

# Dru Pippin

## Memoirs

### Part Three

*On the following pages are Ozark stories, observations, jokes, and philosophical musings (which Dru called "hilosophy") 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 air-

port 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.

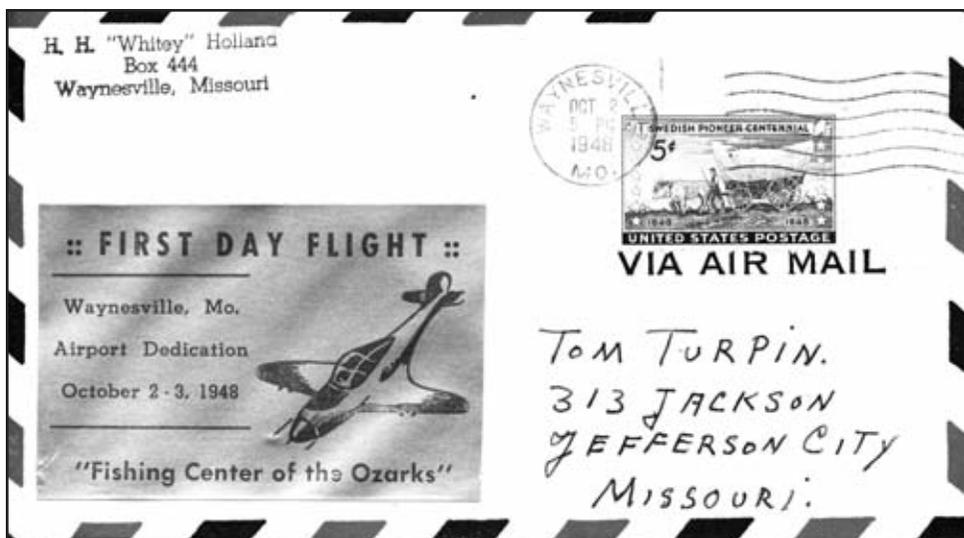
The first airport that Waynesville ever had was on the hill where the Christmas nativity display is in evidence every holiday season. Bill Bush, a local boy, flew an airplane from the seat of his pants, cleared out the stock, picked out the rocks, made a mark on the ground, revved up his engine, and 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



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 Administration Building. The soccer fields near the East Schools complex on Historic Route 66 now occupy this land. Courtesy of Jan and Terry Primas.



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

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

"Your Home Loan Professionals"

# CITIZENS MORTGAGE COMPANY

Mortgage lending with a commitment to excellent service

**ENJOY OLD SETTLERS DAY**

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](http://www.citizens.biz)

- VA Lones • 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 de-

pendent on sweets in the form of sugar, sorghum molasses, honey, or home-made 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 par-

ticular 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."

**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?"



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.

**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**



Closed Sundays  
•  
Kitchen Closed  
Mondays

# The Elbow Inn

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

# FORT WOOD HOTELS



573.336.3553



573.336.8600



573.336.3355



BY CHOICE HOTELS



573.451.FORT WWW.FORTWOODHOTELS.COM



573.451.2500



573.451.2700



573.336.3121



OUR MISSION: TO SERVE...OUR GUESTS,  
OUR COMMUNITY, AND EACH OTHER!

# Security Bank

Proudly Serving the Community Since 1936

**Safe, Sound, and Secure**

**Whether you are new to the area or have grown up with us, make us your first choice for all your financial needs.**

**THREE LOCATIONS TO CONVENIENTLY SERVE YOU.**

OFFERING YOU ALL OF  
YOUR LOAN NEEDS:

Mortgage Loans, including:

- Fixed Rate Loans
- Adjustable Rate Loans
- VA Loans
- Construction Loans
- FHA Loans
- Personal Loans
- Auto Loans
- Business Loans



DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS:

- Free Checking
- Interest Bearing Now Acct's  
with unlimited checkwriting
- Senior Checking Accounts
- Security Club
- Kidz Club Accounts
- Regular Savings Accounts
- Money Market Accounts

CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT  
IRA'S

110 Lynn Street  
Waynesville, MO 65583  
573 774-6417



601 Marshall Drive  
St. Robert, MO 65584  
573 336-4444



102 Carson Boulevard  
St. Robert, MO 65584  
573 451-2265



EQUAL HOUSING  
OPPORTUNITY

**Voted Best Mortgage Lender in Pulaski County 2010**

Visit us at our website [www.sbpc.com](http://www.sbpc.com)

