

A REAL DIXIE PIONEER  
by Barnard H Seegmiller, 1993

This man is a true Dixie Pioneer. He was born in 1871 and died in 1939. He is one of the Second Generation Dixie Pioneers whose lives blend perfectly with the description in Thomas Grey's famous Elegy.

Every morning of the fifty-eight years of his adult life, he arose with the dawn to begin his labors in the field or on the range. His greeting call was the rooster's crow, the "yap" of the coyote, the horse's whinny, the donkey's bray, the cow's bawl, or the friendly neighbor's chore-time "Hello".

His early breakfast was plain and spare, his clothes were the common garb of the working man. Feasts and celebrations were welcome to him but were few and far between. Entertainments were practically non-existent. His evening joys were but a few quarter-hours of relaxation before he fell asleep in the wooden rocking chair before the kitchen stove, plus the satisfaction of knowing that he had provided a warm and sturdy home for his family. His dreams were of tomorrow's toil and how he would meet the challenge. His computer was a stub of indelible pencil which he always moistened on his tongue when he put down a note or a figure. His vacations were the grueling cattle drives to the railroad at Modena. His best companion was his horse, and it was from the saddle he met his death when the New Generation confronted him in the shape of a speeding automobile.

A large ninety per-cent of his life's endeavors went to the credit side of generations yet unborn. His reward was the other ten per-cent. HIS NAME IS HELA SEEGMILLER.

