

The Trail To Swedeborg Excepted from Memories of a Farm on the Gasconade

By Maurice C. Robinson

Perhaps first in the order of use and real importance was the trail to the Grade and High School at Swedeborg. Probably no living person could guess the age of this trail, which starts at the river on the Robinson farm and ends at the town of Swedeborg. Our part of this trail winds down the steep hill below our old home, past the log barn, through or over a pasture fence and across the Wade Hollow Creek. Then, skirting our upper orchard and a short distance across the Everett Carr farm, it joins Snake Creek about one-fourth mile below the junction of Snake Creek and Swedeborg Creek. The trail (many times a part of the dry creek bed) then follows Swedeborg Creek past Cave Spring, a favorite place where pure, cold sweet water flows from a small cave. After a total of one and three-quarter miles, the path leaves Swedeborg Creek and crosses the old O'Leander farm and follows an old road half a mile

across the Kissinger farm, then joins the Swedeborg county road and on to Swedeborg School, a total of three miles. My mother also used this footpath road in the late 1890's to visit relatives and friends in or near Swedeborg. In our day, young people for several miles around used this, or part of this trail, to visit our swimming hole in the river, where they could enjoy our boat, rope swing and diving board. Sunday afternoons were a real delight and were about the only time bathing suits were needed.

Using this trail also were numerous fishermen who walked the creek trail to fish. The lure of the river was a very real force to many people, and helped fill both a need for sport and a welcome food supplement for many tables as a change from the pork sides and hams smoked and cured for winter needs.

Our family's use of the Swedeborg trail began in 1929 when my borther Clyde and sister



Swedeborg School students in 1931. Author Maurice Robinson is the second boy on the left in the first row in front of the steps. He was a high school freshman at the time this photo was taken. Photo courtesy of Maurice Robinson.

Mae completed their eighth grade studies at the Dublin School and transferred to the Swedeborg High School. Having completed the fifth grade at Dublin, I also transferred and entered sixth

grade classes at the Swedeborg Grade School. Then began experiences long to be remembered. New school, new friends, a much better library, an outdoor playground with slides,

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Dublin School Class of 1921-22. (Front row, left to right)--Dean Patrick, Lucy Vaught, ? Manes, Willene Clark, ? Manes, Eugene Clark, Luther Eaken, Herman Patrick, Jesse York and Mae Robinson. (Middle row, left to right)--Clyde Robinson, Cressie York, Ruby Manes, Pansy Manes, Edith Eaken, Lehna Clark, Johnnie Vaught, Paul Clark and John Patrick. (Back row, left to right)--Alberta Vaught, Christina Bradford, Joel Manes, Lenna York, Lester Eaken, Leonard Eaken, Mrs. Ira Quick (the teacher) and Belle Clark. Photo courtesy of Maurice Robinson.

bars and best of all, an outdoor court where I saw my first basketball game. I fell in love with all this, especially the basketball and baseball, which I love to this day.

For the next seven years I attended school at Swedeborg;

for four of them with my brother and sister. Then for the last three years I was alone on the trail. The three miles hold many memories for me. I can recall times on very dark nights I was scared traveling home alone after basketball games and other school

functions. I never carried a light and I can remember closing my eyes to avoid overhanging limbs and just traveling, feeling the path beneath my feet. I suppose at times I was a bit discouraged with a teacher or a poor grade, but mostly I traveled the trail alone and happy, especially when my dog met me somewhere along the way to accompany me home.

The first mile on the way home was usually in the company of

some of the Eckman, Ledbetter, and two or three of the Kissinger's six boys. Once past the farmhouse it was just me alone on the trail. Rains near the headwaters of Snake and Swedeborg Creeks would often cause flooding, which overflowed part of the trail along the creek bed, necessitating detours and sometimes the removal of my shoes and some clothing before fording the stream.

KJPW'S OLD SETTLERS' GAZETTE
July 28, 2001

Publisher: Millie Brotherton

Editor and writer: Gary Knehans

Photographers: Paul Brotherton and Gary Knehans

Sales staff: Millie Brotherton, Annette Hance, David Howlett and Mark Howlett

Supporting staff: Daniel Boucher, Ray Campbell, Warren Goforth, Skip Goforth and Marv Luten

Cover photo: 'KJPW at Schlict's Mill'. The staff and management of KJPW Radio thank the owners, manager and employees of Schlict's Mill, as well as Maxine and Bill Farnham of Farnham Realty, for facilitating our visit and photo shoot at this historic site. We also thank all the contributing writers and those who generously loaned their old photographs and other material toward the compilation of this year's Old Settlers' Gazette.

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