

board for the workers."

Maude's parents were Warren and Louisa Harris, the couple pictured in this article. The photo was supplied by a nephew, Willis Carroll. Maude and Willis' mother, Ollie Carroll, were sisters. The Harris family lived only a few miles from present day Independence Baptist Church.

Maude married Charlie Miller in 1894. They had ten children, but only four were still living at her 97th birthday.



LLOYD MITCHELL, formerly of Dixon and now residing in St. Robert, at about four years of age, leading two mules, Old Pink and Old Pack. Picture taken around 1927 probably in the Dixon area. Courtesy of Sandy Lutz.

# Old Hitchrack Town

By Gary Knehans

They were old and ugly, these relics of the past. And citizens of this progressive community were tired of the nasty aroma rising up from the stinky deposits left by the horses and mules hitched to them. After all, it was 1922, and internal combustion engines had surely replaced infernal expulsion equines!

But no, the hitching posts in front of the newspaper office and beside one of the town's banks were still heavily used by the many farmers who rode horses and drove rigs into town to conduct business. Thus, despite the upturned noses of many residents in the community, town fathers positioned themselves upwind from the controversy, refusing all demands to remove the aromatic artifacts.

Thinking the power of the pen might be mightier than the strength of persuasion, a disgruntled denizen wrote the following:

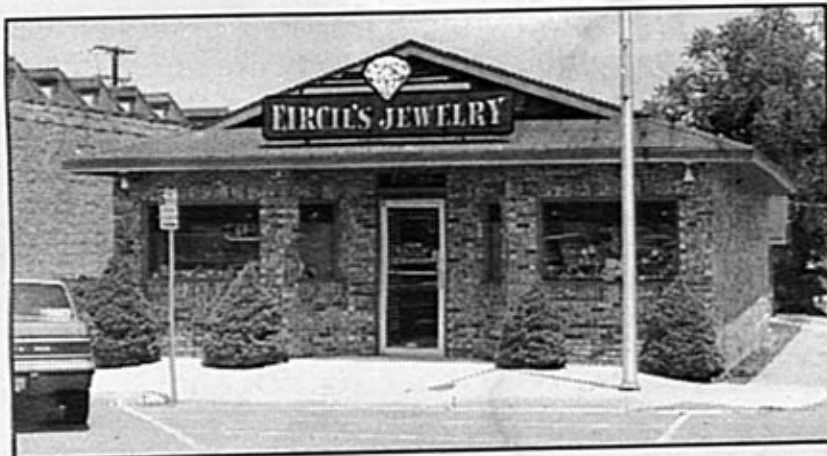
*How dear to our hearts are the scenes of our childhood,  
When fond recollections present them to view;  
But dearer still—and our feelings grow wild, would  
Some town booster try to present something new.  
The old town pagoda, the pump*

*that stood in it,  
The fires in our streets and the sheds tumbling down,  
The dogs and the hogs and the cows roaming freely,  
An e'en the old hitchracks that grace our old town;  
The ugly old hitchracks, the out-of-date hitchracks,  
The unsightly hitchracks that grace our old town.  
We're right up to date when it comes to improvements,  
We hail with great pleasure most everything new;  
We lag not behind in community movements,  
And "old fogey" ideas are seemingly few.  
We've lip stick and powder, bobbed hair and rook parties,  
And shy glancing maidens with stockings rolled down;  
We've up-to-date autos and lights in our houses,  
But—still the old hitchracks that spoil our old town;  
The ugly old hitchracks, the out-of-date hitchracks,  
The "fo-de-wah" hitchracks which spoil our old town.  
Let's all get together and beautify (with no trickin'),  
The (lovely) town that all of us love;*

*There are many things which sadly need fixin'.  
Get in line on this project and give it a shove.  
Oh, Town Board, Oh, Wise Men, Oh, men of affairs.  
Would you place on your brows a most wide-flaming crown?  
Then hark to your townsmen—this trouble is theirs—  
Remove the old hitchracks, the "back-number" hitchracks,  
The decrepit old hitchracks which ruin our old town.  
And, if the preceeding writer hadn't raised enough "stink" about the rotting remnants, a citizen who lived west of town waved his poetic pen at the issue.  
It's right in front of the (paper) office,  
And beside the (local) Bank,  
The rack where they hitch their horses—  
The smell is very rank.  
The Modern also is in line  
To catch the muss and litter  
That blows from around the hitch rack  
Of the horse and other "critter."  
And all of the business people  
Around the public square  
Have probably taken notice  
That the old hitch rack is there.  
Horace butted down the shack*

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That adorned the public well;  
Here's hoping he will smash the  
rack

That causes such a smell,  
Unless the new town board shall  
act

Upon the golden rule,  
And remove this offending hitch  
rack

Of the lowly horse and mule.  
The odor of the outrage began to  
drift near and far. From another  
state came a letter, titled "Six  
Whiskers and the Rest."

The hitch rack, in front of the  
(paper) office, is an unsightly  
ornament, made use of in pioneer  
days to anchor mules to. While  
there are yet many mules in this  
vicinity, it should be remembered  
that this is the age of airplanes,  
Ford cars, and appendicitis, and if  
any member of the Street Committee  
insists upon having hitch racks  
exposed to view, he has certainly  
never seen Annette Kellerman in a  
bathing suit.

The hitch rack belongs to the  
Doring sow age, when mule pro-  
pelled stove wood sold for four bits,  
and when "Six Whiskers" started  
writing the 18th Amendment.

The hitch rack is not attuned to  
the jazzy rhythm of present day  
(town) society. Our Aldermen have  
no way of knowing of the many  
poetic inspirations that have been  
blowed skyward from the (paper)  
office by the bray of some dis-  
gruntled mule.

And from still another riled up  
resident, the following:

"Some pesky emblem of democracy  
might emit a few husky sound waves  
from that hitch rack...(and), if the  
editor happened to be writing up a  
high-toned church wedding at about  
the time the sound waves began to  
ripple, figure out, if you can, the  
speed necessary for him to make, to  
elude his pursuers and lose his  
identity, if the article appeared  
about as follows: "The bride and  
groom trotted down the aisle to the  
jazzy strains of the "Barnyard  
Blues," where they were united into  
one double team and properly  
hitched up by Brother Jones, who  
told them to stand hitched until one  
of the other died of glanders or botts.  
The bride wore a white brocade  
Parisian-made chain harness, while  
the groom wore the regulation  
spavin in each hind leg."

Now, gentlemen and other mem-  
bers of the Street Committee, your  
heirs, assigns and legal representa-  
tives, figure the editor's speed  
toward the coast, if you can.

I admit the hitch rack was there  
first, but it should be removed, if for  
no other reason than to keep passen-  
gers from thinking they had landed  
in Rolla, when they get off the trains  
there.

Then, someone professing to be  
Keno Pete from Laramie, Wyoming,  
twirled his lasso at the issue.

When I gets this here (paper)  
yesterday evening in the P. M. and

persues where they has still got  
hitch racks in (this darn town), M.  
O., I gets plum locoed and acrimoni-  
ous like. I mosies down to the shack  
and slips it over to Pinto Bill and  
when he lamps the nuse about being  
hitch racks, he just rolls all over the  
bunk house and blows up with  
mirth complete. He says the idear of  
hitch racks east of the K. C. stock-  
yards is shore a advertisement for a  
hick town. He reckons thay is still  
using the old cap and ball six gun,  
but don't use em not enough.

They has a hitch rack in Laramie  
about 10 years ago, but the gent  
responsible thairof is now lookin' up  
at the grass roofs thairof. He died a  
onnatural death and the last picher  
I gets of him, he was lookin' to see

what it was tied to and it wasn't ti-  
to no hitch rack, that's one shore  
thing. We don't need no hitch rack  
out here, not none, as we trains our  
mustangs to stand hitched when  
they aint tied to nuthin'.

In case we shoots up a dance hall  
or some Kiote thairin, who wants to  
get tangled up in a hitch rack when  
he vamooses thairform? Not Keno  
Pete.

(This town), M-O, needs some  
gents on the str. comm. that shows  
some real animosity and makes  
things around thair look like the  
Boston tea party is in eruption and  
give her a genooine cleanin' and if  
some long horn maverick gets in the  
way—well, you know, it might have  
hiderfoby, but be careful of the plat



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DR. WILL VON GREMP of Dixon, who also operated a drug store in Vienna. This postcard was mailed to George E. Cansler, Vienna, on June 25, 1909, with the notation: "See my two puppies by my side--very fine--Have 9 puppies now." Courtesy of the Historical Society of Maries County through a donation by Mrs. George E. Cansler.

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glass winders and the señoritas.  
What you needs is what you aint got, a real pert He str. Comm. that don't leave nothin' left but no hitch racks and a heap of prosperity for the undertakers. Now will some hombre start a big noise?

The local newspaper man tried his best (when not downwind from the hitch post in front of his office). All throughout the summer and well into the fall, this "printer's devil" raised his share of stink by repeatedly ridiculing the hitch racks in his local columns, referring to the town ballteam as the Hitch Racks and reporting the comings and goings of citizens to and from "the hitch rack town."

Despite his best efforts, the town fathers stood firm and did not remove the much reviled relics in '22. The hitching posts eventually were removed, the town got to keep its original name, Dixon, Missouri, and everyone lived happily ever after!

*Editor's note: For literary effect, the names of Dixon, the Dixon Pilot, and People's Bank were removed from the preceding poems and letters to allow us to keep the name of the community secret until the end of this article. J. E. Hughes was the writer of the second poem. Names of the other writers are not known. Arundall Goforth was the newspaper publisher whose olefactory organ was so offended by the hitch rack in front of his office.*

# Alfred Newton Campbell

Although a native Pulaski Countian, Alfred Newton Campbell became an Oregon farming pioneer. When he was four years of age in the spring of 1877, his family left their home located somewhere on present day Fort Leonard Wood and headed for the Great Northwest in an oxen-drawn covered wagon.

During this arduous four month journey with Alfred's father Joshua leading the way, his mother Sarah drove the wagon with Alfred sitting by her side. She carried a two-year-old son, Bennie, on her lap. Meanwhile, two of the older boys rode ahead and dug shallow wells for water in places where there were no springs, locating these sites by way of water witching.

The Campbells managed to make a living where they settled in Oregon. But Sarah died when Alfred was around 12 years old. When their father remarried, the two youngest boys—Alfred and 10-year-old Bennie—struck out on their own. The two youngsters worked wheat harvests and found other odd jobs, carrying their bedrolls and a few possessions with them and sleeping out in barns or haystacks.

Eventually, the two brothers built



**ALFRED CAMPBELL PLOWING A FIELD IN OREGON.** Subsequent wheat harvesting required a larger team of 28 horses. The fields were so vast that Alfred said it took a full day to work around them. Courtesy of Don Johnson.

a log cabin and homesteaded near Lewiston, Oregon. While creature comforts were better in the cabin, life was still adventuresome and dangerous for Alfred and Bennie. One night, aroused from their sleep by the bawling of a little calf they had found, the boys (probably young men by now) grabbed their firearms and rushed outside to see if they could find out the cause of the commotion. Encountering a ferocious bear, they shot and brought the big animal down. This ended

the threat, and probably provided them with a source of food for a while.

When Alfred was around 33 years of age, he briefly returned to Missouri to visit an older sister—Emmaline Manes, during which he was introduced to Rebecca Zumwalt. After returning to Oregon, Alfred courted Rebecca through the mail, and the two

See "Campbell" Page 33



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