

We thought we would bring you another installment of some vintage outdoor sporting news. The Gasconade and Big Piney rivers were favorite hunting and fishing destinations for sportsmen, particularly from St. Louis, in the early decades of the 20th century. They came first to Old Pulaske by train, taking horse and wagon rides to their chosen resorts and rivers. As roads improved beginning in the mid-1920s, automobiles increased the tourist travel.

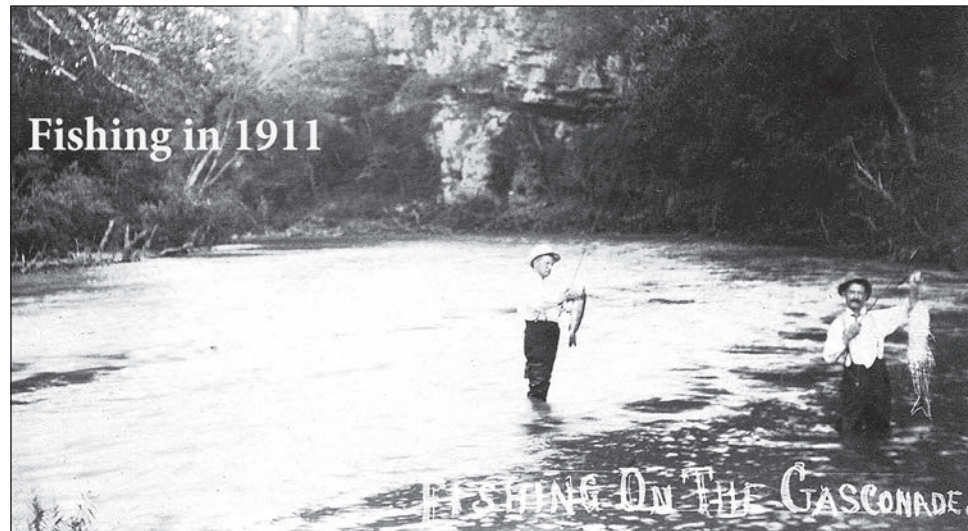
Fishing conditions, game status, and sportsmen's activities were covered in the "Rod and Gun" column of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, edited by E. T. Grether. Local conditions and news came to Editor Grether by mail from outfitters and sportsmen in the Ozarks.

Thanks to **Lynn Morrow** for digging up these outdoor items from the past.

June 11, 1911

St. Louis Globe-Democrat

C. N. Huber, well known sportsman of Jerome, Mo., sends the following letter to the Globe-Democrat: "Dear Mr. Grether—While reading your interesting article about the man who wanted to fish in the good old-fashioned way, I thought



it advisable to say that right here, at good old Jerome, Mo., we can deliver the goods. The angler can write to me and I will see that his wife and family are as well cared for as though at home, while the head of the family and his friends in the party can have their boats and camp outfit put on wagons and hauled from nine to forty-five miles, as they may select, and they can float back from the Big Piney or Upper Gasconade to within two minutes' walk of their starting point, where the wife and family are waiting to welcome them and tell of their own experiences and as good a time as the angler enjoyed on the float. I am glad to inform Rod and Gun readers that we have such a

place at Jerome, 124 miles from St. Louis in the Ozarks on the Frisco road, only ten minutes' walk from the train, and I will venture the prediction that those who make the trip will not regret that they got the idea from the Rod and Gun columns of the Globe-Democrat.

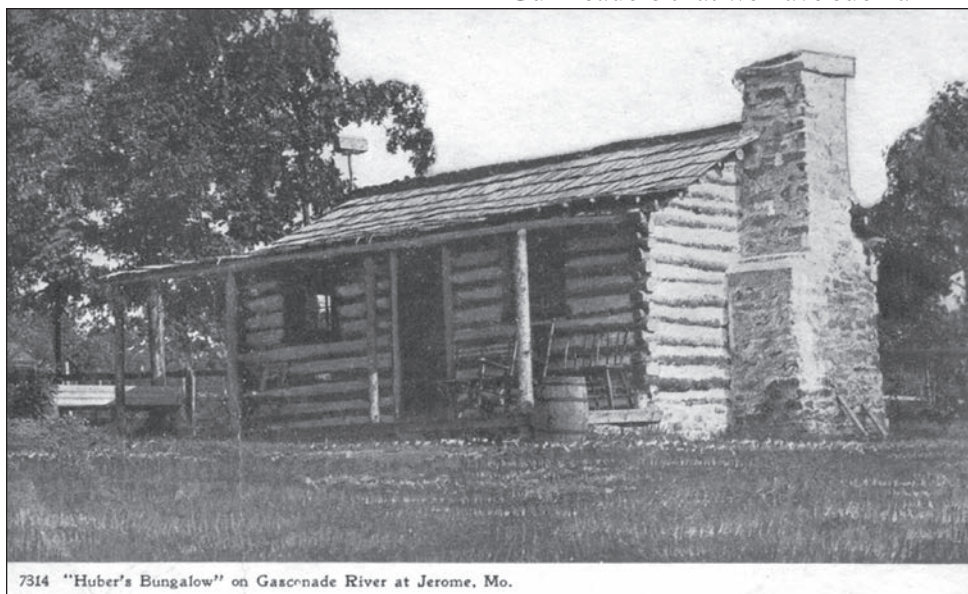
June 25, 1911

St. Louis Globe-Democrat

George D. Perkins of the Third National and a party of friends are spending a ten days' vacation catching big bass at Schlicht's Mill, Mo. at Forest Lodge, on the Gasconade River. This place is one mile from Schlicht's Station, on the Frisco [rail] road, 150 miles from St. Louis, and is an ideal spot for a vacation. Supplies can be obtained at a store nearby, and also milk, butter, meat, eggs and oth-

er camp food secured. Many springs of purest water abound, several being within a few feet of the lodge. Fishing is generally good, and guides, boats and minnows can be secured at reasonable rates. Mr. Charles Schlicht, postmaster, will furnish information to sportsmen who wish to inquire about this place.

Billy Moore says the Angler's Club had the best trip they ever enjoyed on their recent visit to the Piney River, where they were the guests of the Devil's Elbow Club, whose members they met while making a trip last fall when floating down the Piney past the clubhouse. [This trip was chronicled in last year's Gazette.] At that time the angler's party was invited ashore to have a drink—of ice water, of course, answered Billy Moore to an inquiry. The Devil's Elbow Clubhouse is a most complete and comfortable affair, with good beds, well-screened porches and windows, good boats and well-kept and fenced grounds about it. At that time the anglers showed so many nice fish in their watch that the Devil's Elbow boys at once welcomed them as real anglers who knew their business, and they were invited to later become their guests. As a consequence a party composed of F. E. Jacobs, W. W. Willis, W. T. Moore and "Big Noise" Tom S. Warnack, with Billy



Charles N. Huber bought the club house of the old Jerome Hunting and Fishing Club, adding a number of two and three-room cottages on the grounds. The post card above features the log bungalow "where convivial souls get together in the evenings." The reverse side of the card bears the message "Miss M. Doyle, St. Louis, Mo.—Dear Mary, I am having the best time of my life at Jerome. Every day I go in the river and splash. Mr. Huber's big collie got shot because it killed 29 sheep in a night.—Frank W. Courtesy of John Bradbury.



L to R Harvey Shelden of Hooker paddles Louis Wilde, Conrad Reeb, and George Barbour of Piney Lodge. Harvey was "one of the best woodsmen" the St. Louis sportsmen ever met. He guided fishing float trips and also maintained several Big Piney River club houses such as Piney Lodge and the Devils Elbow Club. Courtesy of Sharlotte Shelden Smith.

Moore as treasurer of the Angler's Club, were joined by Gus Hubener of the Goddard Grocery Company and Marcus Cleary, a real estate dealer, the two latter being of the Devil's Elbow Club, and completing the party bound for the promised land of fishing repute. They left the train at Dixon and drove twelve miles, across the Gasconade steel bridge, and across the Piney twice, to get to the clubhouse. The road was good all the way and very attractive, as it wound through the mountains and shady dells, till they reached the club, where they were met by Harvey Shelton [Shelden], their guide, one of the best woodsmen they ever met. He knows every nook in the river, can handle a boat to perfection, his hearing was remarkable, always exactly locating the noise of big frogs, which enabled him to point out the precise spot where they were, so Jacobs should shoot them with his rifle. On the last day of the outing he took Jake and Cleary down the Piney and up the Gasconade to the steel bridge, where they met the others in the party and showed them fifteen small-mouth bass caught on the trip from 4 o'clock

p.m. till dark. He then left them and paddled back to the clubhouse, near which his farm is located. The Piney River is low, but in fine condition. The fish are off their spawning beds and hitting the black flies viciously. Black flies and Hildebrandt spinners proved effective, and they tried nothing else, as everybody caught fish with them.

"Big Noise" Warnack caught a 4-pound small-mouth bass, the biggest of the entire catch. Ellis and Warnack were in charge of the culinary department, while the others washed the dishes and played porter. The party brought home fifty bass and thirty big frogs. Their last dinner was served at Shanghai Springs, in honor of which they cooked five fat yellow-leg chickens, along with fresh vegetables, fish and eggs, enough to stagger an ordinary eater to carry it, excepting when aided by a prodigious appetite produced by exercise and the invigorating Ozark ozone.

A telephone at the clubhouse was giving six long rings one evening which is a well-recognized alarm call for all subscribers in that territory. Tom Warnack sang into the receiver

"The Irish Jubilee," which Bill Moore says "has about 100 verses," and the phone subscribers kept calling for more songs nearly all night. Bill Ellis said the Devil's Elbow clubhouse is the most complete he ever beheld out in the wilds; all they had to do was fish, cook, eat and wash dishes. When the party left, F. E. Jacob prepared the following acknowledgment, which was put in a rustic frame and hung in the clubhouse:

"Grateful Acknowledgment to Two Members of His Satanic Majesty's Elbow—The undersigned, in appreciation of an invitation eagerly accepted, and gratefully acknowledge, hereby desire to extend heartfelt thanks, and to reciprocate, the members of the Anglers' Club, the ones whose names are attached below, and the absent ones, God bless them, extend the same cordial invitation to the members of the Devil's Elbow to join us at our clubhouses, but bear in mind, gentlemen, the clubhouses of the angels are on the gravel bars of all Ozark streams, the roof of our clubhouses is the canopy of heaven; our lullaby, the winds through the pines; our music, the ripple of the water; but still, gentlemen, you are welcome; more than welcome."

W. T. Moore, T. S. Warnack,
W. W. Ellis, F. E. Jacobs.

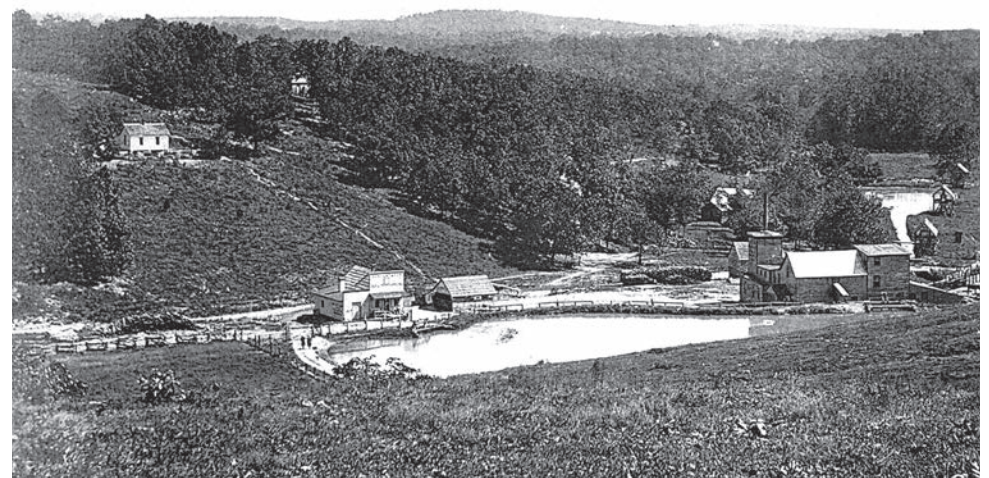
August 13

John Schlicht wrote his first letter to "Rod and Gun," as he had promised E. T. Grether some time before that he would. It described some of the amenities at his resort on the Gasconade.

Now, Mr. Grether, you see I have kept my promise to write, and if you know of any of your friends who want a nice outing place, I can arrange for them a cottage if they will call on Jack Hennessey at 703 Olive Street, and let me know in time to see they are cared for. There are two cottages to be had, which will accommodate fifteen people each, and everything can be secured here to make camp life enjoyable, including supplies of any kind, milk, butter, eggs, groceries, fishing tackle, boats and guides; a Post Office to send and receive daily mail is another convenience. These two cottages are provided with cots, bedding, chairs, stoves, dishes, utensils, etc. Guides charge \$1.25 per day; steel boats, 50 cents; wooden boats, 35 cents; minnows \$1 a hundred. A cook can be hired at from 75 cents to \$1.80 per day, according to the size of the party. The nights are very cool and the days also pleasant. Forest Lodge is located on the upper Gasconade River, where many springs of purest water abound, several within a few feet of the lodge. Schlicht Station, on the Frisco, is 150 miles from St. Louis.



Tourists from St. Louis were so numerous traveling to Schlicht Mill and the adjacent Cave Lodge that the Frisco added a stop and built a mini-depot, called "the shed," on the railroad. The rail stop was 5 miles southwest of Crocker with a one-mile wagon ride to the resort. In 1912, the rail stop was renamed Templar Park Station by the Frisco in response to the plans of the Missouri Knights Templar to build encampment grounds near Schlicht.



This is Schlicht Mill and resort, circa 1913. In the center is the spring-fed lake used by novice anglers to practice casting. The building on the left side of the lake is the store and post office. The original mill is on the right. Forest Lodge and rental cabins, one of which is visible, were located on the hill. Courtesy of Lynn Morrow.