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### INFORMATION

If you desire information of any kind about the Ozark region, or about any place in southern Missouri, write to the Chamber of Commerce in the locality in which you are interested. Managers of Chambers of Commerce are an obliging group. Any one of them will be glad to hear from you and will give you dependable information. If there is no such organization in the town to which you write your letter will be turned over to some reliable citizen who will be glad to tell you what you want to know. People in and around the Ozarks are good natured and want to be helpful to any one asking about their part of Missouri.

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### THIS BOOK FOR SALE

This book can be had from the author, postpaid, for fifty cents per copy. But it is for sale in most business centers in the Ozarks and nearby communities at that price. Buy from your local dealer if he has the book. If not, write to me for it.

Richard Gear Hobbs  
331 North 14th Street  
Manhattan, Kansas

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# Glamorland—

## The Ozarks

*Third in a Glamor Series*

●  
*First Edition*  
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By RICHARD GEAR HOBBS, Ph. D.

*Cover Design by Mrs. Annie Hobbs Woodcock*

looks like something let down from heaven, filled brim full of peace and contentment for the humble folk who dwell there.

The Alps dazzle you. The Rockies affright you. But the Ozarks just take you in their arms, cradle you, soothe you and give you peace.

And the uncountable silver springs, and rills, and rivers never cease their flowings.

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### An Amazing Lake

B The Lake of the Ozarks, placid, blue, unlike any other in the world, lies in a deep bed in the south half of Missouri. High wooded hills line its amazing long shoreline, and cool their toes at its bottom, half a hundred feet below its quiet surface. It is man-made, so people say, but is it? No one knows how long the Osage river toiled to plow out its tortuous bed. Maybe it worked away a million years or longer, gouging out the clay of the hills and sending downstream a billion tons of it to help fill up the arm of the Gulf of Mexico which used to stretch up to where Cairo, in Illinois, now hides behind her massive dikes, and holds her breath in fear when floods are high.

When the clay was eaten away the Osage began to gnaw at the rocks it found under the clay, and chewed away on them for nobody knows how many centuries. As the long years rolled by its bed sank deeper, and the wooded crests of the sentinel hills seemed to the little stream farther and farther up in the sky, as it writhed onward in its twisting fashion, heading in turn toward every point of the compass as it worked and fretted forward. When it could not eat its way through a hill it gnawed its way around it, and that is why it was so crooked. Its task, which maybe it did not understand very well, we now know, was to dig deep a bed for the Lake of the Ozarks, no matter what got in its way, no matter how long it might take to finish the job.

It was necessary to keep the river alive while its work was being done, so Mother Nature, who is always helping in worthwhile tasks, made a million, or a billion, tiny channels in the soil so the rains could drop down to where springs are born. And the springs fed the river, kept it strong for its task,

as it worked through uncounted centuries till the job was done. The deep lake bed finally was ready.

One day a dreamer of dreams came riding by from somewhere. Men called him an engineer, but he was really a dreamer of dreams. He had a vision of a huge and steadfast dam that would halt the stream and give it a chance to lie down in its deep bed and rest awhile after its long ages of toil. He imagined turbines, power, electricity, though neither he nor any one else knows what that is. But the dreamer did know it could be turned into a million lights for homes, and factories and city streets.

So the dam was built, and there is the lake in all its beauty. The lights were kindled, and how they do shine in big towns and little towns, in big houses and little houses, and there along the curving shores of the lake itself. If the clouds shut out the stars in the sky the clear depths of the quiet lake still have stars in them, reflections of the lights along the shore.

A "man-made" lake? Man does wonderful things when he takes Dame Nature as his partner, when he turns in and helps her complete the thing she has so wonderfully begun. The men who finished up the Lake of the Ozarks did a fine job, and should be remembered for it, especially by the thousands who drive out every summer along those ribbons of delight we call highways, to reach the Lake of the Ozarks, one of the chief adornments of Glamorland, walk beside it, and play, and rest, and dream awhile where it lies among its high hills, and makes one think of Lake Lucerne, in Switzerland, or Magiore, blue and beautiful, under the skies of northern Italy.

Bagnell Dam, at the foot of the Lake of the Ozarks, is about half way between St. Louis and Kansas City, just a few miles south of a straight line drawn from one of these towns to the other, and only a pleasant morning drive from either. It is no pigmy. It rises 148 feet from the bedrock on which it rests. On its broad top is spread half a mile of U. S. Highway 54. The dam is both high and long.

The head of this curious, fascinating, winding, twisting lake which squirms about on the map like a Chinese dragon, is—well—suppose a man starts out some day by water to find that head. Let us say he likes to paddle a canoe, if his early



education was not neglected. Maybe he would like to turn explorer and try his hand on the Lake of the Ozarks. Call him John Smith even if his name is something else.

John does not know how far it is to the head of the lake and does not want to be told. It's a man-made lake, isn't it? Guesses he can go to the end of it and back in three or four days and find out for himself what it is all about.

There are plenty of boats for rent there just above the dam. Among them John finds a fine, light canoe, just to his liking, and with it a cedar paddle fragrant with the smell of the woods, and of just the right weight. He starts out Monday morning after a good breakfast in the little town at the south end of the dam, where there are many attractive looking tourist cottages and inviting places in which to eat.

John is not in any particular hurry. He has come out of the rumble and roar of a big city, for awhile, to the clear air of the hills. On his trip up the lake he travels light. No use taking supplies of any kind, for he has learned there are cabins, commercial camps and commodious resorts all along the wooded shores, where friendly doors are open for all comers, where good food and comfortable beds are to be had, for a day, or a month, as the tourist pleases.

John plans to paddle leisurely, say not more than five or six hours a day. Surely the round trip could be made by Friday if he went at it that way.

As he left the commodious dock a power boat shot away like an arrow from a bow, and soon put-putted itself out of sight around a high shore hill. Evidently the lake had the latest in speed boats. On his right was the Holiday House, an attractive modern hotel looking down on the waterscape, with the Casino near by.

On both sides of the water high steep shore hills rose clear in the morning sunshine, doubled by the lake's unruffled breast. The paddler had canoed on many a lake, but never where quietness and peace were more dominant and real. The very substance of everything was restfulness. He dropped harassments and forgot the world. He felt he had come to the right place to get all the cobwebs out of his head.

Within an hour as he skirted the shore, far down in the water he saw a fish as long as his arm, or longer. It was a huge channel catfish, a sort which grows to great size in this

lake. It made him itch to go fishing, and he said he would as soon as he got to where he could rent suitable tackle for such whoppers.

The shore line was very irregular, a succession of deep indentations, coves that looked inviting to a fisherman or camper, but John kept steadily on, drinking in the restfulness of the quiet, peaceful day till its soothing influence got clear inside of him. Then the lake branched. Should he turn right or left? A map in his pocket would tell him, but the pocket was in his coat, and the coat was up in the bow of the canoe. Why not experiment and, by exploring, find out for himself which was the main channel? He turned to the right.

The sun was half way across the sky when he reached Gravois Mills, one of the chief points on the lake. He learned it was along there somewhere Colonel Pike's Expedition had camped on its way to Colorado where the venturing Colonel got a mountain named after him, Pike's Peak.

But John found he had run up a blind alley, for that arm of the lake ended right there. He was hungry and got a hearty lunch including, to his surprise, fried mountain trout. When he learned the trout came from a few miles down the shore, where ponds were stocked with them, and where for a few cents they would let you fish for them and catch what you wanted, he streaked it for his canoe and went fishing.

He got interested in catching trout, and in various things about the place, until the afternoon began to wane. He started on but did not get far till he came to an attractive place, and pulled his canoe up on Sunrise Beach. He concluded to have the trout he had caught cooked for his supper and go no farther till morning. He had had one fine day.

That night brought peaceful slumber as a pleasant breeze from the lake kept him cool till morning. His muscles were a little sore when he came out to breakfast, for, until the day before, he had not wielded a paddle for a half dozen years. One's muscles get flabby in an office.

John did not start off very early, and the sun was straight overhead as he rounded Osage Beach and came to Pla-Port, where a genial host made him very welcome, and saw to it that he got a good lunch. He was a little curious as to the progress he had made toward Warsaw, the town at the head of the lake.

"How far am I from Bagnell Dam, Mr. Kelly?"

"Oh, about a half dozen miles as the crow flies."

"A half dozen! But I paddled hours yesterday! Have they moved the dam?"

"No, but you see the lake is a little crooked. It changes its mind every little while as to the direction it wants to go, and that makes it long. To be exact—"

"No, no, don't tell me how long it is. I am going to find out for myself."

John paddled on. He shot his canoe under Grand Glaize bridge which spans an arm of the lake to carry Highway 54, came to the Federal Recreational Area, and spent awhile there and in nosing about the fish hatchery. He got around to the village of Linn Creek in time for evening dinner, then loafed about listening to the stories of old timers who saw the floods of the lake slowly rise until their town was fifty feet under water. The tears of those who had been born in old Linn Creek, and had known no other home in all their lives, must have added appreciably to the floods which filled the bed of the lake. People told of the sorrowful days when old inhabitants refused to sell their homes to the lake company, and begged with tears and tears that the homes of their childhood might be spared. Right there human sentiment and public need had a head-on collision, and human sentiment lost out. Down went the old Osage River village to the bottom of the lake. There it lies today, the playground of fishes, lamented by those who got high prices for their dwelling places, and could, and did, build better walls and roofs on higher ground in the new town with the old name. But they were never reconciled to the drowning of their ancestral roof-trees. Hill people have their sentimental side, and it is easy to sympathize with the old Linn Creekers, for they were mighty sincere in their griefs. But time marches on. The common good is the matter for chief concern among the hills as elsewhere.

Next day, in the delightful coolness of a mountain summer morning, John paddled on till he came to the mouth of Big Niangua. Some one had said he should not fail to see the beauties of that stream, now forming a great arm of the lake stretching miles to the south. He went as far as Ha-Ha-Tonka, a castle crowning a high cliff, where tourists find unusually

fine quarters and wide views of the rolling hills. He passed the dark cedars on the ridges and the hillsides where wood workers get the fragrant material for the clever souvenirs which fill the curio shops around the lake, all of them worth seeing.

When John had finished this side trip, and had passed under the big Hurricane Bridge, his compass told him he was heading a little east of north. That was odd. He thought Warsaw was west. The sun was sliding fast toward the horizon, plainly ready to go to bed. Maybe he had better be looking for a place to rest his weary bones, for he was getting tired. However, he told himself that was good for what ailed him. Back home he had been losing his appetite. Now he was as hungry as a bear in early spring.

He came to a man fishing in a broad arm of the lake.

"What is that place over there on the left?" he asked the man.

"That's Purvis."

"Good place to stay over night?"

"Sure. Aint any other sort around this lake. On your right, not far over the top of that hill, if you want to hike a bit, you can reach Sunrise Beach."

"But I stayed at Sunrise Beach night before last, and have been travelling away from it ever since."

"Well, you see, stranger, this lake is so long they had to kinda fold it up like to get it all inside the state of Missouri. So it's a little crooked."

"Do you live around here?"

"Sure. Wouldn't live anywhere else. Fishing here is good enough for me. Lemme show you." He held up four good-sized bass and a jack salmon he had caught in less than an hour. "If you are going to stay at Purvis tonight you are welcome to this biggest bass. Will weigh say three pounds, maybe three and a half. They know how to cook fish at Purvis and that will make you a good dinner tonight."

"Well, if that is a specimen of the fish in this lake, and you are a fair sample of the folks that live around here, wouldn't mind living here myself."

John's ravenous appetite did not leave much of that bass on his dinner plate. Lake of the Ozarks bass are sweet and fine. The tired canoeist slept soundly from dark to dawn, and



stepped into his light craft next morning feeling fit, and very much alive. Maybe he could make Warsaw by mid-day. Surely it could not be much farther.

As he started on, the channel got still more twisted. The width of the lake continued about the same, but the lake constantly changed its mind and did not seem to know where it wanted to go. The canoe, gliding ahead smoothly in mid-channel, went south, then north, then south, then north again, and each time for a good long stretch of paddling.

There were fewer cabins and cottages on the shores. John realized he was in the wildest part of the lake, and liked it. There was a lonesomeness that did him good, for he was tired of people, sick of crowding people, and the wilderness soothed him.

He saw a pair of wood duck swimming near the shore, the most beautiful water fowl in America. A string of half grown ducklings followed the old folks. Plainly there had been a nest for those ducklings in some nearby tree, for wood ducks build their nests in trees.

John stopped his boat to watch a couple of yellow hammers, or yellow flickers, whichever you want to call them. They were interested in a hole, maybe twenty feet from the ground, in the side of an old dead tree. No doubt there had been a nest full of their young at the bottom of that hole earlier in the year. Maybe the pair talked to each other about the vanished youngsters, and wondered if they could make their way in the world without parental oversight. While the canoe floated idly, John noticed bees coming and going in the clear air, following a definite course. He knew there was a bee tree not far away which the little workers were packing full of sweetness against the coming winter's cold. Then he talked out loud.

"Wish I could get away from the grind for a whole summer, and spend it with just the birds, and bees, and wild things of the woods. Wish I could. Maybe I can get back here next summer for that. Maybe."

Then John paddled on. But it was not Warsaw he reached toward sundown. It was Lakeview Heights. There he beached his boat, shouldered his paddle, made his way to a dinner of fried chicken with plenty of trimmings, a restful hour on a breeze-cooled porch and a clean bed which put him to sleep in about fifteen seconds.

"Landlord," said John the next morning to his host, "How far is it to Warsaw?"

"Oh, a dozen miles or so."

"Is that all? I had begun to think they had moved that town over into Kansas. Left Bagnell Dam in a canoe Monday morning, as I told you last night. Expected to make the round trip by today, but here I am not even in Warsaw yet. It's a pretty long lake."

"You ought to know if you have paddled all the way."

"Yes, sir, it's a long lake to be man-made. And the men who put it here made a unique choice when they picked the bed of the Osage river to hold it. There is no danger of their losing any of the impounded water, so long as the everlasting hills guard it."

When John tied up at a Warsaw boat dock, and turned his trim canoe over to a boatman for safe keeping, he was in better physical trim than he had been for a long time.

"How far have I come, Mr. Boatman? I have just paddled up from the Bagnell Dam."

"You have? That's a pretty stiff stunt. The measured channel of the lake is 129 miles long, so the printed pamphlets about this region say. Guess that's about it."

John had discovered how long the Lake of the Ozarks really is. He found Warsaw a pleasant place to be, stayed over Sunday, went to church and heard a good sermon by an alert young preacher, a recent graduate of M. U. and the great Divinity school at Evanston.

Monday morning John started back to the dam. Plenty to see on the return trip. He took the whole week for it, and said, when it was ended, that he had had the greatest canoe cruise of his life, and he had taken many. He had picked out a site for a summer home.

People do fall in love with the Lake of the Ozarks.

### **What Glamorland Owes to the Bagnell Dam**

Just who got behind the dreamer's dream, and why and what does it amount to, anyway?

When one day the Union Electric Company, of St. Louis, turned its eyes toward the setting sun, it saw the color of gold glistening on the crests of the Ozark hills. That is an alluring

color and always calls for closer investigation. Could it be there was "gold in them thar hills?" It was a matter worth looking into, a fascinating question.

So the Company sent some one out to see what that glistering, golden shine might look like at closer range. He must have wandered around the village of old Linn Creek, now buried under fifty feet of water, and around Gravois Mills where clear springs crept out of the hills and ran laughing down to the Osage river squirming along its crooked bed. He must have zig-zagged his way up the tortuous channel of that strangely twisting stream until he reached Warsaw.

Probably he was an engineer, who ran a lot of levels, measured plenty of distances, and then covered reams of paper with tangles of figures. He finally said it could be done. A dam could be built which would back the water up as far as Warsaw, probably beyond, at least forty miles as the crow flies or the bee hums, but three times that far as the river twists and turns. The hills were high and would hold a vast acreage of deep water, not a drop of which could run away save as it passed through the gates and turbines of the dam. Through the ages Nature had gouged out a bed for a huge lake which was now calling for a dam to impound the water of the hills.

A dam meant power. It meant electric current, whatever that is. Nobody knows, and nobody has ever told more than the beginnings of what an electric current can create when directed by human ingenuity. A dam would mean something more than the color of gold. It would mean gold aplenty in the form of sure profits. It would be the equivalent of gold the hills would be holding in their arms when that dam was finished. The hills would be the guardians of stored-up power, and power means almost every material thing man can desire.

So the dam was built. It was built for company profit.

But the ordinary hook-up in the business and industrial world involves something to which most people are as blind as bats. In all fields of legitimate and constructive activity the thing done for the personal advantage of the doer also serves well the interests of many who contribute nothing to the doing of it. It is likely that men big enough to put over so great an enterprise as the Bagnell Dam were not indifferent to the secondary benefits of it to the public which was not directly concerned.

Look at the things, the advantages, which have come to the people of the Ozarks, and to others, from what that company did, for which those receiving and enjoying them have never paid a cent.

First of all, one of the most beautiful water resorts in America. From the Lake of the Ozarks it is 500 miles north-east to a lake of comparable size, and in every other direction much farther than that. For a thousand towns and cities it is the finest they can reach in less than a day's automobile driving.

For tens of thousands of tourists this turquoise lake among the hills of Glamorland is the great summer magnet. In ever growing numbers, save as war may interfere with their movements for a brief period, they wheel out along the highways from farms, villages, towns, cities, in jalopies and limousines. to reach the Lake of the Ozarks, where they can row a boat, drop a baited hook in some quiet cove, camp on an inviting shore, loaf, rest, sleep in one of the numberless fine camps now multiplying everywhere about the lake, or maybe build a summer home on some wooded slope close to the margin of the sky-blue water. They get away from the cares and worries of the daily grind, rest awhile in peace, and go back to work with stronger bodies, clearer heads and merrier hearts. But the lake costs them nothing. They have access to it without fee or obligation of any kind. Possibly they forget that the lake they enjoy so much cost those who built the dam a lot of real money.

Scores of resorts and places of business crowd close to this jewel of Glamorland. They have been wholly created by the lake. Hundreds owe their jobs to the dam, though they never paid a cent of its cost. Rip out the dam, drain the lake down to the old river bed, and their businesses and jobs would float away with the vanishing water.

The beautiful and growing town of Camdenton stemmed from the lake. So did the village of Lake Ozark at the south end of the dam, with plenty of attractive cottages and intriguing shops where you can buy curios and artistic things for the folks back home. Eldon, Versailles, Gravois Mills, Warsaw, will grow as summer camps and cottages increase in number, for the dam is there to stay.

The Lake of the Ozarks adds greatly to the charm of Glamorland. It creates a greater love of beauty in those who



hurry by it, or stop awhile beside its quiet waters, or to enjoy its changing aspects as the seasons come and go. Beauty is a spiritual value which brings inspirational uplift to those who let it have its way with their souls, and the Lake of the Ozarks has added beauty to a region already beautiful enough to charm all lovers of God's great out-of-doors.

The services the Union Electric Company sells for its own profit are too many to be named here, such as kindling lights to illumine thousands of homes, the flooding of radiance into city streets and places where men work, the driving of a million wheels of industry. Things, paid for and unpaid for, are set down here to the credit of the far-seeing men who visioned the dam and lake, and then had the will and the skill to make their dreams come true.

A good way to measure the value of the Bagnell Dam is to estimate what the loss would be, and who would be the losers, if a hostile plane should come along and bomb it into bits. Fortunately that will never happen, but just imagine. It will do no harm to shout a bit for the Electric Company, which is not paying the writer to make these suggestions. The idea is flung at one by the plain facts.

The dam will stand as long as the bedrock lasts to uphold it. The lake sleeps safely amid the hills which stand like sentinels about it. It will never run dry while rains fall and springs run free. The debt Ozarkians owe to the builders is going to last as long as the dam stands and the great lake holds its shining mirror to the sun.

# Towns and Cities