

S&D

REFLECTOR

Published by Sons and Daughters
of Pioneer Rivermen



Vol. 35, No. 4

Marletta, Ohio

December 1998



- FRONT COVER -

The DELTA QUEEN at the Gallipolis, Ohio landing on the morning of September 5, 1998 graces our cover, not a cloud in the sky and with a shimmering reflection on the calm Ohio River.

DELTA QUEEN received an interior and exterior overhaul during her winter layup last spring. Replacement of electrical and the fire sprinkler systems in many areas of the boat required refinishing of the walls and ceilings. Outside, replacement of the upper deck drains and hiding them behind the main deck bulkheads improved the appearance. With a general scrubbing and painting she looks better cared for than for some years.

Oh yes, the stack was replaced with a taller version which this photo shows off to good advantage, we think.

Photo by Fred Rutter.

- LETTERS -

Sirs: The SPIRIT OF DES MOINES may run again. The Des Moines dinner-cruise sternwheeler was declared to be a total loss after sinking on the Center Street Dam in the Des Moines River June 1, 1995. Now owner Mike LaValle, local restaurant operator, is rebuilding her because "I couldn't stand to see her end that way," according to The Des Moines Register, August 13.

C. E. Lamoureux
1064 44th St.
Des Moines, IA 50311

= See September '95 issue for account of the sinking of the 80x17 steel hulled boat. Ed.

* * *

Secretary: On a recent trip to Marietta I discovered past copies of S&D Reflector and feel the need to subscribe. Sign this dried out old westerner up.

Charles R. Campbell
1118 Woodford Ave.
Fort Collins, CO 80521

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- CONTENTS -

Mack Gamble's SUNSHINE	Pg. 10
The ROARING BULL	Pg. 14
Kahlke Yukon Boats	Pg. 16
Carpenter Recollections	Pg. 20
A DELTA QUEEN First	Pg. 33
Obituaries	
Sydney Feilhauer	Pg. 34
Capt. Harry Loudon	Pg. 35
Catherine R. King	Pg. 35

Secretary: May I join S&D? The late Jim Paisley lent me his Reflectors years ago and I especially enjoyed reading the diaries and logs. If I need an ancestor to join, my grandmother's brother, Will Truax, was wharfmaster at Marietta years ago.

Bill Biery
902 Main St.
Wheeling, WV 26003

= Welcome aboard! Jim Paisley was a great S&D recruiter and donated his file of Reflectors to Wheeling College. We still have a Truax or two in Marietta. Ed.

* * *

Sirs: I read with much interest the account of the loss of the REBECCA in the Sept. issue. The illustration of the bridge shows the width of the channel span as 326.5 ft. while the 1922 Jones book shows 349 ft. Was one of the piers moved?

Paul E. Rieger
5031 Westminster Rd.
Sylvania, OH 43560

= Sharp-eyed reader Rieger raises a good point. There were no changes in the pier locations on the B&O bridge; the diagram came from the 1934 edition of the Jones book. For reasons unexplained the horizontal clearance measurements for all bridges seem to have been reduced by 19-25 ft. in the later edition of the book. Looks to be an arbitrary 10 ft. clearance allowance around each pier when giving the channel span measurements. Ed.

* * *

Sirs: It wasn't me! I didn't do it! Wish I could take credit for the beautiful reproduction of the postcard on the back cover of the September issue but I did not supply it. You'll be in trouble with someone.

John Rous
3505 Thompson Dr.
Ashland, KY 41102

= It behoves all editors to keep good records. Thanks Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are. Ed.

* * *

Sirs: I enjoyed Capt. Carpenter's article on his experiences aboard the Str. ISTHMIAN in 1935-36. I, too, was aboard the ISTHMIAN at that time, not on deck with Clare but in the pilothouse as steersman for Captains Byrnside, Price, Dippold, Litton, Nichols and Lindenburn.

Robert Lips
Buffalo Hill Terrace
40 Claremont St., #112-B
Kalispell, MT 59901

= Bob Lips has donated a sign-board from the C. W. TALBOT for the river museum in memory of his late wife, Betty R. Lips. Ed.

* * *

Sirs: I'm sorry to report that the M/V MACK GAMBLE named after The Waterways Journal's Upper Ohio River correspondent and S&D's first president is no more. Rather, she has been renamed GAMBLER by her new owner Philip Johnson.

Capt. Charlie Krwszewski
23 8th Street
Wheeling, WV 26003

= The MACK GAMBLE was built in 1967 by Yates Marine, Charleston, WV for Bel-Mon Towing Co., Sardis, OH, size 58x20 feet, 725hp. Mack Gamble was mighty pleased to have a boat named for himself and at the time of christening gave an elaborate pilot's chair as his contribution to the boat's outfit. Ed.

* * *

- THIS AND THAT -

OHIO RIVER ISLANDS GETTING HELP

Charles T. Jones of Amherst Industries, Charleston, West Virginia forwarded an interesting Associated Press item on the erosion problems causing the disappearance of islands in the Ohio and the efforts by the U.S. Corps of Engineers to stabilize the dwindling shores.

In 1900 there were 57 islands between Maysville, Kentucky and Pittsburgh but today there are only 41 remaining. The 16 that are missing have been mined for sand and gravel or eroded away by the natural currents and the much higher water levels created by modern navigation dams. Twenty of the islands in the Upper Ohio have been acquired in recent years by purchase from willing sellers and used to create a National Wildlife Refuge but now the U.S. is faced with the cost of saving them.

The example cited in the article is Manchester Island No. 2, 94 acres, which was bought by the Federal government in 1993 for about \$250,000. Until the 1970s the Henderson family of Manchester, Ohio owned the island and used it for raising tobacco, corn, cantaloupe and watermelon. As part of the wildlife refuge the island can no longer be farmed but is returning to its natural state and that could include disappearing into the turgid waters of the river.

It will cost \$1.3 million to protect the shores and keep No. 2 from eroding away to a towhead. "The work will be tedious. Barges will be needed to deliver the rock that will help stabilize the island's shores. A special matting will be placed at the head of the island to halt the erosion." Good luck!

* * *

BEATTY'S NAVY STILL ON THE BOTTOM AT MAYSVILLE

On page 35 of the March, 1998 issue we reprinted parts of an article from the Lexington (KY) Herald-Leader reporting the sad end of the salvage fleet once owned and operated by the late Capt. John Beatty. Known along the rivers as "Beatty's Navy" the entire fleet, salvage boat, barges, 100 ton crane "Hercules" and the towboat CLARE E. BEATTY all sank one by one as the erstwhile fleet owners attempted to salvage one grounded barge. All wound up on the bottom of the river cluttering up the scene at Maysville, Kentucky.

That report was October, 1997 but an article in the Cincinnati Post of September 16, 1998 shows that the fleet is still on the bottom. Darrell Wallace from Green Cove Springs, Florida has been working since 1997 to cut up two grounded

barges for scrap. He is/was last working on the sunken barge carrying the derrick but, after a year, was considering abandoning the project.

There is no obstruction to the navigation channel so the Corps of Engineers are not (yet) concerned. Meanwhile, City Manager Dennis Redmond views the eyesore in Maysville's front yard and fumes. Thanks to Bob White, Cincinnati for the latest report. Future postings on Beatty's Navy welcomed

* * *

JIM WALLEN'S COLLECTED WRITINGS AT LIBRARY

Miss Lucy Wallen, daughter of the late James A. Wallen, Huntington, West Virginia has donated her father's voluminous river writings to the Inland Rivers Library, Cincinnati. Twenty-one large scrapbooks contain river articles and general news items from Jim's days as a reporter. Original manuscripts and the correspondence with newspaper and magazine editors fill a file drawer.

Thanks to Capt. Gene Lister for his assistance in getting the Wallen Collection to the library.

* * *

KANAWHA RIVER SLACKWATER CELEBRATION

On Sunday, October 11, 1998 the Corps of Engineers marked the 100th anniversary of the completion of locks and dams on the Kanawha River. The celebration was held at the London Lock, London, West Virginia from 10am until 6pm. with speeches by various dignitaries, rides through the locks aboard the sternwheelers LAURA J. and P. A. DENNY and an exhibit of coal industry and river history plus a slide show put together by Jerry Sutphin.

A group of old-timers led by Capt. Harry White, age 90, held forth with reminiscences about the Kanawha River and boating for the education and entertainment of visitors. Participating were Capts. Bert Shearer, Johnny Reynolds, Charlie Stone, Bob Bosworth, Charlie Walker, Omer Coleman and perhaps others.

The original slackwater project began in 1875 with construction of movable dams Nos. 4 and 5 above Charleston to provide six foot navigation to the coal fields. When Dam 11 was completed near Henderson, West Virginia, just upstream from the mouth of the river, on October 11, 1898 there were ten dams providing slackwater for about 90 miles. Today, the Gallipolis Dam on the Ohio and Winfield, Marmet and London dams on the Kanawha give a nine foot stage to the head of navigation.

* * *

"Lighting up the Past, Present and Future of the Mississippi River System"

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The S&D Reflector, published since 1964, is the official publication of the Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen, America's river boat society. The name is taken from a newspaper published in 1869 by the management of the side wheel packet FLEETWOOD in the Parkersburg-Cincinnati trade. The originator, first editor and publisher of S&D Reflector through 1992 was Frederick Way, Jr.

MEMBERSHIP IN S&D IS NOT RESTRICTED TO DESCENDANTS OF RIVER PIONEERS. YOUR INTEREST IN RIVER AFFAIRS AND HISTORY IS ALL THAT IS REQUIRED.

Full membership entitles the holder to the S&D Reflector quarterly, admission to the Ohio River Museum and towboat W. P. SNYDER JR. at Marietta, Ohio and voting privileges at the annual meeting. Family members are entitled to all privileges except receiving the quarterly.

S&D membership dues are currently \$15 for a full member and \$1 each for spouses and children under 18. Please list full names of children to be enrolled so that each may receive a membership card. Correspondence with your check should be sent to:

Mrs. J. W. Rutter, Secretary
126 Seneca Drive
Marietta, OH 45750

Memberships are for a calendar year including four issues of the S&D Reflector. Dues notices are sent out near year-end. Delay in remitting dues may require removal of your name from our S&D Reflector mailing list.

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Correspondence is invited by the Editor but we ask that you please do not send unsolicited photographs or other artwork on a "loan" basis.

Joseph W. Rutter, Editor
126 Seneca Drive
Marietta, OH 45750

SONS & DAUGHTERS OF PIONEER RIVERMEN
Capt. C. W. Stoll, Honorary President

Officers:

J. W. Rutter, President

G. W. Sutphin, Senior V.P.
204 Chestnut St.
Huntington, WV 25705

John L. Fryant, V.P.
6508 Dorset Dr.
Alexandria, VA 22310

Mrs. J. W. Rutter, Secretary

R. Dale Flick, Treasurer
1444 Burney Lane
Cincinnati, OH 45230

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Inland Rivers Library, Cincinnati:

Sylvia Metzinger, Rare Books
(513) 369-6957

Ohio River Museum, Marietta

John Briley, Manager
(740) 373-3750

S&D ANNUAL MEETING REPORT SEPTEMBER 18 AND 19, 1998

The doors of the ballroom at the Hotel Lafayette, Marietta opened at 8pm. Friday evening to an informal mixer for arriving S&D members and friends. The official register was presided over by Secretary Bee Rutter and the listing of those signing the book will be found elsewhere in this issue.

We have come to expect interesting exhibits at these Friday evening affairs and were not disappointed this year. Dr. Pete Striegel had an interesting painting of an early ferry which crossed the Ohio about four miles below New Albany, Indiana. Another painting created by Dr. Striegel was of the sidewheel GUIDING STAR in the Louisville harbor. Forrest Steinlage displayed a magnificent painting of the J. M. WHITE. Models on display included John Fryant's GYPSY F. (pictured in the September issue). A neat model of the 1847 Louisville centerwheel ferryboat BLACK LOCUST (0637) was the work of Alan Bates.

A large scale model of working steam engines for a sternwheel boat had been built by the late Ralph Hendricks. These engines are operable by compressed air and are complete with throttle, cylinder drains, variable cutoff and reverse linkages. It will be displayed later at the river museum with several of the other Hendricks models given to S&D.

First-time attendees were identified by name tags so they could be properly welcomed into the S&D fold. There was visiting, showing of photos and talking until past 10 o'clock.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING

The official annual business meeting was called to order at 9:35am. Saturday morning in the ballroom by the President. 1998 is the 59th year for the S&D

organization and the 57th annual meeting, meetings having been suspended for two years during World War II. In 1939 a small group of active river people and descendants of river families came together in Marietta to found the organization which now has members across the U.S. and in several foreign countries.

The only charter officer of S&D attending was Capt. C. W. Stoll, recognized by a loud round of applause. C.W. was the Vice President, Lower Ohio and later President. He is now the Honorary President and also Honorary Chairman of the Board of Governors of S&D.

First-time attendees were invited to stand to be recognized and there was a goodly number. Fred and Jean Gross of Honolulu, HI were singled out as having traveled the farthest to attend while Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walker had come from California. British member Antony Twort called in his greetings to the assemblage from his home in Godalming, Surrey.

TREASURER'S REPORT: R. Dale Flick took over the duties of treasurer following the retirement of Guy Anderson in June and presented his report. The balance in the bank as of September 18, 1998 was \$22,250.01. Beginning balance as of October 1, 1997 was \$20,490.46. Income from dues, binder, Reflector and index sales was \$16,330.33.

SECRETARY'S REPORT: Bee Rutter reported a modest increase in new memberships during the year and a gratifying number of renewals. At any given time, the full membership stands around 1,050 to 1,100 with family memberships bringing the total up to 1,500.

BOARD OF GOVERNORS: Bill Judd, Chairman of the Board of Governors, reported on the major considerations of the Board during meetings held in April and September. Highlights were as follows:

A standing committee on "Membership" was requested by the Board and work is proceeding on a new membership brochure. Liability insurance to cover the association was agreed upon. The museum committee is investigating the preparation a catalog of important and interesting artifacts in the S&D museum collection. Interest was expressed by the Board in participating at Tall Stacks '99 in Cincinnati next October.

A formal agreement between S&D and the Ohio Historical Society is getting closer and a fifth proposed draft document was received on September 18 for consideration.

Several suggestions made by members on the 1997 survey have been implemented during the year. (See separate discussion of the S&D member survey.)

Next meeting of the Board of Governors will be held April 17, 1999 at Marietta.

J. MACK GAMBLE FUND: Don McDaniel, Chairman of the J. Mack Gamble Fund trustees presented the report for the year.

The market value for the Fund was approaching \$700,000 at the time of the report, a 24% increase in twelve months due to the strong stock market. McDaniel cautioned that stock market volatility could just as easily trim the market value, too.

Income available for grants in 1998 was \$19,637 and awards totaled \$19,500 as follows:

1. Behringer-Crawford Museum, Covington, KY - \$3,000
2. Howard Steamboat Museum, Jeffersonville, IN - \$1,500
3. Murphy Library, University of Wisconsin - \$5,000
4. Ohio Showboat Drama (BECKY THATCHER), Marietta - \$6,500
5. River Heritage Museum, Paducah, KY - \$3,500

INLAND RIVERS LIBRARY: Ms. Sylvia Metzinger, head of the Rare Books Department, Public Library of Cincinnati assumed her duties earlier this year. She had

previously been with the library at Tulane University, New Orleans

She first announced that M'Lissa Kesterman whose specialty is the Inland Rivers Collection has been named assistant department head but will continue with the primary duty of the river collection as in the past.

Notable donations to the Inland Rivers Library during the year included the very sizeable collection of steamboat related papers gathered by Tom Cottrell, Swansea, MA. These are documents such as logs and journals but also the working papers including manifests, bills, receipts, official letters etc. going back to the early days of steamboating. The papers of Capt. Joseph E. Goold including manuscripts for his river articles and correspondence have been received. To be delivered to the library the week after the meeting were the manuscripts and scrapbooks of the late James A. Wallen, Huntington, WV who was both a general reporter and feature writer for Huntington, Columbus, OH and other newspaper over a period of 50 years.

RIVER MUSEUM: John Briley, manager of the Ohio River Museum for the Ohio Historical Society, gave a brief report on changes at the museum during the year.

The Ohio Department of Natural Resources has had a display on river mussels in one of the buildings throughout the year but Jeff Spear and the museum staff managed to rearrange exhibits so that few items had to go to storage. Just as well that the D.N.R. was occupying the space as a storm on June 27-28 punched a hole in the roof but only the mussel shells got wet.

John acknowledged the dedication of Mike Dinnin as boat keeper on the W. P. SNYDER JR. this year. Mike has worked at the museum for a number of years and has done a great job in painting, refurbishing and

taking an interest in the boat's history. Attendees were invited to take a look around after the VALLEY GEM boat ride.

S&D CHAPTERS: Jim Swift gave the report for the Mississippi River Chapter on behalf of Capt. Tom Dunn. Membership remains steady at 55 and the treasury is flush with \$281.56 on hand. A joint meeting with the Midwest River Buffs and the Golden Eagle Club was held on May 30 with a viewing of the new Herman T. Pott library at the University of Missouri, St. Louis followed by a picnic and lecture on the LEE-NATCHEZ race. A fall meeting "someplace" was being considered

Jim Swift announced that the Mercantile Library has now moved to the University of Missouri St. Louis complex and the new curator of the Pott library is Ms. Bette Gordon. John N. Hoover is the Associate Director of the Mercantile Library. .

Rick Kesterman, president, reported on the activities of the Middle Ohio River Chapter for the year. Earlier meetings have regularly been reported upon in the pages of the S&D Reflector but the fall meeting was to be held at the Remada Inn, Jeffersonville, IN on October 16-17. A trip on the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE was featured. The Chapter continues to seek out interesting locations along the rivers and a two day trip on the TWILIGHT is a possibility for 1999.

The Ohio and Kanawha River Chapter is regular in holding its quarterly meetings at the library in Pt. Pleasant, WV. Capt. Charles Stone delivered the report in his inimitable down-home style. The meetings have also been reported upon in these pages and the agenda for the November meeting was not yet available, "But we'll think of something." Of primary interest is the report on the status of the O-K treasury which is presently kept in a cigar box by Clerk Jim Bupp: Balance \$0 but lots of

stamps so no assessment on the membership is anticipated.

The visit to Pt. Pleasant by the DELTA QUEEN on September 7 brought considerable excitement to the town.

S&D members are reminded that the trips and programs of the three active chapters are open to all. You are encouraged to meet with the group closest to your locality or range far afield with the traveling M.O.R.

The president paused in the regular program to introduce Capt. John Leonard, St. Catherines, Ontario. John is a regular at S&D meetings but this time declined to make a speech but did introduce his friend Phil Francis, a retired deep sea engineer. "Just glad to be here," said John.

NOMINATING COMMITTEE: The nominating committee this year was composed of Dale Flick, Ann Zeiger and John Weise. Before calling upon Dale to report the committee's recommendations the chair pointed out that Mr. Flick had been asked to take over the treasurer's position when Guy Anderson retired and Rutter had nominated Flick for a full term.

The slate of candidates presented by the nominating committee was as follows: For one year terms - J. W. Rutter, president; G. W. Sutphin, senior vice president; John Fryant, vice president; Bee Rutter, secretary, R. Dale Flick, treasurer. For three year terms to the Board of Governors - G. W. Sutphin, William Barr, Anne Mallinson. A call for nominations from the floor for each office and board position elicited none so the slate was declared elected as presented.

SATURDAY LUNCHEON An informal light lunch of salad, sandwich and dessert was set in a portion of the hotel ballroom.

The President noted the passing of Catherine Reynolds King on August 19, 1998 at Marion, Ohio. Mrs. King had been honored by the National Rivers Hall of Fame for her book Cargo

of Memories at the S&D annual meeting in 1994.

John Bickel, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was called upon for a report on recent developments at Dubuque regarding expansion of the local Mississippi River Museum. John demonstrated that he is still in good shape even though living in a retirement community by jumping upon a chair to deliver his remarks. "I'm so short you won't see me otherwise," said John before telling of the \$25 million projected expansion. Planned are a new aquarium building housing exhibits of Upper Mississippi fish and wildlife, a new entrance building to the museum complex, a boardwalk enclosing a one acre outdoor wetland, an expanded boat-building workshop area, the dredge WILLIAM M. BLACK will have new interpretive displays and the facilities of a bed-and-breakfast, docks for visiting small craft will be tied into a floating promenade spanning the Ice Harbor to the Coast Guard Station.

Other improvements to the area include a 500 foot river walk from the Welcome Center and Diamond Jo Casino past the old Star Brewery and shot tower. Fund raising is well along and completion will provide an attractive focus on our river heritage at Dubuque. The project is backed by the Dubuque Historical Society, City of Dubuque and the Area Chamber of Commerce.

Following lunch, 130 holders of VALLEY GEM tickets trooped aboard at the public landing just as clouds were gathering over Harmar Hill. There was some delay in departure awaiting delivery of the traditional beer, the first time that historic Weber's Store has failed us.

The VALLEY GEM now has a canvas canopy covering about two-thirds of the upper deck, a welcome improvement as a gentle rain began to fall as the boat backed out. She passed the

mouth of the Muskingum headed toward Parkersburg as the rains became heavier and then cleared before another shower rolled up over the hills to the west. Pilot Don Sandford took us on the back side of Muskingum, Vienna and Neal Islands and returned up the main channel, pointing out the Neale fleeting area and the site of old Lock 18 etc. along the way

The best laid plans went astray when the boat arrived back at the landing below the Ohio River Museum. Arrangements had been made and confirmed for the Marietta Trolley to meet the boat and ferry passengers back to the hotel but no trolley was in sight. Neither trolley nor driver could be located nor had the driver turned up by the following Monday morning. Several of our group hiked back to the hotel and brought their vans and cars up to the museum for those not in the mood to walk the six very long blocks back downtown.

EVENING BANQUET

After consuming one of the best pieces of roast beef this writer has found at a banquet meal the master of ceremonies, Jerry Sutphin, called upon Helen Prater for a little piano recital.

The hotel's piano is now one of those electronic machines rather than a Steinway but Helen is modern and didn't hesitate. The electronic marvel sounded just like an old upright on the TOM GREENE under Helen's sure touch and we were transported back to a time when music had melody. Her repertoire ended with "Old Man River" which brought a standing ovation.

Capt. Eddie Conrad, Chairman of RiverBarge Excursions was scheduled to address the S&D gathering. At almost the last minute, however, it was apparent that construction problems at the shipyard would prevent the new overnight passenger barge service from making its planned

inaugural trip date of September 6. Instead she (or is a barge a he?) would be leaving from St. Louis on the very night of our banquet and Eddie could not be with us.

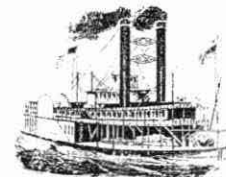
John Fryant graciously stepped into the breach with his splendid slide show covering two weeks on the JULIA BELLE SWAIN. The trips took place about twenty years ago and covered the Tennessee, Ohio, Mississippi and Illinois Rivers, once in a lifetime trips. John told his story with humor and with touches of human interest including some recorded John Hartford music. It was a beautiful and nostalgic look back at the JULIA BELLE SWAIN when new and fortunately she is still operating today at La Crosse, WI. Thanks John.

Two representatives from the Cincinnati Tall Stacks organization, Joe Warkany and Roseann Hayes, presented a brief overview of the planned 1999 Tall Stacks celebration and invited all S&Ders to attend. A short Tall Stacks promotional video was run several times after John Fryant's program.

Visiting continued in the ballroom for an hour or more and then gravitated out into the lobby. A group gathered around the grand piano (with real strings and felted hammers) as Helen Prater started an impromptu concert. The group grew larger and the piano was accompanied by singing until the big grandfather's clock struck midnight at which time the hotel clerk requested a cessation. With S&D filling the hotel we can't imagine why the concern for quiet; will speak to the management next year.

And so another pleasant weekend with river friends came to an end. Hope to see you all and more next year.

* * *



**ATTENDEES & GUESTS - S&D ANNUAL
MEETING, 1998**

Richard Abell, Cincinnati, OH
 Guy C. Anderson, Cincinnati, OH
 Pauline Anderson, Parkersburg, WV
 Louise Barr, Charleston, WV
 Bill & Debbie Barr, South Charleston, WV
 Dean & Bonnie Abicht, Newport, OH
 Dan & Sue Back, Lawrenceburg, IN
 Hope Barnhouse, Newport, OH
 Alan & Rita Bates, Louisville, KY
 John & Ruth Bickel, Cedar Rapids, IA
 John & Margie Briley, Marietta, OH
 Nelson & Veramae Brown, Marietta, OH
 Jim & June Bupp, Charleston, WV
 M. Burch, Atlanta, GA
 Victor J. Canfield, Covington, KY
 Walter Carpenter, St. Marys, WV
 W. Ross & Pam Carr, Batavia, OH
 Jean Curry, Atlanta, GA
 Jack & Sandra Custer, Louisville, KY
 Eileen & Bud Dailey, Toronto, OH
 Ralph DuPae, La Crosse, WI
 R. Dale Flick, Cincinnati, OH
 Phil Francis, St. Catherines, Ontario Canada (Engineer)
 John & Sharon Fryant, Alexandria, VA
 Dorothea Frye, Cincinnati, OH
 Mike Giglio, Marietta, OH
 Ben Gilbert, Piney Point, MD (One week 'til wedding)
 Phillip & Karoline Golovin, Powell, OH
 Letha Jane Greene, Cincinnati, OH
 Jim & Sherley Greenwood, Newport, OH
 Robert D. Grimm, Toronto, OH
 Jean & Fred Gross, Honolulu, HI
 Butch & Ruth Guenther, Ross, OH
 Marguerite Hammett, St. Marys, WV
 Barbara Hameister, Blanchester, OH
 Jack & Maybell Hamlin, Huntington, WV
 Roseann Hayes, Cincinnati, OH (Tall Stacks)
 Les & Sally Haylon, Mechanicsville, VA
 Jane Greenwood Heiney, Newport, OH
 Allen Hess, Pittsford, NY
 Bill & Gayle Hindman, Cincinnati, OH
 Col. & Mrs. Bengt Hyberg, Burlington, NJ
 Charles Jordan, Covington, KY
 Bill & Darlene Judd, New Richmond, OH
 Rick, M'Lissa & Carolyn Kesterman, Cincinnati, OH
 Lois Kidd, Blanchester, OH
 Alfred Kleine-Kreutzmann, Cincinnati, OH
 Leonard & Agnes Kohn, Endwell, NY
 Capt. John Leonard, St. Catherines, Ontario, Canada
 Anne Putnam Mallinson, Russell, PA
 Fred McCabe, Hannibal, OH
 Charles & Diana McMahan, New Matamoras, OH
 Helen McMahan, New Matamoras, OH
 Jack & Bert Mettey, Rabbit Hash, KY
 George & Maxine McClellan, Pt. Pleasant, WV
 Don McDaniel, Worthington, OH
 Ben McManus, Charlotte, NC
 Buddy McManus, Charlotte, NC
 Sylvia Verdun Metzinger, Cincinnati, OH (Cincinnati library)
 Jamie Mike, Marietta, OH
 Charles E. Montague, III, Ashland, KY
 John & Gwenn Noftsgger, Spring Valley, OH
 Kay & Tom Metzler, Indianapolis, IN
 Janna & Brock Morrison, Lebanon, OH
 C. R. Neale, III, Williamstown, WV
 Dianne Neale, Parkersburg, WV
 Richard Neale, Williamstown, WV
 Keith Norrington, New Albany, IN
 Judy Patsch, Rock Island, IL
 Frank Pollock, Winston Salem, NC
 Bill & Lucille Potts, Sardis, OH
 Dick & Nancy Prater, Ft. Walton Beach, FL
 Helen Hughes Prater, Ft. Walton Beach, FL
 Frank X. Prudent, Covington, KY
 Judy Reynolds, Reno, PA
 Allyn R. Rishel, Ripley, OH (River Valley Trading)
 Tom & Barbara Rist, Boaz, KY
 William D. Rist, Huntington, WV
 Wayne & Rema Robbins, Newport, OH
 Margaret & Jim Robertson, Cleves, OH
 Bee & Woody Rutter, Marietta, OH
 Fred & Tammy Rutter, Lithopolis, OH
 Jim & Judy Schenk, Hendersonville, TN
 Bert & Ann Shearer, Charleston, WV
 Robin Simpson, Piney Point, MD (One week 'til wedding)
 Lil & Forrest Smith, Lakewood, CO
 Virginia & Bob Smith, Sewickley, PA
 Jeffrey Spear, Marietta, OH
 John & Joan Spear, Marietta, OH
 Capt. C. W. & Lucy Stoll, Louisville, KY (Charter member)
 Dot & Forrest Steinlage, Louisville, KY
 Jim Stephens, Marietta, OH
 Charles & Jean Stone, Pt. Pleasant, WV
 Dr. & Mrs. Martin Striegel, Louisville, KY
 Richard & Carol Strimple, Oxford, OH
 Jerry & Lenora Sutphin, Huntington, WV
 Gerry Swartz, Louisville, KY
 Jim Swift, St. Louis, MO (The Waterways Journal)
 Sherry Torner, New Tazewell, TN
 Robert & Jane Walker, San Diego, CA
 Larry Walker, Cincinnati, OH
 Joe Warken, Cincinnati, OH (Tall Stacks)
 Fred & Nell Way, Cleveland Heights, OH
 Robert & Linda Way, Euclid, OH
 Lew & Paula Weingard, Tionesta, PA
 Bob White, Cincinnati, OH
 John White, Oxford, OH
 Susan Remley Wielitzka, Marietta, OH
 Jack D. Wigal, Washington, WV
 Gloria Winters, Cold Spring, KY
 Dianne & Lee Woodruff, Cincinnati, OH
 John & Mary Lou Wunderle, Cuyahoga Falls, OH
 Ann V. Zeiger, Cincinnati, OH

THE S&D MEMBERSHIP SURVEY REVIEWED

Readers will recall that a survey of members was undertaken with the mailing of the December '96 issue of S&D Reflector. The survey form was devised and the returns collated by V.P. John Fryant and the results briefly reported in the June, '97 issue of the Reflector.

After receiving the overall report on the responses to the survey Board of Governors Chairman Bill Judd asked Mr. Fryant, Alan Bates and Jerry Sutphin to act as a committee to identify the subjects of most interest to those answering the survey. The refined report singled out three aspects of S&D's activities mentioned on the 267 responses to the mailing of about 1,050. This summation was brought to the Board of Governors at its Fall, 1997 meeting and discussed at length.

We have had several requests for a fuller report on the results of the survey and are pleased to comply. The three general headings are those from the committee report and comments on specific suggestions are included where appropriate.

1 S&D REFLECTOR

- A. Improve the mechanics of the Reflector to get better page layouts, type clarity and readability.
- B. Publish more articles about the technology of riverboats.
- C. Publish more articles dealing with rivers of the United States other than the Upper Ohio. (Yes, the continuing Jesse Hughes diary is mostly Upper Ohio but eight articles in 1996 covered other rivers including Florida, Gulf of Mexico, New York Barge Canal and Sacramento River; five in 1997 ranged from the Alabama to the Trent-Severn, etc. Ed.)
- D. Print larger photos - run frequent photo features with full page photos. (We limit the Reflector to 36 pages, primarily because of mailing costs. More full-page photos means less text; we aim for a balance. Ed.)
- E. Print annual financial report, J. Mack Gamble Fund report and summaries of annual business meetings. (Found in December issues. Ed.)

2. PUBLICITY & MEMBERSHIP

- A. Establish and maintain a site on the World Wide Web. (Done [<http://members.aol.com/RandiWard/s.and.d.htm>] thanks to Randy Ward)
- B. Design and distribute a new membership brochure. Distribution should be widespread. (New brochure is in the works.)

C. Advertise S&D in several publications including state history magazines. (Paid ads are expensive; other similar societies have not found them to be sufficiently rewarding.)

D. Include in each issue of the S&D Reflector a membership application. (Information is on page 4 of each Reflector.)

3. ANNUAL MEETINGS & PROGRAMS

A. Change format of annual meetings to include discussion groups or seminars on subjects related to riverboats and river history.

B. Appoint a program committee to obtain speakers, plan banquets, displays, symposia, entertainment, etc.

C. Create a welcoming crew to greet, introduce and guide first time attendees. (Name badges now identify first-timers so please single them out and make them welcome.)

D. Consider a change of location for some meetings. (Board voted the continue annual meetings at Marietta; the chapters offer meetings throughout the year at other locations and all S&D members are welcome.)

E. Improve quality of speakers.

Regarding the annual meeting it is to be noted that there were eight suggestions made out of the 267 survey forms returned. This would seem to indicate general satisfaction with the type of meeting that has become traditional and not an overwhelming desire by the members for departing from the family reunion theme.

Old-timers have some nostalgia for the picnic-in-the-park on Saturday afternoons which was a tradition when the group was much smaller. This was discussed during the 1998 business meeting and a show of hands indicated that picnics were a preference of a small minority. Then we had rain, not unusual in mid-September.

So there you are. In general, the overall impression is of member satisfaction with how S&D has evolved. Your officers and board members appreciate the response to the membership survey and the suggestions have been seriously considered at two meetings of the S&D Board of Governors. But, suggestions to better serve the membership are always welcomed so feel free to write to board chairman Bill Judd, (1099 U.S. Route 52, New Richmond, OH 45157) or any officer with your views.

* * *

- BOOK REVIEW -

From St. Paul, MN to Memphis, TN along the Mississippi on the Great River Road is the subject of the three volume traveler's guide by Pat Middleton. Volume III, St. Louis to Memphis, was published in 1998 while Volume II covers Dubuque, IA to Alton, IL and Volume I is from Prescott WI to Dubuqua.

The Great River Road was established in 1939 by the ten states adjoining the Mississippi River with the cooperation of the federal government. The

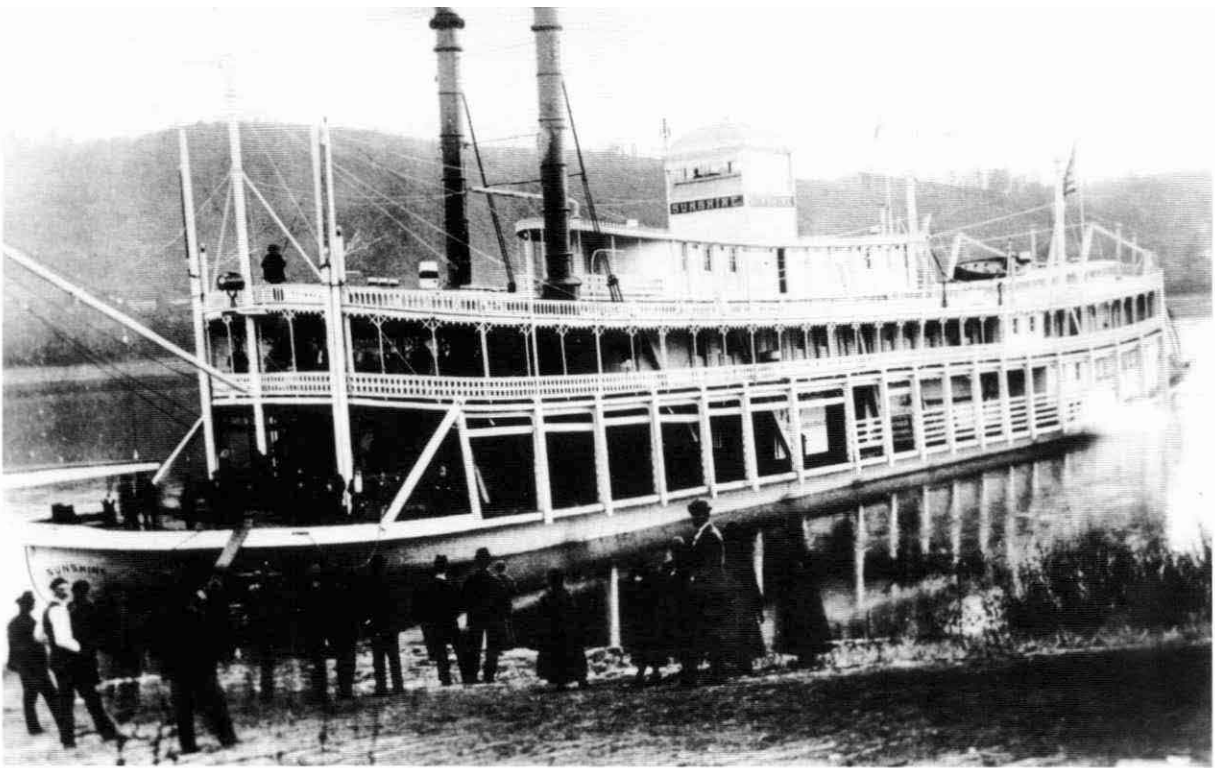
designation, marked by green and white pilotwheel emblems, follows roads along both sides of the river (where feasible) from the Canadian border to the Gulf.

The roadside parks, boat launching ramps, overlooks, historic markers, etc. are all included in this guide but it is the author's investigation of the histories of the towns and sites of interest that make these books more than just gazetteers. Sections titled, "Insight" give the reader some local color, perhaps an anecdote or an interview with a local character.

Planning a car or boat trip in the Mississippi Valley demands reviewing these guides before you set out. The emphasis is on the small towns along the way with information rarely available in such a handy form. The guides are well illustrated with maps and pictures.

GREAT RIVER ROAD, by Pat Middleton, Volumes I, II, III, each about 225 pages, indexed, paper bound. \$13.95 each plus shipping from HERITAGE PRESS, RT. 1, STODDARD, WI 54658.

Jim Stephens, reviewer.
* * *



Capt. J. Mack Gamble's SUNSHINE fresh from the Sweeney shops at Wheeling on her maiden trip, landed at Clarington. The dome on the pilothouse was painted blue and shows light against the sky. Note the new-fangled carbon arc headlight.

CLARINGTON BOAT SUNSHINE PRIDE OF OHIO VALLEY

By J. Mack Gamble

The following history of the sternwheel packet *SUNSHINE* (5236) appeared in the weekly "Clarington News", Clarington, Ohio in April, 1939. The article was precipitated by interest in two models of the *SUNSHINE* which had been recently completed by Clarington model maker Robert Thomas. One of the models was given to Jay Mack Gamble, son of the original owner of the boat, who was then principal of the Clarington elementary school and who later in 1939 was one of the founders of Sons & Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen.

Mack's model of his father's *SUNSHINE* was displayed in his home at Possom Creek below Clarington and is now on display at the Ohio River Museum, Marietta. Disposition of the duplicate model is unknown. Ed.

In 1892 Capt. J. Mack Gamble contracted with A. J. Sweeney & Son of Wheeling, West Virginia to build him a sternwheel packet boat to be named the *SUNSHINE* (5236), 200 feet long, 38 feet wide and a 6-foot depth of hold. Capt. Gamble was at that time operating the sternwheel packet *COURIER* (1355) in the Wheeling-Parkersburg trade, making a weekend trip through to Pittsburgh. He had been on the river more than 20 years, having started in 1871 on the small packet *HOPE* (2666) as "mud clerk" and worked his way up to the position of head clerk or purser on boats of the U.S. Mail Line between Wheeling and Parkersburg, such as the sidewheel *COURIER* (1354) and *DIURNAL* (1565), also serving as head clerk of Capt. Charles Muhleman's popular packet *ANDES* (0252) in the Wheeling-Cincinnati trade.

The *COURIER* in 1892 was doing a capacity business in her trade, in fact there was more freight

offered than she could handle, especially movings of household goods as many persons then were going to East Liverpool (Ohio) where the pottery business was rapidly expanding. Capt. Gamble determined to build a steamboat that would be large enough to care for the business and one that would embody all the ideas of what a steamboat should be that he had learned in his experience on the river. The *SUNSHINE* was the result.

Specifications called for the boat to have high pressure engines with cylinders of 6-foot stroke and 16-1/2 inch bore while there were three boilers, each 42 inches in diameter and 24 feet long. The cabin for passengers was 135 feet long and had 32 staterooms while the texas or crew's quarters was 65 feet in length.

The hull was built of oak timber at the Andrew Axton Boatyard at Brownsville, Pennsylvania on the Monongahela River which had the reputation of turning out the best hulls of any

yard on the river. Capt. Gamble himself personally inspected and approved each piece of timber that went into the boat. After the hull was completed it was brought to Wheeling where the Sweeney firm installed the machinery and completed the construction work on the boat.

Contract cost of the SUNSHINE was \$32,000 for the "bare boat" without the large outfit of equipment which is required to make a packet ready for operation. It is estimated that she would cost \$125,000 today (1939) and a duplicate boat could not be built now inasmuch as the quality of oak timber used is impossible to secure.

Prime necessities in designing a packet are plenty of room for freight and arrangement for convenience in loading and unloading. In the "horse and buggy days" of 1892 the SUNSHINE had wide guards that a team of horses and a wagon could drive down on one side of the main deck, cross over through the deck room and come out on the other side. The "head" of the boat was wide enough that a 40 foot oil well stem could be placed across it with room to spare on each side.

When the SUNSHINE first arrived at Pittsburgh, competent authorities said she was one of the two best packet boats ever to arrive at that port, the other being the IRON QUEEN (2778) of the Pittsburgh and Cincinnati Packet Line. Joe Hicks, veteran riverman still residing at Hannibal (Ohio), says she was the most complete packet he ever stepped aboard. The SUNSHINE was one of the first Ohio River boats to be equipped with a complete electric lighting system. Dr. C. B. Messerly of Martins Ferry (Ohio) still recalls her first arrival at Clarington and the amazement that was created when the rays of the electric headlight first shone on the local wharf.

Capt. Gamble, before going on the river, had lived with his

father and mother on the Gamble farm at Valley where Vachel Gamble had located prior to the Civil War and, naturally, was pleased to have a Monroe County crew in charge of his new boat. Most of the officers and other members of the crew of the SUNSHINE were from the local area. Capt. Gamble was master; Capt. John A. Hyer, now residing in Akron (1939) was purser assisted by Robert Bedillion as clerk; Capt. Walker Litton, one of Clarington's most noted rivermen, was pilot with Capt. Henry Brookhart in charge of the wheel on the other watch; Henry Wright of Fly (Ohio) was chief mate; James Stevens, familiarly known as Uncle Jim, was chief engineer assisted by Hugh Hicks of Hannibal as striker engineer; Joe Hicks of Hannibal and Henry Brouey(?) of Sardis (Ohio) were the firemen; Jacob Graff of Powhatan (Ohio) was steward.

After business began to slack off in the Wheeling-Parkersburg trade and the SUNSHINE was a larger boat than was needed in that run she operated in longer trades, going down river as far as Cincinnati. One summer she operated as an excursion boat from Cincinnati to Coney Island. At that time Robert M. Noll, who in more recent years was Prosecuting Attorney of Washington County and one of Marietta's most prominent lawyers, was cabin boy. Ed. D. Steenrod, Monroe County school teacher, served as watchman.

Eventually, Capt. Gamble sold the SUNSHINE to the White Collar Line which placed her in the Cincinnati-Memphis trade. In this long run as partner boat to much larger craft the steamer was said to give a good account of herself and found favor with many of the notable rivermen of the day. The only change in her appearance as a Mississippi River boat was the installation of a pair of new smokestacks carrying the typical white collars of her owners. The SUNSHINE's round topped

pilothouse became just as familiar at Memphis and other Mississippi River ports as it had been along the Upper Ohio. Capt. Sam G. Smith, now managing editor of The Waterways Journal was one of her clerks in the Memphis trade.

In 1904 the SUNSHINE caught fire and burned to the water's edge near Tiptonville, Tennessee, thus bringing a successful career to an end.

* * *

SPECIFICATIONS FOR SUNSHINE

The contract between Capt. Mack Gamble and A. J. Sweeney & Son still exists. It is detailed in specifying the desires of Capt. Gamble on the size and type of hull timbers to be used in the hull. Likewise, the specifications for the machinery is very detailed, four legal size typewritten pages in all. The section dealing with the cabin, etc. might be of interest as these details are not often seen:

"Joiner Work - The joiner and cabin work is to consist and include one run of dunnage on each side of the keelson bulkhead in the hold. Straight steps forward, 7 ft. wide, from main to boiler deck, coal box side bulkheads from aft end of boilers to engine room, engine room and stern bulkheads with proper transoms, doors, &c. Water closet and kitchen on main deck as shown on drawings. Bulkhead alongside of boilers and forward end of coal box with receptacle built in for the lines. Bulkhead across forward of doctor. Boiler deck to be made of 1" stuff full in thickness after being dressed both sides. Cabin to be arranged as laid out on drawings with office in front, nine 5 ft. rooms and seven 6 ft. rooms on each side, with chambermaid and ladies closet department in addition, and also pantry and wash-room about 10 ft. long."

* * *



The excursion steamer HOMER SMITH (2658) at the Paducah wharf. She was built by Howards in 1914 and a popular boat during summers at Pittsburgh throughout the 1920s, tramped off season. C. C. Bowyer photo.

REPUTATION OF HOMER SMITH SULLIED

CAPT. BILL TIPPITT GIVES SOME ADVICE TO C. C. BOWYER

Leonard Riffle of Pt. Pleasant, West Virginia recently brought to our attention some correspondence which had been kept by heirs of the late Capt. C. C. Bowyer. Capt. Bowyer was cashier of the Merchant's National Bank in Pt. Pleasant in the 1920s and he was also vice president of The Security Steamboat Co., owners of the excursion steamer HOMER SMITH (2658).

Bill Tippitt, author of the letter which follows, was a news reporter for the Cairo, Illinois Evening Citizen in the early 1920s and also correspondent for The Waterways Journal.

- - -

Cairo, Ill.

April 3, 1922

Capt. C. C. Bowyer,
Point Pleasant,
Dear Friend:-

I hope you will not be offended at what I am going to tell to you but I think you should be told about this matter. Today I killed a two column front page story on the Homer Smith,

the reason for this was that it was one of the worst slams ever given an excursion boat out of this port.

I hope you will not be offended at what I am going to tell to you but I think you should be told about this matter. Today I killed a two column front page story on the Homer Smith, the reason for this was that it was one of the worst slams ever given an excursion boat out of this port.

The Homer Smith came in from Paducah Sunday with a big trip of excursionists, many of them were intoxicated when they left the boat and were rounded up and held until the steamer was ready to depart for Paducah. Many were locked up and permitted to return by train this morning. The Captain attempted to put off nine drunks before leaving and the police refused to let them come ashore; one was permitted and was taken and put on a train.

Many people complained of the number of intoxicated people on the steamer, also the gambling devices were

played up with a great deal of unnecessary prominence, 'specially slot machines in the cabin and gambling devices on the deck. I was not aboard the steamer but one of our men was on the boat and wrote the story. Down here none of the boats carry those devices and all drunks are locked up in a brig constructed in the hull of the steamer and released when the home port is reached. None are allowed to ramble around on the boat.

Many women and children returned to Paducah by rail, being afraid to return on the steamer. I am sure that you will take no offense at this and hope that you may be able to remedy this. A nice little lock-up in the hull and two law officers do much to stop this sort of thing, we find down here.

The James Moran sold for \$11,800 at Marshall (sic) sale today. Am enclosing today's river news with this and hope to hear from you soon.

Your friend,

s/s W. H. Tippitt.

* * *

RAGS, THE STEAMBOAT DOG
A.K.A., "GASBOAT RAGS"
by Don Naish

Don Naish has contributed stories about Rags on other occasions but here he provides the full biography of that notable gentleman of the canine world. Rags had his headquarters on the TOM GREENE and was an outspoken bigot when it came to gasboats, anything with an internal combustion engine rather than steam. A crew member who maliciously set up a rhythmic thumping on a bulkhead and yelled, "Gasboat!" brought Rags to the rail with teeth bared and hackles raised ready to do battle.

This is to expand the saga of Rags, or Gasboat Rags, the engine room dog on the TOM GREENE in the 1930s. Rags was three or four years old when I first knew him in 1938. Jake Brooker was chief engineer on the TOM and Al Weber was second. Rags was strictly a lower deck dog and the engine room was his headquarters. When I first knew him, Jake was his mentor and Rags followed him everywhere.

As you will learn, Rags was fairly well trained and I think Al Weber was responsible for this. Now I am going to be writing this from memory back sixty years so if any of Rags' friends wish to correct it, please do so.

Rags was a rangy, brindle-colored dog with a perpetual worried expression on his face. He was half Greyhound and was fast on his feet and an expert swimmer. He loved to chew on coal and as a consequence his teeth were worn down to the gum before their time. As you can imagine, with a whole steamboat to care for, he was pretty busy.

Rags' boudoir was a pile of gunny sacks alongside the generator and he spent a lot of time there. If you didn't smell like cylinder oil and coal smoke, Rags wasn't too interested. He tolerated Captains and Pilots and for some reason or other had a

special liking for pilot Charley "Grumpy" Kirby. But, his domain was the lower deck.

I went striker on the TOM and quickly observed that Rags followed Jake Brooker everywhere. Now, Al Weber had trained Rags to scratch out cigarette butts or anything else that was smoldering whenever he found it. Every day after lunch, at Cincinnati, Jake would get a Wheeling stogie from his locker in the engine room and start out to the wharfboat to chin with his cronies, Rags at his heels. About three times out of four Rags would note the stogie smoldering in Jake's hand, reach up and knock it out. Jake looked at the mop-end remaining in his hand, express himself and go back for another stogie.

When the boat was underway, with Rags asleep in his nest, all one had to do was say, "Lock pile," and Rags would dutifully go out on the fantail to help with the stern line. Of course, if you really wanted some action, you hollered, "Gasboat!" and then got out of the way. I remember one time Weber was shaving in the texas and Rags was lying under the wash basin when a gasboat went by; it is a good thing that Al was using a safety razor.

Now, Rags was a sailor in every respect and, of course, had girl friends in both Cincinnati and Louisville. I remember a couple of times when his girl friend in Louisville was especially receptive and the TOM didn't round to quickly enough so Rags went overboard and swam to shore. He also for awhile had a girl friend with a pad under the Frisbie Engine shop in Cincinnati and missed several trips to keep her company.

There was a running feud between Rags and a contemporary named Shawnee who held forth on the GREENBRIER. The Lighthouse Tender GREENBRIER was always painted up, her officers in uniforms and she lacked a regular trade so Shawnee was viewed as a pretentious dandy by

Rags. Whenever the GREENBRIER blew for a landing when we were in port, Rags was out on the bank waiting for Shawnee and what a commotion. They would run each other back on their respective boats but would always stop short of a real confrontation.

In Louisville, on sunny days, it was Rags' habit to take a siesta out on the wheel. We would try to roll him into the river but it took real finesse to do so. At the slightest vibration Rags was off the wheel and into the engine room, complaining about the treatment he was getting.

As often happens with lotharios, a femme fatal finally done him in. Rags missed a couple of trips on the TOM GREENE to be with his girl in Cincinnati. He came back to the wharfboat with a hangover and got on the GORDON C. GREENE by mistake, probably because he knew one of the firemen on there. Not being used to the niceties of associating with paying passengers Rags made such a nuisance of himself that he was tied off on the wharfboat at Huntington. It was intended that the GORDON or EVERGREENE would pick him to go back to Cincinnati but Rags chewed the rope in two and disappeared, never to be seen again. Perhaps he finally settled down with a young West Virginia poodle.

We got one of Rags' sons on the TOM GREENE after that but he wasn't half the man his father had been.

The Greens all loved animals and there were cats and dogs on both wharfboats. Dogs and cats were always welcome and contributed a real service in keeping the rodents under control. There was a Great Dane named Chang for a time on the Cincinnati wharfboat but he met a horrible death when he ate a piece of dry ice.

So that is the saga of Rags. He was a good companion and never knew any life but that of a steamboat dog. He was content and savored every minute of river life.

RIDING THE ROARING BULL

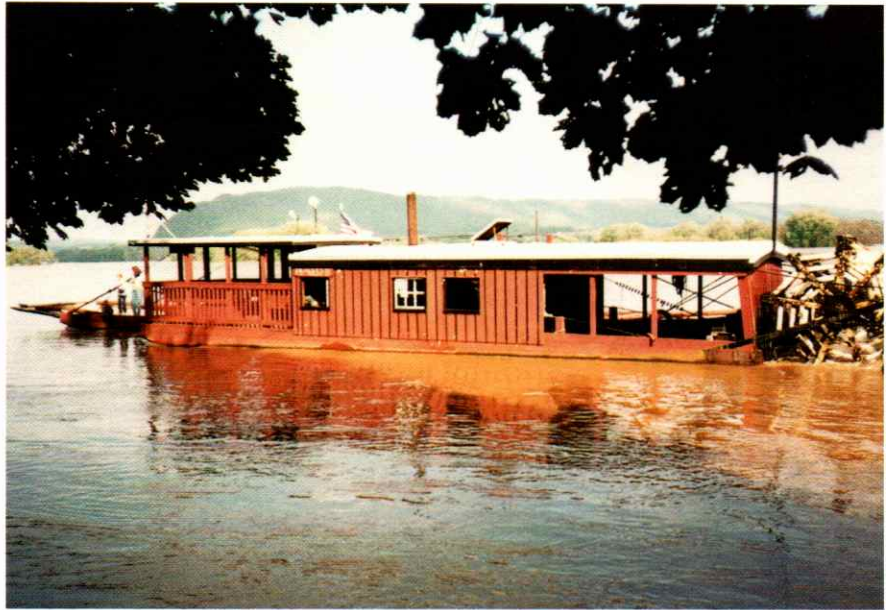
By Jack C. Standen

I arrived at Crow's Landing on the west bank of the Susquehanna River, about 25 miles above Harrisburg, Pennsylvania on an early fall afternoon. As I parked the car I could see the FALCON about 300 feet off shore headed across the river. The FALCON is to our knowledge one of only two all wood, sternwheel commercial boats operating in the U.S. The other one is her partner ROARING BULL and she had just departed the Millersburg side of the river and was barely visible in the distance; all I can make out is the splashing of the water by the paddlewheel.

Here the Susquehanna is about one-half mile wide. You can just make out the white spire of a church in Millersburg on the east bank. In between are a few islands, Whitefish and Halfway, and a few smaller ones without names. Usually, the river is about three feet deep but after several days of heavy rain it is now about seven and the ripples on the rock shoals have disappeared.

This ferry operation has been crossing the river since 1817. A former captain, Jack Dillman, claims the first historical reference to a ferry crossing here dates to 1792 but State historians accepted its beginning as 1817 when the ferry crossing was designated an historical landmark in 1971. There is a sheriff's sale record showing that David Kramer bought the ferry for \$60 in 1825.

The first ferries were flat-bottomed boats that were poled across. In 1873 the first steam engine sidwheel boats were used. About 1916 these were replaced by gas-powered sternwheelers. The present boats can handle sixty passengers and four cars. They cross at about four miles an hour and the



The mighty ROARING BULL has been in ferry service across the Susquehanna at Millersburg, PA since 1977. Not much for style but comes and goes in the shallow, meandering channels.

season runs from early spring to late fall, Monday to Friday, 9:30am. to 6:00pm. On weekends and holidays the schedule is extended to dusk and the alternate route is a twenty-five mile drive around.

Jack Dillman was the captain for twenty-one years until he announced his retirement in 1989. He had his first taste of piloting an earlier ROARING BULL in 1946 when he was just a teenager. Pop Hunter, the captain at that time, allowed Jack to take the wheel and he worked on the ferry for three years before joining the U.S. Navy. He retired from the navy after twenty years and came back to the Susquehanna River and again took the wheel.

In 1988 the Pennsylvania Public Utility Commission gave the owner, Robert Wallis of nearby Liverpool, approval to raise the rates. It had been twenty-five cents per passenger and \$1.00 for cars which were raised to \$1.00 per passenger and \$4.00 per car, high enough to seemingly assure that the ferry should continue to operate for the foreseeable future. In February, 1990 the Community Bank N.A. of

Millersburg purchased the boats and gave them to the Millersburg Chamber of Commerce. The Chamber then formed the Millersburg Ferry Boat Association with a board of nine members from various organizations in the community.

The ROARING BULL is now approaching the shore, its ten-foot diameter paddlewheel churning the water behind. It finally wins the battle with the particularly strong current caused by high water. Two of the crew members jump on the two 6-inch logs on either side of the ramp or stage of the wooden flat carrying the cars. Slipping an iron ring from the logs, the ramp is lowered onto the shore and the cars begin to file off and up the road that leads through a campground on the west side of the river. With the cars off, the passengers come out of the boat and across the flat. Waiting passenger are first to board followed by cars for the east bound trip.

I walk over the timbers of the flat and to the open doorway leading to the pilothouse, a modest affair with only a few controls and a large metal wheel.



Engine room of the FALCON, sister boat of the ROARING BULL and with all the simple technology of a 1920s gasboat. Note the hog chains (cables) with turnbuckles to hold her in shape.

All around the front and half of each side are open spaces covered by a roof where passengers can sit on plain wooden benches.

Ducking around behind the pilothouse, I take one step down into the enclosed cabin with old chairs, a potbellied stove in the middle of the floor and a couple of small tables. It looks for all the world like the interior of a rustic mountain cabin. A couple of windows are on each side and a door in the back leads to the engine room.

The ROARING BULL is powered by a 1949 Ford six cylinder engine with a long drive shaft from a school bus connecting to a cross shaft. A chain drive connects the cross shaft to the middle of the solid paddlewheel shaft. The FALCON has a belt drive to the paddlewheel.

This ROARING BULL was built in 1977 and is the fourth to bear the name. The first began operating in the 1920s, was replaced by the second in 1935 and subsequently replaced by number three in 1955. The FALCON III was built in 1973 and replaced FALCON II built in 1949 with the original FALCON going into service in the 1920s.

There are twenty passengers and four cars on this return trip. The crew unties the front of the stage and jump on the logs which then bring the stage up. They slip the large iron ring over the end of the log and all is secure, a simple but effective application of the laws of leverage. Using long poles we are shoved away from the shore and the paddlewheel churns the water to froth as the boat begins to move. It is a slow trip across with the boat angled slightly upstream to compensate for the current. The scenery is beautiful this fine sunny day with Berry Mountain behind us and the town of Millersburg ahead.

After about twenty minutes ROARING BULL is approaching the landing and because of the high water the stern of the flat is untied and allowed to swing out to the floating log-boom tied to the shore. The flat is 90 degrees to the shore while the boat is parallel to the shore, far enough off the bank to keep its wheel out of the mud and debris. Departing from Millersburg, the flat swings alongside and the stern is again tied to the boat and the slow crossing begins.

We are seemingly headed straight for one of the flooded islands. A young boy asks his father, "Are we going to crash?" The pilot answers the question, saying that he is heading for the easy water near the island. Once reaching it, the wheel is turned quickly and the boat neatly swings away from the obstruction.

With Crows Landing coming up the boat is positioned slightly up river and allowed to drift down opposite the landing. With a little power we land easily in the proper place.

After leaving the ROARING BULL I walk over to some benches and watch the boat load up again and depart for Millersburg. It has been a wonderful afternoon, enjoying a little American history that still has a useful place in the modern world. Although the ferry has become somewhat of a curiosity it serves the needs of the local inhabitants on both sides of the broad Susquehanna and saves a long drive around.

These are working boats and you take them as you find them. It's worth a drive out of your way just to ride the ROARING BULL or the tamer sounding FALCON.

* * *

REFLECTOR BINDERS

Binders holding 12 issues, three years, of the S&D Reflector are available. Covers are red plastic with the S&D logo and lettering in gold. A clear plastic pocket is provided for labeling the binder contents. Copies of the magazine are held in place with spring wires.

Available at \$12 each with shipping and handling included. Order from:

MRS. WILLIAM JUDD
1099 U.S. ROUTE 52
NEW RICHMOND, OH 45157

Checks should be made out to Sons & Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen.



ROCK ISLAND NO. 1 wooding up at an unknown location in Alaska. Note wood supply stacked along the main deck guard. She's new, 1899 or 1900, with the scow bow, changed 1901.

Arthur Knutson photo collection.

KAHLKE BOATS ON THE YUKON

By Jerry Canavit

Editor's Note: On the weekend of September 26 and 27, 1998 the Howard Steamboat Museum, Jeffersonville, Indiana celebrated the 100th anniversary of the construction of four boats by the Howards for use on the Yukon River, Alaska. The packets SUSIE, SARAH and HANNAH with the towboat LOUISE were fabricated at Jeffersonville and then shipped knocked-down to Alaska.

The museum's celebration drew a good turnout on a beautiful Saturday. The Alaskan video "Path of Gold" was followed by a discussion of the Howard 1898 project and the history of the boats' later operations in Alaska. Dr. William S. Hanable, Director of The Westport Maritime Museum, Westport, Washington and Ed J. Howard of the celebrated boat building family provided a comprehensive and interesting history of steamboating on the

Yukon during and after the Gold Rush.

The announcement of the Howard Museum anniversary celebration in the September Reflector prompted Jerry Canavit to give us a history of a similar but lesser known midwestern to Alaska boat project carried out by the Kahlke Boat Yard, Rock Island, Illinois in 1898. A somewhat longer version of the following account appeared in "River Ripples", publication of the Midwest Riverboat Buffs under the editorship of Pat Welsh.

Congratulations to the Howards for their Alaska connection and the wonderful vessels they built which brought Western Rivers steamboats to the Yukon. However, few probably are even aware that the Kahlke Boat Yard, Rock Island, Illinois had two vessels of Western Rivers origins in Alaska even before the Howards.

In 1898, the Rock Island and Alaska Mining Co. was formed with a capital stock of \$50,000.

Members of this consortium were: Dr. W. H. Ludwig, President; Mr. Crockett (Clinton, Iowa), Vice President; Edward Kahlke, Secretary; Carl Rochow, Treasurer; John Streckfus, Director; Henry Max, Director; William Peterson, Director; Capt. William Knaack, General Manager

Early in 1898 the Rock Island and Alaska Mining Co. contracted with the Kahlke Brothers Marine Railway and Boat Yard to design and construct two sternwheel boats for operation on the Yukon River to serve the company's mining properties. The boats were designed by Peter Kahlke and their construction was contracted to the San Francisco Bridge and Dredge Co. of Seattle, Washington. Peter Kahlke, his sons Fred and Arthur, a supervisor and crew of nineteen boat builders from the Kahlke yard went to Seattle to assist in building the boats on the tidal flats near Seattle. The boats were named ROCK ISLAND NO. 1 and ROCK ISLAND NO. 2.

ROCK ISLAND NO. 1 was a packet and was the larger of the two boats. She had a hull of Pacific coast fir measuring 134x32.2x5.9 ft. Engines were compound, condensing oscillating type, size 12s, 20s by 6-foot stroke, by the D. M. Swain Marine Engine Works of Stillwater, Minnesota. There were two locomotive firebox-type boilers, 12ft. by 6ft. built by D. Grupe of Davenport, Iowa. The main cabin had 30 staterooms with accommodations (of some type) for up to 200 passengers. Cost was \$30,000. The she was originally scow-bow but this was changed to a model bow in 1901.

ROCK ISLAND NO. 2 was smaller, 106.3x30.2x5.2 ft., and classified as a "power barge." She was single deck without a pilothouse and had engines 8s-4 ft. stroke. She was equipped with a 20-inch centrifugal sand pump which could move 200 cu. yds. per hour so evidently was more of a dredge than anything else.

AMERICAN CLASSIC VOYAGES CO.
TWO MORE NEW BOATS



Another view of the ROCK ISLAND NO. 1 when new. Note the cargo and spar handling booms rigged on the center mast with the landing stage boom. Arthur Knutson collection.

After major construction was completed at Seattle, both boats were boxed up (similar to the DELTA QUEEN before her trip from San Francisco in 1947) and towed by the large fishing steamer NEW ENGLAND up the coast and around to St. Michael, Alaska. At St. Michael, headquarters for several Yukon River boat operators, the ROCK ISLAND NO. 1 and ROCK ISLAND NO. 2 were completed and fitted out ready for service.

By the end of the summer of 1898, the Rock Island and Alaska Mining Co. was in receivership and was reorganized under the name of Alaska Mining Co. In some reports the company is also called the Boston and Alaska Mining Co. or the Boston and Alaska Transportation Co. which adds to the difficulty in unraveling the ownership of the boats but later both were sold to other interests.

Upon completion, ROCK ISLAND NO. 1 was chartered to the Frank Waterhouse Co. at \$500 per day for freighting up the Yukon. She was later acquired by the Seattle-Yukon Transportation Co. and ran in the Dawson-Stewart River area. In 1901 she ran from St. Michael to the Koyukuk River,

a tributary of the Yukon. She was purchased by the Northern Navigation Co. in 1902 and ran on the lower Yukon.

In 1905 the NO. 1 was operated in the trade to Fairbanks on the Tanana River. That fall she was frozen in, apparently at the mouth of the Chena River near Fairbanks. During the ice breakup in the spring of 1906 she was sunk and salvage attempts failed. She was eventually dynamited removing all traces of her.

ROCK ISLAND NO. 2 had a very short life as a steamboat. She was intended as a mining boat to accompany ROCK ISLAND NO. 1 but with the financial problems and reorganization of the company they went their separate ways.

NO. 2 arrived in Dawson early in 1899 and was then owned by the Seattle-Yukon Transportation Co. At Dawson she was sold to the Yukon Sawmill Co. and was stripped of her mining machinery which was sold to N. A. Fuller. NO. 2 was used as a barge until about 1918 when she disappeared from all records. One source reports that her engines were in a junk yard at Dawson as late as 1940.

* * *

There has been much speculation about the expansion plans for both the inland rivers and deep sea services of American Classic Voyages Co., parent of both Delta Queen Steamboat Co. and American Hawaii Cruises. An article on page 16 of the March S&D Reflector speculated on clues contained in the corporation's quarterly report about new construction. This was followed by a press release issued by Delta Queen Steamboat Co. outlining plans for five new coastal-type cruise boats which was reported on page 6 of our June issue.

The U.S. Congress has provided incentives for cruise ship operators to commit to construction of two new ships during the 1998 fiscal year. The open question was whether American Classic Voyages Co. would use this incentive for the construction of the five announced small ships or to expand its services in Hawaii. It's Hawaii.

The company announced on October 6, 1998 that a letter of intent has been signed with Litton Industries to construct two monster cruise ships at the Ingalls Shipbuilding Division yard, Pascagoula, MS. The ships will be 840 feet long, 71,000 tons and just wide enough to still fit through the 110 foot wide locks of the Panama Canal. Cost is estimated to be \$400-million each with the first ship going into service late in 2002.

Presently, American Hawaii Cruises operates the S.S. INDEPENDENCE on seven day circuits around the Hawaiian Islands. She was built in 1951, 682 feet long with a passenger capacity of 1,021. Readers interested in having a cruise on a classic liner of the 1950s will find INDEPENDENCE one of the last examples and she will be gone in three more years.

* * *



Lawrence "Larry" Walker.



MECCA!

LEFT, the Lafayette Hotel, Marietta, Ohio has hosted S&D annual meetings since 1939.



John and Ruth Bickel, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

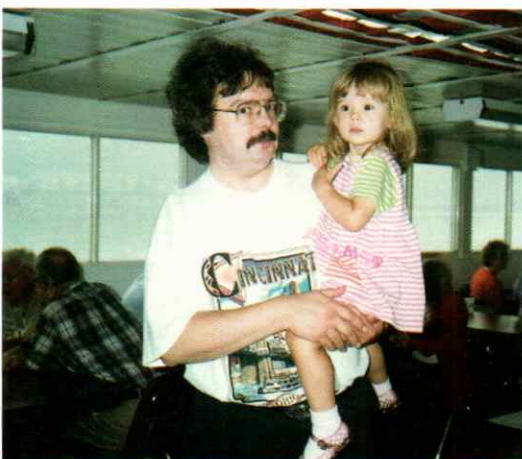


ABOVE, Allen Hess, standing; Jerry Sutphin, Keith Norrington, Jeff Spear, Bee Rutter and Ralph Dupae.

LEFT, Rick and Carolyn Kesterman on the VALLEY GEM.

RIGHT, Judy Patsch, Dorothea Frye and Marguerite Hammett.

PHOTOS CONTRIBUTED BY JUDY PATSCH, KEITH NORRINGTON, BARBARA HAMEISTER, ANNE MALLINSON AND FRED RUTTER.





ABOVE, Fred and Nell Way arrived on Thursday and rested on the DELTA QUEEN.
LEFT, Anne Putnam Mallinson.



Lucy and C. W. Stoll, Honorary President.



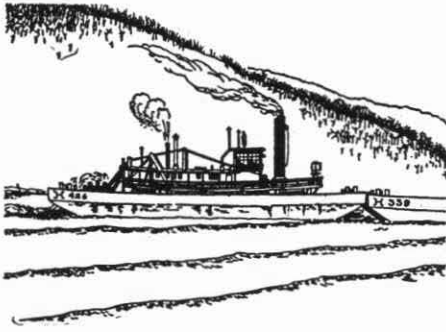
Helen Hughes Prater played a selection of favorites from the days of the TOM GREENE.



ABOVE, Charles H. Stone and James V. Swift taking it easy.

RIGHT, Guy "Coke" Anderson and Dale Flick, S&D Treasurer.





RECOLLECTIONS OF TOWBOATING

by Capt. K. Clare Carpenter

CHAPTER SIX WAR CLOUDS AND A PILOT AT LAST 1940 AND 1941

On January 6, 1940 I was laid off from the American Barge Line towboat AMERICAN. She had been stopped by ice conditions while trying to get down to Louisville from Cincinnati with a tow and laid up at Locust Point, about halfway between the Kentucky River at Carrollton, Kentucky and Madison, Indiana. That was my last work on the AMERICAN and I came back home to Belpre, Ohio the same day and began looking for another job.

The three boats in the general area between Marietta and Pt. Pleasant at the time were the WM. B. RODGERS with my long time friend Jerry McDavid as captain, the MONGAH with Floyd Weise mate who had ridden out the grounding of the ISTHMIAN with me in 1935 and the FAIRPLAY with Vernon Byrnside master. The WM. B. RODGERS and MONGAH were under charter to Campbell Transportation Co. while the FAIRPLAY was a Campbell boat. They were operating single crew because of the ice in the river but all three boats would have a job for me as soon as they were able to get under way.

On January 12 Capt. McDavid called to say that the RODGERS would probably start for Pittsburgh the next day. He also said it might be only four or five days work since the boat would probably lay up after getting to Pittsburgh. I replied, "Thanks, but I think I will wait and go on the MONGAH."

Two days later Capt. Byrnside called to come to the FAIRPLAY then tied up at Old Town Island below Ravenswood, West Virginia. The FAIRPLAY was built in 1905 as the HENRY A. LAUGHLIN, had been renamed SHANNOPIN and then bought by Capt. Charles T. Campbell in 1931.

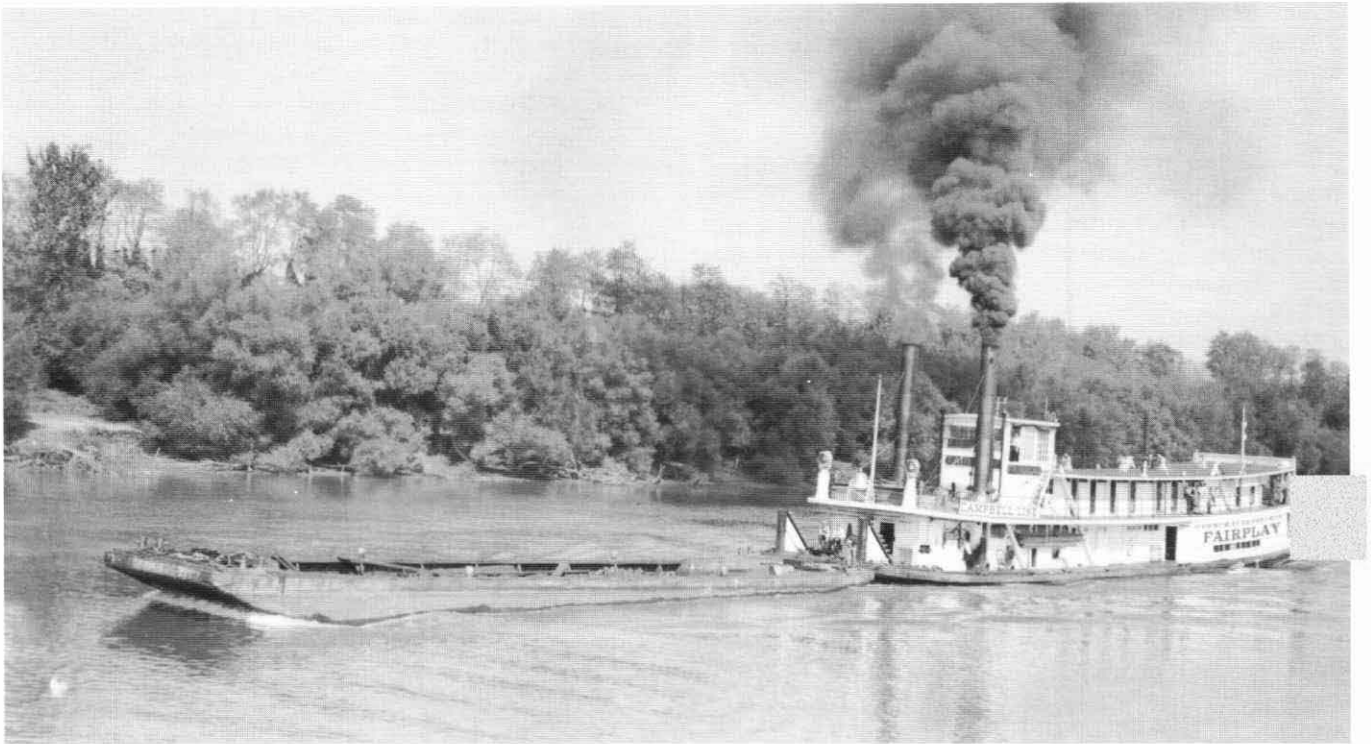
About 10am., January 15, 1940 I got aboard the FAIRPLAY at Old Town Island as they were arranging to double trip the tow. We took six standard loaded barges up to Snyder's Landing in the Little Kanawha River at Parkersburg and then went back after the rest of our tow of four loaded barges left at Buffington Island. Two of the barges were aground so we left them and took the other two up to Lock 21. We went back for the others the following afternoon and moved them up to Lock 21.

The river was falling and starting to freeze again. After checking with the office and all the weather reports it was decided we should go across to the West Virginia side and tie up below the concrete abutment at the end of the dam. The next day we started to tie up for ice. We were below the big block of concrete of the dam abutment and I couldn't see that we were in much danger but the captain wasn't taking any chances. There was only one big tree to tie to so we borrowed three ten-foot sawlogs from the people who owned the land. We buried the sawlogs about four feet in the ground then fastened 3/4 inch wire cables to them (two to each log), brought them back to the barges and made them fast with cable clamps.

Meanwhile, we had put three smaller cables and three two-inch hemp lines out to the big tree. The third log we put into a trench on the bank behind the boat with two hemp lines to the capstans so we could pull the whole works back and get an equal strain on the head lines. Sort of like tuning a banjo. Eventually we had seventeen head lines and two stern lines out. One thing was sure: the ice wasn't going to take us away. It could have come over the top of the barges and sunk them but break us loose, - not a chance.

Another precaution was to cut a trench in the ice around the entire riverward side of the tow and twice a day we kept it open. After about a week with the ice not moving and the weather continuing cold the captain let me go home for the night. The B&O Railroad had a train that went past us going to Parkersburg about 3:30pm and all one had to do was go out to the track and wave it down. Real handy.

On January 23, 1940 the ice gorge behind the Gallipolis Dam reached sixty-three miles upstream and past Lock 21 at Portland, Ohio. We now had our first son Edward and I was anxious to see more of him. After the gorge settled down a couple of days later I would go home to Belpre in the evening and Mabel would take me back down the Ohio side to Lock 21 the next morning. I walked over the ice to where the FAIRPLAY was laid up on the West Virginia shore.



ABOVE, the FAIRPLAY (T0793) on a summer day, neat as a pin as Charlie Campbell insisted his boats be kept. She was built in 1905 as HENRY A. LAUGHLIN for J&L Steel, renamed SHANNOPIN in 1930 and bought by Campbell 1931 to start the Campbell Transportation Co.

BELOW, the FAIRPLAY was frozen in the ice gorge at Dam 21, Portland, Ohio from January 16 to February 10, 1940. The crew seems to have paused in the daily job of chopping trench around the hull to let Clare Carpenter take the photo.



We were starting to get a little short on coal. Someone got hold of Joe Adams of Belpre and he brought three or four big truck loads of coal and dumped it on the top of the river bank. We built a chute out of spare bucket planks and shoveled the coal down the chute onto the ice, then used wheelbarrows to wheel it across the ice and up into the fuel flat. This lasted for about three days and I wound up with some very sore muscles.

One thing that the cold and hard work did not affect was the nightly poker game. Capt. Byrnside, Capt. Lucas, the mate and anyone else who wanted in pulled up their chairs and started the game. It always lasted until some time after midnight and I usually changed watches by walking through the cabin where the mate would look up from his hand and say, "OK, I got her" and then play his next card. Our cook was a big black man and every night he took all the kitchen knives and big forks to his room when he went to bed. He wasn't taking any chances if the poker game turned nasty.

Finally, on February 10 the ice let go and at 6:30am on the 12th we got under way after twenty-six days.

At Vanport, Pennsylvania (near Beaver) we turned back with twelve loaded barges and picked up two more at Weirton. We landed at Cables Eddy to make the Weirton pick ups and make up the tow, finished about midnight and decided to wait until daylight to go on.

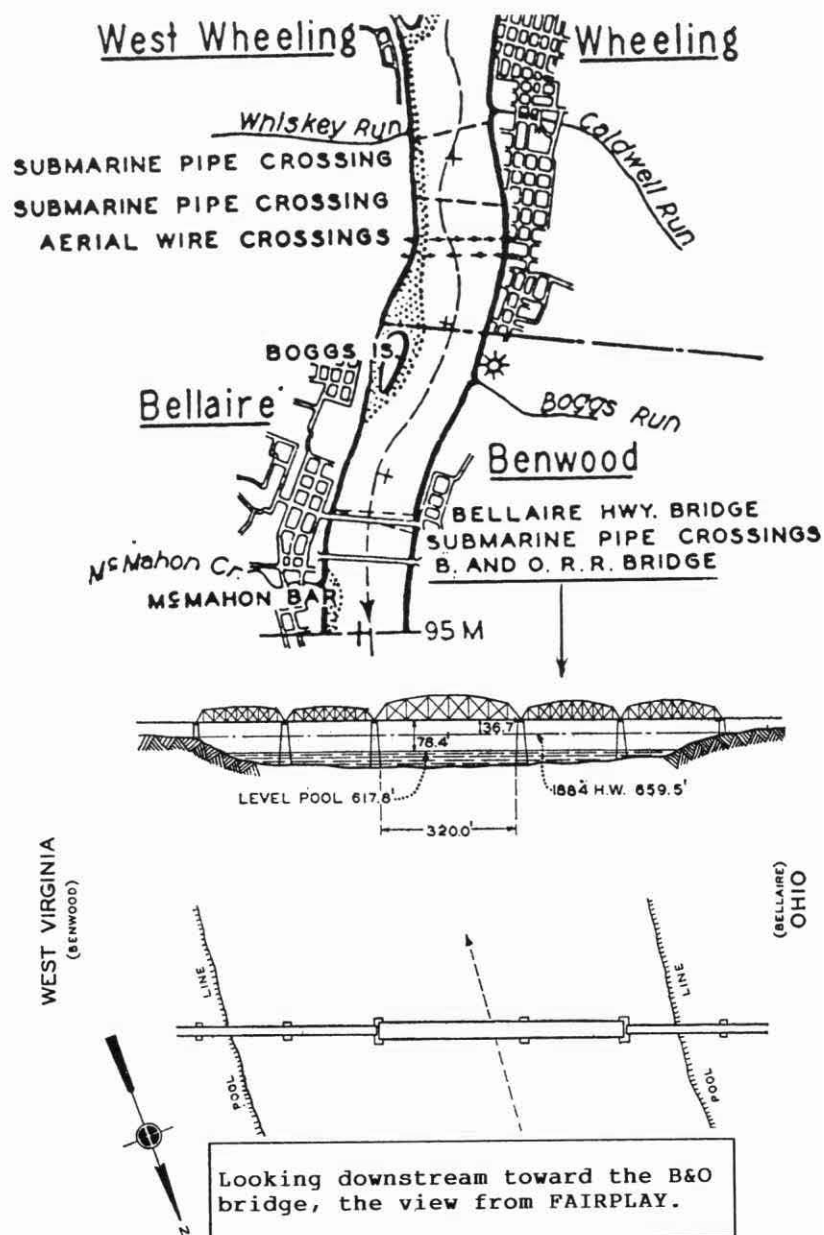
It was raining and the river was rising so we wondered whether Dam 10 above Steubenville was up or down. It was a hard lock to get into if there were several wickets on the dam down and harder to get out of because of the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge about five hundred feet below the lower guidewall. It was decided that should the dam be up we would double trip through the lock since it would be too big a risk to go down close to the dam with the whole tow.

There was no way to contact the lock to find out if the dam was down so, just as it was getting daylight, we put a man in the yawl to go out in the river where he could see if the lights on the lockwall were red or green. He signalled back, "Red" meaning the dam was down and we turned loose and started out. I wanted to stay in the pilothouse as much as possible to see how the two experts handled the big tow and after we cleared the lock and railroad bridge, Capt. Byrnside said, "Watch her a minute, Captain," and took off downstairs. Capt. Lucas slid off of the bench, walked up to the wheel, looked back down the stairway and said, "Damn! You're not going to get sick on me, are you?"

We got down by Wheeling and were heading down at the Bellaire Bridge when a snow storm hit. The bridge vanished in the snow and we

were past the good stopping place so it was decided to try a checkline landing below the foot of Boggs Island, just above the bridge. I got the deck crew and we put the yawl in the river and got the checkline into the yawl.

I then ran back to the pilothouse for we could now see both shores and the FAIRPLAY wasn't doing much toward getting us over to the island or, for that matter, slowing us down. Capt. Byrnside then said, "We are never going to get close enough to shore to get the line out so bring it back aboard." We did and then it snowed harder and he said, "We just have to land somehow" so the checkline went back into the yawl and then we took it out again. We put it back in a third time and then in an instant the snow storm had passed.



During all this time trying to get to the bank we had gotten over close to the Ohio shore. The tow was now across the right-hand pier of the bridge and going down sidewise. Capt. Byrnside looked at Capt. Lucas and said, "What do you think, Chick?" I have always thought that Capt. Russell "Chick" Lucas was the best bridge pilot I ever knew and he had already made up his mind what he would do. Very calmly he said, "The only chance is to come ahead as hard as possible and hope she will shove over far enough to miss that pier." He then sat back down on the bench.

The FAIRPLAY huffed and puffed for what seemed like ages. Finally, Capt. Byrnside said, "Do you think it is time to start to straighten her up?" Capt. Lucas replied, "No! Hell no. Don't stop."

We went on a little longer when Capt. Byrnside said, "I think I better stop." This time, Capt. Lucas came off of the bench, walked over and put a hand on each of Byrnside's shoulders and said, "Please, Vernon. Pretty-please, don't stop this boat." He eyed that bridge pier a little while and then said, "Now! Back the hell out of her," turned and went back to the bench and sat down. We went through the 320 foot span of that bridge with the green light right over the middle of the tow.

At midnight, Vernon and Chick decided that Chick would come ahead slow and float all night to not get to Parkersburg before daylight. We made the Parkersburg bridges after daylight and, when we figured the miles, Chick floating and running slow had made only six fewer miles than Vernon had on his watch running full ahead.

Just as we started down past Blennerhassett Island another snow storm hit us. We got in to the bank and got a checkline out and I started checking. The barge I was checking from had just come from the shipyard and someone had painted the timberheads. A check line will not render around painted timberheads; it sticks and then lets go with a jerk which is dangerous for the person checking. You could be thrown overboard or the sudden releases could cause your hands to get caught in the line around the timberhead. Also, when the line comes loose as it jerks it becomes slack it loses its checking power or there is the possibility of the line breaking if it doesn't let go quickly enough.

After awhile I wasn't doing very good checking on the sticky timberhead so threw off all but two turns on it and went over to a kevel in the center of the barge. Now, a kevel is very difficult to use for a check; the line tends to draw down under the horns and foul. This happened and the checkline broke while we were still dropping downstream. I yelled for the men in the yawl to come back on the boat. We turned

the coil over and made it fast to another tree and that time got the tow stopped. By then the snow had stopped so we picked up the broken pieces of checkline, turned loose and started on down the river.

About 3am. the mate came running through the cabin yelling for everyone to get up, that we had hit the bank and were turning around. Capt. Chick had been flanking Sand Creek bend (below Ravenswood, West Virginia) and just as he reached the critical point the towboat JOHN W. HUBBARD came around the point so he had to stop backing and come ahead to push out around the HUBBARD's tow.

That did it! Our tow hit the bank on the West Virginia shore and we started turning around. The tow was longer than the river was wide so when the boat hit the Ohio bank the tow buckled in the middle. Most of the rigging broke but we had enough hemp lines out so that none of the barges got away. The HUBBARD tied her tow off as soon as she could and came to our rescue, helping us to get landed on the West Virginia shore below Old Town Island, about six miles down the river. After we got everything back together and the Captain considered things he decided to double trip to below the Gallipolis Lock.

At Huntington the towboat PETE took a loaded gas barge and brought us a loaded fuel flat. At Coal Haven (just above Cincinnati) we made another checkline landing and delivered one barge and the now almost empty fuel flat. The river continued high and we double tripped again from Mound City, Illinois down to Cairo. This was the end of the trip, one none of us would soon forget.

Starting back up the river, we left Cairo with one load and picked up five more loads at Evansville. At Six Mile Island above Louisville we changed tows and went back down to Livingston Point (just above Paducah) and exchanged tows with the ROBERT F. BRANDT. Although Capt. Chick had now been replaced by Capt. Harry Hamilton, the poker games were still a nightly feature and I did most of the steering.

Just before midnight I was coming up the Indiana shore below the bear trap walls and abutment at Lock 46 above Owensboro, Kentucky. The walls extended out into the river quite a way and when the head of the four-length tow went out into the swift current coming down over the dam we started to turn around. I stopped the engines and started backing to try and straighten up but by the time Capt. Vernon got to the pilot house we were already crosswise in the river and still turning. He took a quick look and said, "Let her go. Change the rudders and help her turn." After awhile, when we were

headed back downstream, he said, "Let me have her." By the time he got headed back upsteam it was watch time so I didn't have to pilot any more that night.

At Lock 41 (Louisville) there was a message for me to call Mr. Brandt of the American Barge Line. He said they were going to take the PLYMOUTH out in a few days and offered me the mate's job. I was getting some pressure from the union crew on the FAIRPLAY and at that time wasn't ready to join their union. After talking it over with Capt. Vernon I said, "Goodbye" to the FAIRPLAY and got off the next day at Ghent, Kentucky.

In May, 1940 I was called to the ARTHUR HIDER when she came out after receiving a new set of boilers. I was supposed to be the watchman but for some reason the regular mate was not available so I was mate for a short time until he returned.

One Sunday evening in July we were at Laughery Island, between Rising Sun and Aurora, Indiana, coming up the Ohio. The dams were down, we had almost come to a dead stop and I was in the pilothouse with Capt. Lewis Reade discussing the possibility of double-tripping. The two deckhands, Bob McClintock and Roy Foreman, had been out at the head of the tow for some time talking to some campers on the bank and they now came back to the pilothouse. They suggested that if we would put out a warp line we could make it through the swift spot without double-tripping.

A warp line is a long line going from the boat to a tree on the bank ahead of the tow, then put onto the capstan to pull through the swift water. Capt. Reade asked, "What's the deal, beer or a good looking girl?" Bob replied, "Maybe both." Seems that they had asked the campers to toss them a beer and were then invited to, "Come and get it." The captain asked me what I thought. I said, "It might work but if they wanted to drag the line out to the head of the tow I would run the capstan." Capt. Reade said, "O.K., but I want a man with an axe out there by the tree to cut me loose in case I have trouble steering. I don't want this tow to start turning around and me tied to a tree."

We got the coal passer and dragged about 800 feet of line out to the head of the barges. The captain steered in to the bank until we could get a ladder out. Bob won the toss to go ashore. He slid down the ladder and tied the line to a tree, someone throw him an axe and I came ahead on the capstan. Meanwhile, all the campers had gathered to watch the show. When we had started to move and everything was going smoothly Bob asked, "Where is the beer?" Some guy held up a half empty bottle and said, "Sorry old buddy, this is the last bottle." Anyway, the

warp line worked and it saved double-tripping and five or six hours of lost time.

The HIDER was a hard boat to work on. She burned lots of coal so the coal passers were kept busy and, being old and built of wood from the hull up, she was very hard to keep clean. We were working above Louisville most of the time where the locks and landings were very close together which made lots of tow work. Every seven to ten days we had to tie up for the engineer to clean boilers. This usually took between eighteen and twenty-four hours and, usually, we were at some town. When I was mate I always let the deck crew off for whatever part of the night we were tied up with the exception of one deckhand.

One night when we were cleaning boilers at Portsmouth I told the deckhand on watch to call me and the rest of the watch whenever they started the light plant. We would be ready to go when the engineer was ready. Some time later I was awakened by the pop valves on the boilers blowing off. They stopped and almost instantly started again. Then I realized that the boiler feed pump was running about three times normal speed but wasn't pumping water.

I jumped out of bed, pulled my pants on, stepped into my shoes and went out into the cabin. Meanwhile, the pump had stopped and someone was trying to start the injector; it kicked off twice but started working on the third try. I had a few horrible seconds wondering what would happen next because I have always been told that if a boiler was going to blow up it would happen the moment the cold water hit the hot plates of the shell. Nothing happened and I found Shorty, the deckhand, and all the other deckhands and cook as far to the stern of the boat as they could get. When I asked why Shorty hadn't called the captain, the pilot and me he said that he was afraid we would be mad if he woke us up.

After I got through chewing Shorty out I went back to my room, finished dressing and went downstairs. About the time I got to the firebox the chief engineer stuck his head out of the engine room door and yelled at the fireman to get some steam on the boat. He started for the fire box but I beat him to the shovel and threatened to knock him overboard if he didn't leave. I opened all the furnace doors, looked to see that the fireman was not in sight and then went back through the deck room and into the engine room.

From the deckroom, I could see that the hands on the water gauges on the boilers were all pointing straight down rather than across at 90 degrees where they should have been and this after the injectors had been putting a two inch

stream into the boilers for perhaps ten minutes. In the engine room the chief was so drunk he was falling from one piece of machinery to another. The second engineer, an old man past seventy-five, was wringing his hands and begging with tears in his eyes, "Cool her down." The chief answered, "Old man, you are just scared. Go upstairs and go to bed."

Things finally settled down and we got under way. I doubt if any report was made about the whole affair but one thing is sure: if one of those boilers had let go there would have been pieces of the HIDER all over Portsmouth. Those who might have survived would have had a place in history as being aboard the ARTHUR HIDER the night she blew up.

In mid-September I took my first paid vacation. Early in 1940 the company decided to give everyone two days off for every thirty days worked. Most people just took the money but I had saved up ten days so came home. It was real nice to be home and get paid but this benefit was a long way from the "day off for each day worked" which came much later.

October 16, 1940 was a landmark day when we tied up at Carrollton, Kentucky and all the men under forty went up town to the draft board to register for the first peace-time draft. The war in Europe had been going on since September 1939 and France had fallen to the Germans in June, 1940.

Toward the end of October we were sent below Louisville. We got two lower Ohio pilots but the captain was told to stay aboard. He was wondering why because he didn't like to go below Louisville. Red, one of the pilots, told him that he had been in the office a few days before and had heard that they were sending the captain below Louisville so that he could get some trips in and then get his pilot's license extended. The captain said that he had no intention of getting his license down that wild man's river to which the pilot replied, "Nothing to it. The river's a mile wide." The captain exploded, "Yes, and a damned foot deep."

A couple of days afterwards we were tied up at Hancock bend in the fog. The captain came down on deck and said, "Put the motor boat in and we will go down to Cannelton (Indiana) and get something for Sunday dinner. The HIDER had a very poor refrigeration system so we carried only four or five days food supply at a time.

At Cannelton the deckhand was told to take the boat back to the HIDER and the captain and I walked up the ferry landing into town. The first building at the top of the bank was the Sunlight Hotel with a big sign, "Rathskeller." The captain said, "Let's go in here and see what we can find

out." After a couple of slugs we found out that Cannelton didn't have very good stores but that Tell City, down the river about four miles, had everything. We took a taxi to Tell City and did our shopping but by that time the HIDER had passed down so we took another taxi to Troy, Indiana and flagged the boat.

When the motor boat came in to pick us up the captain decided not to go back with me but said that he would get on at Lock 46, Owensboro, Kentucky. There was no sign of the captain when we got to Lock 46 but at Lock 47 he was there and now well loaded. He told me that he was getting off of the boat and to send a deckhand back for his things. I suggested that he get aboard and go to bed but he ordered, "Send someone to get my stuff." He did come aboard to wake up Blue, the other pilot, and turned over the boat's papers to him. When he tried to count out the boat's money he couldn't get beyond \$90 after two or three tries. Blue counted the money, gave him a receipt and we last saw the captain leaving us in a taxi.

A few days later I was painting the boat's name on the starboard engine room bulkhead when I heard a strange sound. It seemed to be coming from the engine room and then thought it might be something loose in the wheel. Walking back on the fantail I looked the wheel over but couldn't see anything wrong, still the noise was there. I had been on a boat or two that had broken a wheel shaft and this noise was quite similar. In the engine room I told the chief, "You've got a broken shaft so you better stop before you make scrap iron out of that starboard engine." He walked over to the starboard side, listened a few seconds and then stopped the engines. Out on the fantail we found that the shaft was cracked about two-thirds of the way through.

I have always wondered why it was possible to work a boat at full throttle for hours or perhaps days with a cracked shaft but the minute the crack is discovered she becomes a complete derelict. With a known crack, it is absolutely impossible to roll the wheel over, even at the very slowest speed. The river stage at the time was dead pool so we floated about half a mile down into the band, ran out a check line, landed and tied up.

Captain Blue went ashore to find a telephone and called the office. Late that evening a Mr. Arms from the office came down and paid everyone off except for the mate and engineer. I returned to Louisville with Mr. Arms and then on home to Belpre on the bus.

On December 6, 1940 I was called to go to the HIDER at Cincinnati. She had been repaired, had run for a short time and then tied up again.

When I got aboard Captain Russ told me that he had called the mate and watchman who had been aboard when they laid up but, not hearing from them, I could take the job of whichever one didn't show. Neither man came to the boat so I was the mate.

About the first of January, 1941 I received a letter from Mr. Brandt at the office saying that it would be O.K. for me to go steersman again. It would be agreeable to go on any of the company's boats provided the captain approved. I showed the letter to Capt. Russ and he said, "Why not stay on here?" The HIDER would probably be working above Louisville most of the time and that is where I wanted to get my first pilot's license so I agreed to stay.

Capt. Russ asked me to stay as mate until he could find a replacement. After a couple of weeks I asked if he had come up with anyone and he replied that he had been thinking about Butch Ayers and asked me to write to Butch. I got an answer saying there had been a death in the family but he would be ready in about two weeks. A month later I sent another letter and this time Butch had a broken leg. I suggested two or three mates to the captain but he didn't like them so things dragged on.

On May 1 we tied up at New Martinsville, West Virginia to clean boilers. Everything was fine until about noon the next day when we were ready to go but the pilot was missing. I was sent uptown to find the pilot and met him on his way back to the boat. Just as we passed the ferry landing at New Martinsville our store man from Huntington came off of the ferry, stopped and greeted us and said, "Let's go have a drink." I said, "We don't have time. The boat is ready and they are waiting on us." The pilot then said, "Tell the captain to go ahead. I will get on at Lock 15." Now, Lock 15 is only a mile below New Martinsville on the Ohio side and there was no way he could get down there in time to catch the boat. I went back to the boat and we left.

The pilot caught the boat at Lock 16, Beavertown, Ohio and came aboard. Capt. Russ told me to stay in the pilot house with him but when we got down to St. Marys he decided he needed some beer. His plan was to stop the boat while I put out in the yawl and got the beer; I stalled until we got down to the wharf below the bridge when the pilot said, "Get going!"

The captain was still up when I went downstairs and I told him of the problem. He grinned and said, "What do you do with a guy like that?" My answer was, "That's not my problem. Do I get the beer?" The captain told me to go back to the pilothouse and tell the pilot to get the boat going. The pilot's answer to this

order was, "If something happens to me it will be you fellows' fault," and then he came ahead. A short distance below Newport, Ohio, at Allen Run, I got off to go home for a few hours.

Near midnight I got back aboard at Lock 20, Belleville, West Virginia and there was our pilot, arguing with the lockmen about getting back on the boat. He had gotten off at Marietta. When we left the lock I was in the pilothouse and we went across the river and hit the bank at Reedsville, a broadside lick and nothing was hurt. After we got going again I sat down on the bench and said, "I've been up all day and sure am sleepy.." The pilot answered, "Don't think you are going to sleep. Get up here and steer this thing." He then stretched out on the bench and went to sleep.

When we got down to Lock 21 I shook and yelled at my mentor but no luck. Not a grunt. We had only four or five barges and I had a good deck crew so called the deckhand to the pilothouse and told him to take the rest of the crew out and we would make the lock. At Lock 22 and again at Lock 23 it was the same thing. At Schoolhouse Ferry below Lock 23 I stopped the engines to pick up a crew member and this woke the pilot who sat up, looked around and asked, "Where are we?" I told him and, after asking if I had checked for mail and orders at Lock 22, he said, "Let me have her so the captain will think I did something tonight."

I went downstairs and changed watches. I was halfway through breakfast when the watchman came by and said the captain wanted to see me before I went to bed. After breakfast, I went to the pilothouse and the captain asked, "What was going on here?"

"Why, what do you mean, Captain?"

"When I came up and asked if there were any orders or mail at Lock 22 the pilot looked around and said, 'Have we passed 22?'"

I told Capt. Russ that the pilot was sleepy and he looked incredulous. "Are you telling me that you steered the whole watch without calling me?" My excuse was that the Captain had been up for eighteen hours and I knew he was tired but that didn't help. He informed me that he was responsible for the boat and proceeded to give me a first class chewing out.

A week after the New Martinsville fiasco we went into Cincinnati for inspection. Mabel came down and we decided we should buy a new car. We were there four or five days so had time to shop and later placed an order. Also, I had time to get a lot of cleaning and painting done on the boat, appreciated because we didn't seem to have much time when we were underway. Another letter arrived from Butch who said his leg wasn't doing well and it might be another month.

One day late in May, 1941, while we were cleaning boilers at Portsmouth, Ohio, the brand new steamer JASON went by on her first trip for Union Barge Line. I admired her but the idea that in less than six months I would be standing a watch as her pilot never crossed my mind.

On another boiler cleaning day at Manchester, Ohio, as we were preparing to get underway again, the deckhand on shore was having trouble untying the knot in the line. The pilot started to give him a hard time and, as I never liked anyone jumping on my men, I told the pilot where to go and how to get there. As soon as we were underway Capt. Russ called me to the pilothouse and chewed me out for talking that way to the pilot. He then went downstairs and the pilot said, "Here, steer awhile," and he proceeded to take a nap.

When he woke up he said, "When are you going to get your pilot's license? We are going to get into this war and there will be a big demand for pilots so get ready." When I asked him if he would sign my application the answer was a resounding, No!" He then told me that he had promised a certain captain who signed his application that he would not sign an application for an original license for ten years or until the captain had died; this was Capt. Charles Ellsworth who had been my captain most of the time when I was steering on the INLAND. "Get the original license, even if it is only for ten miles, and then I will sign for your extensions, anywhere you want to go."

By now, I had given up on Butch coming back and taking the mate's job so told Capt. Russ that I would be quitting about June 20. A week later he told me that Bert Roush would relieve me in a few days and we agreed that it would be on the 23rd. I also told the Captain that I was going for the license and asked him if he would give me a letter of recommendation to the inspectors. He said, "I told you I would help you when you were ready. But there is one thing: you must get the approval of the board of directors of the Ohio and Kanawha Rivers Pilots Association." He named the members of the board and the only one I knew probably never attended a meeting. I probably didn't need Capt. Russ' letter anyway.

On June 23, 1941 we were cleaning boilers at Pt. Pleasant. Bert Roush was ready to come to the boat so I called Mabel and she came down for me with our son Edward in our first new car. It was, "Goodbye" to the ARTHUR HIDER and I went home to Belpre to hit the books for the pilot's examination.

In July, 1941 I took the pilot's examination at the U.S. Steamboat Inspection Service office at Pt. Pleasant, West Virginia. After picking up my new license, pilot Pittsburgh to Louisville, around

noon on July 28 I walked over to Capt. Charles Stone's house on the bank of the Kanawha River to tell him the good news. Also, Capt. Stone just might know where a new pilot might find a job.

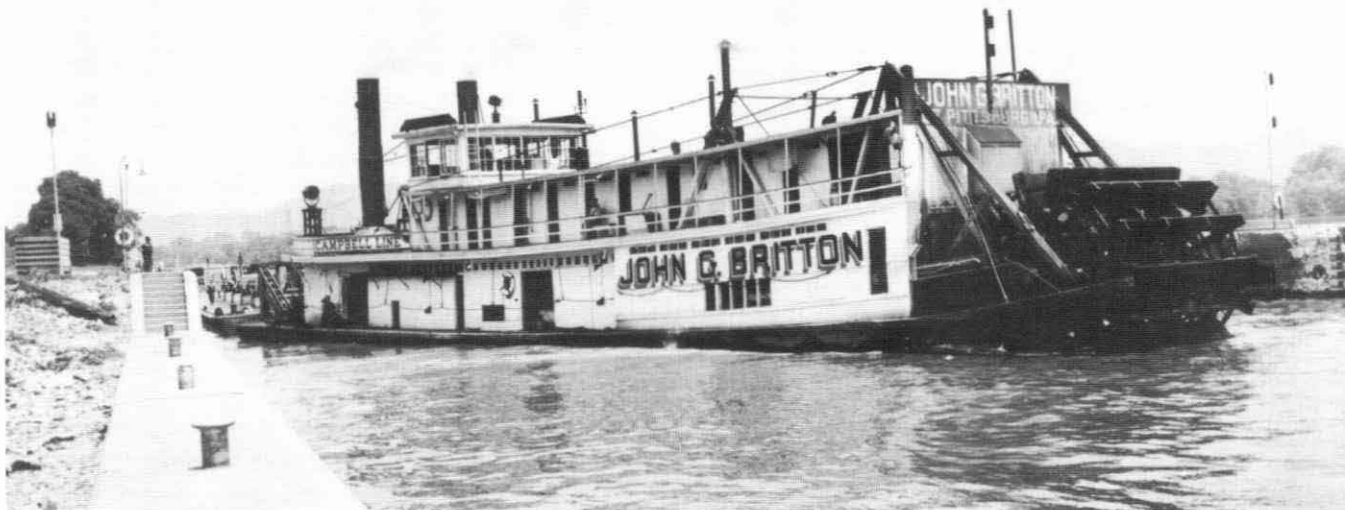
As luck would have it, Capt. Stone knew that the JOHN G. BRITTON, then tied up at the Point Park, was looking for a pilot and he suggested I go talk to Capt. Andy Sayre. I had never met Capt. Sayre but the grapevine had it that he was a cantankerous old cuss and not easy to work with. So what? Likely it would be for only a few days, I was anxious to use the new license and could also use the \$12.50 per day, the going rate for trip pilots.

The BRITTON had just turned loose and was backing out into the river when I got around to the other side of Point Park. I called over to Capt. Andy, told him who I was and that I understood he needed a pilot. He replied that Bob Heslop was looking for a pilot for the boat and to go see him; Heslop was to send whomever he found. Although I had heard of Bob Heslop for years I had never met him.

I went to the Heslop Machine Shop, Bob's place of business, and told him my story. He said he would have to call Pittsburgh first and soon had Ed Lips, superintendent of Campbell Transportation Co. on the line. There followed the most flowery recommendation for my talents that you could imagine, almost to the point of my wondering who he was talking about. The amusing part was that I knew Ed Lips very well from my ISTHMIAN days. For some reason, maybe because I had just received my license and had never stood a watch, Ed said that he would have to get Mr. Campbell's O.K. but that he was then out to lunch.

Mabel and our son Edward were waiting for me over in Kanauga (Ohio) so I told Heslop that I was going over there but would call him before leaving the area. I walked across the Silver Bridge, found a hotdog stand and we had lunch. Then I lifted our son, then not quite two, up and let him pull the handle on a nickel slot machine. He hit the jackpot! After gathering up all the nickels and changing them for dollars, I called Mr. Heslop but he had heard nothing so we started for home.

At Pomeroy I decided to make one last call to Bob Heslop and, wonder of wonders, he said that Ed. Lips had directed me to catch the BRITTON. Mabel would drive on home, pack some clothes for me and get a frame for my license before meeting the boat later at Lock 18 above Belpre. Then as now, steamboat law required that the licenses of the boat's personnel be framed under glass and hung in a particular place for all to see. I got aboard the JOHN G. BRITTON at 3pm. at the Letart, Ohio ferry landing.



With the ink still damp on his license, Clare Carpenter got his first piloting job on the JOHN G. BRITTON (T1406), July 28, 1940. She had been built as the ECLIPSE (T0675) in 1932 by Ralph Emerson with backing by John W. Hubbard and although having a new hull she was a collection of bits and pieces from several old boats. Mr. Hubbard was also helping Charles T. Campbell with his start-up Campbell Transportation Co. so ECLIPSE became part of that fleet in 1933. Campbell quickly rebuilt her to his standards and renamed her for his friend Capt. John G. Britton.

The BRITTON had been built in 1932 as the ECLIPSE with engines from the old packet GREENWOOD and much equipment from the KENTUCKY, another old packet. Capt. Charles T. Campbell rebuilt parts of her in 1933 and renamed her JOHN G. BRITTON. When I got aboard that afternoon I don't remember Capt. Sayre giving me an effusive welcome. He did ask, "Where are your clothes" and then, "Where's your license?" I told him that I would get both at Lock 18 and he replied, "Don't you know that license has to be framed and posted?" After I assured him that I was aware of that he said, "I'm going to bed," and walked off.

During the afternoon watch I made Lock 23 and went off watch at Oldtown Island. At midnight I came back on watch at the foot of Newberry Island and when I came into the pilothouse Capt. Sayre said, "We are at Newberry Island. You go up around here to the left past the head of the island. Then back to your right to Lock 19." "Yes, Captain, I knew" and he went off watch without one word about the location of the switches or other controls. Those are things any pilot needs to be told when he comes aboard a strange boat.

By the time we left Lock 19 the weather had turned into the classic, "Dark and Stormy Night." There were showers and gusty winds and soon after the mate came in and said the engineer was

wondering if we would get into Parkersburg in time for him to catch a bus home. After hearing the time for the bus' departure, I told the mate to tell him to come ahead on her and we would be there. We really came flying up by Blennerhassett Island and headed over to the landing at Parkersburg, maybe a little too fast. As soon as I stopped her the deckhands had the yawl in the river and they took off for the shore.

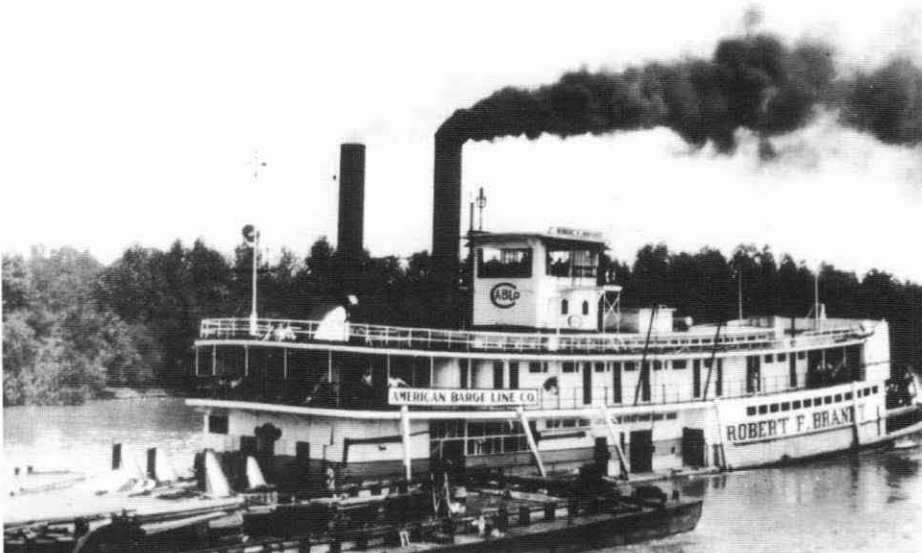
Then the wind hit, an almost mini-cyclone. Our empty barges went sailing into the bank and we were headed at three or four big yachts. I backed the stern into the shore to try to make the barges go outside of the yachts but as suddenly as the wind hit it stopped and so did we. The deckhands came back and put the yawl in the deckroom. I tried to change the rudders to back out into the river but they came almost over to center and then stuck. I ran them back to starboard and tried again but again they stuck.

After a few more tries the mate went to see what the trouble was and came back to report that the middle rudder was bent up and hitting the wheel. We called Capt. Andy. He looked things over and decided that I should get off. Thus ended my first job as a pilot after only about six hours.

ROBERT F. BRANDT
(T2172)

She had been built in 1929 as a stock boat by the Marietta Mfg. Co., Pt. Pleasant, WV named WALTER A. WINDSOR and sold to American Barge Line in 1936. She was renamed in honor of the company's master of transportation. She was a big boat, 165x36.1x6.4, with four boilers and engines rated 1,100hp., 16s,32s-8 ft. stroke from the packet S. S. BROWN. Dismantled in 1950.

Clare's tenure as pilot on the BRANDT lasted ten days, July 31 to August 10, 1941. This ended his ten year association with American Barge Line dating back to his employment as deckhand on the PLYMOUTH in 1931.



The next day after my short piloting career on the JOHN G. BRITTON Capt. Charley Stone called from Pt. Pleasant. In addition to his other enterprises he was a local agent for American Barge Line and said that Mr. Brandt wanted me to catch the steamer ROBERT F. BRANDT at Pt. Pleasant that evening. Actually, I had never been on a boat that big but so what; nothing like starting at the top.

When I got aboard the boat there were some familiar faces. Capt. Blue, master; Scottie, pilot; Jerry, mate, all of whom I had worked with. Scottie had piloted packet boats before there were many locks and dams, when the river was not much more than a glorified creek. Later he worked for the Army Corps of Engineers, piloting a small boat with one or two barges. I think that he knew the channel better than anyone I ever worked with but with a tow of a dozen or more barges he didn't or couldn't stay in the narrow channel. As for getting into a lock with a tow, it was a real production. I told Capt. Blue that I could see a rough trip for him with me on my first trip and with Scottie. He said, "I know I will have to help Scottie make all the locks so you and Jerry have her on the after watch."

I had worked with Jerry many times and he was an excellent mate so I didn't see any problem with our arrangement. We sailed along up to Baden (Pennsylvania), picked up a tow and came back down to Marietta and turned the DUNCAN BRUCE. A dredge was working in the channel at the head of Marietta Island and I came real close to it when passing. Then at Wheeling Creek we rubbed the bottom but the pool was flat and the channel narrow. Nothing to get shook up about.

The next afternoon at Lock 10, Steubenville Capt. Lew Reade came aboard. He looked around and said, "What the hell am I doing on here? You already have two pilots." Capt. Blue said that he had talked to the office and Lew was to relieve me so I asked if Mr. Brandt had said what I was supposed to do. "No, he didn't," replied Capt. Blue.

"Well, he told me to get on any boat I wanted to and ride to get more experience so, as long as it is O.K., I'll stay."

"Fine with me. Change your things out of the Pilot's room."

The next morning Capt. Blue went to the phone at Lock 7 and when he came back he said, "Mr. Brandt said for you to get off at Midland and go home." That ended my career as a regular employee with American Barge Line.

Years later I learned from Lew Reade that Capt. Blue was the reason for my leaving the BRANDT rather than just slow business as I had thought at the time. There was evidently some jealousy going back to our days together decking; Blue had a mate's license before I did yet there were times when he was a deckhand working for me as watchman or mate. It was hard for me to believe that Capt. Blue, a master with several years seniority, would carry such personal resentment but I have no reason to doubt Lew Reade's version. Trying to get started as a pilot, I was pleased to work for him.

After twenty days at home, Capt. Charles Stone again called me late in the afternoon of August 31 to see if I would like to take the steamer RELIANCE of the Union Barge Line to Pittsburgh as trip pilot. I got aboard the boat just after

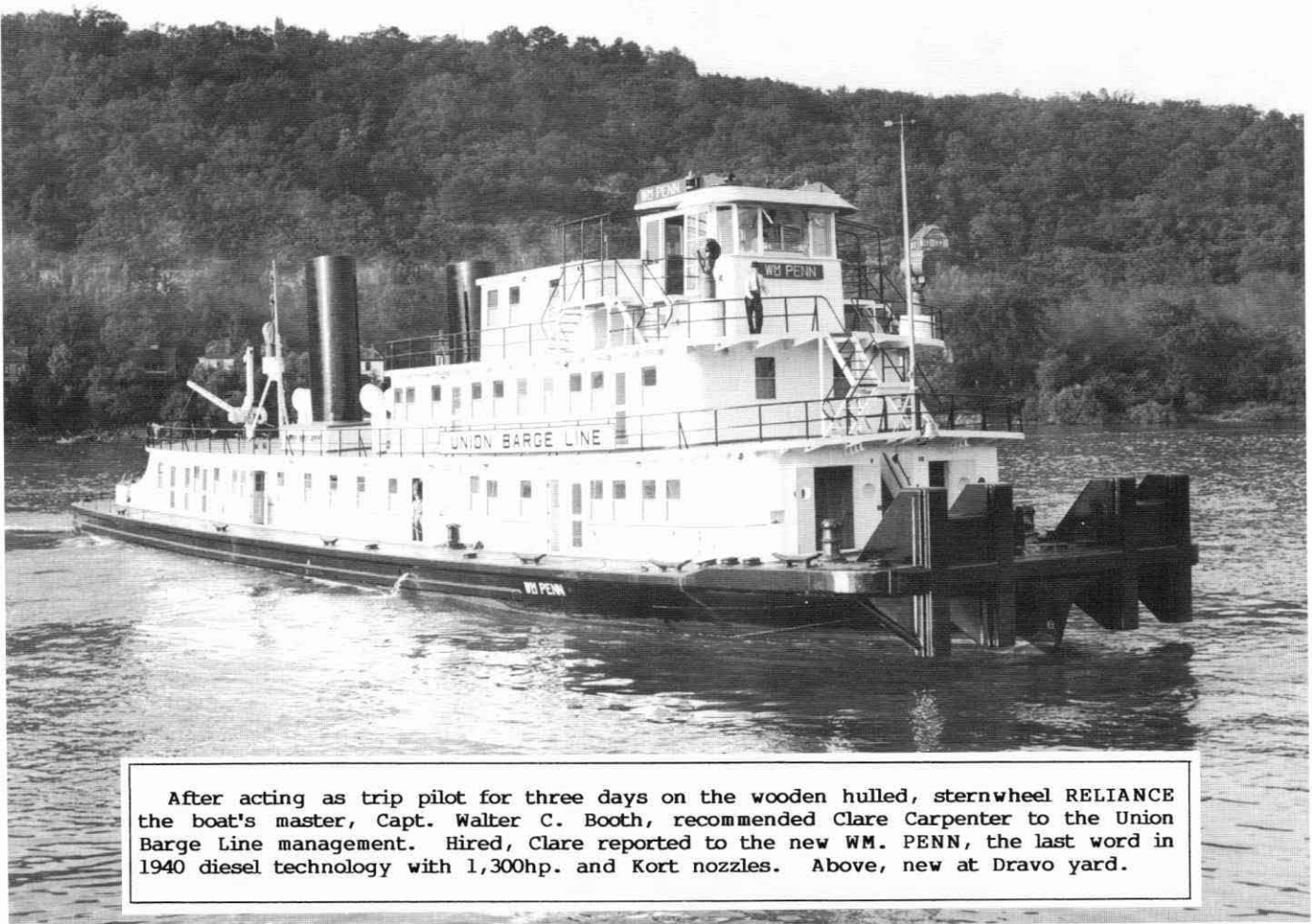
midnight, September 1, 1941, at Pomeroy, Ohio to work for three days. In retrospect, Capt. Blue is to be thanked for making it possible for me to go aboard the RELIANCE that night.

The RELIANCE was a wooden hulled towboat built in 1916. She had carried the names ACTIVE and HECLA before being sold to Union Barge Line Co. in 1924 and renamed. Capt. Walter C. Booth, a packetboat man associated with the LIBERTY from her building in 1912, became the master of the RELIANCE in 1937. She was used almost exclusively under contract to Standard Oil of New Jersey towing gasoline on the Ohio, Kanawha, Monongahela and Allegheny Rivers.

After we arrived at Neville Island, Pittsburgh I was asked to go to the office to see Mr. Herman Stuckman. Mr. Stuckman hired me on a temporary basis upon the recommendation of Capt. Booth. For the next thirty-two years the only month I missed a pay check was in 1959 during a labor dispute when the company called a lockout.

I was ordered to go to the WM. PENN as steersman and got aboard at Middleport on September 6, 1941. The PENN was a relatively new diesel propeller boat built by Dravo in 1940, the latest in modern propeller boat design that would spell the end of the traditional sternwheel towboats. She was probably the first propeller boat I ever steered although I had worked on the W. A. SHEPPARD for about three months as watchman and may have steered for the captain at times for a few minutes. The SHEPPARD was a 700 hp., open wheel boat built about 1920 whereas the PENN was 1,400 hp. with Kort nozzles and at the time one of the two largest diesel boats operating on the Ohio River. She had the nickname "Bull of the Woods", later changed when she had been displaced by even larger boats to "Old Rabbit Ears" due to the exceptionally large and tall stacks .

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After acting as trip pilot for three days on the wooden hulled, sternwheel RELIANCE the boat's master, Capt. Walter C. Booth, recommended Clare Carpenter to the Union Barge Line management. Hired, Clare reported to the new WM. PENN, the last word in 1940 diesel technology with 1,300hp. and Kort nozzles. Above, new at Dravo yard.

The WM. PENN had lots of cabin space but the normal crew at the time I was first on her was 25 people and often there were five or six extras. She was big with lots of room for gracious living, well equipped on deck and in the engine room. Everything was perfect except for one flaw: the engine room was between the lounge and the living quarters with no doors so you could pass inside between the two. This was unsatisfactory in cold weather or when raining.

I boarded the WM. PENN at the Texaco dock at Middleport, Ohio to be a steersman for a couple of watches to get used to working on her before we got to Lock 17 above Marietta where Capt. John Calloway would run out of license. The pilothouse crew at that time consisted of Capt. Clark Sheets, master, Capt. Calloway, Capt. Raymond Chambers and myself. As soon as I went into the pilothouse where John Calloway was on watch he said, "O.K., she's yours" and he stretched out flat on his back on the bench.

A few minutes later it was time to steer so I heaved the levers hard over like I would do on a sternwheeler and John flew off of the bench. He grabbed the levers and pulled them back to center with a shout, "Damn! Don't ever do that again." I learned fast that you move the rudders slowly on The Bull of the Woods and I still wonder that I didn't twist her right out of her tow.

A few weeks later John and I were making my first downstream, open river trip together. At Black Island, now covered by the New Cumberland Dam, I managed to get aground on the head of the island. Next day we were backing in to pick up barges at the Standard Sand Co. landing at Wheeling. This landing is under a sharp point and a big creek bar which creates a big eddy. It is very difficult to get a tow into the shore without coming in too fast and breaking up something so I was taking my time. Capt. Sheets came into the pilothouse about that time and said, "Come on Boy, get over in there. You are burning up all this good daylight." I backed in and a few minutes later the current got on the outside of the barges. Wham! There were broken wires and two clusters of pilings were mashed over.

The following morning, down-bound, I tried to steer the bend at Long Bottom, Ohio and hit the rock bank on the outside. Didn't do much damage except bend in the rake of the barge a little. Capt. Sheets came to the pilothouse, looked around and said, "Boy, let this be a lesson to you. Don't ever try to steer any boat, not even the WM. PENN, around Long Bottom with five lengths." We got back to Neville Island from that trip on September 10 at lam. and I got off the boat after breakfast with orders to catch the

JASON at Cincinnati. It is just as well not to repeat the advice Clark Sheets gave me as I left.

If the WM. PENN was the latest in diesel boats at the time then the JASON was the last word in steam, sternwheel towboats. She was in fact the last steam sternwheel towboat to be built for the western rivers. Like the PENN, she also had been built in 1940 and with her Marietta Manufacturing Co. engines and Babcock Wilcox water boilers was rated at 2,000 hp.; only the SPRAGUE was more powerful. All who piloted the JASON found her to be an excellent pushing and steering boat but as a backer she was terrible.

We started up the river but John Calloway, who also had just come on board, had left his suitcase in Huntington. As junior pilot, I was delegated to go fetch the suitcase. They put me ashore at Higginsport, Ohio where I caught a bus to Portsmouth and Huntington. Reversing course after retrieving the suitcase I met the boat again at Rome, Ohio, an unusual first watch on the JASON.

As the probably the newest pilot with Union Barge Line and the youngest in terms of experience I jumped from boat to boat that fall of 1941. wherever a pilot was needed. It was a quick way to build experience with a variety of boats with a variety of capabilities and aside from the incidents with the WM. PENN I was lucky.

Capt. Calloway left the JASON on September 14 to go on the C. W. TALBOT so the watch was mine up to Neville Island. We got in early in the morning on the 19th and laid up waiting for a tow. I was home on the 25th and 26th and then back to Neville Island September 27 to get ready to go out again.

We made up our tow on September 28 and took it down to Louisville Arriving October 4, I was ordered back to Pittsburgh to go on the J. D. AYRES. The trip from Louisville to Pittsburgh was notable as my first experience traveling on a Pullman.

Reporting to the J. D. AYRES about mid-morning October 5 we left the following morning and went down to Midland, Pennsylvania to make up our tow. We started down the river October 8 and made pickups and deliveries along the way which made for a slow trip. On October 14 we were below Cincinnati and I got off the AYRES at Rising Sun with orders to go back to Neville Island to the PEACE. The local mail carrier gave me a lift from Rising Sun to Aurora where I caught the train to Cincinnati and then a bus to Belpre and then on to Pittsburgh.

The PEACE and her sister boat NEVILLE had been built by Dravo in 1934 and 1935 respectively, were equipped with Kort nozzles and had Winton engines totalling 750hp.. After

two days on the PEACE taking her down the river as far as Portland, Ohio we met the WM. PENN and I was back on her until we got back to Neville Island and then moved to the C. W. TALBOT. Off the TALBOT at Pt. Pleasant and back to Pittsburgh by train in time to bring the WM. PENN down to Pt. Pleasant where Raymond Chambers relieved me.

And so it went. At home from October 28 until November 12 it was back to Pt. Pleasant to catch the PEACE up-bound. There was a little excitement when we were in a collision with the CARBON above Steubenville on November 15 but little damage done. After three days at Neville Island the PEACE started down the river with a tow but I got off at Parkersburg on the 15th and changed over to the up-bound RELIANCE.

We got into Neville Island November 23 and I went over on the NEVILLE to take a tow to Louisville and got off December 3. Back home to Belpre at 6:30pm. on December 4, I slept until 11pm. Mabel drove me up to Sardis, Ohio to go on the down-bound C. W. TALBOT at midnight.

But, someone in the office must have decided I had earned a rest. The TALBOT was at Pt. Pleasant on Saturday December 6 when I was relieved and go home to stay until the end of the year.

Pearl Harbor occurred the following day, December 7 while Mabel, Edward and I were out looking for a Christmas tree at Ripley, West Virginia. The prediction that the pilot on the ARTHUR HIDER had made to me six months earlier had come to pass and his advice to get my license had been good.

* * *



The towboat FRED WAY (above) escorted the DELTA QUEEN on her first arrival at the West Virginia capital. She landed (below) not far from the old wharfboat location. For details, see story page following. Dick Rutter photos.



FIRST OVERNIGHT PASSENGER STEAMER AT CHARLESTON IN 51 YEARS!

The arrival of the DELTA QUEEN at Charleston, West Virginia early on Sunday morning, September 6, 1998 marked the first time an overnight passenger steamboat had been there since 1947. The DELTA QUEEN was scheduled for Charleston in 1997, the fiftieth anniversary of her arrival on the Mississippi River system, but the new lock under construction at Winfield was delayed in completion and the D.Q. turned back from Buffalo.

Charleston puts on its Sternwheel Regatta over Labor Day weekend and this year the presence of the DELTA QUEEN was the topping on the cake. According to The Charleston Gazette the big boat was the big attraction for most of the crowd.

The D.Q. was escorted up the Kanawha on Saturday from the mouth of the river by the sternwheel MAJOR of the Madison Fuel & Supply Co. fleet. After locking through the new Winfield lock she tied up for the night across from South Charleston in order to make a grand entrance into the city the following morning. Early on Sunday, the DELTA QUEEN moved up to the Charleston landing escorted by the sternwheel towboats LADY LOIS and MAJOR on each side with the FRED WAY leading the parade. Even at an early hour there was a crowd waiting on the shore to witness the arrival, something which astounded Clarke "Doc" Hawley who grew up in Charleston and was on the boat as one of the pilots.

This was Doc's first trip back to Charleston by boat since 1961 and staff writer Sandy Wells had a bang-up interview with him in the Gazette. That 1961 trip had been as mate on the excursion steamer AVALON, now the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE. Earlier, Doc's first job on the river had been as the AVALON's calliope player and popcorn popper at \$35 per week, enough to lure him away from his summer job as copy boy at the Charleston Daily Mail. his summer job as copy boy at the Charleston Daily Mail.

Until 1947 the GORDON C. GREENE, the Greene Line boat which made purchase of the DELTA QUEEN possible, served Charleston every week during the summer months. She had operated in the Pittsburgh and Cincinnati run from 1935 until 1940 and the schedule was then changed to provide seven day trips from Cincinnati to Louisville, Marietta and Charleston. The schedule was later modified several times so in 1945-1947 (and maybe earlier) she ran from Cincinnati to New Martinsville, West Virginia on the Ohio and up to Charleston (Montgomery) on the Kanawha River before returning to Cincinnati.

The GORDON C. GREENE last departed from Charleston at 11pm., Wednesday, August 27, 1947. In 1948 she was switched to operate out of St. Louis with the DELTA QUEEN, the new pride of the Greene Line, taking over the departures from the home city of Cincinnati.

We have come across a crew list for the GORDON C. GREENE on that last Charleston trip fifty-one years ago and reproduce it here:

Capt. Joseph W. Heath	Master
Capt. Mary B. Greene	Hostess
Mrs. Esther Wohler	Hostess
Robert H. McCann	Purser
Capt. Jesse P. Hughes	Pilot
Capt. Howard West	Pilot
Capt. Wilsie Miller	Pilot
Capt. H. M. "Doc" Carr	Mate
J. Calvin Benefiel	Engineer
Willie L. Gossett	Engineer
Michael J. Thornbury	Engineer
W. Hurst Holcroft	Engineer
Roy L. Barkhau	Quartermaster
Mrs. J. P. Hughes	Concessions
Mrs. Lena Beyers	Concessions
Charles Brasher	Concessions
Albert S. Kelly	Watchman
Elijah Sandlin	Watchman
Harvey Mursell	Watchman
Hal Spencer	Orchestra
James Villari	Orchestra
Victor Fine	Orchestra
George Peters	Chef
Ollie Griffin	Baker
Mack Davis	Headwaiter

"The above constitutes the principal members of the crew. The Str. GORDON C. GREENE's complete crew numbers 60 persons."

We cannot resist mentioning that the fare for the seven day 1947 cruise was \$75 in the cheapest cabin deck rooms (over the boilers) up to \$90 on the grand Texas Deck. Bathrooms were down the hall; hot and cold running river water, filtered but not potable and, in each room.

Passengers aboard the DELTA QUEEN for this historic first trip to Charleston all recounted the friendly reception accorded the boat. She didn't depart for the trip back down the Kanawha until after the fireworks spectacular which is the Sunday evening finale. Proceeding upstream to the West Virginia state capitol building DELTA QUEEN made her turn in front of the illuminated gold dome while dozens of cars slowly following along on Kanawha Boulevard.

The first appearance of the DELTA QUEEN resulted in a big time for all concerned as might be expected after fifty-one years. Charleston and the boat's passengers hope the trip will become a feature for future Regatta weekends. It is on the schedule for 1999.

* * *

BELLE OF LOUISVILLE UPDATE

The darling of Louisville and Jefferson County Kentucky, steamer BELLE OF LOUISVILLE, sank at her dock on August 24, 1997. It was a near thing that the historic boat did not slip into deep water but she was held to the bank and shortly raised. Water up almost to the boiler deck caused damage enough. (See photos on page 22, December, 1997 issue.)

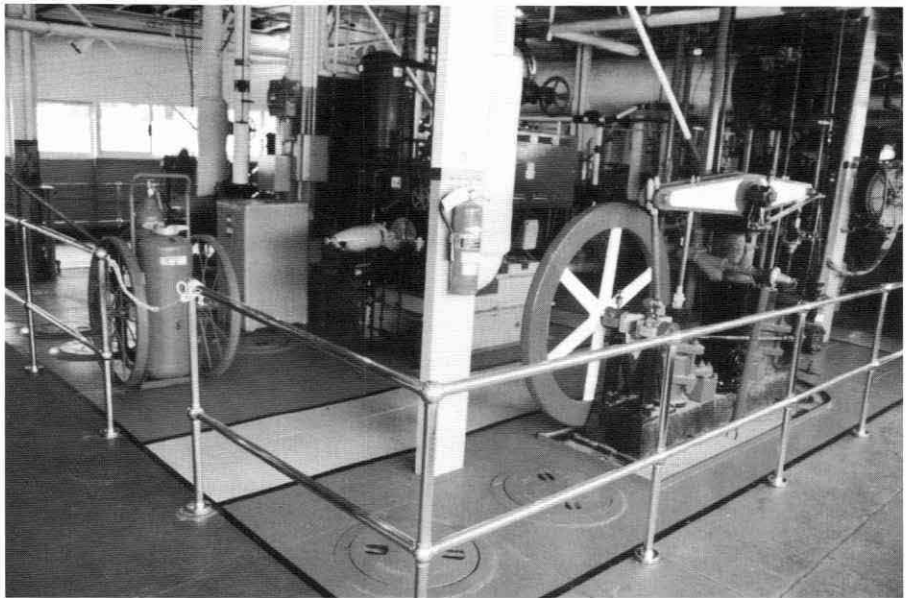
Repairs and improvements to minimize the possibility of the boat sinking from an undetected leak in the future took most of the past winter. Jeffboat, Jeffersonville, Indiana did the work and BELLE OF LOUISVILLE opened her 1998 excursion schedule on time. In commemoration of the sinking, a free one-hour cruise for supporters was run by the BELLE on August 24, 1998, anniversary date of the sinking.

The sinking had been caused by the valve on an unused fresh water line being opened about the time the boat returned from her evening excursion on August 23. Water from the city system was then dumped into the hull for hours until buoyancy was lost around 7am the following morning. This event did bring to the attention of local citizens the importance of the BELLE to the local tourist economy.

Sleuthing eventually pointed up a suspect in the form of a former crew member, Brennan Callan, who is at this writing awaiting trial. In the course of their inquiry the gumshoes were pointed toward Alan L. Bates, author, when the suspect was found to have two of Alan's books in his possession, Belle of Louisville and The Western Rivers Steamboat Cyclopoedum.

Alan has given us his version of the subsequent proceedings:

In the first week of June, 1998 I was interrogated by a Coast Guard investigator and a



BELLE OF LOUISVILLE engine room as it looks today after the extensive refurbishing following the boat's sinking at Louisville in August, 1997, pictured page 22, December, 1997 issue. The brass rail now keeps passengers at bay; doctor pump still used as the fire pump, we understand. Frank Prudent photo.

Jefferson County police detective. It was my first inkling of suspicions in my direction. I was astounded. These gentlemen were very interested in where the prime suspect got those books.

The interview went something as follows.

"Did you write those books?"

I confessed.

"Are they sold anywhere?"

I mentioned bookstores from Louisville to Munich, Germany and hobby shops from El Paso to Jersey City

"Do you know the suspect?"

I convinced them that I did not.

Suddenly the clouds parted and sunshine poured into my basement office. When they left I had sold them three books and a set of plans.

A few days later I was retained as an expert witness and at a higher hourly rate than ever dared charged to a client. I have now prepared drawings showing piping plans, a time chart of the actual sinking, calculations of stability, drawings showing possible paths of entry and even a measurement of how much water comes from a water line that was thought to be dead.

* * *

SYDNEY L. "PETE" FEILHAUER

Former DELTA QUEEN crew member Pete Feilhauer, age 76, died in Cincinnati on August 20, 1998.

Pete was a talented mechanic and he and his wife Louise both worked on the DELTA QUEEN from 1974 until 1979. They left the boat to join their son Glenn in operating the Feilhauer Machine Shop on River Road, Cincinnati.

In 1981 Pete returned to the DELTA QUEEN with the duties of maintenance engineer, taking care of the mechanical equipment and problems relating to a floating hotel. After a heart attack in 1987 Pete retired but was frequently called upon to assist with any mechanical problems when the boat was at Cincinnati. He was responsible for the relocation of two air scoops from the head of the DELTA QUEEN to the Ernie Wagner Memorial Park at New Richmond, Ohio where they still may be seen.

Stanley Feilhauer is survived by his wife Louise, sons Glenn and Edmund, brother Gilbert and five grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Our thanks to Ann Zeiger for her recollections of Pete's river career.

* * *

- OBITUARIES -

CAPT. HARRY LOUDEN

Another of the true steamboat men, long a member of S&D, made his last landing on August 17, 1998 when Harry Louden died in Cincinnati, age 91.

Capt. Louden grew up on a farm at Rabbit Hash, Kentucky and went on the river in 1926. He served with the U.S. Corps of Engineers for forty years and was master of the towboat SCIOTO until that boat was sold in 1948. Following retirement from the Engineers in 1965 he became a regular pilot on the DELTA QUEEN and was active for another twenty years. He was a pilot with Art Zimmer on the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN, Ernest Wagner, master, when she came out in 1976.

Good friend Virginia Bennett recalls first meeting Harry on board the GORDON C. GREENE in 1937 when he was riding the boat to Pittsburgh for a license extension. She and others who knew him recall Harry's great sense of humor and fund of river stories. Fittingly, he was buried with a copy of The Waterways Journal at his side.

Capt. Louden's home for many years was at Saylor Park, a section of Cincinnati along the Ohio on the western edge of the city where he was affectionately called "The Captain." He was something of a celebrity in his hometown and well known for his daily walks with usually a visit to the local fire station. Harry was the Grand Marshal during Cincinnati's 1995 Tall Stacks celebration.

Harry Louden was the husband of the late Loretta Rush Louden and the father of John William and Harry Louden, Jr., both deceased. He is survived by his son Shelby Louden of Bridgetown (Cincinnati), nine grandchildren and thirteen great-grandchildren. Burial was at Maple Grove Cemetery, Cleves, Ohio.

We wish to thank the friends of Harry's who were prompt in forwarding copies of obituary notices and reminiscences. He was a fine pilot and wonderful character who many passengers on the DELTA QUEEN came to know and enjoy.

* * *

CATHERINE REYNOLDS KING

Catherine King, age 79, died at Marion, Ohio August 19, 1998. She had been in declining health for several years and was a resident of Community Health Care Center at the time of her death. She and her husband had lived in Marion since 1961.

Catherine was the daughter of Thomas J. and Margaret McGlone Reynolds and came into the world aboard her father's showboat AMERICA December 19, 1918. The AMERICA was moored in winter quarters in the mouth of the Kanawha River at Pt. Pleasant when the ice began to run taking the showboat with it. The showboat was finally safely landed about two miles down the Ohio an exciting entrance for Catherine.

Tom Reynolds, Catherine's father, began building a larger showboat in 1922 and she had a ringside seat, watching the construction with the curious eyes of a child. She would live aboard and be a part of the MAJESTIC until 1941. In 1992 Catherine set down her story of showboat life in the book, Cargo of Memories which was published in 1992 by Mountain State Press, The University of Charleston (WV).

At the S&D annual meeting in September, 1994 the National Rivers Hall of Fame recognized Catherine with its National Achievement Award. Her book is a wonderful first hand account of life aboard showboats and the history of the MAJESTIC which continues to play to audiences in 1998 at Cincinnati, Ohio.

- BACK COVER -

The DELTA QUEEN on the front cover represents the traditional river tourist boat while the RIVER EXPLORER on the back is the newest. After delays during construction the RiverBarge Excursion Lines Inc. began service September 19 with the first trip from St. Louis to Memphis.

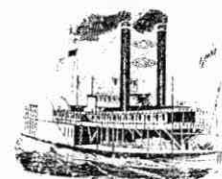
RIVER EXPLORER made two trips from Cincinnati to Huntington, West Virginia the last weeks of October and we found her at the Huntington wharf on October 27. The first impression is the great length, 748 feet, of the combination of two barges and the towboat MISS NARI hardly visible at the stern. The first barge includes the public rooms with dining and theater on the main deck and the reception lobby, observation, bar and conference areas on the second. The second barge contains ninety-nine staterooms plus a suite, the upper deck rooms each with a balcony.

There was scant publicity about these first trips of RIVER EXPLORER to the Upper Ohio and that's a wonder given the size and newsworthy concept of this new tourist service. Conducted tours of the barges were offered to those goggle-eyed citizens who wandered down to Harris Riverfront Park expecting to see only the occasional towboat passing by or a flock of migrating Canadian geese. RIVER EXPLORER is something to see and we wish her well.

Catherine King is survived by her husband Harry of Marion, daughter Margaret Hudson, Prospect, Ohio, brother John Reynolds and sister Ruth Meaige, Pt. Pleasant, West Virginia. She was preceded in death by four brothers and two sisters.

Burial was at the Marion Cemetery.

* * *







Lawrence "Larry" Walker.



ABOVE, Fred and Nell Way arrived on Thursday and rested on the DELTA QUEEN.
LEFT, Anne Putnam Mallinson.

MECCA!

LEFT, the Lafayette Hotel, Marietta, Ohio has hosted S&D annual meetings since 1939.



John and Ruth Bickel, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.



Lucy and C. W. Stoll, Honorary President.



Helen Hughes Prater played a selection of favorites from the days of the TOM GREENE.



ABOVE, Allen Hess, standing; Jerry Sutphin, Keith Norrington, Jeff Spear, Bee Rutter and Ralph Dupae.

LEFT, Rick and Carolyn Kesterman on the VALLEY GEM.

RIGHT, Judy Patsch, Dorothea Frye and Marguerite Hammett.



PHOTOS CONTRIBUTED BY JUDY PATSCH, KEITH NORRINGTON, BARBARA HAMEISTER, ANNE MALLINSON AND FRED RUTTER.



ABOVE, Charles H. Stone and James V. Swift taking it easy.
RIGHT, Guy "Coke" Anderson and Dale Flick, S&D Treasurer.



