of this I'm sure. The pawpaw is Missouri's most American plant. You name it, we'll raise it, everything except citrus fruits, and pawpaw is a Missouri fruit. The pawpaw is a member of the custard apple tree with a long as your arm name, botanically speaking (Asimina triloba), and the only American member of an entire plant family. It is found growing wild in all of Pulaski County river soils, usually in straight-trunk trees, from 20 to 30 feet high, and usually in thickets. The leaves are oblong in shape, from six to ten inches long, and they droop. The bloom is a purplish red and not too attractive and the green leaves turn red in the fall late. The plant does not lend itself to transplanting but the seed of the fruit are more easily grown and started when one wants the tree to grow. The fruit is sometimes called the "Missouri banana," being from two to five inches long of a green color, turning brown when ripe, and black when overripe. The consistency of the pulp when ripe is that of egg custard, extremely sweet to the taste, maybe even used for flavoring desserts, because they can not be easily shipped and not been grown as a commercial food. Just as I have mentioned this unusual fruit, your explorations of the beautiful scenery within the boundaries of Fort Leonard Wood will acquaint you with the pawpaw. Maybe you will come up with a new way to use the yellow custard meat. Our forefathers prized it as a change of pace in teasing the taste bud, although some people are allergic.

Haze and Smoke

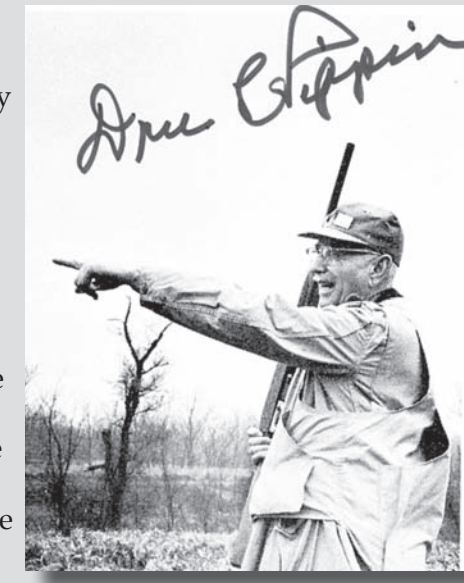
One of these memories that I always think of every time I see the surrounding hills from a vantage point is the misty smoky blue haze that seems to rest in each and every valley, sometimes appearing to be steaming from a boiling pot. Sometimes just seeming to form a blanket to obscure that which is below the hilltop level, while so often it is just the eye catcher that nature's paintbrush has used to soften the glare to a haze. To my knowledge, but one painter in all has ever been able, as I remember him, to have the ability to catch and paint this Ozark phenomena as it appears to the naked eye and that man was Mr. A. T. Winchell, who lived and died in Pulaski County in the thirties. One of his pictures hangs in the art museum in St. Louis. Seven of them hang in my home.

A gaze at the haze brings memories of the days when it was a custom to burn the woods every year. For the people then thought that the leaves had to be burned so that the grass could come through in the spring and the ticks would be unbearable unless they were burned or exposed to the rigors of the winter's weather. The smell of smoke, the sting in the eyes, the sparks, the smoldering sparkler effect of the dead limbs burning and glowing in the dark night, a pool of new cool air carrying new fire to yet unburned timber and the rest of the backfire placed to check the spread of the fire. The slip, the blistered hands, and the smoke filled alarms all come alive in memory. Education tells us that a blanket of leaves would control erosion better than a blanket of smoke. That grass and green growth would always find its way through the leaves and that burning would **not** control ticks; that nature and growing timber was ruined for

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 was an an avid outdoorsman and particularly enjoyed quail hunting and fly fishing. This photo appeared in the July, 1961 *Conservationist*.

The dining room at Pippin Place, 1948, with its large rock fireplace and massive beams and bentwood accents. Courtesy of the Missouri State Archives.

lumber by the fire starters and nature was being hampered on her way to timber renewal and new growth.

Oh, yes, we still have some fires deliberately set. Many carelessly set and not controlled and they often burn out of control. But laws now protect the timber owner and grower and rightfully so. Our feathered and furry friends of the woods suffer most: food destroyed, dens burned out, and destroys the cover that tends to hide them from their enemies.

So next time you look from your car window 'cross the far off panorama with a variegated haze depending on humidity, pollution, or just nature's Ozark artistic smear of her magic brush, remember this: Smoky Bear pleads with you to hold your fire. Haze is one thing, smoke is another, and both bring back memories, maybe painful ones.

Cash

When John Doolin and his brother Cliff operated as a blacksmith shop in Waynesville, they had posted on their front door easily seen by everyone, a sign which read as follows: In God We Trust but We All Pay Cash. I remember that they changed locations of their shop at least three times but the sign was always moved from one door to the next as they changed their location. Their old book of daily business receipts clearly shows that they didn't always go by their posted rules. Their records reveal hundreds of dollars of unpaid blacksmithing bills.

Mussel Shells

Have you ever noticed how Mother Nature puts beauty in the most unusual and unexpected places. Often, it seems, she has deliberately hid it with the hope that someone would find it and then take notice. Next time you float down one of Pulaski County's clear streams, look for a stump or a rock or near the water's edge and maybe you'll find mussel shells of all sizes and shapes. This is all that remains of the banquets that mister and misses raccoon have enjoyed. You say there is nothing of beauty in a pile of shells? Isn't there? Examine the shells. Wash off the dirt and let the rays of the sun hit the inner surface. I can think of nothing more iridescent, more lavish in blending of purples, blues, yellows, silvers, green, and pastels of all colors that nature has hidden inside some of these shells.

Selling mussel shells was a most profitable business years ago. As were made from these shells, beautiful

A relic of the past? Mussels, such as the one above, were once plentiful in the Big Piney River. Historically, the Piney hosted 32 species; in 2004, twenty-three, today even less. The decline is not due to raccoons or muskrats but increased siltation and degraded water quality.

colored buttons that graced the fancy dresses and shirts of the early years. The Indians used the smaller shells for beads and used it as wampum for money for trade, but only after using the meaty mussel as a food. Real pearl buttons are expensive and a luxury item of today. Almost any youngster knows that pearls come from oysters and most of them have heard of the industry that Japan has created by growing pearls inside planted live oysters. Yes, pearls are found in our Ozark oyster, the mussel. And, again, Mother Nature has taken care to hide the tiny pearl with its beauty in a place hard to find and easy to overlook. For some reason, I do not know why, most of the pearls are found in the long narrow type mussel shell, rather than the round, flat-shaped variety.

Oh, yes. If you like clams and know how to properly steam them, you will probably like the meat of the mussel. A little more racy, I think, shall I say, and maybe requires a little more chewing and maybe a little imagination but the red man liked it and it was a part of his daily life. The raccoons and the muskrats love this food, too, *[as seen by]* the accumulation of shells on a flat rock or a stump. The shells are dried by the heat and from the sun and rekindle the memories as you can remember having watched the coon dip his paw in the water and into the open mussel that was feeding on the bar. The paw went in the mussel and the shell closed on the paw of the raccoon. Out came the coon and with one paw inside the door and the other paw supplied with added leverage, the strength to pry open the shell was readily available. A quick wash, then followed by a feast of a delicacy, the feast of a gourmet's delight. For the coon, that is.

Lye Soap

The oldtimer says "I remember when..." The young says, "What's new?" So maybe as I remember when and relate it, the young will say, "That's new." Old to me, new to you. That's what celebrating 200 years as a nation

An unidentified local blacksmith shop that is sparsely furnished to accommodate horses and wagons. The smithy's essential tools of anvil, in front, and hearth, behind, are evident. Dru reminisced at length in last year's edition about blacksmiths he had known. Courtesy of Pulaski Historical Society.

This image was reproduced from a glass negative by the editor. The photograph was taken by Edd Ingram, local photographer in Edgar Springs, ca. 1905. To the right of the girl feeding her colt is the homestead's ash hopper. Courtesy of the Kohensky family.

is all about anyway. Many of the necessities of yesterday are still practiced as a way of life today. Oft times because of tradition, sometimes because of preference, many times because of necessity.

Making homemade soap is one because in the Ozarks, cleanliness is the next thing to godliness and, while today kitchen floors are not scrubbed white, clothes are always clean and boys ears and feet must be washed and an oldtimer's sweat was the same as today's BO. The Palmolive, Lifebuoys, Camays, Irish Springs, and Dials of today are from vegetable fat and less irritating to the skin. Soap powders and liquefied detergents supplant old lye soap. The purpose of its use is the same: cleanliness.

Not too many years ago, every farm home had an ash hopper. The only source of heat for cooking and warmth was from wood. Wood burning wood stoves, King heater stoves for warmth, and the old open fire place. The ashes were saved and dumped into a wooden V shaped box, tight on the sides and ends, but open at the point on the V with a trough underneath on a slope that would drain into a crock or a jug. The water was poured on the ashes and filtered through the ashes and drained into the jug, making lye water to be accumulated and saved to break down the animal fat of soap making.

Fat scraps, fat taken from the skins and bodies of fur bearing animals caught in the winter, trimmings from butchering, grease too rancid to use again was saved. Nothing was wasted that could be converted or recycled into something useful. The lye from the hopper would be about the color of coffee and hickory wood was thought to make the best ashes for soap making. For each quart of lye water from the hopper, six pounds of fat was added in an iron kettle on an open fire and it was constantly stirred with a wooden spoon. The lye water was allowed to come to a boil before the fat was added. Care should be taken as not to allow the skin to come in contact with the lye water, as well as extreme care was taken not to inhale the fumes. Slow boiling is done until the fat is completely broken down. When the mixture was stringy or bead as in jelly making when dripped from the end of a spoon, the soap is done. Pour into a container and cut into squares as one does when making chocolate fudge. Just before it's hard is the time to cut.

The soap was claimed by the makers as being excellent for clothes, pimples, chiggers, ticks, bathes, poison ivy, and dish washing. The whiter the grease, plus a little Borax for bleaching, added to the mixture, plus vegetable coloring and maybe some perfume, always added to the attractiveness of the mixture. This is the voice of experience. Now, that soothing refreshing feeling may be lacking. It may be irritating to the skin so just say out loud, "I needed that" and go back to using your blue, pink, white, or green modern brand and chalk up its use as a once in a lifetime experience. Just for old time's sake.

The Kitchen

Probably the only thing that survives today of the early caveman kitchen is the fire itself. But it is easy to assume

that where that fire was ignited was the center of attraction for those who called it home. As it must have been then, so is it now, in spite of the long and slow process from open fire to modern range and infrared instant cooking. Our many caves with layers upon layers of ashes, bones, and artifacts tell us of their lives while memories and preserved utensils and equipment from the kitchen show us of our grandfather's and grandmother's mode of operation and living. The early settlers of Pulaski County, as an older section of the New World 200 years ago, had open fireplaces to serve their heating and cooking needs. It was the kitchen that changed the least in home construction until the third quarter of the 18th century. The kitchen fireplace was large. It was from eight to ten feet wide, six feet high, and maybe six feet deep. A big fat log was placed in the rear and the smaller logs in front. Cooking was done in or over the fire in iron pots or brass kettles. A swinging crane, fastened to the side of the fireplace, could be swung in or out of the heat as was desired and on this was hung the various pots or utensils used for cooking.

About the year 1700, a baking oven was built into the fireplace with the opening flush with that of the fireplace and about three feet above the base of the fireplace. Most equipment was heavy, cumbersome, and big. The kettle had sloping sides and no cover. Baking was done then in what was known as a Dutch oven, made of caste iron, and a footed pan that had a flat, very tight fitted lid so that red hot coals could be heaped over the lid as they often rested in heated ashes or coals as was deemed necessary for even baking. Skewers and racks were items of necessity, while a salamander was available to pass old food that was to be browned. It was simply a flat metal disk on a long handle properly heated to brown that over which it was passed. The first caste iron tea kettle came into use about 1760. Early eating utensils were made from wood. Two people used one such plate which was called a trencher and resembles small, scooped out trays. Not until the early part of the 18th century did "king ware" pewter come into common use, being light in weight, shiny and bright, and inexpensive and was often called "a poor man's silver."

About the same period of time, the kitchen was styled as to be in a separate room, maybe another building away from the living quarters. Along with this innovation came the kitchen range and its many inventions: side compartments for heating water, damper controlled heat, items for baking, and grates for cleaning out ashes and were designed for the burning of wood, coal, or coke.

Then, in about 1870, a gas was designed for cooking to be followed in 1880 by burners that would use oil. Graniteware was patented in St. Louis, Missouri in 1876 and supplemented by ironware, porcelain lined cast iron, and tin. About 1880 the first practical storage refrigerator was marketed. In 1893, at the World's Fair in Chicago, an electric frying pan, flat iron, was put on exhibit and when the plug was attached, the whole thing blew up. By 1920, the use of electricity was common in cities but only in 1.6% of the farms in America had available electricity.

So the modernization of rural living, especially the development of the kitchen and appliances, lagged far behind that of the town dweller. The electric range came into being about 1909 and really became popular when General Electric introduced a range called Black -- in 1913. One after another the various pieces of electrical appliances came into use.

As the years went by with improvements: automatic controls, timers, speeds, colors, sizes, and shapes, all designed to suit the individual taste and then the frost free concept for the freezer.

Luxuries of the past are necessities of the present. Conveniences seem to be the watchword and the innovations in kitchen equipment have been based on newly developed materials. New cooking methods, new ways of processing and packaging foods, fashions, and finally health and nutrition studies based on scientific research.

And that's how it was, and that's how it is, from way back when 'til now.

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 - a reminiscence
Part Six

Unsung Hero

One of the original members of the "Make Fort Leonard Wood Permanent Committee" went to his eternal rest, Rudy (Rudolph) Weber. He came to this county originally from St. Louis. In about 1953, he was a most prominent member of the "Make Fort Leonard Wood Permanent Committee." He typed, folded, and addressed the first two thousand initial mailings that went out notifying the world that Fort Leonard Wood was in danger of being closed.

Also, he is known in this county by many of us who were closely associated with the Missouri Conservation Commission at that time as one who cooperated one hundred percent. He owned a tract of land in the Shady Grove neighborhood which is just off Highway T and on this tract of land the first white-tailed deer that were trapped and brought to this county by the Conservation Commission were stocked. He protected them, encouraged his neighbors to watch after them. And by his full cooperation the deer herd of Pulaski County has spread to its present population.

Then, too, there came a time when we thought it was possible to open a wild turkey season in the county and he, too, volunteered himself and his land, peculiarly located as it was in the narrows of the Gasconade River. These turkey, very few in numbers to begin with, thrived and multiplied and spread until we had a turkey season that we have today. Thanks to Rudolph Weber for his untiring effort in the cause of conservation.

I especially appreciate this because having served fifteen years on this commission *[1946-1959; 1961-1964]* and four times as its chairman, I can appreciate what he went through. I want everyone to know his accomplishments that will live as a memorial to his life as giving of himself that those who follow could benefit. I think he might well be called an unsung hero.

Artful Dodger

The first modern highway through Waynesville was numbered 14 and the first bus carrying passengers from St. Louis to Springfield was the old Pickwick bus.

One day as the Pickwick stopped at the Waynesville restaurant for a rest stop, an eastern artist, who was a passenger, got off the bus and noticed in front of one of the stores a native seated on a good box and whittling. It was obvious by his dress and his appearance, as the easterner thought, a typical hillbilly. He approached the native and tapped him on the shoulder and said "Mister, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you five dollars if you let me paint you." He didn't say anything in return so the easterner tapped him on the shoulder again and said, "Did you hear me? I'll give you five dollars if you let me paint you." Whereupon the native said, "Ima thinkin' about it but I heard its worth a lot more than five dollars to be able to get all that cleaned off."

High Water

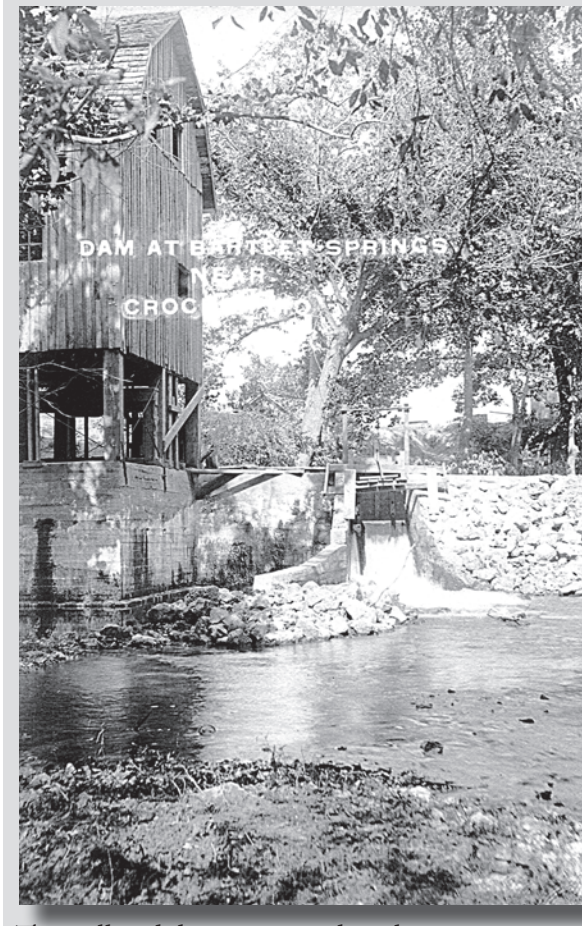
As most of you know, Fort Leonard Wood was supposed to be built in Iowa. And overnight the building place was changed from someplace close to Des Moines, Iowa to Pulaski County, Missouri. Unbeknownst to the citizenry of this area, cars started coming in from all directions planning the site of this great fort. So, after it

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 was committed to good conservation practices. This photo appeared in the August, 1947 *Conservationist* magazine when his first term on the Missouri Conservation Commission began.



The mill and dam converted to electric generation for Pippin Place. Jan and Terry Primas.

had been built and in operation, [a man] started to build what is now known as the picture show which stands on the Roubidoux bank at the bridge in west Waynesville. I got there one day and I saw a man with surveying instruments waving his arms at a man across the creek who was giving him signals in return. Standing beside the man with the surveying instruments was a stick with a red flag on top. Being curious, I said, " What is that red flag for?" and he said, "That's the floor level of the picture show we're going to build here." And I said, "Why don't you put it above high water?" He said, "This is above high water.." I said, "No it isn't. It lacks a couple of feet being above the high water mark." "Well," he said, "water has never been here since the highway was built." I said, "That's right but on August 10,

The Fort Wood Theater was located two blocks west of the square on Route 66 in Waynesville on the site of the present Waynesville Gun and Pawn. Courtesy of Benny Doolin.

1914, it was way over where you have that red flag. If you don't believe it, turn that transit over to that old bridge pier that you see to your right and add 14 inches and add four more and then add 12 inches on top of that for a railing and you got the high water of the Roubidoux as I remember it and I've seen it almost that high since that time."

He turned the surveying instrument over, marked the spot, turned it back, and measured the distance between what he had recently surveyed and the top of the red stake and said, "You're crazy." I said, "Yes, I guess I am but I think I remember what I saw."

When the Fort Leonard Wood Theater opened with a lot of advertisement and fanfare and publicity and a large crowd of people, water stood in the eighth row of seats.

Doctorin'

Talking about doctors, one of my other names is for another doctor in Waynesville, a beloved character, Dr. Tice. *[LaVega Tice, 1857-1925. Dru's middle name was LaVega. His first name, Drura, was honor of Dr. Drura Claiborn, another early 20th century Waynesville physician.]*

When I was farming, I had a man and his son working for me. The boy was barefoot all the time and he was plowing with a double shovel plow and a copperhead bit him on the ankle. The kid yelled and I happened to be close by, went over and saw what had happened, and tied a rag around his leg, and got him in the car and took him to Dr. Tice to see what could be done.

He gave him an emergency treatment and the leg was quite swollen. The doctor said, "I wouldn't be surprised if the snake doesn't get sicker than the boy. I never saw such a dirty leg in my life."

Well, we had a little fun on that, the copperhead being sick, on the way home. We went out in the field where the boy was bitten. Within ten feet of where he had been bitten we found the snake all stretched out and we killed it. Which goes to show, I suppose, that dirty feet are poisonous to copperheads as their bites are poisonous to dirty feet.

Dr. Tice and I were talking one day and the remark was made, "I wonder how our forefathers derived so many different ways of treating so many diseases." Oh, a fellow would have a boil and they'd chop up jimson weed and make a jimson weed poultice or an old remedy was that if you got a bee sting take a chew of tobacco and tie the tobacco around and it would take the sting and the swelling out. Another was when you had the measles if you simply make some tea out of dry sheep manure. It would break the measles out. There are many remedies of that kind and I told him of my grandmother having been vaccinated when she was a girl by her mother by taking a needle and scratching her arm and taking the scab from one of her brothers who had smallpox and tying it on the scratch which made a scar and immunized her. It was a simple way of vaccination.

He said yes, it made him remember when he first went into practice as a doctor and was hard up for any kind of a case he could get to bring him in a dollar. He wasn't too well accepted because the main practitioners were the women who took care of the baby cases, the midwives, and he said he heard of a child being badly burned by having fallen into the mouth of a big fireplace. He got on his horse and rode as fast as he could to where this child lived only to find the women had beaten him to the case and wouldn't let him in to view the child, saying that they had the child already taken care of and he would be alright and didn't need a doctor. He asked them what they had done and they said they had taken some clean sheets and tied the burns up in fresh cow manure.

"Of course, I was astounded to hear of such a procedure for treating burns and I could just visualize that child dying of infection. For almost a week, I managed to make a trip by this house inquiring as to how this child might be and each day he was reported better. Finally, the child recovered and, to my surprise, the scars were very very nominal, well healed. I wondered about it for a long while and now I know why. It was the tannic acid that came from the manure that came from the plants that the cows ate that effected the cure. Today, in the treatment of burns, one of the main ingredients in a lot of these salves that are used is tannic acid. Which goes to show that of all of the treatments that our ancestors used, somewhere, whether they knew it or not, is an ingredient in that particular plant product they used that is being used today in some form or other."

Audio tapes transcribed by:
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*.

Parsons' Lodge Hazelgreen

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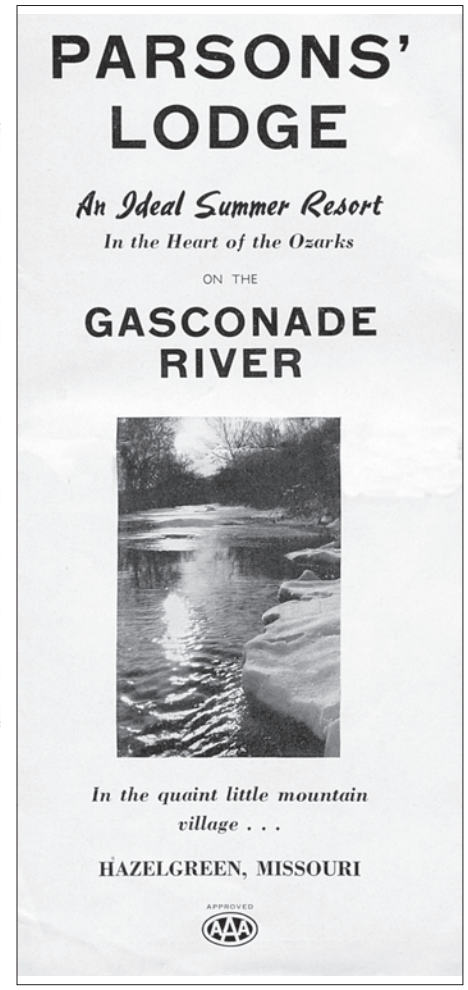
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