

Talbot House History - Abstract Dates Land Back To 1842

The abstract to the land the Talbot House currently sits on dates back to 1842. Under the April 24, 1820, Act of Congress, President John Tyler granted 160 acres of land in Pulaski County to Mr. Edwin Swink. From 1842 through 1899 the land passed through many well known Waynesville citizens. Names such as: William Moore, Samuel Mitchell, Josiah Christeson, W.W. McDonald, W.M. Story, B. N. Ballard, Martin Mitchell, G. W. Colley, S. J. Bostrick, Alexander Bryan, Sam T. Rollins, Mary A. Wingo, J.J. Dake.

Swink sold the land to William and Elizabeth Moore in May 1842. In August 1843, the Moore's gave several acres of land to Pulaski County to start the town of Waynesville. On May 26, 1859, after the death of William Moore, the Circuit Court of Pulaski County ruled that all the right and title of William Moore be transferred to the County of Pulaski for a county seat. The abstract contains the original plate of the Town of Waynesville, County Seat of Pulaski County, Missouri. Block 1, Lots 6 and 7 is where the Talbot House

sits today. The Talbot House was built in August 1899 by M. L. Davis (a single woman) who later married W. J. Burrows. In Dec 1941 easement for public road and utilities was taken from a portion of Lot 6 and 7 to make Hwy 17.

Dr. C.A. Talbot, M.D., and his second wife, Emma Pearl Talbot, purchased the house in March 1920. Dr. Talbot practiced medicine in the house for many years and they raised three sons; Charles and Blake Talbot and Dale Bradford, Stepson. Many of Dr. Talbot's patients are still living in Waynesville and have shared many stories about going to see Dr. Talbot. One lady remembers her



mother dragging her into the house on several occasions to get a shot in her bottom and can still hear today Dr. Talbot say, "Pull your britches down, I'm going to give you a shot." Dr. Talbot later moved into The Talbot Building and a young boy helping him remembers that he was told, "to take stacks and stacks of boxes full of bills to the alley and burn them because he would never get the money out of those folks anyway". This young high school boy lived with the Talbot's in 1937 doing odd jobs. Another well known resident of Waynesville, who served as a handy man for the Talbot's, lived in the house for over 40 years.

After Dr. Talbot's death in 1945, Emma Pearl Talbot, also known as Maude, rented out rooms to many people. Most of the renters were school teachers, telephone operators, and highway patrolmen. Maude ran a very strict boarding house and heard all the comings and goings since her bedroom was located down stairs by the front door. It was not unusual for her to say the next morning, "You were out a little late last night, weren't you?" Some still live in Waynesville and

have shared many stories about living in the Talbot House. One such story is about the USO Club that was built behind the house during WWII and all the wild and loud parties that could be heard; of course, no one from the Talbot House attended. One lady remembers Maude getting stuck in the bathtub and no one being home except a gentlemen living in a downstairs bedroom. She screamed long and loud; he finally heard her distress, went to her assistance, and ended up lifting her out of the tub. Needless to say, they were both very embarrassed. Several renters have returned to the Talbot House to visit their rooms from the past.

Mrs. Bonnie Gibbons Dubowski bought the house in 1969. Bonnie lived there until her death in 1994. She was known for her love of the house and antiques. According to friends, she had many beautiful antiques and each room was decorated in a different antique theme. The house was a real showcase.

The 102 year old Victorian house is presently owned and operated as an Antique & Collectibles business by Mary Ann and Keith Osborne.

~Boyhood Memories Of Fall Hunting~

Excerpted from "Memories of a Farm on the Gasconade"

By Maurice C. Robinson

I owned a single shot shotgun. Inventory revealed I had in stock only five shotgun shells. I took my dog Rin along and we crossed the river in our boat, tied up, and went squirrel hunting down river. I soon had bagged three squirrels. Then I heard the sound of wild ducks on the water. I crept along the banks of the river until I could see ducks in the distance. I crept closer and finally was in gun range. I fired, quickly reloaded, and fired another shot. The result was two dead ducks floating downstream far out in the water. This was mid-November and the water was SO COLD!

I quickly laid down my gun, peeled off my clothes, swam out in the water naked, retrieved the ducks and swam back to shore. Shivering with cold, I was soon back in my clothes and on the way home. I was a very happy boy; out of ammunition, but happy to have made each shell count. This is just one of the many exciting incidents I experienced in my years of growing up on the river. Incidentally, my dog Rin (short for Rin-Tin-Tin) watched from the bank as I retrieved the ducks. He was a fine stock dog and squirrel dog, but had no interest in ducks.

As fall progressed, the river gradually changed its character and held another brand of magic for me. Normally in summer the bottom of the river was visible in about two feet of water. As cooler weather progressed it became clear to a depth of perhaps four or five feet. October cool nights allowed the water to clear rapidly and brought on fall gigging season. In the blacksmith shop the local blacksmith, Fred Manes, would be found making or sharpening gigs for the fall gigging season.



The season started with shoal gigging and ended in late December or January, when too much ice on the water would hide the fish. The fish gigged were mostly rough fish such as carp, drum, suckers and red horse. I can remember nights when great numbers of fish were taken with the

gig, and I can remember as many as twelve boats congregated on the eddy below the Ozarks Springs bridge, upstream from our farm. Expert giggers were well known and admired by local fishermen.

Spring brought on a different phase to our fishing. As spring rains brought flooding to the Gasconade, the river ran yellow with muddy water and would normally rise to flood stage once or twice each spring. The clear water from the creek would form a line against the muddy river

and many fish would congregate in this area, making fishing very productive and exciting. A trotline with twenty or thirty hooks on it, baited with minnows or crawfish, would produce amazing results. Each year we set the trotline and added to our pleasant pastime of fishing in the Gasconade.

DIXON

By Dr. C. W. Schillinger
January 1926

There are towns both large and small,
With buildings short and tall,
And some towns that we well could do
without,
But the town we have in mind
Is the best town on the line,
And never shall we hesitate to shout:

D-i-xon, that's the town for you and me;
We're bound to land right at the top.
Just stick around and see--we'll say so
Boost, boost for Dixon,
And you'll hear the people say,
There's a town that we all know
That is full of pep and go,
And that's D-I-X-O-N.

Get together for the town,
And have teamwork all around;
Put everything you've got behind the play,
Give the good old burg a push,
Put her forward with a rush,
And make it good and snappy when
we say:

D-I-xon, that's the town for you and me;
We're bound to land right at the top.
Just stick around and see--we'll say so
Boost, boost for Dixon,
And you'll hear the people say,
There's a town that we all know
That is full of pep and go,
And that's D-I-X-O-N.

All together once again,
Make it strong and make it plain
That we're out to put old Dixon to the fore,
And rustle up a whoop.
That will wake the sleepers up
When the gang from Dixon Hill begins
to roar:

D-I-xon, that's the town for you and me;
We're bound to land right at the top.
Just stick around and see--we'll say so
Boost, boost for Dixon,
And you'll hear the people say
There's a town that we all know
That is full of pep and go,
And that's D-I-X-O-N.