

Schlict's Mill In 1903

Much has been written of historic Schlict's Mill, located between Crocker and Richland. But the "Old Settlers' Gazette" has located a small newspaper supplement from 1903 that was published to promote the mill as a "popular summer resort, beautifully located on the Gasconade River."

Although written in golden prose, the account still affords some sepia images of Schlict's Mill as it was right after the turn of the century.

In attempting to describe the beauty spots to be found in this grand old county of ours, or to set forth the natural advantages which surround us on all sides, one only needs be a master hand at word painting. Those who are acquainted with the surrounding country will agree with us in this statement. Where else will you find so many natural advantages of all descriptions as in Pulaski county! The comparatively mild climate the year round, the heat of summer being in a measure broken by the cool breezes which are to be found in this altitude, and the winter being with but few exceptions so mild that stock is permitted to range the year round without suffering.

It is our purpose in this issue, however, to deal solely with the scenic aspect of one portion of our county, which upon seeing it, causes one to wonder at the marvelous beauties presented to the eyes of the beholder...

Here you will find the hills, the rugged grandeur of which cannot be surpassed, and the valley, with its open fields, the lighter green of its covering in contrast to the surrounding forest give a picture of light and shade long to be remembered. Nor is this all. Springs of clear, pure water, caves with their suggestive though hidden mysteries, the Gasconade flowing like a dark blue ribbon through banks lined on either side with forests and filled with numerous variety of fish, making it a fishing stream par excellence. All this gives but a faint idea of what may be seen on a visit to the home of John A. Schlicht, located about 2 and half miles southeast of Swedeborg.

Leaving the train at Schlicht's Station on the Frisco, one is but little prepared for the beauties which await him, and almost wonders what in the world ever made him come in the first place, but such thoughts never come the second time, for from the moment of starting on the three-quarter mile drive to their home the attention is

NOT TO BE CONFUSED with Schlict's Mill in the story, this was **STOUTLAND ROLLER MILLS**, operated by G. F. Schlicht and son. Depicted on a postcard that was postmarked "Stoutland, Mo., April 6, 11 A.M., 1910.

(Supplied by John F. Bradbury).



Waynesville's 1903 Fourth Of July

By an unknown author

The writer spent the 4th at Waynesville, and among other things on the program, Judge Joe Mc Gregor made a nice talk in the forenoon after which the audience was dismissed until 1 o' clock.

The rain put somewhat of a damper on the occasion and must have drowned out the Waynesville String band and brass band also as they failed to put in an appearance. The lemonade and ice cream stands seemed to have a dull time of it, owing doubtless to the cool weather. Your writer looked all around for someone to tell him they had more grub than they knew what to do

with, but finally concluded it would be more in accordance with the scripture to go to Mrs. Black's hotel. After we had eaten a bounteous dinner we found Sam Mc Millan in the court house yard with enough dinner for ten men, and only one trying to eat it all. That was Charley Mitschele.

At one o' clock the program was again taken up. Dan Johnson read the Declaration of Independence in a loud, clear voice that every one could easily hear. Judge Mc Gregor made a fine talk on the importance of the day to the American people. At the close of the speaking as your scribe and Judge Curtis were sitting on the speaker's stand talking of Valley Forge and the certain condition the colonies were in

at that time, we were startled by a succession of screams which we at first thought was the eagle screaming. Then came what we supposed to be heavy thunder. On looking in the direction of the noise, we saw that the black feathered eagle had attacked the red feathered eagle and they were locked in deadly combat, and no less than six eagles were in the combat before it ended. What we supposed was thunder was the father of the black feathered eagle directing the battle. After peace had been restored we thought we saw blood all over the ground, but upon closer examination it proved to be red hair. And they played ball and adjourned sine die.

invited by what is seen. Leaving the railroad the road begins almost at once to drop from under the wheels of your vehicle and in attempting to stay on it, you are led down a long, steep grade which apparently has no end. It is but a few moments, however, until you begin to watch the panorama as it is unfolded, and you soon cease to care whether it has or not. Through occasional clearings one can get a glimpse of the valleys below and hills beyond and before one can decide which view is the most perfect he has reached the bottom of the hill and there is spread before his vision the masterpiece of all.

Nestled in a valley, on either side

of which rise with a gradual slope hills to the height of about 300 feet, are evidences of 27 years of unremitting toil expended by Mr. Schlicht, and in later years his son, Charles. What was originally a small forest clearing with only a small grist mill into which (to quote Mr. Schlicht), the former owner could dump a couple of bushels of corn in the morning and then hunt squirrels all day and return in the evening to attend the last of the grinding, has given way to a fully equipped, modern roller mills, complete in every detail even to its own machine shop where broken parts are repaired or new ones made. This mill may be operated by two separate and distinct sources of power. One

being a series of three turbine wheels set in a beautiful artificial lake which receives its water supply from an immense spring in the side of the hill. The other being a modern automatic, upright engine which furnishes power to run at a capacity of 75 bbls. per day. The mill is now in charge of Charles Schlicht and he is a busy man keeping up with the large orders which they constantly receive.

In addition to the mill Mr. Schlicht has established a general store in which he carries an ample stock of goods to supply almost any want of the surrounding country. The post office is also located here which in addition to his other duties keeps him



constantly engaged from morning until night.

The chief charm of the place, however, for outsiders is the Schlicht club house, the fame of which is by no means local. This ideal summer resort is built upon the bank of an artificial lake which is supplied from a spring near by. The building is a three-room frame cottage, located in a beautiful grove, which affords shade the entire day. It is furnished inside with every convenience that could be wished for. Two commodious bedrooms with cots to accommodate 20 to 30 persons. A large dining room well furnished with linen and table ware compose the main building, while about 40 feet distance is a separate building for kitchen usage. This is fully equipped with utensils of all kinds and is modern in all its appointments. The lake near by is used as a fish hatchery and is stocked with numerous varieties of fish including bass, German carp, etc. This would be the ideal place to fish, were it allowed, as one could sit on the club house veranda and in a short time pull out enough to satisfy even the most ardent fishermen, as hundreds of the fish may be seen swimming in the clear waters of this lake. These fish eventually find their way to the river through an outlet provided

for that purpose and are then the legitimate prey of the many who frequent the river there. Upon the river which is about 200 or 300 feet distant from the club house are five row boats which are for the time being the property of the party leasing the house. These boats are seldom idle as those who come to spend a short vacation usually make the most of their time.

The privilege of the club house and grounds has been leased by Mr. Schlicht to the Frisco railroad, and so great is the popularity of this resort that the house is seldom if ever empty. We were informed by Mr. Schlicht that the place had been rented in advance to a late date in October. Even after the fishing season closes the place is occupied by hunting parties attracted by the small game with which the forest abounds. Certainly no better nor more beautiful place could be found to escape the heat and dust of the large cities than is afforded in this place. It has to be seen to be appreciated, as words are powerless to describe its attractions.

Mr. Schlicht's private residence is a large and commodious frame structure built upon the summit of the western hill and commands a view of the entire surrounding country. While no attempt has been made towards

elegance in its appointments, it would be hard to find a more perfectly arranged home than is his. Large airy rooms, with ample light and with cool breezes constantly blowing, a well kept lawn with rustic benches, and beautiful flowers form a surrounding which might well be envied by any man. Added to this view presented of the country below from the forests on the north to the river on the south, including the artificial lakes and surroundings of the mill and club house, one cannot soon forget the scene.

A word as to the personality of the man whose energy and perseverance has perfected the natural advantages offered here. Mr. Schlicht came from the east soon after the close of the war and his first location was at Lebanon. His financial condition at that time as stated by himself was covered by the sum of \$28, \$25 of which he said he owed to other parties. Being a mill wright by trade he at once became identified with the milling interests of Lebanon and resided there until 1876 when he purchased part of what is now his home. The entire time since that has been devoted to the improvement of and the adding to his interests there until he has reached his present prosperous condition. One can hardly conceive of the amount of labor

expended in those years unless the place is seen in its present condition and a look taken back to the days when that same spot was all wild land. Of late years, Mr. Schlicht has had an able assistant in his son Charles, who has taken active part in the work from the time he was old enough to do so, and now has complete charge of the mills.

As a businessman he has always been above reproach and John A. Schlicht's word is as good as his bond anywhere. As a personal friend, when one has gained that honor, he has the qualities which improve with long acquaintance. Bluff, out-spoken, jolly and with a heart as big as the mill pond, he finds nothing at which he will stop to entertain or cause pleasure to his guests. As may be imagined this has drawn to him a large circle of acquaintances and it is the exception rather than the rule to find him without some of them around him. His wife and daughter-in-law, formerly Miss Lizzie Consodine of this city, are just such ladies as would be expected as mistresses of so congenial a home, and much of the family success is due to their influence and assistance. Fortunate indeed is the one enrolled upon their list of friends and permitted to visit them at their beautiful home.

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