

Our rivers were in the forefront of Old Pulaski's early history. In the first quarter of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, lumbermen and rafters came to exploit the short leaf pine lining the Piney Fork of the Gasconade (Big Piney) for lumber and then hardwoods for railroad ties mid-century. Late in the century, sportsmen came to the same watersheds to harvest the wildlife. These sportsmen led the way to the zenith years of resorts, when more than 30 dotted the banks of the Gasconade and Big Piney in Phelps and Pulaski counties.

The previous article ("On the Gasconade") presented an account of a fishing trip in 1886 on the Gasconade River by one of the participants. It is the earliest written account that we know of about a float trip on one of our local rivers. Fishing and authorship did not often combine as in Alexander A. Lesueur's detailed account that was published in a national magazine, but letters and anecdotes were published in a St. Louis Globe-Democrat newspaper column titled "Rod and Gun," edited first by Charles M. Meade.

The newspaper column reported fishing conditions, game status, and sportsmen's activities along hundreds of streams and fishing holes in Missouri, Illinois, and northeast Arkansas. We have focused on material related to our favorite streams, the Gasconade and Big Piney rivers. These two Ozark streams were favorites of the St. Louis sportsmen, too, particularly the Big Piney for its scenery and smallmouth bass. The excerpts that follow are all from the "Rod and Gun" column, except where noted.

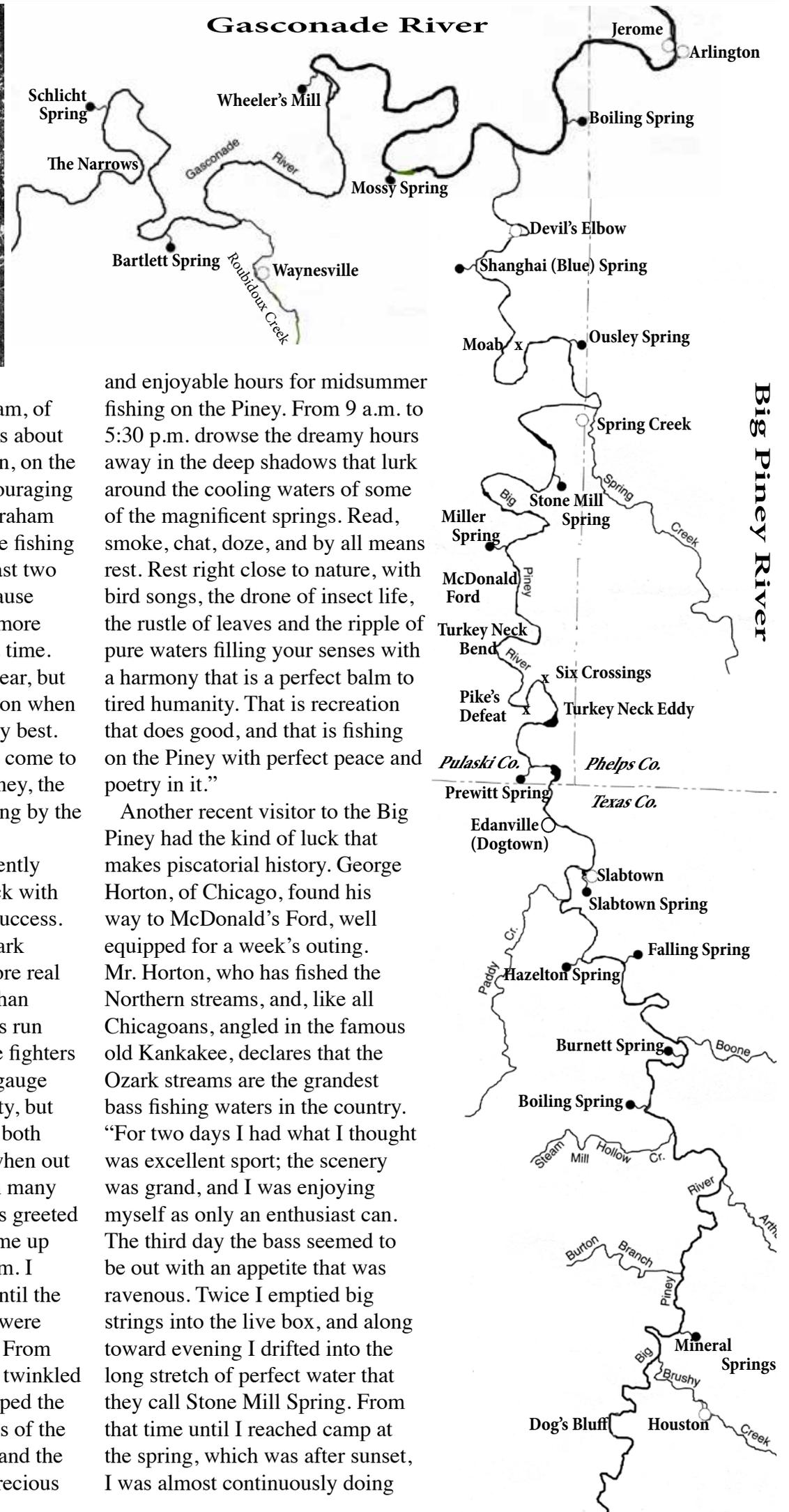
**August 9, 1896**

A letter from Frank Graham, of Spring Creek, Mo., which is about twelve miles from Arlington, on the Big Piney River, gives encouraging news for bass fishermen. Graham says there has been but little fishing done in the Piney for the past two years. Whether from that cause or not the bass were never more plentiful than at the present time. The river is not perfectly clear, but just at the stage and condition when live-bait fishing is at its very best. Providing no severe storms come to disturb the waters of the Piney, the fly-caster will have his inning by the last of the present month.

Dr. Holland, who has recently fished the Piney, comes back with enthusiastic reports of his success. "I have often fished the Ozark streams, but I never had more real sport, or caught more fish than on the present trip. The bass run bigger than usual, are fierce fighters and very plentiful. I never gauge my sport entirely by quantity, but it is most pleasing to enjoy both numbers and quality, too, when out for recreation. I did not fish many hours a day. The sun always greeted me on the shoal when it came up in the morning, and by 9 a.m. I was through with the fish until the long shadows of the bluffs were mirrored in the deep pools. From that time until a star or two twinkled on the horizon's rim I whipped the surface or sanded the depths of the stream. The early morning and the waning afternoon are the precious

and enjoyable hours for midsummer fishing on the Piney. From 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. drowse the dreamy hours away in the deep shadows that lurk around the cooling waters of some of the magnificent springs. Read, smoke, chat, doze, and by all means rest. Rest right close to nature, with bird songs, the drone of insect life, the rustle of leaves and the ripple of pure waters filling your senses with a harmony that is a perfect balm to tired humanity. That is recreation that does good, and that is fishing on the Piney with perfect peace and poetry in it."

Another recent visitor to the Big Piney had the kind of luck that makes piscatorial history. George Horton, of Chicago, found his way to McDonald's Ford, well equipped for a week's outing. Mr. Horton, who has fished the Northern streams, and, like all Chicagoans, angled in the famous old Kankakee, declares that the Ozark streams are the grandest bass fishing waters in the country. "For two days I had what I thought was excellent sport; the scenery was grand, and I was enjoying myself as only an enthusiast can. The third day the bass seemed to be out with an appetite that was ravenous. Twice I emptied big strings into the live box, and along toward evening I drifted into the long stretch of perfect water that they call Stone Mill Spring. From that time until I reached camp at the spring, which was after sunset, I was almost continuously doing



battle with the gamiest bass I ever encountered, occasionally having an argument with a jack salmon, or a channel catfish. As a result of the day's angling I netted 83 bass, 7 jack salmon, 5 channel catfish, and innumerable large sunfish. If that isn't a record I would like some Northern angler to make one in the so-called famous water of Wisconsin and Minnesota. Every bass was a smallmouth, except four Oswegoes [*largemouth bass*].

"When I got to the Stone Mill Spring I just felt like putting up a log house, camping out there for the balance of my natural life. You Missourians don't appreciate what beautiful streams you have in your Ozark country. I shall break away from politics and business in September and see as many of the different streams as I can, for I shall take six weeks' vacation, and every day will be spent right out in your Ozark country."

**August 8, 1897**

Joe Lotheridge [*Loughrige*], the long-eared guide of the Ozarks, has a cabin at Boiling Spring, on the Gasconade, about five miles above Arlington, for the accommodation of sportsmen, with boats and other paraphernalia for angling. Joe is a quaint character, nearly 7 feet tall, a great turkey slayer and a terror on squirrels in the bottom lands across the river from the cabin in the woods. Late in the season the Boiling Spring eddy

is a great fishing place, game is plentiful opposite, and everything a sportsman requires is right there. Just now a party of four young ladies are encamped at Lotheridge's place. They fish, hunt and have a good time under the watchful eye of Joe's good wife. The young ladies hail from Springfield, Mo., and excel in the art of cooking. They cook game and fish every day in different ways and have got down fine the art of roasting in the ashes under a bed of coals. Fish are cleaned, seasoned, wrapped in damp brown paper and placed in the hot shed under the glowing coals, and when twenty minutes expire taken

out the most delicious morsel of brain food ever served. These young ladies broil young squirrels before the fire, bake potatoes in the ashes, and do all those things that make camp life so different from the humdrum existence of many girls in cities. They are adorned in linen crash bloomer suits, go in bathing at night, and are not frightened to death at the hoot of an owl. Their total expenses per day do not exceed \$2. They set a good example for many men who think they know all about camping.

Ed Herzog and three friends will make one of the longest river trips of the season, leaving here on

August 20. The party will start in the Big Piney at Slabtown and keep to the watercourse clear back to St. Louis, a distance of 500 miles. They expect to make 100 miles each week, which is taking it leisurely. Such a trip will undoubtedly be pleasant and instructive, provided four congenial spirits make up the quartet. One kicker in a camping party will destroy the pleasure of all hands.

Nine camping parties are now fishing the Gasconade and Big Piney, others are booked for early trips to the Ozark waters. It now looks as if the present season will be the banner one for pleasure-seekers to the Southeast.

**September 12, 1897**

Here is the gist of a letter from Frank Graham, who once was a guide, and a good one, on the Big Piney and Gasconade Rivers. He is now at Spring Creek, about twelve miles south of Arlington, on the Big Piney, and in the heart of one of the prettiest valleys in the Ozarks. Graham is now a stock raiser and farmer. "I write,," says Mr. Graham, "to tell you about the Big Piney and other things that will interest you. The river is now low and clear, and the fishing is as good as any you ever indulged in. There are more quail this year than you ever saw. I am plowing a wheat stubble, and I often see forty to fifty birds in a covey, and lots of coveys, on my farm alone, and there are others. I

There are two Boiling Springs on our rivers of interest. One is on the upper end of the Big Piney, south of Licking. The other Boiling Springs is on the Gasconade, two miles below the mouth of the Big Piney. There is still a resort at Boiling Springs on the Gasconade, although it is in the bottomland and on the opposite side of the river from where Loughrige's cabin was located. Courtesy of Lynn Morrow.

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know of twenty-seven big coveys. Know this because I saw most of the old birds at nesting time. Some of the mother birds are around with their second broods over half-grown now.

The squirrels have come back from their migratory trip, and the young ones are barking in the woods all over the bottoms. Plenty of young turkeys are in the fields and the bottoms. Come out late in October, and we will have an old-time fish together, and open the quail and turkey season on November 1. There will be lots of fun. We have got lots of game, dollar wheat, fish and prosperity. So come.

*[Frank Graham owned 969 acres of bottomland along the southeast side of the Big Piney River, from what is now the East Gate into Fort Leonard Wood to the mouth of*

*Spring Creek. Frank's parents lived at Arlington, where he probably grew up. Most likely, Frank had been a guide for well-known Arlington outfitter Perry Andres. His sister, Gussie, was married to Tilden Andres, younger brother of Perry Andres. Frank's younger brother, Walter, built Graham's Camp and Resort at Devils Elbow in the 1920s.]*

Jesse McDonald and Mr. Harrigan's secretary have been fishing the Big Piney. They had lots of sport, but Col. Espey nearly had the life scared out of him. Jesse and his partner were fishing for jack salmon in the big eddy at the foot of Deer Slough in the Piney. It was along about 11 p.m. and they were having all sorts of luck with bass, jacks and channel cats. The river, just above the eddy, makes an abrupt bend, and the water comes

down in a torrent. So intent were the anglers that they never looked above, where a raft of ties was shooting the rapids, and bearing down on them at a fearful rate. The rafters, taking advantage of the clear, cool moon light, made a run, contrary to custom. The men did not discover the fishermen until the nose of the raft was about 10 feet away, as the anglers were hidden to a degree by the branches of a giant elm at the bend.

"Look out, you 'uns!" yelled one of the men on the raft, but before anything could be done the raft struck the boat near the bow, quartering, just as Espey was getting to his feet. Up went the Major's secretary into the air with a whoop that is still echoing over Mayfield Bluff above. Luck was with him, and he landed in a sitting position, right on the raft, which went silently on its way like a great snake, twisting 'round the bend. The boat was not injured, and Mr. McDonald rowed down to his friend.

**February 5, 1899**

The following letter, received from Frank Graham, of Spring Creek, Mo. gives some interesting news of game and fish and other matters of interest to sportsmen. Graham is a ranchman who was at one time one of the best guides on the Big Piney and Gasconade Rivers, and takes a lively interest in all things pertaining to fishing and shooting. "The cold weather has

had a peculiar effect on the game up in this valley, and has brought more into it than has sought food and shelter here in years," he writes. "When I was a boy, and that is not so many years ago [Frank was born in 1872], I have seen a dozen deer browsing among our cattle along Spring Creek at one time, and thought nothing of seeing two or three, but it is a rare thing to see a deer 'using' in the fields hereabouts nowadays. The cold snap has made things look like old times again. Last Tuesday morning I went out to the barns quite early, and was surprised to see five of my old boyhood friends dash down the hill toward Big Piney. They had been looking for grub in the cattle sheds evidently. After breakfast I took my gun and sauntered down to a spring-fed little lake in the fields, where I heard ducks making all sorts of racket. The lake was covered with several varieties of ducks and some geese. During the warm spell the week previous ducks and geese could be killed along the valley by the thousand, and the cold wave caught plenty of the birds who seem determined to weather it through up here where there is plenty to eat. The Big Piney has frozen over in all places except the rapids and where spring branches run into it. If you hunters and fishermen only knew a good thing you would come up and camp on my ranch for awhile and come quick, for Spring Creek



Big Piney rafters (l-r) John Wesley Wilson, Henry Kohenskey, and Robert Chancy Wilson could come up fast on fishermen below a shoal, especially at night. Courtesy of The State Historical Society of Missouri—Rolla.

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Valley is a great place now for everything that flies and walks. You see the stream is about five miles long, and no weather has ever been cold enough to freeze the water that flows from the big spring at its head.

"I went along this stream from its mouth to the source [*Relfe Spring*] on Tuesday and killed ducks, geese and rabbits until I was tired. You know how the creek winds through grassy bottoms, through brushy glades and timbered levels, forming deep pools at its angles and curves? Well, sir, the ducks made music all the way up, while the geese kept honking in the fields where the cattle had been fed. Rabbits? It seemed as if every bush or bunch of grass concealed one, the way they kept bobbing around me as I trudged along. There are thousands of quail here, and I

think the weather will not injure the birds, as there is plenty of food and shelter for the little things. The worst enemy the quail has to contend with is the fox. The farmers up here have killed a great many red and a few gray foxes. This valley is the grandest place for a fox chase just now anywhere in Missouri. Old Reynard comes down from the hills through the ravines in the cold weather. Any old hand can start a fox or two in twenty minutes and he can get the grandest run for his money he ever had in his life.

Johnny Pillman has three good foxhounds, and they have run to cover thrifty-five bushy tails this winter. There are so many rabbits for the foxes to feed on that it draws them here from the table lands back for miles. I wish you were up here with some of the St. Louis gentlemen who enjoy a good fox

chase on horse or foot. Pillman and I would make it lively for you. I killed four foxes in one day on the stand at the mouth of a ravine on the Black farm a mile or two up the creek from my house [*that was the farm of Lewis and Eliza Black, who were in Waynesville running the Black Hotel, aka Old Stagecoach Stop*] and I have killed a lot more that came around my hen house during the season.

"Pillman and I went over to Stone Mill Spring Wednesday and the bass that we saw in the river where the water from Stone Mill flowed into it would set you fishermen crazy. You see the big eddies below and above are all frozen over now, and the fish came into the open water to look for minnows and warm up a little. The fish were in large schools, head to the current, making a picture that made even Johnny Pillman and myself a couple of enthusiasts. There were some old red-eyed bass in these that looked to be 18 inches long. Occasionally a big-nosed jack salmon would move majestically through the throng of bass, and sail back to his frozen lair again. We had taken some minnows over with us from Spring Creek in an old cigar box and they were frozen as hard as icicles. We would hook one on and place it for minute or two in the spring branch, when it would begin to wiggle into life once more. Every cast out where the bass were congregated caused commotion,

and we would pull one out. The fish were pretty gamey, notwithstanding the chilled water. We caught about two dozen fine bass, and one jack salmon, but it was so cold we were compelled to keep thawing out by the fire we built near the bank. Notwithstanding the weather, it was sport all the same, and we took away some big messes of the best fish one ever ate. Some big jack salmon have been caught this week through the ice at Crooked Shoot, and three bass that would make a meal for a dozen people. Just before starting for home about twenty-five turkeys came down to Stone Mill Spring to drink, and we saw three more flocks before we got back to Spring Creek.

There has been no dynamiting of fish up this way that I have heard of. A few turkeys have been illegally killed but only by persons who needed then for food. There are so many rabbits that can be caught in traps or run down by dogs, the hungry people don't have to lay for the turkeys; and now the geese and ducks are here, the gobblers are left to take life easy in this valley of peace and plenty. We will have lots of the ice for you fellows who come up here next summer to keep your bottle goods cool and your lemonade tanks at zero."

**November 5, 1899**

Rabbits came to hand and bag in the wagon load and sold for \$1 per dozen. Out around Lebanon, nearly



Rabbit hunting was good at the turn of the 20<sup>th</sup> century along upper Spring Creek for these hunters from Edgar Springs. G. E. Ingram Collection, courtesy of the Kohenskey family.

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a wagon load of cotton tails were killed and it is hard to estimate how many quail fell.

**May 12, 1901**

The growth of angling and shooting among the fair sex is spreading rapidly and taking root so firmly that it astonishes the old sportsmen who thought that the rod and gun were only made for masculine hands. The wives and daughters of the fishermen and hunters of St. Louis and other places are fast realizing what pleasure there really is in getting away to the woods and waters where a license to relax and enjoy perfect freedom is as free as the winds that waft the incense of the surroundings right from the heart of nature. There will be more camping done this year where the ladies participate than ever before. Every clubhouse now has made, or is making, provisions for the comfort and entertainment of the feminine portion of the members' families. The enthusiasm of the ladies, when once inoculated with the harmless angling germ, grows greater and stronger as time passes. Away from life's conventionalities, amid nature's charms that bring health and unalloyed happiness, the women of to-day are becoming comrades by the camp-fire, in the clubhouse, the field and upon the

waters where game and fish are sought. Even the little girls absorb the passion that grows so strong in the heart of their brothers that they, too, long to cast their lines where the waters reflect back their radiant childish faces. There is so much to learn among the ferns and the wild flowers that books can never teach, it is well and wise to encourage the little ladies and to teach them of the mysteries that are unfolded to youthful eyes amid the verdure of the shores and the currents of the rivers.

*It seems that the thought of ladies being in the woods and on the water excited Editor Meade, resulting in some of his most purple prose.*

Perry Andres, who has now thoroughly awakened from his long winter nap, writes some pleasant things about the Gasconade and Big Piney Rivers from his headquarters at Arlington, Mo. "Everything is lovely now. The fish are getting off the spawning beds and hitting the angler's hook some pretty hard licks," says the old sportsman with sorrel top. "It was a little raw and cold for a few days, but now the sun has come out and cooked the atmosphere until it is warm and well-done again, There are some St. Louis fishermen up the Big Piney, where the rafters report the river

full of fish. The professional rafter is a good observer of conditions along our streams. As the raft glides noiselessly down the current, his keen eye can look down to the bottom of the clear streams and study the objects beneath the surface as easily as if they were on dry land. He knows a bass at the bottom of a 10-foot pool, and can pick out an old jack every time in 20 feet of water. Some of the boys carry long-handled gigs with them, picking up a good fish here and there, when the larder is in need of something more than sow-belly. It is no dream to run a raft from Texas County on Big Piney down to Arlington, but there is a heap of excitement and sport for a man to take a ride with the rafters, if he don't mind a swim once in awhile. With fly rod in the season, it is a veritable picnic. The rafters themselves seldom fish with any tackle except a trot line, when they lay up at night. As I was saying before I drifted away on the raft: our streams are in fine condition and there are fish enough being caught to satisfy most of the modest fishermen who come out our way. D. A. Heideman and a party of friends are now up the Big Piney doing nicely. They are all from St. Louis and know the river pretty well. They are booked for two

weeks. Dr. Phillips and his father, Judge Phillips, are with friends on the Piney. All are doing good work with the bass. There seems to have been an emigration of frogs to these shores this season. There are more big greenbacks than Uncle Sam ever issued. It is well to bring along a little rifle when campers come out as they can easily get a mess of frogs any time. Last Sunday's excursion from St. Louis brought out a good many old timers, just to wet their lines and look at the old Gasconade before they come out for a long stay. Some good fish were caught, and a good many frogs killed last Sunday by the excursionists.

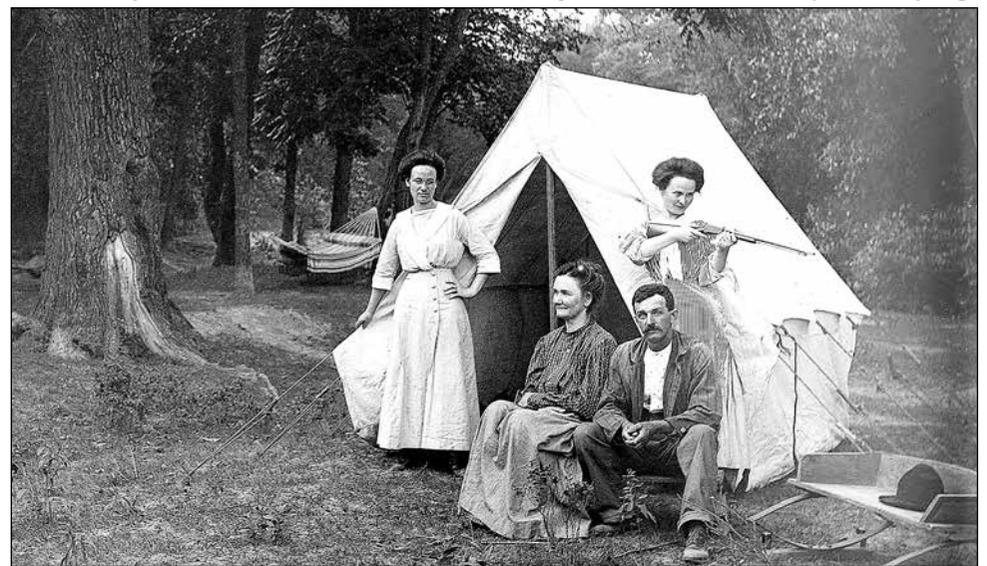
**August 4, 1901**

*On a few occasions, Editor Meade attempted to transcribe a conversation with an Ozarker into the local dialect. This is one of those occasions.*

Frank Graham, of Spring Creek, Mo, was in St. Louis recently, and while here related some pleasant stories of hunting and fishing at low water time up the Big Piney. "Well," said Graham, "I don't see how you'ns can stay in this hot town when the squirrels are in the corn and the upland plover are in the fields, and the bass are flitting their tails in the Piney, and that big old jack salmon [*wall-eye*] is laying



Two ladies and a man in a john boat on the Big Piney River were photographed by Charles Elliott Gill, ca. 1910. In a companion image, the lady in the front had a paddle, while the guide sculled with a tree branch as the lady in the middle wets a line.



Gill photographed members of his family on a camping trip in Shannon County. While the women in both photos have taken to the water and woods, they have not yet changed their attire. Both images courtesy of the Missouri State Archives, Charles Elliott Gill Photograph Collection.

fur minners at the foot of the shoals where them big glassy eyes uv his'n looks like little moons. There is more squirrels along the Piney now then there is enny use fur. If you get some bottom corn that haint been popped by the hot weather the squirrels just go in an' make ears look like they had been through a sheller, husk and all. There are some hickory and hazel nuts along Spring Creek, an' danged if the squirrels don't come out there of nights in flocks. My boy, Pat, can git 'nuff squirrel in one evenin' to make a potpie for the whole crowd of us.

"Now, when his paw shoulders his gun along afore sunup and santer's off along the stubble toward the corn, he's after the best game that flies up 'bout Spring Creek. The bird I go after, and git plenty of, is the upland plover, which is about as fat and juicy as a young pig, only a heap sight more like things humans

should devour. Doves come down to water and I have some fun with them as they fly past me. There is no end of both doves and plover here now. Plover don't often come to Pulaski county, but our fields are full of them along the Spring Creek valley.

"But where I get the hottest fun of all is spearing jack salmon and channel catfish at night. The water is so clear and low now we have no trouble in hitting the fish. I'll admit that them old bass are too danged smart for me to prod, but I kin hit wall-eye every time I don't miss it. Now that ain't bad for a rough rider from the ridges of Pulaski, is it?"

"Fishin' is all right, but you have got to be mighty shy when you run your boat down the rapids. I have seen bass take to the tall timber 100 feet ahead of a noisy crowd in a boat. There has been lots of fishermen up our way this season,

and some of them have got badly mixed up roundin' Raccoon shoals. The water twists around a sight like an augur. Low water makes it mighty uncertain fur tenderfeet runnin' these rivers. By the way, I have got brood of fourteen young wild turkeys that was hatched out by a pair of old hens. The nest of the old turkey was broken up by the harvester and I put the eggs under the hens, every last one of them comin' out. The turks are more'n half grown, one or two of the youngsters look just like them Shaw's gobblers I used to tell you about, but you could never seen one soon enough to shoot. I am goin' to keep these I've hatched fur you an' Mr. Lucas if you come this fall. I'll tie them up so you'uns can't miss when you shoot. No, there ain't much prayin' fur rain in Pulaski or Phelps counties, but you oughter hear the cows beller fur it.

Fishermen who want to camp up the Piney better not depend on the country fur potatoes. They are as scarce as ice in the river. The quail are havin' things all their own way. The second growth of birds are now peepin' along the creeks and the fields are full of old and young ones. You'uns come out when they're ripe an' I'll show you some fun."

**April 27, 1902**

Another new clubhouse has been erected in the Ozark country, which is designed to become as popular as some of the other resorts that have already attained a reputation for recreation and sport. It is situated on the Gasconade river, four miles from Crocker, and will be accessible to sportsmen and their families. It is called Forest Lodge. It is located at Schlicht's Mill, on the Upper Gasconade, near Crocker on the Frisco system,

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147 miles from St. Louis, and is an ideal spot for a summer's vacation. It is a well-built frame building, has accommodations for twenty people, and includes everything to make camp life enjoyable. Supplies of every description—milk, butter, eggs, meats, groceries, fishing tackle, etc., may be obtained at the store located within a very short distance of the lodge. This store also contains the Schlicht post office, where mail may be both sent and received. Many springs of the purest water abound, several being within

a few feet of the lodge. Fishing is always splendid and hunting for small game, such as squirrel, quail and rabbits good. Those who have wanted to "camp out" but dreaded the living in tents will find "Forest Lodge" just the thing for "roughing it"; all the disagreeable features of camp life in tents are overcome. The house is completely screened, insuring it free from mosquitoes and insects.

*Schlicht's Mill was one of the earliest resorts on the Gasconade, founded by John A. Schlicht on*



The sprawling lodge, post office, and general store at Schlicht's Springs.

*his 900-acre farm and continually improved since 1876 (see "The Dixon Club and Schlicht's Spring" by Lynn Morrow, 2002 Old Settlers Gazette.) Forest Lodge was erected by Frisco railroad sportsmen from St. Louis for club members but they allowed others to rent it. It quickly became a favorite destination for groups of ladies eager for an outdoor experience. The resort had three stocked lakes whereby urban ladies and youngsters could learn the rudiments of the art of angling. Other organized hunting and fishing clubs were erecting clubhouses on the local streams.*

**May 25, 1902**

The fly fisherman's outfit and the hangout canoe seem to harmonize perfectly. It is strange that more converts are not made in Missouri. A canoe that will carry two persons, enough food for a ten days' trip and

a tent can run like a feather over the rushing waters of most of our mountain streams.

The light dip of the graceful paddle does not alarm the game fish when the delicate blade is manipulated by skilled hands. It requires but little practice to master the navigation principle of the tourist canoe that glides so swiftly and jauntily over rapids and waterfalls that swamp in a second the old flatboats so much in evidence on most of our Southwestern waters.

A canoeist who is a married man can take his wife out for a pleasant vacation and enjoy all the glories of the mountain streams and the beauties of its scenery, catch fine fish and live like monarchs of the wildwoods much cheaper than they can stay at home or attend the summer shows. The perfect freedom of a canoeing trip and

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its invigorating effects upon the participants are never to be forgotten.

**August 3, 1902**

*“Rod and Gun” column editor Charles Meade spent most of the late spring and summer of 1902 in Arlington at L. F. Pillman’s hotel, fishing and soaking up tales told by Perry Andres, the major outfitter on the Big Piney and middle section of the Gasconade. He reported fishing conditions, anecdotes, and outdoor tips, such as that which follows.*

Arlington—

There are at least ten camping parties on the upper rivers now, and hardly a day passes but some one comes in and others go out.

The bookings for August are unprecedented, and as many of those who contemplate trips on some of the Ozark streams have never camped there before I prepared a sort of outline of the necessities to make camp life as near ideal as possible. Of course, the commissary department could be reduced more than half in variety and still afford a healthful and quite complete assortment of supplies, and can be varied somewhat to suit the individual tastes of those participating in the late summer and early autumn outings. The following list of supplies and emergency articles, as well as instructions, are quite complete:

One should calculate well in advance that all things may be in readiness. Do not neglect a single detail, but make out your list of needfuls for comfort in the camp and see that they are all selected with care. At the request of many who have not yet mastered the intricacies of camp outfitting or can not fully remember just what they took with them the last time, the following list of supplies is given, and will be found adequate for a party of six persons. If ladies are included in the party the list may be varied a little:

Matches, one dozen boxes;  
small sack of salt, 1 ounce pepper,  
1 pound baking powder, 6 bars

laundry soap, 5 pounds good prunes, 10 pounds cut-loaf sugar, 5 pounds coffee (ground), 1/2 pound tea, 3 sides bacon, 2 quarts vinegar, 10 pounds best butter packed in two jars very firmly, bushel potatoes, 5 cans baked beans, 5 cans corn, 1/2 dozen assorted cans soup, peck of onions, 10 cans tomatoes, 48-pound sack flour, 1 peck corn meal, 5 pounds lard, small box crackers, half young American cheese, Worcestershire sauce, catsup, macaroni, 3 dozen lemons, 3 cans condensed cream, a few pounds canned pork, a bottle witch hazel, bottle Jamaica ginger, 1 pound phosphate soda, roll of absorbent cotton, roll sterilized gauze



The wooden john boat was the early water craft of choice in the Ozarks. They were heavy, could carry a lot of gear, and were quiet for fishing. The paddle john, with a rake on each end, was a favorite of float fishermen. It could go over a shoal with either end leading. The john boat made of plank lumber was put in the water so the boards would swell up, making it watertight. It had to be left in the water or the boards would dry out, shrink, and the boat would leak.



The canoe slowly gained popularity, beginning in the early 1900s. The early canoes had a wood frame covered by treated canvas. While guides were quite adept at paddling the large john boats, the canoe was more easily propelled by the sportsman tourist. It was also much more portable than the heavy john boat and did not need to remain in the water as the wooden boats required. Like other water craft, the construction evolved to include aluminum, fiberglass, and composite materials.

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bandages 2 inches wide, small bottle collodion, bottle Listerine, small package of mustard plasters, and such other emergency remedies as you may suggest. All these things may come in handy when remote from a base of supplies. By adding a bottle of aqua ammonia and a little oil of lavender, the outfit will get along all right. The lavender is a great mosquito preventive, while the ammonia is a good cauterizer for insect bites, especially the little chigger.

This commissary supply will be ample for six persons and the guides for ten days. Chickens, eggs, etc., can be secured from farmers in most instances, unless you seek a trackless wilderness. If there be ladies, always take a 5-pound box of candy and some chewing gum. While you smoke and enjoy yourselves give the fair sex a chance to even up on candy and gum.

Be sure and take a good comfort and blanket for each person, also a pillow. Don't go out to rough it too much, unless you are an old-timer, who is seasoned to the business. Cook plenty of fish when they are fresh. You will find that bacon gravy is much better than lard in cooking the fish. Get a big side of bacon that is sweet and well smoked and fry it out to put with a small quantity of lard and you will have a mixture that will add to the flavor of your fish a hundredfold.

Even at this season you should not neglect to take a gun along, as the young squirrels are mighty fine eating and afford much sport to the man who knows how to hunt them. A little rifle to nip the frogs will be all right, if you do not like to gig them at night.

If the ladies do not understand, teach them to shoot the little .22, so that they can get some of the

summer sport of frogging; and, by all means, don't neglect the opportunity, when you strike a place far remote from trees, to teach the women how to cast a fly without hooking themselves or a bird in a near-by tree. As a rule, ladies, or most of them, have an unhappy

faculty of hitting a bush or a tree with remarkable precision. Still, they will get over that when they practice enough. It is fine exercise, is fly fishing, and will put the color on a lady's cheek as quick as a proposal of marriage.



Witt, the cook, with his dog Sport guided the loaded commissary boat in August of 1910 on one of Dr. Bland Pippin and friends' ten-day Gasconade float trips. The float was from the mouth of the Roubidoux to Mossy Springs, a distance of only 20.6 miles. Courtesy of William Eckert.

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Sportsmen from urban centers came to the rivers and woods by train. They dispersed at depots along the Frisco at Arlington, Dixon, Crocker, Schlicht Station, and Richland. The Frisco actively promoted the Missouri Ozarks and catered to the sportsmen. In 1902, the Passenger Department of the St. Louis & San Francisco R. R. (Frisco) published a 54-page booklet entitled "Feathers and Fins," which extolled the sporting opportunities in the Ozarks, including northern Arkansas and Indian Territory. It advertised per capita round-trip tickets during hunting season for parties of three or more traveling together on one ticket from St. Louis to Arlington or Jerome for \$5.00, to Crocker for \$6.00, and Richland for \$6.50. This included cartage of dogs, guns, and 150 pounds of baggage or camp outfit per passenger free in the baggage car.

"Fins and Feathers" boasted of Arlington's popularity and the quality of its services for the sportsman. It also printed the cost of hauling boats and camping outfits by wagon from Arlington to put-in points on the rivers. The prices are for a full load, not for each person.

Put-in point	River	Wagon miles	River miles back	Price
Boiling Spring	Gasconade	6	8	\$1.50
Wagon Ford	Big Piney	8	14	\$2.00
Devil's Elbow	Big Piney	10	15	\$2.50
Shanghai Spring	Big Piney	12	20	\$3.00
Spring Creek	Big Piney	12	35	\$3.00
Stone Mill Spring	Big Piney	16	40	\$4.00
Miller's Spring	Big Piney	20	47	\$5.00
McDonald's Ford	Big Piney	25	60	\$6.00
Slabtown	Big Piney	35	90	\$7.50

North from Arlington, down the Gasconade, parties start at the Frisco bridge and are brought back by wagon from the following points:

Take-out point	River	Float miles	Wagon miles back	Price
Sugar Tree	Gasconade	7	5	\$1.50
Sock's Rock	Gasconade	12	10	\$3.00
Ball's Ford	Gasconade	18	10	\$2.75
Gaines' Ford	Gasconade	20	12	\$5.00
Indian Ford	Gasconade	50	35	\$7.50

**June 14, 1903**

**A Letter from the Piney**

Every fisherman that camps on the Piney knows John Hooker, farmer, fisherman and friendly Indian. The following letter and inclosure comes from Hooker's Ford and will be of interest to thousands of sportsmen. [John Hooker's place was on the west side of the Big Piney at what was formerly called Wagon Ford.

Hooker organized dances that mingled the locals and the tourists.]

Rod and Gun, St. Louis Globe-Democrat:

Herein I inclose you a letter from Mr. L. A. Rigg, who, with a party of friends, was here last year. They informed me that it was through your department [column] they came, and as all of them never saw anything but a level country, [they

were from Illinois], the Ozarks opened their eyes, so I send it to you to show you this as a sample of the good work done by the mighty old reliable in this direction.

J. L. Hooker

"Dear Sir—I have been promising myself for a long time that I would write you just to let you know that we had not forgotten your courtesy to us while we were camped at Wagon Ford last July. You will doubtless remember the party of eight who stayed there a week and attended the picnic.

We are coming out again about the middle of June and will go on to Crocker and make the run down the Gasconade. The same crowd will be there that we had last year and the unanimous verdict is that we must stop at the mouth of Piney and come up to see you and the people over at the store. Our trip last year was one of the most pleasant of our lives, and we know of no better place to spend a few weeks of the summer.

L. A. Rigg"

The writer [Meade] had the pleasure of meeting the bunch from Illinois when it was camping on



A small group of sportsmen sit on their luggage alongside the railroad tracks in Arlington. In the background is Perry Andres's "Boat House" building. The sign advertised "Guides, Teams, Outfits, Meals and Rooms," as well as "Perry Andres, Agent for Wild & Improved Land." Courtesy of Lynn Morrow.



Left Tilden "Til" Andres was the younger brother of Perry Andres and also an accomplished hunter, fisherman, and outfitter. He headquartered at Jerome, across the Gasconade from Arlington where he had a large lodge.

Above The Arlington Hotel, aka Gasconade Inn, was owned by L. F. Pillman. The rates for board and lodging were \$1.25 per day or \$6.00 by the week. "The table is good." Courtesy of John Bradbury.

Big Piney last year. That picnic Mr. Rigg refers to was where the eight Illinoisians bulled the pie market. After dancing with all the country maidens they went to the home-made pie stand and bought twenty-two big full moon pies and were found foundering an hour or so later.

**July 26, 1903**

...To let rod and gun readers right into the news of what is going on out along the Frisco, the fishing line of the Southwest, will introduce in evidence a brief letter from John Hooker, known to thousands of fishermen and hunters who have in the past pitched their tent at Hooker's ford, Big Piney. One of the parties referred to as resting at Hooker's brings back memories of poor old Sam Holliday, when he and Tommy Dowd used to pilot their boats down over Big Piney shoals in the years that have left

their memories full of pleasant recollections.

"This has been a very interesting and eventful week on Big Piney for a great many pleasure seekers and fishermen from St. Louis and elsewhere. On Thursday Col. K. K. Culver, Thomas F. Dowd, James Devan and Walter Weinner dropped in at Hooker's wagon ford farms to rest up a day or so before returning to the city. They put into the Piney at Slabtown and spent two weeks in coming down to the ford. They caught a very large lot of fine fish, the largest a jack salmon weighing 9½ pounds. So you brother fishermen may know that it was a great week for them all. This party was in charge of Guides Mart Brooks and Joe Arron and they raced all week, seeing who could bag the most fish, and they came out almost a tie.

"Col. Culver and party had just

put in at wagon ford and their tents up and were fixing things in camp to enjoy a day's rest when here came Mr. William Stroh and wife, Mr. J. E. Stroh and wife, Mr. John H. Lohbeck and wife and Miss Caroline Stroh. This party had put in Piney at McDonald's ford and also wanted to rest a day or so before returning home. And I want to tell you readers how they rested. Billie Stroh and Col. Culver wanted to spring a surprise on the rest of their friends, so they succeeded in finding a very willing helper in Mr. Harrison Hooker [son], who very quickly put out on his saddle horse Dick and returned in about one hour, informing the gentlemen that everything was all O. K. so they set to work taking down the large fly of a tent and stretching it on the grass, and then they informed their friends there would be a dance. By that time came the boys and girls from

the neighborhood and if ever there was a dance enjoyed this one was. Charley Courson and Harry Sheldon very soon learned the city folks to dance "Turkey in the Straw," and the music was furnished by Billie Stroh and wife, which was very fine. The vocal part of the evening's entertainment, furnished by Mrs. William Stroh, was exceedingly pleasing.

John L. Hooker.

**October 18, 1903**

**A New Rod and Gun Club.**

This note comes from Uncle Sam's boys in the post office, where are concealed all kinds of anglers and hunters:

"This is to inform you that we have about completed arrangements for a clubhouse to be finished about November 25. We will be located on the Gasconade, at Mossy Spring ford, which is about nine miles from



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Dixon. The members are mostly all post office clerks, and the club was organized in the post office reading room, with a membership of twenty, which is fast growing to the limit (forty).

“THE PULASKI ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Edw. Dempsey, President.

Wm. H Schewe, Treasurer

John O’Brien, Secretary.”

The interest in shooting and fishing in the federal building is growing fast every year, and the present club will undoubtedly be a large and enthusiastic one.

*There was dramatic growth in the number of hunting and fishing clubs during this period with five dozen clubs in St. Louis City and maybe another 200 elsewhere in*

*the newspaper’s readership area. According to Meade, clubs formed in “railroad offices, mercantile houses, manufactories, printing concerns, and municipal offices.” Lynn Morrow notes that, “Sport and the trappings of gentlemen’s gear and their trophies were always on exhibition in downtown St. Louis. Normally, the public viewed them in store windows. But the clubs, great social fraternities, decorated dozens of private trophy rooms with their displays of ‘natural history’ -- game killed in the field. The clubs held seasonal banquets, dances, planning sessions for picnics, parades, and holidays. They elected the ‘best liar of the season,’ and held endless discussions about the*

*romance of the American outdoors for an educated membership.” Some clubs had dreams of owning a piece of ground and a clubhouse in the Ozarks, such as the Frisco agents’ Forest Lodge at Schlicht’s, wholesale grocers Gildehaus, Wulfinf & Co. at Stone Mill Spring, or the Pulaski Rod and Gun Club of the postal employees at Mossy Springs, among many others.*

**December 6, 1903**

### **Fishing at Miller’s Spring.**

A party of hunters up on Big Piney concluded to try the fishing at Miller’s spring, where the water flows into the river. Mr. Miller helped them to get some and furnished them with some tackle and the band began to play on the susceptibilities of the bass. It seems that they struck it just right and began hauling out some beautiful big bass, and then the jack salmon nosed in and took a taste. Their success on fishing was so much greater than hunting the gentlemen concluded to stay another day with Farmer Miller and continue the sport. The next day, however, brought keen disappointment for some ruffians had come in the night and dynamited the stretch of water where the spring branch mingled

with the river. The parties reported that for over a mile downstream they found small fish floating in the river. “It is just such outrages as that, said Charley Burt, one of the hunting party, “that makes me sick of going into a part of the country where it is tolerated. We had the good luck to get about sixty nice bass and pike-perch before the destruction came. We didn’t succeed well with our guns. Everything was dry and the turkeys could hear the rustle of leaves long before we could see them. We had some fun nights with the ‘possums, but Jim Clarke got nearly scared to death by a stray calf. He was leaning against a fence in the corner of which the calf was seeking shelter. Suddenly his hand was seized and the poor, half-starved little beast began sucking Clarke’s fingers. He gave one of those leather-lunged yelps that shook echoes from a hundred cliffs and struck out through the buck brush for camp like a Cresceus [record-breaking race horse in 1903]. When we investigated and found the poor, little, shivering calf, Clarke had nothing to say, except that he declared he felt teeth. We found plenty of quail at Spring Creek and rabbits by the hundreds, but did not pay much attention to them as I didn’t want any bird dogs to get mixed with the four-legged game.”



Pulaski Rod and Gun Club at Mossy Springs, 1908. Courtesy of John Bradbury.

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**December 20  
Cold Storage Fishing**

It always makes a fisherman happy to think there is some sport to be found with hook and line at all seasons of the year. Here is a report of how a party of anglers who knew how to skate made one of the novel trips up the Gasconade and Big Piney in pursuit of fish and game. Four hardy St. Louisans Fred Clark, Tom Weaver, Allen Vale and John Mahoney are the young sportsmen who conceived the idea that skate-fishing would not be a dull game. There is fish known as the skate but they do not exist in the Ozarks, where nearly everything that is good does.

“I’ll tell you how we did it,” said Tom Weaver. “We started from Arlington with nothing but skates, guns, fishing tackle and some embalmed minnows. We skated when we found ice to bear us up and walked where the shoal water moved too fast to be caught by the ice king. We reached what is called Boiling Spring, and camped in with Long Joe Lothridge. Joe, he reckoned that ‘fishing’ wasn’t ‘mountin’ to much when he had to cut wood to keep warm, but we didn’t line up with Joe’s ideas, and two hours after casting our embalmed bait into the waters of Boiling Spring we had two dozen bass. The kind that make the Gasconade famous.

“The next day we went up to

the swift deep waters where the long eddy is and captured six of the jolliest old jacks that ever hit a hook. Joe was amazed and reckoned that if we had some real nice minnows we would have caught more. There are a nice bunch of quail on the farm just across from Boiling Spring, and we managed to raise several covies with an old coon dog, getting twenty-three birds. The next day we struck out for John Hooker’s reaching there after many vicissitudes, two of the quartet having hit the ice and cold water. We had to take pot luck with the people along the river, like the Salvation Army is doing along the streets of St. Louis, but we have no kick coming, and we hope the Salvation lads and lassies haven’t either.

“The great event of the trip was the way from the Gasconade to Dixon, when we got tangled up with a big gang of wild turkeys. Those old birds led us into trouble. We followed the flock for five hours, getting two; but we had lost our bearings, and did not reach Dixon until about 10 p.m. We had to get a farmer and his team to haul us in. The friendly native said his folks were living on turkey meat ever since the cold weather set in. That may be so, but I’ll bet he did not have the kind of chasing after the bronze birds that we skaters from St. Louis had. The novelty of the cold storage trip and the success we

enjoyed has filled me with a longing to go out again.”

**January 24, 1904**

**How the Still Was Found**

Here is one of Crof. [Crawford] Ousley’s stories from Texas county and it is a wonder: “You’ve heard Perry [Andres] tell stories so long, I don’t see how you can still be on earth,” said the farmer from up the bluffs that bears his name, on one of the most delightful spots along the beautiful river [Ousley’s farm and spring with his name was about a mile downstream from the mouth of Spring Creek on the Big Piney]. Every fishing or camping party must remember the cool, refreshing spring that rises and ripples down into the river a short distance below the ford, and the deep eddy below that sleeps under Ousley’s bluff.

“When there used to be some moonshinin’ done up there in Texas county and United States Marshal Baker was hot on their scent, a strange thing happened that revealed a hidden still that had been puzzling moonshine hunters for many a month. Baker was a great hunter, and usually carried a Winchester for deer and other emergencies.

“One day he noticed coming staggering down a trail a grand old buck. The deer acted so unnatural that Baker stopped and watched it for a few minutes as it floundered from side to side of the trail. The old buck shook his head, leaned

against a tree, then jumped up and cracked his heels together. That was too much for him and he fell in a sprawling position, making no attempt to rise. Finally, the old fellow bawled like a calf, stretched his head out as if about to take a sleep. Baker thought the buck had been mortally wounded, but when he approached there was no glare in his eyes, which were blinking and winking in a comical sort of way. The animal made no attempt to get up, but looked as if it was trying to grin at Baker. The marshal stepped back, sending ball from his rifle into the brain of the supposed wounded deer just to put it out of its agony. The bullet did the work thoroughly, as the buck only quivered for a few seconds and it was all over but the knifing act.

“When Baker went up to bleed his game he could smell moonshine very strongly. He was puzzled to find out from whence it emitted. After the bleeding the deer was disemboweled and the stomach removed. The smell of corn juice was still stronger.

“By thunder!” exclaimed the marshal. “This darned old buck has been accumulating jag, sure as I’m alive.”

“On cutting open the stomach he discovered that it was full of corn mash, evidently just about ripe for the still. Baker found a hot lead here, and after disposing of the carcass he struck out up the trail and



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before night had his long-sought still located and the operator in his clutches. The moonshiner explained that he had carelessly left his little mash tub back in the timber, intending to make a few gallons of the white goods later, but when he came to get the stuff found the tub empty. He supposed that a stray hog had got his precious stuff and thought no more about it until Baker told him about the deer with the jag. The captor of the moonshiner told the wife and children of the prisoner to go and get the venison, which he hoped would not make them as drunk as the deer was by the eating of the meat. So Baker then left for Springfield with his man, but he never heard what effect the venison had on those who partook of it.

#### April 10, 1904 Waters Receding

The Ozark rivers have been receding, notwithstanding the rains of the past week in this locality. Perry Andres spent several days in town looking after business affairs relative to the spring and summer fishing season, which he is assured will be something far in advance of all the previous ones as to numbers and character of the sportsmen who will camp.

“Why, I have booked for an early trip up Piney four ministers, who will do some fishing, and select places for camps along in July, when there will be a whole colony

of divines singing and praying along the rivers,” said the man from Arlington, on the Gasconade. “For the past two seasons several clergymen have been spending time out here with us rough riders of the Piney fork and other streams. This year there will be over twenty out at one time. They will establish three camps. One will be pitched at Pike’s Defeat, on Big Piney; one at Miller’s Springs, and the third about Hooker’s. You know, John Hooker is a very religious man, and was thinking about getting up a camp meeting for the benefit of the pious anglers, where they could fish all day and hold their services in the oak and locust groves in the evening. He thought the good people might put out their trot lines in the early evening before services and then turn in and make the old woods ring in good old camp-meeting style, shoutin’ and singin’ loud enough to bring fish up from the Gasconade, and when the night’s meetin’ closed all the people were to have gone down to where the river racks down over the shoals and trots over the two lines just below them.

“John Hooker is of the opinion that enough fish could be caught to feed the hungry stomachs and enough religious fervor stirred up to feed all the hungry souls.

“If John should get the thing started right it will be known as Hooker’s camp meeting fishing

grounds. That would be great, wouldn’t it? We have got a good many pious people out our way that would join Hooker’s Peaceful Valley crowd. Now there is Crof. Ousley, the man that tells about the buck that got full of buck beer or moonshine mash, I forgot which; Frank Graham of Spring Creek, the man that has a line on Shaw’s old wild gobblers; Johnny Pillman, pheasant hunter and choir leader; then I’d be there with that old fiddle and fowling piece, trot line, bait and hymn books. Some real religious anglers from St. Louis would surely come to swell the anthems and bait the trot lines. There is Joe Ogden, Cooney Kempf, W. E. Robertson, Abe Shickles, Dr. J. N. Frank and a few more sweet singers and great anglers. Yes, indeed, I believe Hooker’s fishing camp meeting would be the greatest kind of a success, and many souls would be saved out here in this glorious Ozark land.

“Just before the high water came the boys were ketchin’ big strings of jack salmon and other fine fish in Little Piney. I got in my work on a few myself before I came up. It’s goin’ to be great in Little Piney soon as it clears. I reckon it’s clearin’ out now.

“The night before I came away from Arlington the snipe were comin’ in in bunches. You could hear them whistling wings of theirn purty near all night. There wuz

some woodcock flyin’, too. In the mornin’ Charley Barton an’ me lit out fur the fields where the receding waters left the ground wet and wormy, and the way them snipes got up kind of put us on wire edge. They didn’t lay very close. Them that we got were killed over 60 yards distant. The whole country has been covered with ducks. They got back in the overflow and lived fat. Some fellow killed sixty ’round some corn shocks that had not been husked out. The water having partially submerged them, the ducks came to feed on the grain.

...I’m off to-night fur Arlington, or I reckon there’ll be a divorce comin’ to me, or a lickin’ or somethin’ what ain’t as nice as ketchin’ big black bass or eatin’ buckwheat cakes an’ maple syrup. The dogwoods an’ the sweet william’ll soon be out, and the morrels will be comin’ up, an’ ’spect there’s plenty all kinds greens out our way. I got some great watercress round my way. That goes mighty good with nice fried bass or frogs’ legs.”

#### June 19, 1904

##### New Fishing Lodge.

Mr. H. Noerteman sends to Rod and Gun the following account of opening of Piney Lodge:

“Just returned from Piney river, where we attended the opening of Mr. George G. Barbour’s new clubhouse, Piney lodge. After a good day’s fishing the evening was passed with a genuine country



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hoedown. There were present: Misses Nancy, Mae Bell and Nora Ousley, Ethel Hooker, Rollens, Mrs. M. A. Ousley and Mrs Davis, Messrs. B Boedges, O. A. Tack, H. Noertman of St. Louis; McGregor and Rollens of Hooker, Mo., and

George G. Barbour of East St. Louis. Mr. Barbour has been at Piney river since last fall on account of ill health and has spent his time building Piney lodge, where he intends to entertain his many friends from St. Louis and East St. Louis



This is George G. Barbour's Piney Lodge on the Big Piney near Dry Creek in 2011. See Gary Knehans's article about the 100 year history of this lodge and club in the 2003 *Old Settlers Gazette*.

during the summer.

**October 30, 1904**

**Outing on the Gasconade**

President George Stumm of the Two O'Clock Club; John W. Brandon, secretary and treasurer; lay members Albert Wise and Al Kaufman, have returned after a week of pleasant sport at Brandon's bungalow, above Arlington, on the Gasconade. It happened at this outing that no wildcats were encountered, but a terrible "dumb bull" made one night hideous with its wild and weird wails, nearly scaring Al Kaufman to death.

"One night we all but Mr. Wise, who was not feeling well, went up through the woods to a little sociable at Judge Harvey's house. Brandon and I went in the rough, but Kaufman, he put on his 'biled' shirt, standing collar and patent leather shoes, like a young fellow off to a mashing bee. One of

the country boys had rigged up what they call out in the Ozark country a 'dumb bull.' The name is a misnomer, for the freak makes more noise than a flock of bulls. The 'dumb bull' is constructed in this manner: A piece of rawhide buckskin, like a drum head, is stretched tight over the top of an empty keg. Before putting the skin on the constructor takes a needle and draws several horse hairs through the skin. A button is attached to the hairs at the inner ends, and then the buckskin is hooped on tight over the opening in the top of the keg. The hairs are resined like unto the bow of the fiddle, when the thumb and finger are drawn down with one or more hairs held tightly between them, then all sorts of wild and weird sounds are produced.

"Well, a good manipulator of one of these dumb bulls was concealed

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along our pathway over to Judge Harvey's, and as we were passing he touched his machine up and of all the hair-raising screeches, groans and hideous howls that came out of the shadows I never heard before! Sam exclaimed, 'What's that?' That was enough for Kaufman. He darted forward, pushing young Harvey into a clump of bushes in his mad rush and was off in the lead by lengths. There was just a streak of Kaufman seen bobbing in and out through the patches of moonlight that fell like silver blots upon our pathway.

"Well, in charity I will draw the curtain on the Kaufman sprint. Suffice to say it was the grandest burst of speed ever witnessed in Pulaski County, state of Missouri. We had all the sport in duck and squirrel shooting that we cared for. Mallards and teal were in evidence all the week, and we bagged lots of the beautiful birds.

**November 13, 1904  
Ozark Echoes.**

John Cook, the village blacksmith, and Perry Andres, the sportsman's friend, entered into a gigging contest last Thursday night. The man who forges the harpoons won the honors. The big fish hunted their holes when they saw the flaming torches of the giggers. Perry's spear was hoodooed and the boat in which he navigated would not gee. It was a haw craft.

The waters of the Big Piney and Gasconade are very low and so clear that game fish seek the depths and the cover that none but they and the well informed sportsman are aware of. It requires cunning and skill to get the big bass in these tiers now

Andres, Courson and the well-informed fishermen and hunters' outfitters here recommend down-river trips for the fishermen now, the

deeper the water the more game fish will be caught by those who angle for sport.

Pop Fuller, the old sportsman and manager of the Jerome club, just across the Gasconade from Arlington, has a kick coming on account of the prevalence of carp in the peerless Gasconade. "I never

feel like cussing until one of those meddlesome importations, known as German crappie, get to rooting up the shore line and even interfering with a good, live minnow when I am fishing for the kind of fish we look for out this way. The waters of the Gasconade are putting some ginger into the sluggish mud fish



Jerome Hunting and Fishing Club. Manager Pop Fuller is on the left. Courtesy of John Bradbury.



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and it may be that in time they will rank with a hog molly, the little mottled stone roller of the Ozark streams.

Ed Strawhorn of the Gasconade Inn, one of the enterprising sportsmen and good fellows of Arlington, is contemplating a scheme that, if consummated, will open a new field for sport and recreation out here in peaceful valley.

Glover Courson, who piloted Messrs. J. F. Randall and J. Gallup, Jr., up and down the Big Piney, says that when he ran into a great flock of wild turkeys near Miller's Springs the thoroughbred old sportsman forbid anyone to shoot or molest the big bronze birds. It was two days prior to the open season. Glover says: "Mr. Randall remarked: "Boys I and my friend have never violated knowingly a game law and we do not care to begin now." Notwithstanding the party got five fine young turkeys at Devils Elbow where the season was two days old. All honor to Messrs. Randall and Gallup: they deserved the trophies.

Brother Joe Todd, the wild cat hunter and all round sportsman of Newburg, has opened the quail season with the biggest bag of birds of all the hot sportsmen of the hottest town in Phelps county.

### Turkey from Big Piney.

J. T. Randall and J. Gallup, Jr., of St. Louis, old-time fishermen and hunters of this part of the country, came in Thursday with a fair catch of fish and three fine wild turkeys. The bronze birds were prime specimens of the Ozark birds that are so dear to the hearts of all sportsmen. The party killed four in all, but feasted on one in camp. Mr. Randall says that they heard lots of quail calling in the evenings along the river bottoms. Squirrels, the gentlemen claim, were everywhere in evidence and the giggering parties were taking advantage of the low clear water to kill the buffalo and red horse, but none of them were adept enough to shoot the harpoon into the wary black bass, although an occasional jack salmon was prodded with the big spears of the natives. It is a most picturesque scene when several boats illuminated with gasoline torches are sighted moving to and fro on the river in the lurid glare that even lights up the bluffs along the shores. "This giggering business looks easy enough," say the old city fishermen, "but it takes an expert even to hit the slowest fish that swims."

Another party from St. Louis came down the river on Wednesday after a two weeks' outing up Big Piney with but a few fish but full of enthusiasm over the beautiful

autumn scenery and the feast they enjoyed on game of different species. The quartet of sportsmen consisted of Frank V. Brecht, Charles V. Brecht, Fred Volkening and Otto Freudenstein, all of St. Louis and annual visitors to the Big Piney. In speaking of the outing, Mr. Frank Brecht, speaking for the whole party, said:

"We are as well satisfied as if we had caught a barrel of bass and other game fish. We could have caught a great many more if we had gone down the Gasconade, but we love the scenery up the Piney and were not out to beat records in catching the gamey denizens of that famous stream. Recreation and rest was what we most needed and we got all we needed. We had plenty of ducks and squirrels to eat at all times—in fact so many of them that we will be content to tackle the good old flat beefsteaks when we reach the city. We had beautiful weather and fully appreciated every hour of our sojourn amidst the splendid mountain scenery, the pure waters and the bracing atmosphere."

### Rod and Gun Notes.

Frank Graham reports plenty of quail in the Spring Creek alley, while the squirrels are numerous in the timber. There are some proud old show gobblers or their grandsons still at large along the Piney back in the hills and down in

the valleys up his way.

Mr. Croff Ousley, the scientific farmer of the Big Piney region has a lot of domesticated wild turkeys that he will send out alive to some St Louis friends for Thanksgiving. Mr. Ousley is a grandpa, but he still has the old-time hunter spirit in him. He don't look it, but he used to kill deer on Big Piney long before the war. He don't use that hair dye he recommends to younger fellows than himself.

Ed Strawhun of the Gasconade Inn is a daylight gigger of high degree, but the wind either blows too hard when he goes out or the fish hide. Even the leather carp and the "rubber necks" run when his gondola glides down the current like an autumn leaf just dropped from the tree.

The wood rats are as full of mischief as tamed crows. They will, as winter approaches, take up their headquarters in lofts of barns and garrets of houses that are not used, steal all the knives and spoons they can get hold of and canter about over the rafters, making as much noise as a flock of monkeys. Hunting the wood rat is often done by natives of the Ozarks right inside their dwellings. They take their old long rifles, and when the rats stop at a certain place shoot through the ceiling, and usually kill the frolicsome rodents.



Giggering as a family affair on the Big Piney River, 1909.



The camp of a group of Cabool businessmen near Moab on the Big Piney River. Locals floated the river, too. Written in the margin of this Kodak is "oil in jug." Hmm.

This sampling of the hunting and fishing (mostly fishing) news of our area's two premier rivers, the Gasconade and the Big Piney, is intended to give a wide view of the activities of the urban sportsmen who came to Phelps and Pulaski counties. It may also seem that their main intent was to exploit the wild game. It is true that they harvested huge amounts of game, at least compared to our experience, which, along with market or commercial hunting, led to the decline of wildlife populations. However, the true sportsmen (a self-described term) did evolve and embraced a conservation ethic to stem the decline.

As Lynn Morrow observed, "the codes defined a true sportsman as one who did not trespass, shoot non-game birds or take more game or fish than he could use. And, true sportsmen destroyed illegal traps and nets."

It was the urban sportsmen who sought licensing, limits, and legislation regarding wildlife—not the folks in the hills.

The sportsmen tourists, along with the railroad and sporting publications, popularized the

Ozarks for outdoor leisure activities. With the coming of the automobile and better roads, there was a boom in the number of resorts in Old Pulaski to accompany and ultimately replace the hunting and fishing club houses. By the mid-1930s, there were more than two dozen resorts on the Gasconade and Big Piney in Phelps and Pulaski counties.



Most float trips ended as this one at Mossy Springs on the Gasconade. Dr. Bland Pippin and friends load the heavy wooden boats onto wagons for the overland return trip. Courtesy of William Eckert.

**Lynn Morrow** did the initial survey of the "Rod and Gun" columns in the *St. Louis Globe Democrat* from 1896 through 1913. His descriptive index and copies of articles enabled **Terry Primas** to select content of interest related to our area. Primas transcribed the articles and provided additional illustrative material.

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