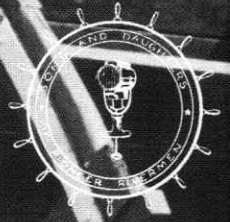


S&D REFLECTOR

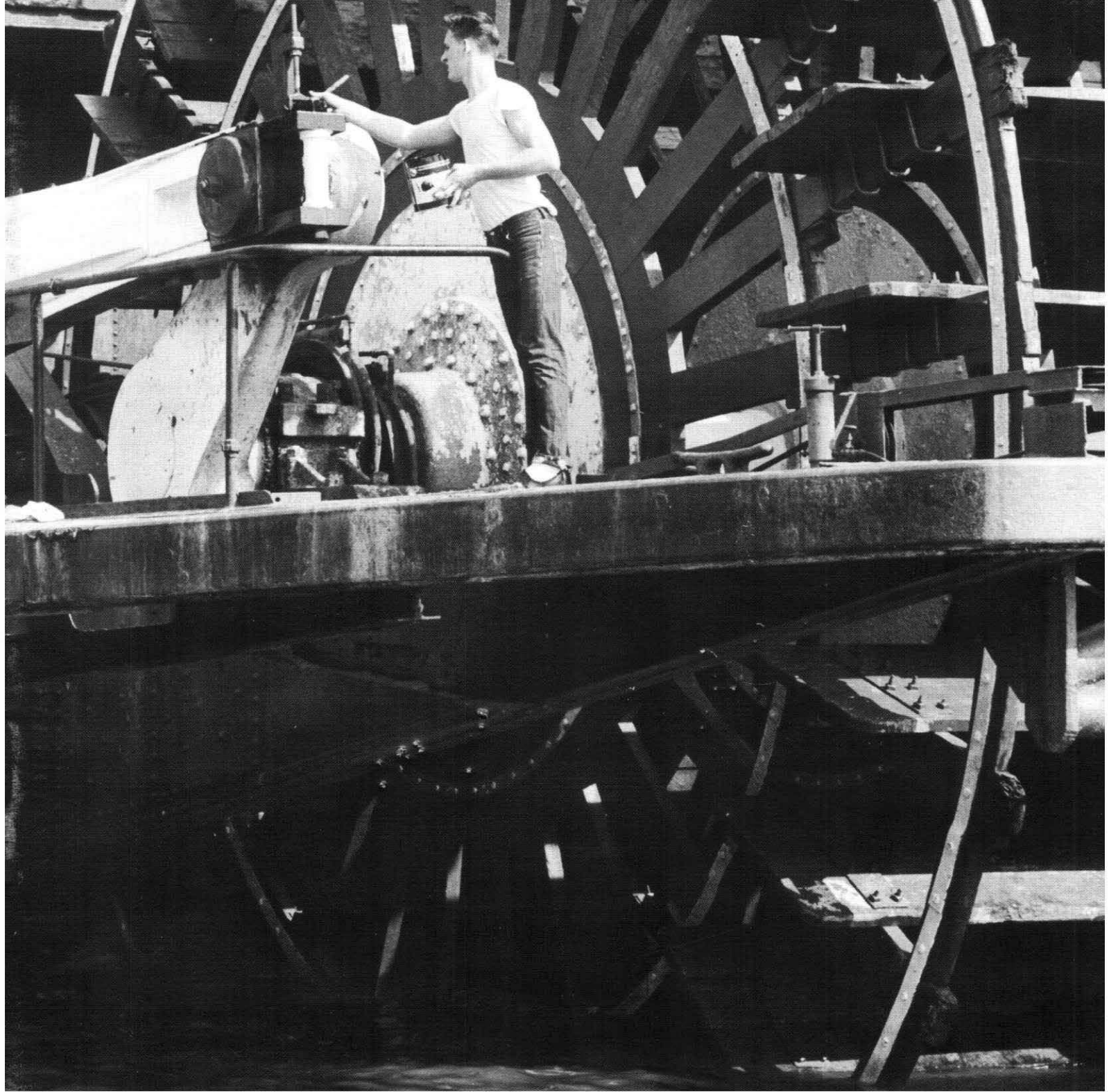
Published by Sons and Daughters
of Pioneer Rivermen



Vol. 36, No. 2

Marietta, Ohio

June 1999



- FRONT COVER -

The pitman has a fresh coat of white and the engineer is touching up the trim on the wrist pin and other metal parts on the DELTA QUEEN.

Clare Carpenter reminisced about paddlewheels: "Wheels parts included the steel shaft, flanges, flange keys, crank, writs pins, stirrups, keepers, nuts and bolts, circles, battens, brace hooks and washers. Wooden parts were bucket planks, wheel arms, wheel braces, hutchins, cocked hats, gibs, keys and fillers.

I hope that these are all of the parts. It has been a long time since I had to learn them for a mate's examination in 1936 or since I have worked on a wheel."

The photo was taken by Noble G. Beheler, retired American Bridge Co. photographer, about 1977 at Pittsburgh. Noble began at American Bridge, Ambridge, Pennsylvania in 1924, retired in 1961 and is still taking pictures.

- LETTERS -

Sirs: Enjoyed the article about the excursion steamer SUNSHINE which also operated later at Louisville as the PRINCESS. My grandmother talked of riding the SUNSHINE down to Sugar Grove below Albany, against the wishes of her mother who viewed the Grove as a place of evil.

I have an old scrapbook kept by Harry Stocksdales, a prominent New Albany music teacher and calliope player. Harry played the calliope on the PRINCESS and here is a photo of him at the keyboard, also one of the boat landed at Sugar Grove.

Keith Norrington
629 Roseview Terrace
New Albany, IN 47150

= Keith's photos are too dim to reproduce but the calliope was on the roof just aft of the pilothouse. It shows in the lower photo of the PRINCESS on page 17, March issue. Ed.

* * *

Sirs: On a visit to the Mt. Washington Branch, Carnegie Library, Pittsburgh I ran onto two notebooks of articles and stories about Mt. Washington residents. Included is one by Robert Capell titled, Riverboat Captains of Mt. Washington and Duquesne Heights and another by the same author about Margaret Ruth Ertzman. Peg Ertzman is said to have been a singer who entertained on the BETSY ANN and SENATOR CORDILL.

William J. Goodboy
229 Merrimac St.
Pittsburgh, PA 15211

= We thank Bill Goodboy for the tip about the Capell articles. Mt. Washington overlooks the Monongahela River and the city, accessible by the Duquesne Incline behind Station Square.

No. Peg Ertzman is not one of the young ladies in the 1928 BETSY ANN orchestra mentioned in the March issue. Ed.

* * *

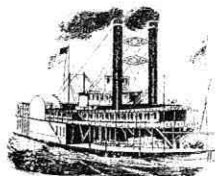
Sirs: That photo of the JOE COOK on the back cover of the March issue is wonderful but I can't see that pilot back on the lazy bench. My eyes are getting worse.

And, what does "sic" mean; is there a dog somewhere?

Charles H. Stone
2105 Mt. Vernon Ave.
Pt. Pleasant, WV 25550

= Nothing wrong with your eyes, Charlie, I can't see him either. "Sic" stands for intentionally so written when copying the writing of another or written as intended. Ed.

* * *



NOTICE.

Members interested in assisting the M.O.R. group with a Tall Stacks S&D presence should contact Rick Kesterman, 3118 Pershing Ct., Cincinnati, OH 45211. Phone, (513) 662-8627. Indication of your interest should be made not later than August 1, 1999

S&D NEWS ITEMS

BOARD OF GOVERNORS
MEETING, APRIL 17, 1999

The spring meeting of the S&D Board of Governors was held at the Lafayette Hotel, Marietta on the afternoon of April 17. Members Jack Custer and Anne Mallinson were unable to attend but the other seven members were on hand. Treasurer Dale Flick, Vice President John Fryant, Museum Committee chairman Jeff Spear and M.O.R. Chapter president Rick Kesterman were also in attendance.

Treasurer Dale Flick provided copies of the financial report and activity in the S&D account since the annual meeting last September. Total receipts including membership dues, sale of back issue of the S&D Reflector and binders amounted to \$15,430. Expenses consisting of printing the Reflector and postage came to \$11,953.49 leaving a balance in the S&D account of \$25,726.52.

Contributing to the healthy state of the treasury was \$717.60 from the sale of binders for the magazine. As noted in the March issue, the binder supply has been sold out; a new stock will be ordered when demand warrants.

The Ohio Historical Society was also holding a Board meeting on April 17 and was to consider approval of a formal agreement with S&D for the loan of our numerous artifacts now on the at the Ohio River Museum and in the custody of the O.H.S. The S&D

NOMINATING COMMITTEE

In accordance with the S&D Constitution, the following members in good standing have been asked to serve on the 1999 Nominating Committee:

Lee Woodruff, Barb Hameister, Richard Strimple

The Committee is asked to propose a slate of officers and Board of Governors members consisting of President, Senior Vice President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, each for one year terms, and three Board of Governors members serving three years terms.

Members interested in serving in any of these positions should contact Chairman Lee Woodruff, 1413 Meadowbright Lane, Cincinnati, OH 45230.

NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SONS & DAUGHTERS OF PIONEER RIVERMEN AT MARIETTA, OHIO ON SEPTEMBER 17 & 18, 1999, LAFAYETTE HOTEL

The Lafayette Hotel is the scene for the 60th year meeting of the Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen which was also the location of the first official meeting in 1939. An informal reception is planned for Friday evening, September 17 in the hotel with the main business meeting at the same location Saturday morning.

The S&D Board of Governors will meet on September 17. Chairman Bill Judd may be contacted at 1099 U.S. Rt. 52 East, New Richmond, OH 45157 regarding matters to be taken up by the Board.

Responding to popular demand, a Whistle Blow is planned at the Ohio River Museum on Saturday afternoon.

Speaker at the Saturday evening banquet will be Capt. William Carroll of St. Louis, retired master of excursion boats with Streckfus Steamers.

Room reservations may be made with the Lafayette Hotel (740) 373-5522, (800) 331-996; Best Western in town (740) 374-7211; Day's Inn, Williamstown, WV (304) 375-3730 or other national chains at 1-77 and Route 7 on the edge of Marietta.



- THE FREIGHT BOOK -

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A TALL STACKS UPDATE

The Tall Stacks Festival, "Top tourism event in the U.S. for 1999" sez the American Bus Association (ABA), comes to Cincinnati this October 13-17.

S&D member Bob Scripps, Scripps Foundry & Machine Works, Fredericksburg, Texas 78624 builds and sells neat slide-valve sternwheel machinery, pumps and accessories. He

furnishes this photo of his latest creation, Str. RIO COLORADO. She is steel hull, 40x12x2.5, with a Dixon boiler and 5s"-20" stroke engines. Bob took a smaller boat to Tall Stacks in 1988 and just might be on hand with this one come October. The first one is now steaming on Clear Lake in California.

Sternwheel machinery 4s"-16" stroke is also available from

Scripps Foundry & Machine Works.

The DELTA QUEEN, MISSISSIPPI QUEEN and AMERICAN QUEEN will all make an appearance at Tall Stacks. AMERICAN QUEEN will be departing October 16 for Memphis from Cincinnati on a six night cruise and space was still available at press time. But, look for the big one, RIO COLORADO!

* * *

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



REFLECTOR

Published by Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen



Vol. 36, No. 2

Marietta, Ohio

June 1999

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.

S&D REFLECTOR
ISSN 1087-9803

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Copies of the current issue or back issues through Volume 9 (1972) are available from the Secretary, \$5 each, postpaid.

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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

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Jeffrey Spear, Chairman

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Allen Hess, Chairman

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Middle Ohio River Chapter
Rick Kesterman, President
Mississippi River Chapter

Inland Rivers Library, Cincinnati:

Sylvia Metzinger, Rare Books
(513) 369-6957

Ohio River Museum, Marietta

John Briley, Manager
(740) 373-3750

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2 -

president had reached agreement with the Ohio Historical Society on the wording of the proposed agreement as discussed at the S&D annual meeting last fall. As of press time, we have not heard of the results of the O.H.S. Board meeting but anticipate its approval of the agreement.

The president had been asked to look into having the O.H.S. inventory of S&D owned materials readily available. All of our photos, paintings, models, artifacts, etc. have been cataloged and entered into the O.H.S. computer system. There is now an "Online Collection Catalog" available through the O.H.S. website. Although all of the S&D collection is included in the catalog there are improvements in the system forthcoming. S&D items will be uniquely identified so that they may be called up as "S&D subjects" which will be easier to scan the current inventory at any time. You who have computers might look at: www.ohiohistory.org/webpac-bin/w

Don McDaniel gave a report on the J. Mack Gamble Fund, the trustees having met earlier on April 17 to consider applications for assistance grants. The performance of the stock market during calendar year 1998 has greatly benefited the J. Mack Gamble Fund resulting in the largest amount available for grants in our memory.

So far, action has been taken on an application from the Murphy Library, University of Wisconsin, LaCrosse for continuation of the steamboat photo project. A motion was passed by the Board endorsing continued J. Mack Gamble Fund support for maintenance of the W. P. SNYDER JR.

Readers with interests in non-profit [IRS 501(c)(3) designated] associations engaged in projects of historical significance connected with the inland rivers might want to consider the

purposes of the J. Mack Gamble Fund. Over the past twenty-five years the Fund has assisted with many river related endeavors including the TELL CITY pilothouse restoration, the steamboat photo project at LaCrosse, Ohio Humanities Council, Huntington Museum of Art, Inland Rivers Library in Cincinnati, the dredge MERIWETHER LEWIS, Ohio University Press for river books, Mercantile Library, St. Louis and on and on. Grant application forms are available from Don McDaniel, 76 Glen Drive, Worthington, OH 43085.

The Membership Committee report was provided by Jerry Sutphin in the absence of Chairman Allen Hess. The committee has been working on a new brochure inviting membership in S&D and a dummy copy was distributed for review. The brochure is of striking design, four fold in format and can be printed either black and white or with some color photos. After review by the Board members and others a supply of the brochure will be printed in time for distribution at Tall Stacks in Cincinnati, October 13-17, 1999.

S&D's participation at the Tall Stacks event this fall was next discussed with Rick Kesterman of M.O.R. the designated coordinator. Since the Tall Stacks festival takes place in downtown Cincinnati it is logical that any participation by S&D will rest with the Middle Ohio River Chapter and other S&D members in the general area.

The pros and cons of having a display tent solely for Sons & Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen or shared with other similar (?) organizations was discussed. There is a possibility that the W. P. SNYDER JR. will be on hand, tied up on the Covington side of the river. There seemed to be general agreement that the old steamboat would be the ultimate historic river artifact and it does represent an S&D project which brought her to Marietta in 1955.

The SNYDER, should she be on exhibit would be a natural location for an S&D display; members could also assist the O.H.S. personnel with conducting tours of the boat.

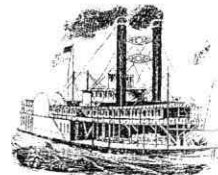
As of press time we are not informed of any action which was taken by the Ohio Historical Society board concerning moving the SNYDER to Tall Stacks this fall. Tentative plans have been made by John Briley, manager of the river museum, to move the boat should the Board of Trustees give its approval to hazard its most valuable artifact on the broad Ohio

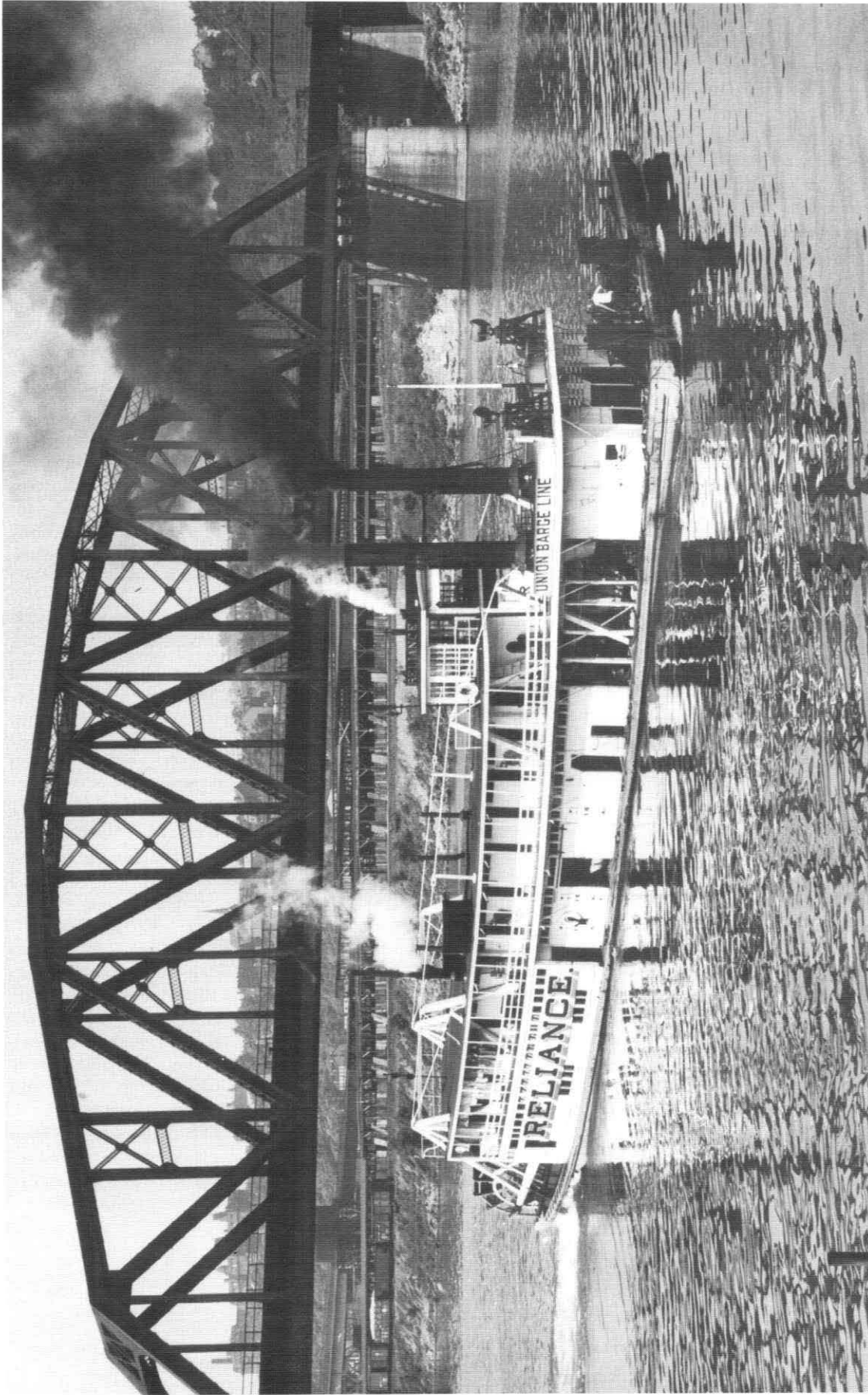
Jeff Spear, Chairman of the Museum Committee, reported that the center display case in the third building of the Ohio River Museum had been returned for display of S&D items. The Civil War display including the uniform coat of William R. Hoel had been reinstalled at one end of the case, the several steamboat models built by the late Ralph Hendricks with accompanying photos and labels are on display on the long side of the case together with the American Bridge Co. builder's model of an LST and some related photos.

A new display relating to steamboat machinery with the Chuck Wires and Ralph Hendricks steamboat engine models and related artifacts has been developed. W. P. Snyder, III donated an excellent Bob Latta model of the steamer W. P. SNYDER JR. to the O.H.S. and it is also on display in the third building. Jeff obviously has been busy after the exciting river mussel exhibit was removed and space returned to S&D for use.

Meeting adjourned at 4:45pm. The next meeting of the Board of Governors will be on September 17, 1999 at the Lafayette Hotel.

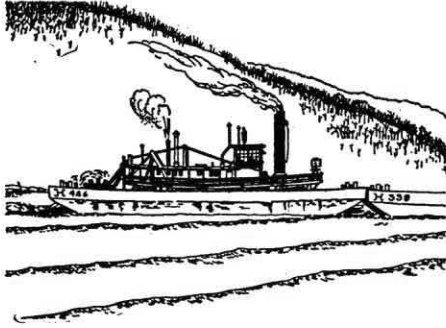
* * *





Union Barge Line's RELIANCE as she looked when Clare Carpenter became her master December 31, 1945. She was built in 1916 at Elizabeth, Pennsylvania as the ACTIVE for the Pittsburgh Coal Co. In 1918 she was sold to Hillman Transportation Co. and renamed HECLA. Union Barge Line bought her in 1924 to handle a long term contract with Standard Oil Co. to move gasoline from Midland, Pennsylvania to Fairmont, West Virginia.

She was completely rebuilt at Paducah in 1942 which undoubtedly included considerable work on her wooden hull. A noticeable indication of this rebuilding is the extension of the roof forward to the front of the pilothouse; early photos show the roof ending at the aft end of the pilothouse by the hog chain brace. The photo is by Dravo, probably on the Monongahela River in the Pittsburgh area; Braddock, maybe?



RECOLLECTIONS OF TOWBOATING

by Capt. E. Clare Carpenter

CHAPTER EIGHT MASTER OF THE RELIANCE AND OTHER ADVENTURES

I was home at Belpre for the month of September 1945 after working regularly on the C. W. TALBOT and SAM CRAIG between Louisville and Pittsburgh during August. We had been coming up the Ohio on the SAM CRAIG when low water stopped her below Dam 35 at New Richmond, Ohio on September 1 and we laid up.

Mr. Stuckman at the Union Barge Line office called me on September 19 with the news that George Taylor of Longbottom, Ohio had been drowned from the RELIANCE but they couldn't contact the family. The office knew that Taylor was from down near Apple Grove and since that was my home country I was the one most likely to have some contacts with the family. I chased around all afternoon and delivered the sad news to Ravenswood and Longbottom and attended George's funeral at Longbottom, Ohio on September 22.

About the middle of December I went to the J. D. AYRES at Louisville and we started for Pittsburgh. The weather was cold and by the time we got up to Lock 20 at Belleville, West Virginia on December 20 the ice stopped us. The AYRES was at Lock 20 for a week and we finally started out again on December 27 but it was slow going on open river.

We were in the Dashields Lock on New Year's Eve 1945 and Capt. Robert Lips was anxious to get off to head for the Union Barge Line office and then home. But, orders came for me to leave the boat at Sewickley and go back down to Midland, Pennsylvania to relieve Walter Booth on the RELIANCE. Walter had taken sick and as I left the AYRES, Bob Lips said, "Congratulations and good luck Clare in your first captain's job."

I met Capt. Booth at the Standard Oil office in Midland. He and his wife drove me down to the landing and then they left for home. I went aboard about 6pm., and was taking off my coat and getting things squared around when some big guy, about 6 feet 6 and 250 pounds, stuck his head in the stateroom door. The conversation went something like this:

"Hello?"

"Are you the captain of this wreck?"

"Yes."

"Where did that other old S.O.B. go?"

"He went home. He's sick."

"It's a damn good thing or I would kick the hell out of him."

"What did he do to you?"

"The S.O.B. promised me some money and didn't give it to me."

"Sorry. Capt. Booth took the payroll and everything for the end of the year, - and he didn't leave any money."

"It's a good thing he's gone," and he stomped out of the room.

I went on getting things unpacked and put away. In a few minutes the mate came in saying, "You had better go back aft and straighten out that mess. Sandy, a Standard Oil man, and the watchman had a fight."

"Who won?"

"Looks like Sandy did."

"Where are they now?"

"The other tankerman has Sandy in bed sitting on him. The watchman is running around some place."

"O.K., I'll see about it. Wonder if it would be possible to get something to eat?"

"You had better get going, Cap, for the cook is starting to clear the table."

While I was eating, someone came by and said, "The chief wants to see you." After finishing my supper I went to the engine room to be told by the chief that we had two new firemen who couldn't get more than about 125 lbs. of steam. "You better call Joe Leonard (the crew dispatcher) and get someone else as this old boat is not too good when at her best and these guys can't do it."

Finally, I got up to the pilothouse where I was greeted by John Calloway, the pilot, with the question, "Have you seen that big deckhand?"

"Yes, I saw him."

"Well, I am not going down the river on this boat with him."

"Why?"

"Because he has been working out on the tow with a gun in his pocket and yesterday he looked at this Shaeffer Lifetime pen in my shirt and said, 'That spot on that pen would make a nice target.' Now, I am not going down the river with him."

"You're not afraid of him are you?"

"You're damn right I am."

The weather was becoming bad, snowing pretty heavily with open river and a lot of current so we decided to lay over until morning. After the barges were all made up Calloway and I went up town to call Joe Leonard. My nerves were pretty shaky by then as were John's so we stopped by Al's Wonder Bar before we made the call. Joe sounded about half looped when he heard my story and laughed like he thought the whole thing was funny. He said he would have one fireman to the boat by daylight and then conned John into going as far as Wheeling with our friend the big deckhand.

On the way back to the boat we stopped by the bar and got one for the road. As we walked out on the landing pier our big friend, the man with the gun, came up the ladder with his suitcase. He reached the top of the pier, straightened up, glared at me and said, "Captain, I am paying off this damn boat." I replied, "That's one privilege everyone always has, you know. You can always quit anytime you wish."

"The trouble is, Captain, I don't have any money so don't know how I will get home."

"Where do you live?"

"Pittsburgh."

"How much is bus fare to Pittsburgh?"

"About a dollar, I suppose."

I already had my pocketbook out, "Here's a couple of dollars. Goodbye and Happy New Year!"

"Happy New Year!. See you around," as he picked up his suitcase and went up the hill.

What a way to start a new job and a new year. At the time, I did not have a pilot's license for the Kanawha River so Arlie Brotherton and John Calloway were the pilots as we started for Boomer, West Virginia. We stopped at the Marietta Manufacturing Co. plant at Pt. Pleasant, West Virginia on the return trip to make some repairs on the rudders and clean boilers. Made another stop at Pomeroy to look for a replacement deckhand and a maid and finally got back to Midland on January 12 after delays for fog every night.

We made two more trips between Midland and Boomer and got back to Neville Island February 1, 1946. On the last trip up the river we hit some rocks at the foot of Buffington Island which knocked three holes in the hull so I had to go down to Pt. Pleasant and make a formal report to the U.S. Inspectors. As it turned out, I was the last Union Barge Line master of the RELIANCE. She was sold to Charles Zubik of Pittsburgh later in the month and sank in the Allegheny River on March 14, 1947.

Editor's Note: As outlined in the Preface to these Recollections of Towboating which began running with the September 1997 issue of S&D Reflector, Clare Carpenter wrote of incidents which occurred on particular boats over a period of years. The task of the editor has been to put the recollections originally grouped by boat into chronological order in a readable sequence as Clare worked his way up the ladder. But now we come to a gap in events of several years; maybe Clare stayed out of notable trouble.

After Captain Carpenter assumed his first command as master of the sternwheel RELIANCE (T2135) he became a regular relief master and pilot on a succession of boats. He was called to fill in as needed and for the next four or five years seemed to take over any boat in the Union Barge Line fleet when a relief master was required. The dispatchers frequently placed him on boats operating in the oil trade between Midland, Pennsylvania and Boomer, West Virginia on the Kanawha River and he was working on the extension of his license between Pt. Pleasant and the head of navigation on the Kanawha. Clare jumped from boat to boat in the Union Barge Line fleet, seldom a regular crew member for more than two weeks at a time and often for only a single trip or a few days; he lived out of his suitcase.

Clare Carpenter's diaries have been helpful in filling in the highlights of his life with Union Barge Line between the time that he laid up the RELIANCE for the last time and 1950. There were frequent trips on the Lower Ohio, below Louisville, so he could get his license extended to Cairo. This was not of Clare's choosing since below Louisville was "the jungle" to Clare but he went at the company's insistence. He was obviously valued by Union Barge Line as both a capable pilot and manager of crews, enjoyed his work but missed his growing family during the extended trips away from Belpre. The lower river was too far from home for Clare.

March 29, 1946 I was master on the C. W. TALBOT, downbound on some of the swiftest current I ever saw in the Ohio, just below flood stage. Howard Garland was the pilot on watch when we came to the infamous Bellaire Bridge at Bellaire, Ohio and he missed the pier by about two inches.

June 23, 1946 Son Lowell Carpenter was born at 5:15pm..

August 2, 1946 Took the examination and got an extension to my pilot's license for the Kanawha River.

November 29, 1947 Looked over the new MV, RELIANCE being built at Neville Island.

April 17, 1948 Got on the JASON at Louisville and went down over The Falls on high water; crested at 48.5 ft. on April 16. I was steersman below Louisville. We changed tows with the PEACE at Locust Creek April 22 and back to Louisville. JASON broke her shaft on May 1 and went to Jeffboat, Jeffersonville for repairs.

September 18, 1948 I got off of the C. W. TALBOT at Marietta, attended the Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen banquet. Got back on the boat after the dinner, headed back to Neville Island.

September 22, 1948 We were returning down the Kanawha River with the TALBOT when I was ordered to go to the JACK RATHBONE and take her and tow up to Boomer. Caught the boat at Gallipolis Lock and, after delivering the tow and waiting for the barges to be pumped out, piloted her back to Louisville; was steersman on down to Mt. Vernon, Illinois. Changed over to the CORNELL and steered her back to Louisville. (The JACK RATHBONE was owned by Standard Oil of Louisiana - Esso - which contracted U.B.L. to move product from Midland to Boomer. Ed.)

October 22, 1948 Left home after 20 days off and got on the C. W. TALBOT at Pt. Pleasant, back in the run from Midland to Boomer. Left Parkersburg on the train November 7 to go to Louisville to get on the PEACE to be steersman. Met the new RELIANCE at Cave-in-Rock, Illinois and brought her back to Pittsburgh, arriving November 22. Not an unusual schedule for a junior master with Union Barge Line.

July 21, 1949 Came home from Pittsburgh by plane for the first time, All American Airlines.

August 31, 1949 At Pt. Pleasant inspectors' office to finish drawing maps from Louisville to Cairo. Eddie (oldest son) with me.

September 26, 1949 Received pilot's extension Louisville to Cairo.

October 1, 1949 I had been on the NEVILLE since September 7 and we went below Louisville today, first trip as standing watch as pilot below Louisville. Turned the RELIANCE at Funk's Landing Light.

MASTER OF THE MV. KEYSTONE

On July 8, 1950 I was relief captain on the steamer C. W. TALBOT standing by at Boomer, West Virginia while our gasoline barges were being pumped. I got a phone call from our crew and barge dispatcher, Joe Leonard, in Pittsburgh telling me that the company had chartered the MV.. KEYSTONE. He asked, "Would you be interested in being the captain on her?"

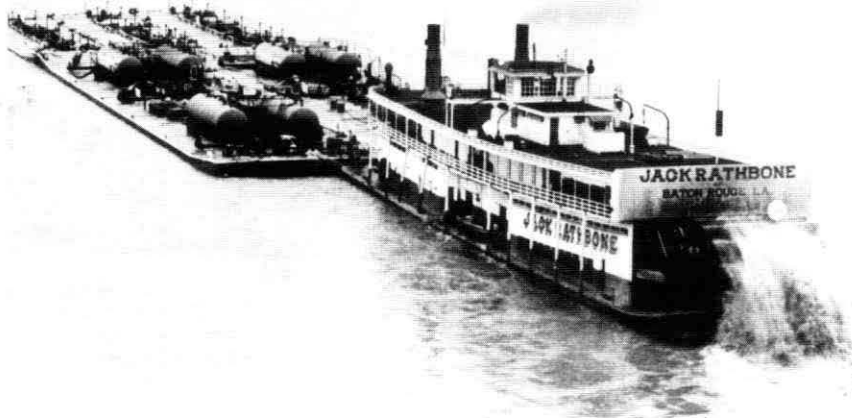
Up until then I had always been a relief captain, switching from one boat to another, wherever a captain was needed. The job had some advantages such as little things that needed to be done on the boat or some crew problems could always be postponed by telling yourself, "The regular captain will be back in a few days, - let him take care of it." Being a relief captain also gave you a chance to become familiar with all of the different boats and how they operated.

I told Mr. Leonard that I was very satisfied with the way I had been working but he wanted me to think about it. The office people had been talking it over and they wanted me to take the job. He sweetened the deal by saying that I could pick my crew except for the engineers. "Who are the engineers?", I asked and he replied, "Kenneth Cooke and Nolan Boaz." That was great for in my book they were tops.

Joe Leonard also said that he didn't know who the pilot would be because everyone was working. I asked about Elmer "Jack" Loomis; Jack, as he was known on the boats, had his pilot's license and a head full of boat smarts but

JACK RATHBONE (T1315) was owned by the Esso Standard Oil Co. and usually operated from Baton Rouge on the Mississippi. She had been built in 1937 by the Marietta Mfg. Co., Pt. Pleasant, WV, 190.1x42.1x7.2, longer by 23 feet than the JASON and ALEXANDER MACKENZIE which followed her and the same machinery, 16's, 32's-10 foot stroke. She lasted barely twelve years, overtaken by the diesel technology and dismantled in 1949.

Capt. Carpenter piloted JACK RATHBONE from Gallipolis Dam to Boomer, WV and back to Mt. Vernon, IL in September 1948. She has her typical tow of six petroleum barges in this view somewhere on the Mississippi.





Capt. Clare Carpenter moved from relief master to regular master when Union Barge Line took over the MV. KEYSTONE from the Keystone Sand Division, Dravo Corporation in 1950. This boat was built in 1945 by Dravo, 145x27x11.9. The portholes gave light and ventilation to the lower level of the hull, a Dravo design trademark for several years, undoubtedly practical but at the time unusual and questioned by old-timers. Photo by William E. Reed.

had never had a chance to get started. I had no doubt that he could do the job and what better time to start than in the summer when the dams were up and there was very little current. It would give him time to get some experience before winter and the problems of an open river.

The KEYSTONE had been built by Dravo Corporation in 1945 for their Keystone Sand Division. She was 145 feet long, 27 feet wide and 11.9 feet deep with two Cooper-Bessemer, six cylinder diesel engines, 380 hp. each and Kort nozzles. She was designed for towing six or eight barges of coal or sand and gravel in the Pittsburgh area on very short trips.

I got aboard the KEYSTONE July 11, 1950 at the Union Barge Line landing where she was being outfitted for barge line work. A lot more wires, ratchets and rope to make up tows of up to twenty-one barges which she would be handling was put aboard. There also had to be changes made in the living quarters since she normally operated with a crew of eleven but would now have seventeen. We also put a laundry aboard.

Finally, at 3:40pm, July 13, we were ready and took off on our first trip to Cincinnati with Jack Loomis standing the pilot watch. I had a lot of "time off" coming to me and with a new Nash car

had made plans for my first trip to see the ocean. I reminded Mr. Leonard of these arrangements during our telephone conversation at Boomer. He assured me that we could make a short shakedown run and then I was free to take off. On the upbound trip from Cincinnati I was relieved at Athalia, Ohio and Jack became captain, a fast promotion from mate to captain in one week.

At that time Union Barge Line had a policy whereby every four to six months there would be a one or two day meeting for all the regular captains in Pittsburgh. First, the company told everyone what a good job we were doing and then they said that the company wasn't making any money and we would have to do better. July 29 was to be the date of the next meeting and since I was the new kid on the block I had to be there, no excuses.

The vacation had to be shoved back until after the Masters Meeting but I really wanted to go to see what went on. After these meetings there was always lots of scuttlebutt about all the wild plots against the rest of the crew, especially the unlicensed members. The family decided that the vacation would start the day before the meeting so we drove up to Aliquippa, Pennsylvania and stayed with my brother Sidney and his family. While I went to the meeting the family explored

Pittsburgh. Sidney worked for the Keystone Sand Division of Dravo Corporation on one of their sand dredges.

The Masters Meeting in a way was a combination of brain picking and think tank sessions. We talked about everything pertaining to the operation of the company and everyone was encouraged to say whatever he thought. We had many heated discussions over the years and many good ideas came out of those meetings, both for management and for the employees.

With the Masters Meeting over we started the family vacation the next day by visiting the Highland Park Zoo in Pittsburgh on Sunday and then drove over the Pennsylvania Turnpike to stay at Bedford for the night. We spent a day seeing Gettysburg and then gave Washington, D.C. and Mt. Vernon the once over. Eddie and Scott climbed the Washington Monument but I rode up in the elevator. Then, we went through Annapolis and stayed on the Eastern Shore of Chesapeake Bay before our first sight of the ocean and a swim at Rehoboth Beach, Delaware.

We drove the length of the Eastern Shore and rode the ferry over to Norfolk with stops for swims in the ocean here and there. Saw Yorktown, took Richmond like General Grant, paid our respects to Robert E. Lee at Lexington and arrived back home in Belpre at midnight August 7. It was a very fine trip with all four of the kids, the first extended vacation trip for the whole family. I didn't go back to work until August 31 when the KEYSTONE came up to Lock 18 shortly after noon.

Our cook on the KEYSTONE was diabetic. Although she had some special kind of insulin she would even then go into shock and pass out once in a while. Shortly after I went back to work we were leaving Point Pleasant at midnight and coming up stream. Jack Loomis had gone home and I was faced with another twelve hour watch while feeling awful from a terrible cold. About 12:30 my brother Wilson, who was the mate, came into the pilothouse and asked how things were going. My response was that there were lots of graveyards full of people that had never felt as bad as I did. He said, "Let me have her and you go take a nap. Maybe you'll feel better after some rest." I went down to my room, took a handful of aspirin and went to sleep promptly.

It was after nine o'clock when I woke up and by then felt almost human. Wilson was still there with his pipe sticking out of the right side of his mouth and his cap turned around on his head with the bill pointed down over his left ear; looked like they were balancing to keep his head straight. After the usual, "How do you feel?" he said, "Thought I was going to have to call you. They couldn't get the cook woke up to get

breakfast. But, Dora and Margaret finally got her to swallow some orange juice and sugar and she came out of it." My reaction to this news was, "Now that's great. Let 'em die and bury them at sea but don't bother to tell the Captain. Where is she now?"

"Oh, she's down in the kitchen getting dinner. She's fine."

Things looked quite normal when I walked into the kitchen except that Rose had very dark circles around her eyes. When the insulin failed and she was in shock her jaws seemed to lock and it was next to impossible to get her mouth open to get something down her throat. One time Dora and I worked for over an hour before we finally got her to swallow a spoon full of orange juice and sugar then instantly she was OK. Poor Rose died from her diabetes after losing a leg to the disease several years later.

We had a day man named Jim in the crew, a general flunky who worked days instead of standing a six hour watch. A day man was usually a deckhand who had trouble making it out on the barges because of some physical problem or maybe he couldn't see too well at night. Jim was about five feet ten and weighed about 220 pounds, nicknamed The Blimp by Jack. When he wasn't helping the cook, cleaning or doing other odd jobs he loafed in the pilothouse and I let him steer. I always found that just steering along became very boring and it was easier for me to sit on the bench in back and tell Jim, "You better come on around before you start climbing that bank down there," than do it myself.

One evening after supper we were coming down below the Weirton Steel landing at the foot of Brown Island in real low water and I got in too close to the West Virginia shore. I started backing and trying to get out in the river but we just kept going. I rang the engineer for more power but according to the tachometers nothing much happened and there was a big rock out about one hundred feet from shore on the point at the foot of the bend. The rock disappeared out of sight behind the empty barges on the head of the tow so I asked Jim to run down to the engine room. "Tell the engineer I didn't ask for the overload just to hear the bell ring. Give me everything and NOW!"

Jim took off down the three flights of stairs and then ran back up again. As he reached the last step he caught his toe and sprawled out flat on the pilothouse floor with his hands over his head. He was out of breath even before he tripped but managed to pull his arms back under him, raised partly up and gasped, "Jh-o-n said there a-in-t no mo-o."

Captain Grover Litton once told me that the only way you could hit that rock, part of the rock bar on the point, was to run into it. That's the way you hit most things so I was never sure exactly what Grover meant but that evening we found out. At about four hundred feet above the rock the current set out into the river. When I got down to that point the tow went out and we passed the rock with about a hundred feet to spare.

Things went along very well all through the summer and fall. Then, as always, the rains came and we had open river. We had picked up a barge at Martins Ferry, Ohio and were out in the river just ready to come ahead when Jack and Wilson came on watch at midnight. It was Jack's first open river trip. I said, "OK you guys, you've got her, I'm going to bed. Call me if you get in any trouble; I want to get up and watch you get out of it." It was not a very smart thing to say to someone making his first open river trip, especially when he was looking at the Bellaire Bridge, but I had confidence in Jack and certainly didn't worry or lose any sleep.

The next morning Wilson took me aside and said, "Don't you ever leave Jack to run the Bellaire Bridge on open river again."

"Why? What happened? He made it didn't he?"

"Yes, but he chewed and swallowed a whole sack of Red Man, smoked one cigar, swallowed another and I think it was lit. After that he went out and chucked up over the side."

Jack and Wilson were always guying each other over something so I passed it off as just another tall tale. Jack said nothing to me and I didn't ask. Several years later when Jack had been made a regular captain and was attending the Masters Meeting the Bellaire Bridge was mentioned by someone. Out of the clear blue Jack said, "I never figured out what happened to the cigar I was smoking the first night I run that bridge on open river with the KEYSTONE." Wilson's story had been true and I was the only one who understood what Jack was talking about.

One evening we left Cairo with four loads of scrap iron made up as a tow of one wide and four long. The gauge at Cairo was about twenty-five feet and not much current so we were moving right along. Above Lock 53 I moved over to an easy distance off of the Kentucky shore where there was less current. Things were going real smooth when all at once, at mile 953, the lead barge started to rise up out of the water, then the second and the third. By the time the boat stopped only it and the stern barge were still afloat. Out on the Kentucky shore was a big pile of sand; someone had been digging a trench and after getting out five

hundred feet into the river the water came up too high to work. The job was left without any marking of the excavated trench and sand pile.

On that stage, there was about four or five feet of water over the sand and the first thing I tried to do was back off. That was dumb and only resulted in pulling a timberhead off of one of the barges at the first coupling. Then I tried to jerk the second barge off but couldn't even shake it. About that time Wilson came into the pilothouse with the smart remark, "What's the trouble, - a little sand in the track." I turned the light on the lead barge and replied, "Lots of it." Wilson suggested taking the KEYSTONE up alongside the lead barge and coming ahead; "If it's sand the boat will dig the barges off in a couple of hours. I have helped dig off big tows on higher bars than that down on the Lower."

I had heard about washing tows off of bars on the Mississippi but had never been involved. For the lack of a better idea we tied our one free barge to the shore and took the KEYSTONE up along the side of the next barge until she hit bottom. Then, we doubled up a good tow line from the stern of the boat to the barge and with the rudders hard over so all the wheel wash would go under the barge we came ahead full. In a few minutes the water started coming out on the other side of the barge and we moved up farther and did the same thing. This time, when the water came out on the opposite side, we stopped, gave a little pull back and the barge slid off free. It took a little longer to wash the sand out from under the other two barges because they were beached out higher but the whole job was finished in about two hours.

A lot of the KEYSTONE's time was spent towing gasoline for the Standard Oil Company from Midland, Pennsylvania to Wheeling, Parkersburg, Huntington, Charleston and Boomer, West Virginia. But, from time to time we also picked up other barges. One time we picked up a liquid cargo load at Point Pleasant to take along to DuPont at Belle, West Virginia. I asked the landing man at Point Pleasant about the contents of the barge but he said he didn't know; we gave it the same care we gave our gasoline barges. Looking back and knowing the then current Coast Guard rules, the handling of gasoline barges was anything but gentle.

At Belle the barge was out on the head, port corner of the tow so we could deliver it to the DuPont landing float but in that position it was out of my sight ahead of an empty barge. Our watchman had gotten his draft greetings from Uncle Sam the day before and he was really shook up over the prospects of attending the ongoing Korean War. I had seen a lot of young men leave for the service during World War II but none were so bothered about it.

Since I couldn't see the barge it was the watchman's job to see that I cleared the landing float but for some reason we didn't. The loaded barge hit the float which broke loose from its moorings with loud noises and showers of sparks flying everywhere. It seemed that within seconds DuPont's fire, ambulance and police departments were on the scene, a tribute to the company's excellent safety program. We got the float back where it belonged and then I went out to survey the damage. The sparks were caused when the 440 volt power lines to the pump on the float broke but that and the broken mooring lines was the only physical damage. The dock man and I then entered into a conversation:

Him, "We aren't supposed to get any barges in tonight."

Me, "My orders say DuPont at Belle and this is it."

Him, "What's in it?"

Me, "I don't know. Couldn't find out. Let's take a look."

So, we did a dumb thing when we opened the hatch on one of the expansion domes and stuck our heads inside. The cargo looked like distilled water, very clear and we could see the welds and small pieces of dirt on the bottom of the compartment eight feet down. It could have been distilled water for all we could tell. The dock man said, "OK, leave it here," and we went on our way to Boomer.

The next day on our way down the river we were flagged into the DuPont landing and told the barge went to another landing about a quarter of mile down the river. The pilot asked, "Did you find out what's in that barge?" "Yes, it's cyclohexane and it's several times more explosive than gasoline." There had been progress reports on this volatile cargo ever since it left Texas but the ones who needed to know had never been told nor was there any indication for special handling. Makes you wonder who takes care of drunks and towboat crews.

Thanksgiving Day 1950 was mostly spent at the shipyard at Jeffersonville, Indiana undergoing engine repairs. The pilot on watch had tied up at Towhead Island, opposite Jeffersonville, to wait our turn to go into the canal and lock down. While tied up, the engineer discovered a broken stud on one of the cylinder heads on a main engine so we arranged to take the boat across the river to the Jeffboat shipyard to have a welder tack something onto the stud so it could be backed out with a wrench. It shouldn't have taken very long and we could come back over to the barges and take our turn in the lock, running with one engine while the repair was made on the other.

But simple little jobs often turn out differently and this was one of them. The welder tacked a

piece onto the stud but then the weld broke when an attempt was made to twist it. A second try had the same result and on the third effort the stud itself snapped. Nothing to do but remove the cylinder and drill the broken stud out so a one hour job lasted ten.

We finally moved down to Lock 41 but had to wait for the upbound JASON to lock up so I could pick up some log sheets. We were bound for Memphis, our first trip down the Mississippi, and the KEYSTONE didn't have any proper log sheets on board. We landed on the lock wall and I walked down to get the sheets from Capt. Nelson. It was cloudy but warm and I wore only a sweater while Capt. Nelson was out on the lock wall in his shirt sleeves. As the JASON came into the lock with the second locking the mate said, "There's a blizzard at Leavenworth, Indiana and it's headed this way." But there was no sign of a blizzard in Louisville.

I picked up my log sheets and walked back to the KEYSTONE and went to bed to be awakened two hours later by the pilot blowing the fog whistle. When I looked out of the window there was nothing to be seen except a white curtain of snow. Soon after I came on watch at six o'clock in the evening the watchman came into the pilothouse, remarked how bad it looked outside and asked, "Are we going to tie up Cap?" I looked at the radar, a set which worked about half of the time, and never saw a better picture than on that night. "With a twenty-five foot stage and a picture like that, - look out! Here we come!"

We didn't slow down the whole watch and after midnight the pilot kept going so that by watch-time the next morning we were at Owensboro, Kentucky, 150 miles below Lock 41. We had passed several boats but only saw them if they had their guard lights on but the Big Thanksgiving Snow of 1950, which had set all sorts of records, was just a minor nuisance that night on the KEYSTONE.

One early morning I was sound asleep when the pilot slammed the stateroom door open and yelled, "Come up here quick, Captain. I just sunk a barge" and he ran back to the pilothouse. I rolled over unconcerned and then it hit me that we had only gasoline in the tow so grabbed my pants and headed up the stairs. All five of our barges were out in front but when the pilot turned the search light around there were small geysers of water where air was coming out of the sunken barge just astern of us. Another undamaged barge was nearby and our deck crew had a line on it and were tying it alongside our tow.

The two barges had been loaded with coal at a tipple up in Raccoon Creek (Ohio) and then moved out into the Ohio for pickup by a south-

bound boat. Somehow, they had broken loose and were floating along with no lights on them. The weather was rainy and smoky that night and our sometimes-radar had taken the night off. The pilot had no way to know the barges were out there until he felt the bump and turned the search light on. Our lead barge had a very large hole in the port corner but fortunately it was above the water line. We made a buoy of a small, empty oil drum and dropped it about where the barge sank and took the undamaged one over to shore and tied it up. We called the Gallipolis Lock to inform them about where the wreck was located so they could inform other boats and proceeded down to Point Pleasant and tied up at Stone's Landing until the Coast Guard held their investigation, after office hours.

It was sometime after nine o'clock when the Commander and his secretary came aboard. The rain had turned to sleet and the foot-wide spar that served as a walkway from the landing boat was covered with ice. The secretary had on high heeled shoes so the gallant Commander picked her up and carried her across the spar.

The Commander talked to everybody on watch and then it was my turn. Since I had been in bed there was little I could tell him about the accident. His final question was, "Then, what did your do?" and when I answered that I went back to bed and to sleep the secretary almost screamed, "After all of that you went back to sleep?" The Commander smiled and said, "He couldn't think of anything better to do."

Experience, and only experience, teaches a pilot how to deal with fog on the river. By some quirk of nature, after a boat has been tied up for fog and the fog begins to clear it always does so in the direction you don't want to go. When it clears up ahead, don't be in a hurry to get going because just about the time you will be in the middle of the river fog will shut back down. It is sensible to wait awhile for the second shut down and true clearing of the fog.

We had been tied up at the mouth of the Little Muskingum River for several hours one time when I got too anxious and no sooner did we start out than the fog shut down. We didn't have a working radio on the KEYSTONE and the sometimes-radar had taken the night off. I did have a portable radio monitor and heard a Union Oil Co. boat give a security call up around Lock 17, just above us.

The fog had cleared to about one-third the width of the river over on the West Virginia shore so I crossed over to where we could see and be seen. The river was up and covering both the lock and bear trap walls. I was feeling pleased that the fog had lifted when there was a, "BOOM!" and a loaded coal barge on the

starboard corner hit the outside wall on the bear trap and rode up over it. Everything came to a grinding halt. The rake end of the barge was all bashed in but it was brand new and the collision bulkhead held so no water got into the cargo.

The KEYSTONE couldn't budge the barge when we tried to back it off of the wall so we hailed the Union Oil Co. boat when she appeared from the lifting fog. With the additional 3,000 horsepower we pulled the barge off easily, however, with the rake end full of water there was only about four inches of freeboard left. The mate, a little short, fat man, was standing on the end of the barge as it slid from the wall and for a few moments it went under water, before righting itself. The mate took off at a fast clip and ever after a standard quip aboard the KEYSTONE was, "Who says fat men can't run." We very gently turned the barge around so the damaged rake was at the stern and went on to deliver it.

One night I was coming down the Ohio with a gasoline tow about where the New Cumberland Lock is now located. It was an almost total fog and smoke blackout and once again our radar was on time off. I was trying to get down and across the river to Lock 9 to tie up on the lock wall and Howard, the watchman, was on the head of the tow as a lookout. Working on the punch and float system, you punch ahead with the engines a little and float awhile. All at once Howard called, "Cappy, I think you had better back her. I don't like the look of the way this water is coming out from under these barges." I pulled the throttles back and in a couple of minutes heard over the speaker from the head of the tow a sound of the barge rubbing on the bottom. Howard had been watching the water roll up under the barge with a flashlight and he knew were very close to the bottom.

On another occasion we were coming down past East Liverpool on open river when the fog came down and shut us out. Again Howard was out on the head of the tow and all at once he called, "Cappy, is there a bridge around here?" I answered, "Yes, we should be just about down to it." Howard replied, "I just heard a car go across and if you haven't passed it the bridge is between us." Just then a car went by ahead of the pilothouse. Howard was a good man to have out front on the tow when piloting in a fog.

Some wag has said that piloting a boat is about 95% luck and 5% bragging about it and I believe in the first part. I was down-bound on the Ohio alongside of Marietta Island one night when a surface fog came up quickly. At the same time a searchlight came on down at the mouth of the Muskingum River and I could see some lights along the Marietta (Ohio) shore but

nothing on the island side nor directly ahead. It was open river with a good current and there was no way we could stop. Already running on slow bell, I set her to backing and blew the danger whistle followed by a one-whistle passing signal. It seemed that the approaching boat was still a little ways away but distances are very deceptive in fog.

When I looked over toward the island after blowing the passing whistle there was the red light on the front of his tow so close it seemed I could almost reach across and touch it. Two of the Valley Line's big State Boats were pushing one tow. The captain, whomever he was, could evidently see me on his radar for he threw the head of the tow over against the bank so hard it began to break up. I could hear the wires and ratchets popping and one of the towboats knocked out of the tow and went up alongside to catch any loose barges.

I never knew what boats those were nor how badly the tow was broken up for I was long gone, still backing and hoping we didn't hit the point below the mouth of the Muskingum. The fog cleared a little just below the Muskingum River and I backed across to the West Virginia side and found a big, fat tree to tie to for the rest of the night. It was lucky that the other captain had all the power of two big boats to get out of my way. If we had hit head-on some barges would undoubtedly been sunk and maybe had a fire; rigging would have rained down for a long time.

For two years we were able to keep the same two original engineers on the KEYSTONE but we had lots of assistants. One of these was Billy, a real worrier and one of his biggest concerns was that someone would take advantage of him. He was past forty and had never married, then one day he met a woman and decided that he should. He talked with the fellows about what a wonderful girl she was and then he went on time off and when he came back he had doubts.

Billy had gone to see a friend who ran a diary farm and the friend had a comely daughter who was helping with the work. Maybe, Billy mused, he should look for someone like her. The crew picked up on this and proceeded to tell Billy about all the good points of a good farm girl who knew how to work, fanning his doubts about the first one.

One evening at the supper table someone said, "You know Billy, I believe you should try to get this farm girl. She knows how to take care of things while the other one has been all around Athens, Pomeroy and Parkersburg; she might be a real money spender." Then I offered my advice: "Billy, if you marry that gal you might have to do like I did when we got married. I

gave my wife \$20 a month to run the place. As the kids came along she got five dollars a month more. Now she's getting \$40 a month but that's it."

The effect was to stop forks, spoons and mouths all around the table then, after a few moments, everyone continued to eat. Later, Howard came to the pilothouse and said, "Damn Cap, you better be careful or you'll break up Billy's marriage plans. Did you see the look on his face when you said what you did about money?" I replied, "No, I was too busy enjoying the look on the faces of the rest of you Yahoos." Billy did marry number one and had a happy marriage.

In June 1952 business dropped off because of a steel strike so the company laid the KEYSTONE up at Neville Island instead of taking her back to Keystone Sand where she belonged. She was tied up head down stream out of the way at the end of the Union Barge Line landing boat and stayed there for almost two years making only occasional trips to fill in as needed.

On June 25 I went Captain on the BEAVER at Neville Island and spent the rest of the summer in the gasoline trade on the Monongahela River. The BEAVER had been the DRAVO 42 which was renamed in August 1951 after a major overhaul. We picked up loaded barges at the Standard Oil Co. terminal at Midland, Pennsylvania and delivered gasoline to Pittsburgh, Morgantown and Fairmont, West Virginia, the head of navigation on the Monongahela. I was working on an extension on my pilot's license and that trade was an enjoyable, easy way to spend the summer.

I took the examination for the Monongahela River license extension to Fairmont at Cincinnati on November 6, 1952. Since receiving the extension I never went above Lock 4 at Charleroi, Pennsylvania, about 40 miles above Pittsburgh.

I was back to being relief captain and pilot as the year 1952 ended.

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GREAT LAKES SHIPYARD DRAWINGS

The Great Lakes Historical Society museum has a collection of original drawings from the American Shipbuilding Co. and recently announced publication of books of boat profiles.

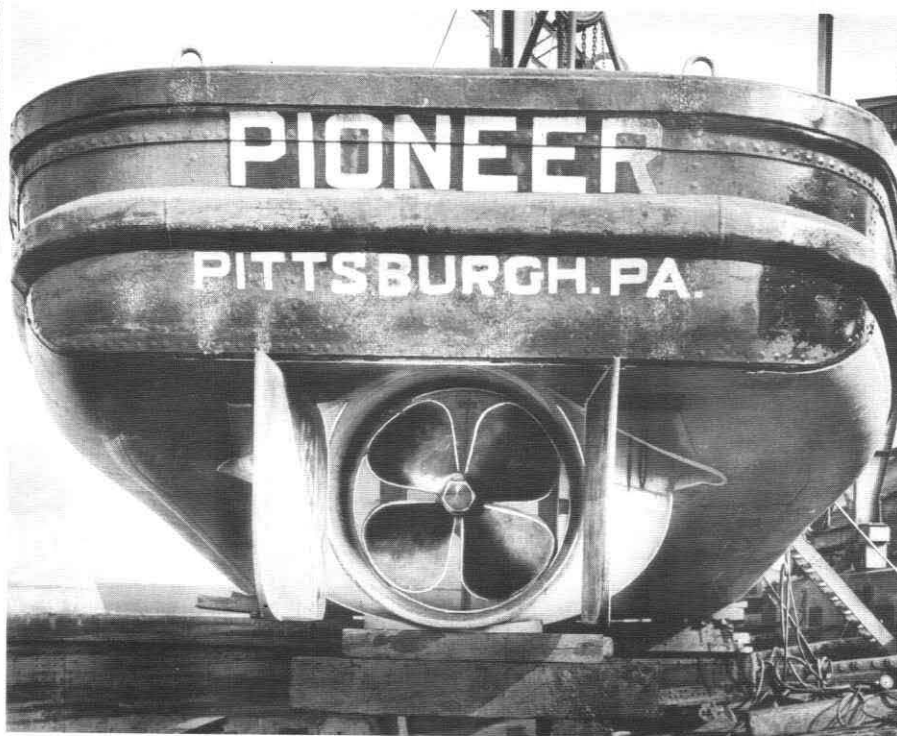
Volume I, Great Lakes Shipyard Profile Drawings, 1888 to 1914 consists of 12 different boats with a brief history and construction details of each. Drawings are copied from the restored original linen plans, page size 11"x17", black on white archival paper and bound with heavy blue covers. \$19.95 per book plus S&H.

A sample book of four plans is available at \$4. Great Lakes Historical Society, Museum Gift Shop, P.O. Box 435, Vermilion, OH 44089. (800) 893-1485.

FIRST U.S. KORT NOZZLE
INSTALLATION

The PIONEER was a small diesel towboat, 85.1x21.3x7.3, built in 1934 by Dravo as a prototype of a class. She had a 250hp. Nelsco engine and intended to be useful for small towing jobs. In 1936 Dravo obtained U.S. rights to the hydrodynamically designed propeller shroud developed by L. Kort of Germany and in 1937 one was installed on the fittingly named PIONEER.

The Kort nozzle channeled the water flow through the prop to minimize turbulence and prevent loss of thrust. Dravo claimed a 14% increase in "push" making the PIONEER the equivalent of 285hp. boat. Note that there are two rudders astern of the prop, at the sides of the water stream; later installations had two flanking rudders ahead and a steering rudder centered.



Following the demonstrated success of the PIONEER with the Kort nozzle Dravo built sister boats DRAVO 41 and DRAVO 42. Kort nozzles were then added to the PEACE and NEVILLE, identical line towboats, 153.5x34.1x7.9, built in 1934 and 1935. The full cabin with skylights and roomy covered decks were a transition from steam towboats and popular with crews. Photo at Neville Island.



**EXPLORING THE CAJUN
COUNTRY
BY
BARGE
the Travel Editor**

The latest in cruise services on the rivers is offered by RiverBarge Excursions of New Orleans. Its barge and towboat combination named RIVER EXPLORER was pictured on the back cover of the December 1998 issue. The RIVER EXPLORER was delayed in getting into service, from an advertised inaugural trip in August 1998 until September but since then has been off and running.

Since going into service with two Smithsonian charter trips RIVER EXPLORER has visited ports as diverse as Huntington, West Virginia on the Ohio, Nashville on the Cumberland and from New Orleans to St. Louis on the Mississippi. She has also traveled the Intracoastal Waterway west from New Orleans to Galveston and beyond to the Mexican border at Brownsville, Texas. Curiosity got the best of us and we went south in March to see what this new concept of traveling on a barge might be like.

A rather full description of the innovative concept of accommodating passengers on converted oil barges pushed by a towboat was provided in the March 1998 issue of S&D Reflector (page 20). But, here's a short

review of the statistics for the RIVER EXPLORER:

The DeSoto barge (at the front) is a 295 ft. by 54 ft. raked end hull equipped with a 500 hp. bow thruster while the second, LaSalle, is a similar box end barge. Both barges have two decks with DeSoto containing the public rooms, - lobby, theater, dining room, kitchen, etc. while LaSalle has 99 staterooms. Pushing this 590 foot tow is the 140 foot, 3,000 hp., Z-drive towboat MISS NARI which makes a vessel 730 feet long, all coupled up and laced with umbilical cords from bow to stern. The size is impressive, two decks high with double swinging booms at the bow and with a striking paint scheme.

Strange country for us were the bayous and canals west of New Orleans and also the lower Mississippi itself so the itinerary called "Cajuns and Creoles" in the brochure sounded intriguing. We found the RIVER EXPLORER tied up at the Julia Street Wharf in New Orleans where the blue water cruise ships also dock. Parking at a reasonable rate was about three blocks away and by the time we presented ourselves at the front desk in the lobby on the second level of the DeSoto barge the luggage was in our stateroom.

John W. Gilbert Associates, Inc. deserve high marks for the functional and attractive design of the two barges. They may have started out as barge hulls but everything above the main deck and down into the hull itself is related to a first class hotel operation. The staterooms are uniformly 200 sq. ft. with those on the second deck having a narrow guard or private balcony if you choose to close the hinged dividers. The bathrooms have full size fixtures (rather than marine design) and ceramic tile. The room furnishings are plain in the Nordic modern style with ample storage space, twin or queen size beds and thoughtful features such as a refrigerator, TV, VCR, phone and binoculars, yet.

On the second deck of the forward barge Jack Gilbert and friends have provided windows at every opportunity, great for enjoying the river scenery whatever the weather. The main lobby is huge, the full width of the barge, with windows all around and tables in booths along the sides. High windows line the passageways along the sides farther astern, ideal for watching the world pass by from a high swivel chair.

The "Passenger Pilothouse" takes up the front of the second deck of the DeSoto barge, ahead of the main lobby. This is an inspired idea for river watching, day or night. The room has windows across the front, will seat perhaps thirty-five or forty and is equipped with radar and several navigational TV monitors plus marine radio receivers. Navigation charts provided to place the interested passenger right into the navigation picture.

Why the TV monitors? The pilothouse up on the roof also has them, connected to trainable cameras to watch the four corners of RIVER EXPLORER. The passengers in the Passenger Pilothouse can see what the pilot sees. When making landings or



Interior of the passenger pilothouse on the second deck of the RIVER EXPLORER: Radar and TV monitors hang from the ceiling, navigation charts are on the shelf in front of the windows while current river stages are posted on the back wall. This is a popular spot, day or night.

passing through locks these images are also projected through the boat's internal TV channel to appear on the stateroom TVs. Curious about strange noises or bumps, flip on the TV.

The morning after boarding the RIVER EXPLORER we found her tied up below New Orleans near the Algiers Lock. This lock gives access to the Algiers Cutoff Canal into the Intracoastal Waterway west. The Harvey Lock route farther upstream is more direct but the lock is not long enough for this rig.

For first time visitors this swampy, low country with here and there industrial operations related to the oil industry was interesting. Oil activity in the Gulf of Mexico has not regained the level of ten or so years ago and much floating equipment is tied up and dormant. Most of the dug channels (canals) connected with the Intracoastal Waterway seem to be 125 feet wide by 12 feet deep. The Algiers channel is therefore narrow by typical river standards and in places winding but the MISS NARI seemed to have little trouble handling her two barge tow. There was always the bow thruster available and it was useful in several tight spots we noticed.

A few miles past Houma, Louisiana RIVER EXPLORER tied up for the night shortly after dark. The following morning passengers were given a trip through the swamps and cypress trees on a fifty passenger pontoon boat. Fortunately, we were on the 8 o'clock trip (by default we must admit) and the Cajun operator gave us the full treatment including stories and fiddle playing in the middle of a cypress swamp; he was under the impression that there were only two trips to make rather than three so was in no hurry.

This country is in the Mississippi Flyway and there was no shortage of birds to be seen. The pontoon boat operator easily pointed out bald eagles, great horned owls as well as a multitude of water birds and one lone alligator catching the early sunshine. Several groups of those big rodents called nutria could be seen out grazing in fields and a pair of river otters humped their way to the water upon our approach. The straight canals through the swampland have been dredged by the oil companies and are still used to moved crude in barges out to the main channel from the isolated well sites.

At Morgan City the Intracoastal Waterway crosses the Atchafalaya River which runs generally north and meets the Red River at Old River, about opposite the Louisiana-Mississippi state line. We continued west after passing through the busy Morgan City harbor edged by several shipyards and crossed by a number of bridges.

The RIVER EXPLORER crew includes Bargemasters Allan F. Post and Charles "Sonny" Fres; bargemaster was a Coast Guard licensed category new to us. These two officers oversee general passenger services, safety, etc. Sonny Fres was with Delta Queen Steamboat Co. for a number of years while Allan Post is a graduate of the New York Maritime Academy and gave an interesting talk one afternoon on the attempts by the Corps of Engineers to control the flow of the Mississippi. The Old River connection between the big river and the Atchafalaya could be an interesting place during very high water and, who knows, maybe the Mississippi will go that way sometime, levees and water flow control structures notwithstanding. So far, man has kept his finger in the Old River dike.

Shortly after dark and some miles west of Morgan City our route required the transit up a canal connecting the Intracoastal Waterway with Bayou Teche. Bayou Teche is that winding, romantic stream overhung with Spanish moss which leads up to New Iberia and beyond. Baldwin, Louisiana, just short of Bayou Teche, is an overnight landing on the itinerary.

This was an interesting operation as it required RIVER EXPLORER to back up a 125 foot dug channel the five miles from the Intracoastal Waterway. The canal is straight enough but without room for error when meeting tows coming down and, of course, with no place to turn around. The MISS NARI with her

Z-drives pulled RIVER EXPLORER backwards in the dark to Baldwin and then through a swing bridge on a very active railroad. This operation was of great interest and the radar and TV monitors in the passenger pilothouse had a sizeable audience while others braved the frosty night to observe from the top deck. Only the completely decadent watched on the TVs in their staterooms.

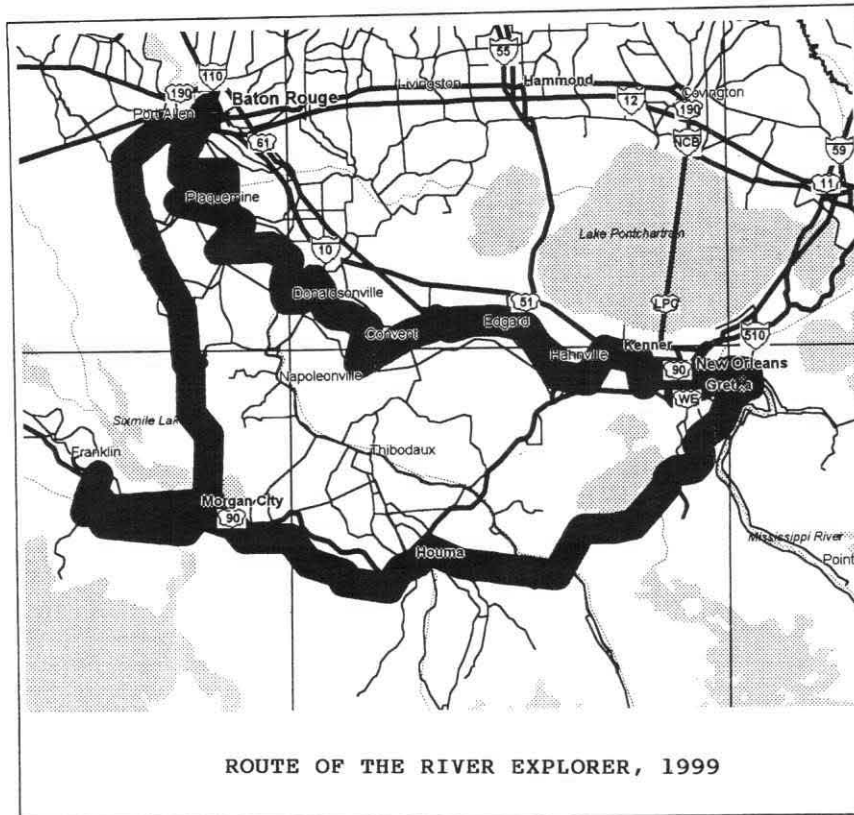
An all-day bus tour from Baldwin around the Evangeline Country was included in the fare. Stops included the plantation house Oaklawn Manor built in 1837, a visit to St. Martinville and New Iberia before lunch at Jefferson Island.

Islands down here are really salt domes which to geologists are a sign of oil reservoirs. The salt itself is in very thick layers and has been mined for many years. The salt deposits are extensive and the mines have rooms and passageways large enough for haul trucks running for miles.

In 1980 an oil drilling crew was putting down a well in the middle of Lake Peigneur at Jefferson Island, aiming to go down through a pillar in the salt mine beneath. This was not an unusual technical operation and the lake was only about twelve feet deep. Oops! They missed the pillar and punched into a room or passage of the salt mine about 300 feet below.

Like pulling the plug in a bathtub, the lake began draining into the mine while the fifty-two people down below scrambled for the elevator. In a matter of hours the lake drained into the mine with the drilling rig and barges then sitting on the bottom around the now very large drain hole. But then the Gulf of Mexico started to pour through an outlet canal into the dry lake bed causing no end of erosion and eventually refilled the lake.

This catastrophe was well covered by news cameramen and makes an exciting video which is shown visitors at Rip Van Winkle



ROUTE OF THE RIVER EXPLORER, 1999

Gardens. This was once the home of Joseph Jefferson who was a 19th century actor of note and the gardens were developed by J. L. Bayless, Jr. in the 1920s After viewing the video you can walk outside through the gardens and there is the peaceful lake now refilled, somewhat larger than before and now 800 feet deep.

After the day's exposure of the passengers to Acadia and Cajuns the RIVER EXPLORER retraced the route down the five mile canal and back past Morgan City. North up the Atchafalaya a short distance and then into the Alternate Intracoastal Route to Port Allen and Baton Rouge. After running for several hours after dark the RIVER EXPLORER tied up below the Bayou Sorrel Lock, ready to lock into the Port Allen Canal after breakfast the following morning.

We found it disconcerting when there was about a four foot drop through the Bayou Sorrel Lock into the Port Allen Canal. Weren't we going upstream? The Atchafalaya Basin is well named and the surrounding countryside is even lower than the

Atchafalaya River itself in this area. Obviously, the Basin is designed to capture the flow from the Mississippi River at some future time, perhaps another Y2K problem for someone to worry about.

The Port Allen Canal was opened in the 1962 when the lock at Port Allen, opposite Baton Rouge, replaced the 260 foot lock at Plaquemine, Louisiana. The channel width is 125 feet and there is considerable traffic on this shortcut to the Intracoastal Waterway. Most of a day was spent on the mostly straight, dredged channel although in some places natural water courses are followed. There was always something of interest along the nearby shores and no shortage of water birds to watch. The Port Allen Lock was reached late in the afternoon and the lift was about 25 feet up to the level of the Mississippi.

The boat lay overnight at Baton Rouge with ample time for the sports to visit the two casino boats operating there. There is a lot to see within walking distance of the landing including a

transportation museum in a former railroad station, the Louisiana Maritime Museum, the old Capitol Building Museum and the present state capitol. Departure the next day was around noon and showing the passenger identification card gave access to any of these attractions.

The USS KIDD, a World War II destroyer of the Fletcher class is part of the Louisiana Maritime Museum and is moored at the public landing. The KIDD was a magnet impossible to resist and after clambering from engine room bilge to bridge there was time to give the Maritime Museum building only a brief walk-through. We were pleased to see a good model of the W. P. SNYDER JR. on display and a replica of the pilothouse of a steamboat named LOUISIANA is well done but all too much was missed.

The atmosphere of informality encouraged by the crew of RIVER EXPLORER extends to the pilothouse. It is located on the roof near the connection between the two barges and is open to passengers except in very close channels. The MISS NARI is controlled from the main pilothouse through a mass of electrical cables rather than with connections of ropes, cables and

bells as was the practice in the days when towboats pushed showboats.

The pilothouse is commodious and outfitted with the usual radars, depth finders, engine controls including levers for the swiveling Z-drives on the towboat. Five television monitors give the picture from cameras at each corner and also the view on the head of the boat. Pilot Dwayne Doerman seemed to be on watch most of the times we wandered into the pilothouse and with years on line towboats he could point out the currents and marks to run the bends. Wisely, the designers omitted a lazy bench in the pilothouse for even the most rabid river buff will tire of standing after a time.

There is much to be said for the approach taken by RiverBarge Excursion Lines, Inc. with its RIVER EXPLORER. The barges are thoughtfully laid out and well equipped in first class style. The stateroom accommodations with attractive if subdued decor have many thoughtful touches appreciated by the occupants.

The dining room, named The Galley, and the food service certainly deserve very favorable mention. All passengers are accommodated at one seating with buffet service for breakfast and

lunch. Table service from a three entree menu is provided in the evening. We found the offerings of good variety and well prepared, home cooking with some interesting regional dishes for the adventuresome.

The informality, the no tipping policy and shore tours included as part of the fare package seemed to be points most frequently praised by the passengers. The limited traveling at night so little scenery is missed appeals to river buffs. Although in operation for only six months there were thirteen repeaters on this trip which is testimony for the program.

The size of RIVER EXPLORER does limit her travel to waterways where the locks are 1,000-1,200 feet long. She can't, for instance, go on the Upper Mississippi beyond Lock 25 nor on the Ohio much beyond East Liverpool, Ohio forty miles below Pittsburgh. But she also goes to places where such cruise service has not previously been offered.

RiverBarge Excursion Lines is located at 201 Opelousas Ave., New Orleans, LA 70114. Telephone (888) 462-2747.

* * *



- THIS AND THAT -

SULTANA NOMINATED FOR HISTORICAL MARKER

KING & QUEEN OF THE RIVER IN PAPERBACK

Here's good news for those of you waiting for Stan Garvey's King and Queen of the River to appear in paperback. This colorful history of the legendary sternwheel steamboats DELTA KING and DELTA QUEEN is now available in a new softcover edition.

Born in the Roaring Twenties, the royal pair ran nightly between San Francisco and Sacramento from 1927 to 1940. After service in World War II the DELTA QUEEN left California for the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers to become an overnight cruise boat and perhaps the world's most famous steamboat. By contrast, DELTA KING endured hardship and abuse over four decades including sinkings, fire and piracy. Ten years ago DELTA KING, to the surprise of many, was saved and became a first class floating hotel at Sacramento.

First published in 1995, author Stan Garvey received the Award of Merit for Publication from the Sacramento County Historical Society. The book inspired an episode of "California Gold" on PBS television and a review in the San Francisco Chronicle called King and Queen of the River, "Like the boats, this book is a treasure."

The paperback edition is now available in gift shops or direct from the author at \$15.95. A few copies of the hardcover edition are still available at \$27.95; shipping and handling for either is \$3.50 plus \$1.00 for additional copies in the same shipment. To order, call (800) 852-4890. Dealer inquiries (650) 322-1420.

* * *

BELLE OF LOUISVILLE CASE CONCLUDED

The BELLE OF LOUISVILLE was discovered to be sinking on the morning of August 24, 1997 and before emergency pumps could be brought to bear she was on the bottom. The steamboat, which many in Jefferson County had taken for granted during her many years as a premier tourist attraction at Louisville, was suddenly recognized and appreciated. Raising and repairing the boat cost in excess of \$300,000.

On February 19, 1999 a federal jury convicted Brennan Callan, Louisville of sinking the BELLE by deliberately opening an unused valve which allowed city water to flow into the boat's hull.

Callan had worked on the excursion steamer for one or more seasons several years ago. Prosecutors held that Mr. Callan wanted to embarrass managers of the BELLE.

Sentencing was scheduled for May 24, 1999 as we go to press.

* * *

The historical marker program sponsored by the Ohio Bicentennial Commission was reported upon in the March issue, page 31. The Cincinnati Enquirer, April 16, reported on a local proposal to mark the site of the Litherbury Boatyard, builders of the packet SULTANA (5216) in 1863.

The SULTANA was a notable steamboat when built but became forever infamous when she exploded her boilers and sank near Memphis in the spring of 1865. The exact loss of life is still in question but generally estimated at about 1,500. Chris Heather is a videographer who lives in Colerain Township near Cincinnati and has proposed the marker be placed in Sawyer Point Park downtown. This is not too far from the location of the Litherbury yard but the event which made the SULTANA well known occurred 600 miles away.

Maybe the historical marker should mark the location(s) of the once thriving boat building industry in the East End of Cincinnati. A number of yards flourished along the river there from the early days until the 1920s. The MOSELLE blew up in 1838 in that same general location, - she deserves marking for the horrific event which took upwards of 100 lives but also for providing the impetus for the first federal regulation of steamboats.

The Ohio Bicentennial Commission and the Longaberger Foundation will assist local historical groups interested in marking sites of historic merit. Our thanks to Henry Schmitz, 224 Eagleview Way, Cincinnati, OH 45215 for the clipping.

* * *

BOAT BUILDING WORKSHOP AT MARIETTA

The Marietta Rowing & Cycling Club with the Ohio River Museum is again sponsoring a wooden boat building project this summer. This will be the eighth such program which has produced various historic and contemporary types of rowing boats and provided participants with experience in boatbuilding skills.

The project will be a 16-foot Matinicus Double Ender skiff that can be either rowed or sailed. The design is from New England and developed originally as a lobster boat, not as extreme as the fishing dory built by the workshop several years ago. Construction will be traditional frame and plank with copper fastenings.

The workshop begins July 20, for five weeks or maybe six. Cost is \$25 per week (five days) for as long or as short a period as desired.

Information: Jim Stephens, Workshop Leader, P.O. Box 1081, Marietta, OH 45750. (740) 374-6997.

* * *

TOM GREENE WATCHED THE GREENLAND'S END

In his old boat column in The Waterways Journal of April 13, 1998 Jim Swift reproduced an interesting letter by Capt. Tom Greene. It was written November 28, 1949 to his friend Dan Heekin at a time when Heekin was looking for a home for his steamboat whistle collection. Tom Greene had obtained the whistle from the towboat SPRAGUE with the intention of placing it on his new DELTA QUEEN but for reasons of practicality had about decided against the idea. Eventually, Dan Heekin's whistle collection and the SPRAGUE plus others became part of the S&D collection and are today on display at the River Museum in Marietta, Ohio.

The original of Tom Greene's letter was found by Barbara Hameister in a used book she bought several years ago. The following is an extract from the letter covering the interesting story of the demise of the GREENLAND and her whistle. Readers may want to look up the April 13, 1998 WWJ issue to read the complete letter.

"I have about decided to put the CHRIS GREENE's whistle on the DELTA for the following reasons: First of all, I like it as it is of low, mellow 'big boat' quality. I don't believe it will annoy the passengers' sleep and it comes from the HOMER SMITH, low, mellow 'big boat' quality. I don't believe it will annoy the passengers' sleep and it comes from the HOMER SMITH, which boat was partially owned by one Captain C. C. Bowyer, a great friend of my Dad's and a banker in Point Pleasant, W. Va. Captain Bowyer was a 'friend in need' when the going was rough for my Dad and he went all out financially to help Dad after he had bought the

White Collar Line from Commodore Laidley in 1903. Besides a good whistle, I feel that it would be sort of a tribute to Captain Bowyer from a sentimental standpoint to use this HOMER SMITH - CHRIS GREENE whistle. (See drawing of the whistle on page 29, September 1998 issue. Ed.)

The TOM GREENE's whistle is the most historic on the river. It was my Dad's favorite and some of the old-timers have said that he bought the White Collar Line to get that whistle. It was then on the Str. COURIER. It had been on the sidewheel EXPRESS which I believe ran before the Civil War. It was later on the Str. ST. LAWRENCE and has always been known as the ST. LAWRENCE's whistle and it was on nearly all the G(reene) L(ine) boats at one time or another. My Dad sort of wore this whistle as he did here in East End. Of course you probably recall the ice knocked the GREENLAND off the cradles at that point and down the river she came in the gorge sideways.

As I had been born on the GREENLAND my Dad called my mother at home in Hyde Park and said, "Get Tom out of school and bring him down here to the wharfboat to see his birthplace go by," which my mother did.

I was then eleven years old and in the formative age when things impress you. When I got down to the wharfboat the gorge was moving fast. The other Greene Line boats had steam up and were comin' ahead strong. There was a wailing and gnashing of timberheads, cavels and lines snapping. Pretty soon some one hollared, 'Here she comes,' meaning the GREENLAND. As the GREENLAND hove in sight on her side everybody stood in silence.

There was an old purser on the wharfboat who had been on the GREENLAND a long time and he too was in love with the St. Lawrence Whistle and said he would give a hundred dollars to anyone who would get that whistle off the boat when the gorge stopped moving. The next couple of days the GREENLAND was down about Rising Sun, Ind. and in the meantime some thieves went out on the ice and took off the whistle, got some chairs and

Flood and Ice Gorge, 1918, Cincinnati, O.



The GREENLAND was thought safe on the Cincinnati Marine Ways but the river came up and pulled her off. Here she floats backwards between the L&N and Newport Bridges in the ice.

the boat's silverware. They were apprehended and the whistle returned. My Dad dropped the charges against the thieves, feeling that getting the whistle back and the risk they had taken in going over on the boat in the gorge should cancel the charges against them.

.....

 Regards, Tom

P.S. I would like to hear the SPRAGUE's whistle just once."

As a follow-up to this story about the St. Lawrence Whistle (and thanks to Dale Flick and others who suggested it) we will include the following which was written by an eyewitness in 1944.

A STEAMBOAT WHISTLE

Jesse P. Hughes

Its tone was a soft musical chord and when heard from off at a distance it sounded as if played from about the middle of the keyboard of some great pipe organ. It was many years ago that this whistle was first put into use and the early facts regarding it are not all known by anyone now. As a boy I have heard it stated that some old-time music teacher had assisted in its final tuning.

This whistle consists of four separate whistles, each of a different size. They are connected together in the usual way by the use of cast fittings and pipe screwed together, all blow at the same time and blend their tones into one. There is some doubt as to where, when and by whom it was originally built. Some say it was a machinist and engine builder named Ed Hobbs whose shops were in South Wheeling. Another story tells that the firm of Sweeney & Sweeney who operated a boat yard and machine shop in old North Wheeling built it and it was on the sidewheel steamer ST. MARYS (4958) after the Civil War.

The most definite and accepted story gives the credit for the production of this whistle to Capt. Phil Anshutz. He was an important figure in the whole packet service at Wheeling for more than sixty years, a pilot, master and owner of a number of boats during his long career. He was in command of the EXPRESS NO. 2 (1947) and also the smaller steamer SCIENCE (5053) during the 1870s. It was upon these boats that this whistle is definitely known to have been used and perfected under Capt. Anshutz's directions. His last work was on the QUEEN CITY (4615) which he piloted for twelve years before his death in 1916.

Phil Anshutz's son, Capt. Ernest "Ernie" Anshutz of Glendale, California writes as follows: "The St. Lawrence Whistle was made from the ideas of my father for the sidewheel steamer EXPRESS NO. 2 which made her first trip in the Wheeling - Parkersburg in June 1970. He worked on this whistle for a year before it suited him."

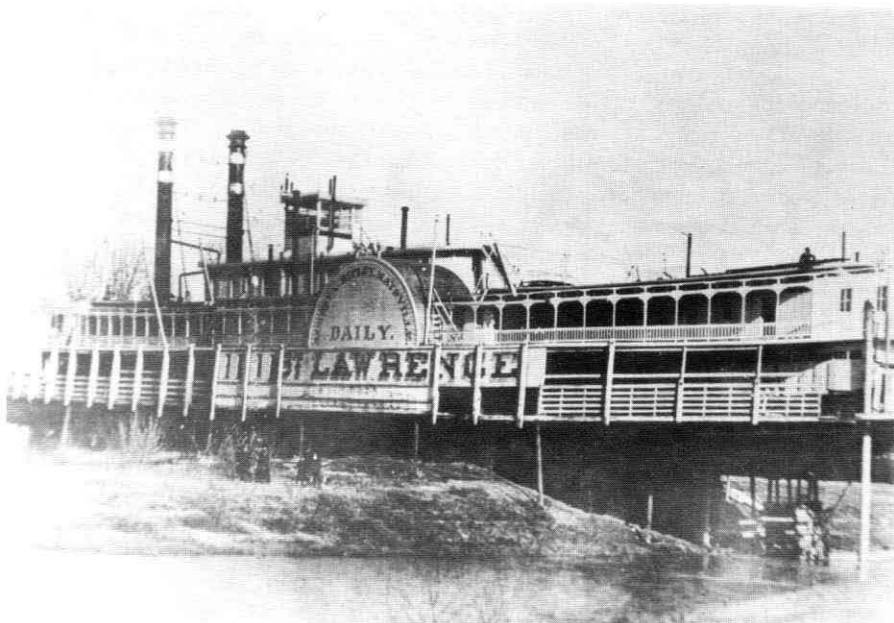
Capt. William List was a prominent riverman of Wheeling and owned some well known steamboats. His mother was a sister of my Grandmother Louderback. Capt. List bought the EXPRESS NO. 2 when that boat was eight years old and dismantled her. He then built a new boat named ST. LAWRENCE (4945) and used the machinery, cabin and other things including the whistle in the construction of this boat. The ST. LAWRENCE was completed in the spring of 1879 and proved to be a wonderful success. The whistle was used on her during the sixteen years of her career and it has always been known as the St. Lawrence Whistle ever since.

The ST. LAWRENCE was a regular weekly packet at Wheeling in the 1880s and I remember clearly of being on her with my parents on a trip to Pittsburgh. The sound of this whistle and the stories about it are among my early recollections.

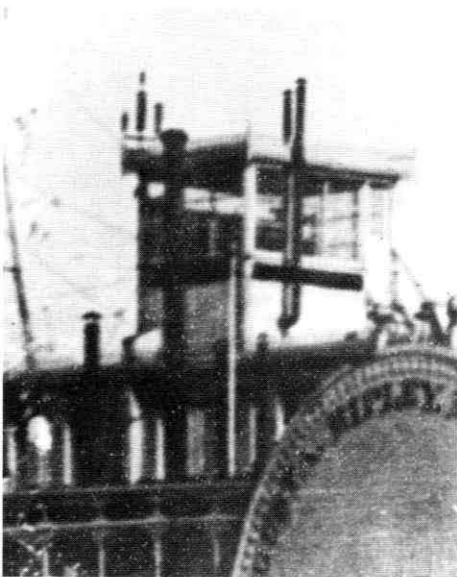
The ST. LAWRENCE was sold to the White Collar Line by Capt. List when he retired from the river in 1889. The new owners placed her in the trade between Cincinnati and Maysville, Kentucky where she continued on until she was retired and dismantled in 1895. She was succeeded by the steamer COURIER (1355) which had been purchased by the White Collar Line from Capt. J. Mack Gamble.

The Maysville Trade, as it was commonly called, was a very profitable one and when the COURIER inherited it she also came into the possession of the St. Lawrence Whistle. The COURIER had seemingly always been a money-maker and now entered into the most profitable years of her career. The regular appearances of the boat and the sound of her whistle became a part of everyday life for the residents along that sixty mile part of the Ohio. Leaving Cincinnati each night at eleven o'clock except Saturday the COURIER maintained the most regular schedule of any of the boats that the White Color Line owned. She was termed the "Midnight Rambler" by the many colored roustabouts and laborers of the levee who daily and nightly served her during the years that she ran in the trade.

It was upon one of the COURIER's trips into Cincinnati that Capt. Greene was aboard the boat with a mechanic who took measurements of the whistle. The old adage that, "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," is a true one and attempts at duplicating this whistle had been made at various times before this. Mr. Lee Andrews, the COURIER's chief engineer, noted the man as he carefully took his measurements and commented, "Ah, it ain't much use to do that because it has been tried so many times already. There is no man that can make another whistle that will sound as pretty as that one."



The ST. LAWRENCE was stranded at Bracken Creek just above the Augusta, Kentucky landing in the spring of 1886. Closeup below of the distinctive, four-chime melodious whistle.



About a month later the new, duplicate whistle was delivered to the steamer GREENWOOD (2450), promptly installed and tried out. It resembled the St. Lawrence Whistle very much. I had in the meantime developed a deep interest in this new whistle and assisted myself in making a few final adjustments in the tuning. When blown the next time the sound of the two whistles was almost identical and when all had pronounced the new one "O.K." I

immediately secured a small stick and made a wooden gauge of the position of each of the four whistles. I notched the gauge carefully and put it away for future use with no one aware of the existence of the gauge.

Within a few days someone on the GREENWOOD suggested to Capt. Greene that perhaps a little more improvement could still be made in the whistle. Accordingly, a big monkey wrench was brought up on top of the pilothouse and some changes were made by twisting the different whistles a bit closer or a bit wider between the bells and the bases. Within a few minutes they had altered the sound considerably but had failed to note which whistles had been changed and how much.

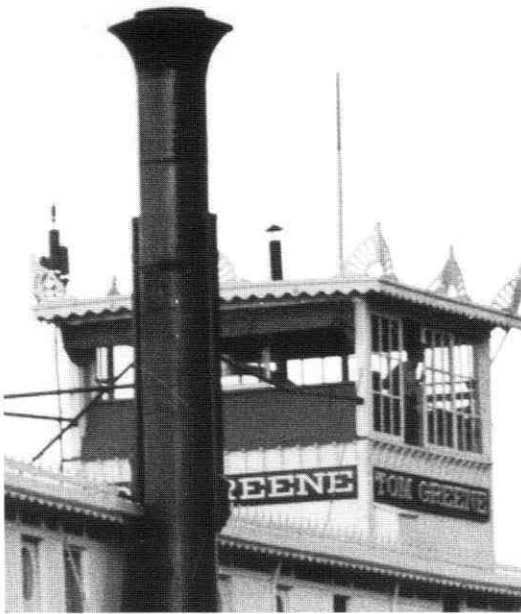
When the GREENWOOD returned on her next trip and I went on board Capt. Greene said to me, "Say, can you fix that whistle for us. We got to fooling with it the other day and it's away out of tune now?" I secured my little gauge stick and within a few minutes I reset each of the whistles so it again sounded as it had before. Capt. Greene was

delighted: "Oh, that's just fine and now I don't want anyone to ever touch that whistle again. I'll shoot the first man that I catch up there with a monkey wrench." The whistle remained tuned as it was, unchanged for years afterward and was transferred to the new steamer GREENLAND (2447) when she entered service in 1903.

In another year, when the up-river trades and boats were purchased from Commodore Laidley, the COURIER was among them and thus the original St. Lawrence Whistle also came into the possession of Capt. Greene.

Although the duplicate whistle was thought to be surely lost when the GREENLAND was swept away in the 1918 ice it was luckily restored to Capt. Greene. Later, it was put in use on the small steamer CHRIS GREENE (1026) where it remained during her career in the Cincinnati - Huntington trade.

Living at Portsmouth, Ohio at that time was a gentleman named Luther C. Chapman who was an engineer on the N&W Railroad. He was also a fine mechanic and took a great pride in the tones of locomotive whistles. He often came down to the river front at Portsmouth and one day he heard the CHRIS GREENE whistle for the landing. He immediately fell in love with the sound and tone of her whistle and begged for permission to measure it with the thought of making a duplicate for himself. Capt. Greene gave his permission and over the course of time Mr. Chapman succeeded in making a whistle that sounded so much like the original that few people could distinguish any difference between the two. He was delighted and had this whistle put on a ferry boat that crossed the river near Portsmouth so that he could hear it blow nearly every day as he passed along. The whistle is still in use there. (We wish the boat or place were identified. Luther Chapman made several additional duplicates. Ed.)



The "St. Lawrence Whistle" as carried on the TOM GREENE.

About this time the old COURIER had been dismantled The St. Lawrence Whistle was put on the TACOMA (5292) which was the boat I was on at the time. I had often listened to this whistle and admired it when a little boy and it seemed strange that now I was the pilot who blew it, many times every day and every night. This whistle remained on the TACOMA until that steamer was destroyed by fire at Cincinnati in 1922.

In that fire at Cincinnati on November 4, 1922 the CHRIS GREENE was also lost and with her went her whistle. Through an odd destiny these two duplicate whistles were both lost in the same manner at the same time. In the wreckage of these burned boats portions of each whistle were later found although badly warped and twisted. Capt.

Greene and I carefully placed them together in such a way that we were able to make one complete whistle from the wreckage of the two. This whistle sounded very good but it was different from former days and no adjustment, even with my wooden gauge, could ever restore the original tone.

The new TOM GREENE (5415) was completed in 1923 and this assembled whistle was put in use once more. Since that time it has never been changed and is still in service. Repairs were recently made to it and a small brass plate adorns the side of the largest whistle which is inscribed, "St. Lawrence Whistle, 1872."

* * *

JOHN M. SWEENEY ON THE ST. LAWRENCE WHISTLE

7066 Hawthorne Ave.
Hollywood, Cal.,
Nov. 21, 1922

Frederick Way, Jr.,

Dear Sir. I notice your letter in The Waterways (Journal) in which you mention "Whistles."

My uncle Capt. T. C. Sweeney was always insistent on whistle quality, if I may call it so. In the latter '60s we owned and operated a side wheel boat ST. MARYS in the off cotton season (during the winter we operated her in Ouachita River, New Orleans to Camden) in the Cincinnati-Pittsburg trade. The ST. MARYS had a wonderful whistle and one summer during a very low water season a very light boat, the SCIENCE (14 inches) was built at Wheeling.

Phil Anschutz was captain of the SCIENCE and borrowed the ST. MARYS' whistle while she was laid up. Later, Capt. Anschutz copied the whistle as nearly as he could and later it appeared when he built the last EXPRESS of the Wheeling & Parkersburg line. They had also built and owned the SCIENCE. On the EXPRESS the whistle was not much of a success, I think probably due to steam conditions.

The EXPRESS was wrecked about 1876 and the ST. LAWRENCE built out of her, using the same engines & cabin but new and more boilers. The whistle when on the EXPRESS was, as I have written, not much, but under conditions on the ST. LAWRENCE was one of the best & most

musical I have ever heard. I wonder if anyone knows what has become of it?

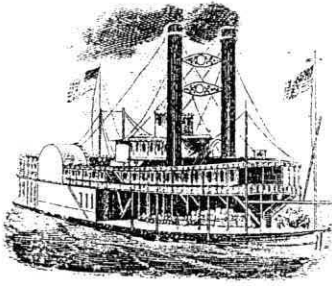
You may know that whistles often scale up inside of the bowl and the scale closes the opening or obstructs it and changes the vibrations and, therefore, the tone of the whistle. The steam pressure is also a varying factor. If you want a proper result, put a plug cock just below each whistle and regulate them separately - when you do, do not close any of the cocks but, say you have three whistles, stuff some waste or oakum up in the bells of two of the whistles so they won't make any sound, then regulate the one remaining until you get the required tone. Then, take the waste out of one & stuff it in the one you have regulated & regulate that one & so on to the 3rd whistle. Then take out the waste & blow the 3 whistles together.

The most pleasing whistle you can get is the D-minor chord - A below middle C and D - F natural above. You can tune a whistle by hammering the bell to change the density of the metal in it like peening a piece of metal to harden it.

Your idea of getting a whistle for presenting to the TOM GREENE is fine. The builder of calliopes might be able to provide whistles properly tuned to D-minor chord, if that strikes your fancy.

Yours very truly,
/s/ Jno. M. Sweeney

* * *



JESSE P. HUGHES DIARY

1931

C. W. Stoll & Ed.

The year 1931 had ended with the packet business in the doldrums during the holiday period but this was typical. The temperature at Huntington, West Virginia where Jesse Hughes managed the Greene Terminal Co. was hovering around 10 degrees, ice beginning to make on the river and general uncertainty about the general slow-down in the business world which was becoming evident. The Island Creek Coal Co. had recently cut employee wages including those for crews on its towboats.

JANUARY

The CHRIS GREENE was making trips from Cincinnati to Huntington, three times per week but Charleston freight was re-shipped on by truck from the Greene terminal. The packet LIBERTY maintained the weekly service between Pittsburgh and Charleston and would come down to Huntington from Gallipolis when she had significant Cincinnati re-shipment for the Greene Line.

On January 1 the Louisville and Cincinnati Packet Co. suspended operations in the L.&C. trade. The CHRIS GREENE lay over one trip at Cincinnati; the TOM GREENE was still at the Acme Boiler Works, Gallipolis, Ohio boats and it was a priority to get the fresh fruit and vegetables up the hill into the warehouse as soon as the TOM GREENE landed.

The diary mentions more than one occasion when the warehouse crew worked past midnight to get the perishable freight up the hill.

The BETSY ANN came back out in the Pittsburgh and Cincinnati weekly trade on January 17. She had been frozen out in 1929 by the Ohio River Transportation Co. but that company now chartered her to maintain the freight service during the winter. The larger SENATOR CORDILL and QUEEN CITY would come out in the spring when the passenger traffic warranted.

The Union Bank closed its doors on January 28 and Willard Alexander, an engineer, died at Ashland. The following day the old opera house in Ashland burned.

By the end of the month it appeared that the freight shipments out of Cincinnati and Pittsburgh were holding up and perhaps improving a little. We can surmise that the lower rates by river were less than rail and becoming more attractive as a way to save on expenses at the cost of time.

FEBRUARY

The terminal used a car on an inclined track to move freight up the hill from the wharfboat to the warehouse. The car was a source of frequent maintenance, either because high water had covered completing some repairs remaining from the overhaul at the Madison marine railway the previous November. SENATOR CORDILL and BETSY ANN were laid up at Pittsburgh and the QUEEN CITY at Pt. Pleasant, West Virginia.

Jesse worked at the terminal office on New Year's Day but went home at 4pm. Burnice Prater was visiting at the Hughes home, he now paying serious court to daughter Helen Hughes.

The Huntington bridge to Chesapeake had been completed in 1926 but this had not put the ferry boat out of business. On January 6, however, the owners finally gave up and pulled the

ferry float from the landing just below the wharfboat at 10th Street. The ferry at 26th Street, the OWEVA, owned by Paul Thomas continued to operate and would do so for sixteen more years.

Economic problems in the Huntington became even more evident when on January 10 the Cabell County Bank closed its doors. The Catlettsburg banks had decided to merge. This may have prompted Jesse to think again about a Civil Service job with the U.S. Inspection Service which he had pursued several years earlier; he sent in another application on January 12.

The CHRIS GREENE made her last trip to Huntington on January 11 and was then replaced in the trade by the TOM GREENE. The Kroger Co. was still supplying many of its stores by shipping on the Greene Line the tracks with silt, the cable had jumped its pulleys or the gas engine which wound the cable decided to go on strike. The incline car was in need of a complete rebuilding and that was Jesse's project early in February.

The BETSY ANN came in from Pittsburgh on February 9 with a very big trip. She dropped off 300 kegs of railroad spikes which had to be pulled up to the warehouse for re-shipment to the contractor building the West Virginia Railroad (West Virginia & Southern?) in the coal fields.

When the BETSY ANN stopped on her up trip February 11 Jesse got aboard to stand pilot watch in place of Fred Way who was called home; Bill Pollock was Jesse's partner.

The freight traffic from both Pittsburgh and Cincinnati continued fair to good throughout the month of February 1931.

MARCH

The diary mentions various river people who came through Huntington from time to time and stopped by to visit. William Knox Richardson of Marietta was

traveling for a printer of business forms in those days and frequently stopped in. Mrs. Loretta Howard, Howard Shipyard Co. visited on March 11.

The U.S. Engineers diesel towboat KANAWHA made a trip up the Big Sandy River to Louisa, Kentucky on March 5. Telia's brother Tom Vaughan was the pilot so Jesse went along; caught the 1:30 bus back and was into Huntington by 3pm.

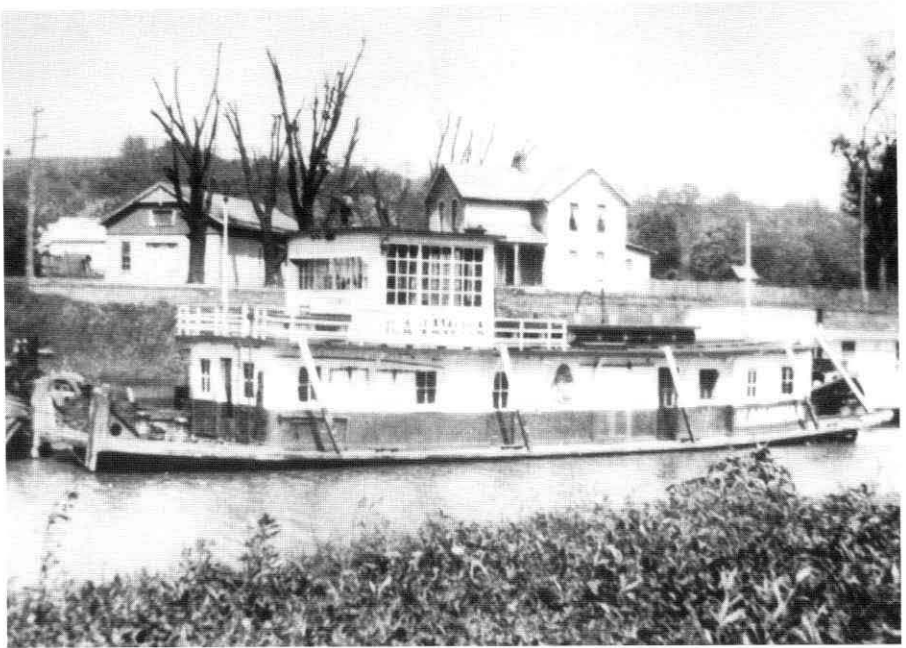
The excursion steamer GREATER PITTSBURGH burned at Pittsburgh on March 12. This had been the HOMER SMITH, long a fixture at Pittsburgh during the summer months.

Fletcher Marsh of March & Truman Lumber Co., Chicago stopped by on March 16; wooden barges were still being used in the sand trade and preferred by some for general use where high acid content was prevalent in the river.

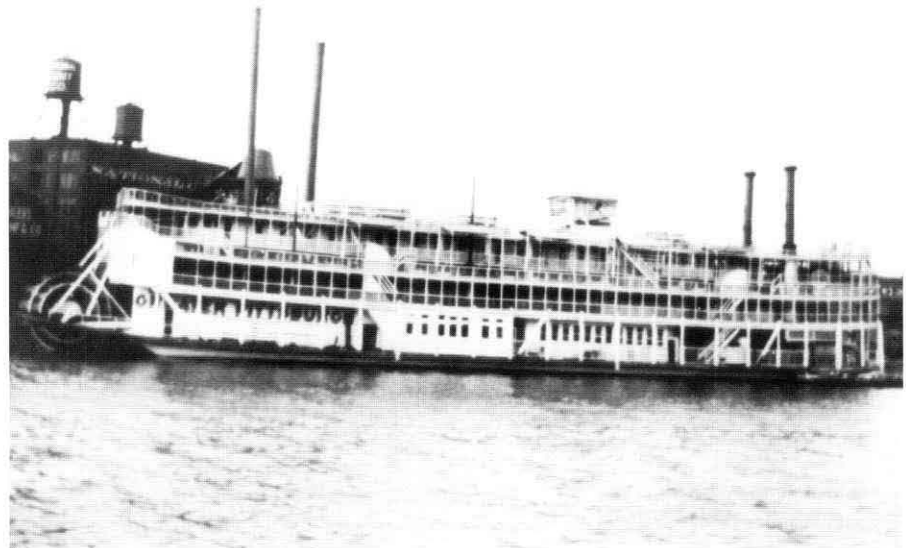
W. C. Bill Dugan of Vanceburg was around the wharfboat most of March 23 waiting for the BETSY ANN which was running late. Bill, who was working on a pilot's license at the time, finally gave up and went home on the 3pm. bus.

The 26th Street ferry OWEVA had been undergoing repairs at the docks at Parkersburg, West Virginia and Jesse caught the morning train on March 25 to go up and bring her home. The ferry was off of the docks at noon and departed down the river at one o'clock.. The river was rising so there was open river below Lock 20 (Belleville, West Virginia) and after laying overnight at Pomeroy Jesse got off at the upper end of Huntington about 1:30pm. the next day.

Shipping automobiles by river was picking up during the month, a significant part of the work at the terminal for Jesse. Twenty-five cars were loaded on the TOM GREENE on March 6 and 50 cars for down the river on March 25. There is no indication where these down-river shipments might



The steel hulled KANAWHA was delivered to the U.S. Corps of Engineers in 1925 by the Howard Shipyard and in 1931 was evidently in use by the Huntington District. She was 84x20,7x3.8 and powered by a 180 hp. Kahlenberg diesel engine. Jesse Hughes rode her up the Big Sandy River to Louisa on March 3, 1931.



The excursion HOMER SMITH (2658) had been built at the Howard Shipyard in 1914 for a group of investors at Pt. Pleasant, West Virginia. During the 1920s she was the very popular summer excursion boat at Pittsburgh running day trips down to Walnut Beach at Sewickley and to Rock Springs Park at Chester, West Virginia. She was sold to the Pittsburgh Amusement Co. in 1928 and renamed GREATER PITTSBURGH (2442). Shown here laid up on the North Side, ready to open her season, about a week before she burned under mysterious circumstances on March 12, 1931.

be coming from in 1931; incoming shipments from Cincinnati would be from either Ford at Louisville or Chevrolet at Norwood, Ohio. There was another shipment of 19 cars on March 27.

APRIL

On April 1, 1931 the CHRIS GREENE came up on her first trip since January 12. She arrived at 7:30pm. with a fair trip which kept the terminal crew working until midnight to move the freight up the hill.

The river was beginning to rise with reports from upriver that it might be enough to float the new steel wharfboat which had been under construction at the Acme Boiler Works since the previous summer. Jesse caught the afternoon bus for Gallipolis on Saturday, April 4 and stayed at his father's house that night; 35 ft. on the gauge at the wharf.

On April 6 the water crested at 10am. at 42 ft. on the Gallipolis gauge. It was around the wharfboat which rested on cribbing in the field below the boiler works shop but the CHRIS GREENE was unable to pull it off into the river. The river began to fall slowly and Jesse rode back to Huntington on the CHRIS.

The following morning there was an urgent call from Charles Arthur at the boiler works reporting that the wharfboat was beginning to slip as the river receded. Jesse and Mr. Ryalls (who worked at the terminal) drove up to Gallipolis and the diesel towboat TORNADO was engaged but was unable to pull the wharfboat into the river although one end was by then afloat. Jesse called for the steamer F. M. STAUNTON (T0784) to come down from Letart, Ohio and the WEBER (t2623) from Huntington to pull and then he began dynamiting the cribbing that was still supporting the hull. The STAUNTON arrived about 2:30am. April 8 and succeeded in pulling the new wharfboat into deep water; the WEBER turned back from Dam 26.



The CHARLOTTE towed the new steel wharfboat down to Huntington from the Acme Boiler Works on April 9, 1931. This steel hulled boat was built for stock by Marietta Manufacturing Co. in 1927, 80.1x22.6x2.7. She worked under charter for the Corps of Engineers on the Missouri River in 1928 but did not find a buyer, perhaps because she had only 120 hp. She was sold to the Powhatan Mining Co. in 1950 and renamed CHIEF POWHATAN.

The diesel towboat CHARLOTTE towed the wharfboat down to Huntington on April 9 and by evening the old wharfboat was moved upstream and the new one secured in its place. The river was at 36 ft. and falling fast so the old wharfboat was easily beached out on the landing grade. Jesse notes, "Very tired."

Gordon Hughes, Jesse Hughes half brother, came to work at the Greene Terminal Co. on April 12. The new wharfboat was unfinished except for the major steel structure so much time would be spent over the next six months finishing off the interior. Much of the lumber came from the old wharfboat which Jesse and crew gradually reduced as it lay beached out.

The CHRIS GREENE picked up 30 cars for Cincinnati on April 20. The BETSY ANN was still running under charter for the Ohio River Transportation Co. but disaster struck on April 22: she ran through her self coming up the river at Moscow and lost the pitman in the river. She

continued up the river on one engine to Pittsburgh for repairs.

On April 23 the Louisville & Cincinnati Packet Co. sold the big packet CINCINNATI to John W. Hubbard, the company's largest stockholder, for \$95,000. This would clear the way for a big expansion by the Greene Line when it took over the remaining assets of the L&C company.

The SENATOR CORDILL came down on April 27 in place of the BETSY ANN.

Chris and Tom Greene drove up to Huntington to consult with Jesse about the pending purchase of the L&C line's remaining boats and wharfboats. The three of them drove back to Cincinnati that afternoon, arriving at midnight. On the afternoon of April 30 there was a conference with Mr. Hubbard and agreement reached by 5pm for the Greens to take over the L&C trade and all assets less the CINCINNATI. Jesse left on the CHRIS GREENE the same evening to go back home.

MAY

Jesse left the CHRIS GREENE at Portsmouth in the morning and took the 11 o'clock bus to Huntington. All was well at the terminal and there were 20 cars to load when the boat got up to the landing at 6 o'clock that evening.

On May 4 Jesse went back to Cincinnati on the morning bus to assist with the takeover of the Louisville & Cincinnati Packet Co. by the Greene Line. The TOM GREENE went out at 6pm. to reestablish the overnight service suspended by L&C on January 1 and maintained later by chartering the ALABAMA (0096). The Ohio River Transit Co. was operating freight service between Cincinnati and Louisville and its diesel sidewheel FROMAN M. COOTS moved up to the Greene Line wharfboat at the Foot of Main Street.

Jesse spent the following day on the L&C wharfboat examining records and equipment for transfer to the Greene Line for operation of the new trade. The CHRIS GREENE had a good trip out for Huntington and Jesse left for home on her at 6pm.

On May 7, Lillian McClung, Jesse's sister, arrived for a short visit. The Hughes family accompanied Aunt Lillian down to Cincinnati on the CHRIS GREENE on May 10 and then Jesse and his sister continued on to Louisville on the TOM GREENE.

At Louisville, Mrs. McClung arranged for train reservations back to her home in Trinidad, Colorado while Jesse caught the noon bus for Huntington.

The roads through parts of Kentucky were not in the best of shape that spring and the bus became bogged down in a mud hole at Salt Lick, between Mount Sterling and Morehead, Kentucky. The passengers transferred at 9:55pm. to the C&O train for the remainder of the trip to Ashland; Jesse got home at midnight.

A clue to the sizeable number of automobiles being shipped from Huntington might be the presence

of E. P. Huish of the Ford Motor Co. on board of the CHRIS GREENE on May 15. The boat left for Cincinnati at 8:30pm.; she brought 29 cars up from Cincinnati when she landed on her next trip on May 17.

Carpenters were putting up stairs on the new wharfboat on May 18 and men from the Acme Boiler Works were continuing to complete metal work. The next day deck beams were being installed for plank decking while the boiler shop men were putting up spouting.

The SENATOR CORDILL came in on the 20th at 4pm. with an eight ton tractor to put off which Jesse wrote, "gave us a time". Then the CHRIS GREENE arrived at 5:30 with a good trip which required the warehouse crew to work late. There was another good shipment to handle when the CHRIS returned on May 22; the crew worked all night and Jesse didn't get to go home.

With most of the usable equipment and lumber now removed from the old wharfboat it was being dismantled where it lay on the wharf. Jesse was having an auto lift installed at his gas station in Catlettsburg and spent the afternoon of Decoration Day (May 30) removing the roof from the old wharfboat.

JUNE

On June 1, 1973 the towboat WEBER (T2623) was renamed J. C. RAWN (T1236) having been bought by the Ohio River Dredging Co. June 1 was also Lillian Hughes McClung's 51st birthday.

Freight traffic from Pittsburgh was still substantial and the SENATOR CORDILL landed for an hour the afternoon of June 3. The CHRIS GREENE loaded 21 automobiles later that day and the diary notes that they were loaded at the old ferry landing below the wharfboat. "Had a bad time loading," says Jesse.

There was a heavy storm at Huntington on June 20 which killed three people and did some minor damage to the new

**PACKET COMPANY ASSETS ARE SOLD
FOR \$108,250**

John W. Hubbard and Greene Line Purchase

Cincinnati Times-Star, May 4

Sale of the assets of the Louisville & Cincinnati Packet Co., a bankruptcy, realized \$108,250 before United States Bankruptcy Referee W. J. Kuertz, Monday. The appraisal value was \$198,000.

In its bankruptcy petition, filed in March, the company had listed its assets at \$250,804, \$250,083 of which was given as the steamers CINCINNATI, JOHN W. HUBBARD and KENTUCKY and the wharfboats at Cincinnati, Louisville and Madison, Ind. Debts were listed at \$182,804 of which \$181,437 were secured.

The steamer CINCINNATI which had been appraised at \$150,000 was sold to John W. Hubbard, former president of the Louisville & Cincinnati Packet Co. for \$95,000. The steamers JOHN W. HUBBARD and KENTUCKY which had been appraised at \$12,000 and \$6,000 respectively, and the three wharfboats which had been appraised at a total of \$30,000 were sold to the Greene Line Packet Co. upon its bid of \$13,250. This bid was \$1,000 higher than the one submitted a week ago by E. Hyman, Louisville, Ky.

Tom Greene, an official of the company, said that passenger and freight service between Cincinnati and Louisville will be started immediately. The first trip is scheduled to be made late Monday, Greene said.

Greene said that the company likely would dispose of the two steamers as its present fleet is sufficient to take over the new business.

Since the Louisville & Cincinnati Packet Co. entered bankruptcy the steamer ALABAMA has been plying between the two cities and way points, operated by the company.

wharfboat. Jesse spent the following morning, Sunday, repairing the damage and then there was another storm with hail and wind late that afternoon. The CHRIS GREENE came in at 7:30pm. and Jesse went home on the midnight streetcar.

On June 22 the quarters on the new wharfboat were sufficiently complete that Thurman Sowers moved on board to serve as watchman. That same evening, at 7pm., Helen Hughes married Burnice Prater.

The QUEEN CITY had been laid up at Pt. Pleasant since before

the first of the year but left for Pittsburgh June 25 to take the place of the SENATOR CORDILL. This was the high passenger season and the larger boat was needed; Capt. Ed Dunaway came out as master.

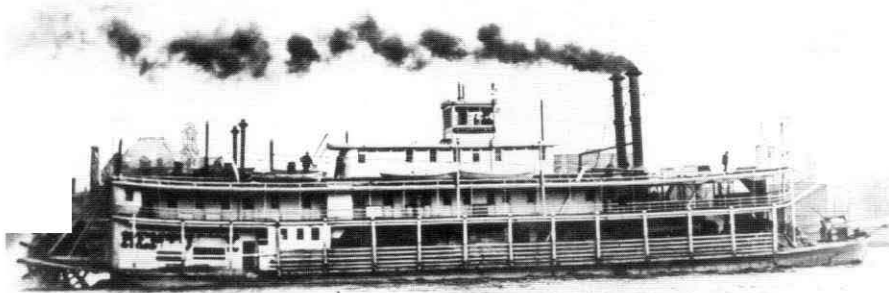
JULY

The work on completing the new wharfboat such as putting up partitions, painting, installing toilets and finishing mechanical work and wiring, continued. When time permitted, Jesse worked at painting, or helping

tear the old wharfboat apart.

The CHRIS GREENE made her first trip of the season through to Charleston. She is noted as carrying 50 passengers or more on several occasions that summer.

Jim Hughes, a relative we have been unable to identify, had been working at the terminal for some months and on July 13 ran a nail into his foot while working at dismantling the old wharfboat. Jim, still bothered by a sore foot, went home to Gallipolis on July 16 with the Charlie Arthur's crew from the boiler works and on July 17 married Miss Inez Miller.



The assets of the Louisville & Cincinnati Packet Co. bought by the Greene Line for \$13,250 in 1931 included three wharfboats, two packets in operating condition and good will.

The KENTUCKY (3268) did not pretend to be a floating palace but she came and went and made money when better boats couldn't. She had been cheaply built as the LEVI J. WORKUM in 1890 for mainly freight service (whiskey from the Workum Distillery at Petersburg, Kentucky). Her hull was lengthened, a texas added and other improvements were made in 1907 to turn her into KENTUCKY.



The JOHN W. HUBBARD (3128) had been built by Howard in 1910 as the cotton packet J. H. MENGE and then renamed M. A. BURKE. She was bought by the Louisville & Cincinnati Packet Co. in 1919 had been extensively rebuilt in 1920 for the L&C trade. She had some style and an attractive cabin but 20 years was about the life for a wooden hull. Neither the KENTUCKY nor HUBBARD were operated by the Greene Line and they were eventually dismantled.

He was back to work on Sunday, July 19.

Halls Theater in Catlettsburg was showing, "Trader Horn" on July 20, 1931 while on the 23 the feature was, "The Connecticut Yankee," both enjoyed by the Hughes family.

The Green River packet EVANSVILLE (1923) burned at Bowling Greene, Kentucky on Saturday, July 25.

The month closed with Jesse noting: "Helen and Burnice left for Boldman, Kentucky to live." Daughter Lillian was still living at home and employed by the Greene Terminal Co.

AUGUST

The QUEEN CITY was bringing in only fair freight trips to Huntington from Pittsburgh but Cincinnati traffic on the CHRIS GREENE was holding up. On more than one occasion Jesse reported that the crew was unable to get all the freight "up the hill" when the CHRIS arrived late and he would stay overnight at the terminal.

Work still continued on the new wharfboat while the old wharfboat had been reduced down to the main deck. At this point Jesse mentions removing deck beams from the old wharfboat and installing them on the new one, apparently covering the steel deck with wooden flooring.

On August 12 pilot P. O. Lallance was sick and got off the QUEEN CITY at Huntington. Jesse took his place to Pittsburgh and back, William S. Pollock the other pilot. The boat had 60 passengers and a nice trip of freight when she left Pittsburgh at 2:30am., Saturday August 15. Jesse got off at Kenova at 2:00am. on the 18th and was back to work at the terminal later that morning.

Mentioned several times as providing sizeable shipments are New Orleans stoves. (The make or manufacturer is unfamiliar to us. Ed.) Two car loads of New Orleans stoves were received on

August 18 and the CHRIS GREENE was delayed until 9pm. in leaving for Cincinnati while these were loaded; Jesse and Lillian home late (again). The QUEEN CITY brought in more large shipments of spikes for the West Virginia Railroad, evidence that there were still railroad construction projects underway in the southern part of the state..

SEPTEMBER

On September 6 Capt. Ben Pattison, inspector with the U.S. Inspection Service in Cincinnati called Jesse concerning a job opening in the Dubuque, Iowa office. This was a result of the Civil Service application which had been submitted earlier but Jesse has no comment as to why he decided not to take the job.

On September 15 the excursion steamer ISLAND QUEEN was on her annual fall tramping trip up the river and Jesse was called as pilot. He got on at Kenova at 7am. and that evening an excursion was run from Gallipolis to Pomeroy, picking up passengers at Pt. Pleasant and Middleport along the way. The boat laid up at Pomeroy at midnight.

The following day the ISLAND QUEEN left Pomeroy at 6am., ran a moonlight trip out of Parkersburg at 9pm. and went up to Marietta to lay over for the night. Excursions were run at Moundsville, Wheeling, Steubenville, Wellsburg and back to Steubenville before the boat got up to Pittsburgh at noon, September 19.

The WASHINGTON was also still running excursions from Pittsburgh but the ISLAND QUEEN pulled good crowds for trips on Saturday night and Sunday afternoon and evening.

The ISLAND QUEEN departed Pittsburgh after her last trip September 20 so excursions could be run from both East Liverpool and Wellsville, Ohio the following day. Excursions were run from Wheeling and Parkersburg on the

way down the river and Jesse got off at Ashland the evening of September 24.

The month closed with the SENATOR CORDILL running in the Pittsburgh-Cincinnati trade after the QUEEN CITY layed up on September 7. The CHRIS GREENE, then running only Cincinnati-Huntington, damaged a cylinder timber at Lock 34 and the CORDILL brought her freight up on September 30.

OCTOBER

As time permitted, Jesse and Mr. Orr, a carpenter, worked on finishing the wharfboat. Jesse mentions wrecking the side (hull) of the old boat and putting down flooring on October 1.

The Ohio Valley Improvement Association convention was held at the Daniel Boone Hotel, Charleston on October 12 and Jesse and Lillian went up on the bus. The program included a bus tour to Hawks Nest the following day with lunch at a church in Montgomery followed by a boat parade. "Big time. Caught the C&O Sportsman at 9:42 to Huntington. 11 o'clock car home."

Mr. Orr finished laying the office floor in the terminal building on October 14 and the next day began building an office on the wharfboat. Building in the terminal and on the wharfboat kept Mr. Orr busy through October. A stove and stove pipe were installed in the completed wharfboat office on October 30, ready for the cool weather.

NOVEMBER

The continuing project in the terminal warehouse is finally revealed as a refrigerated room to hold fresh produce; Jesse calls it the "fruit room."

Groceries were a regular shipment from Cincinnati and the problem of protecting fresh produce from both heat and cold before re-shipment to the stores in the Huntington area had been a problem. The insulating

material for the new room is sawdust which fills the space between the double walls

Soap powders also have become a large item, brought in weekly by the CHRIS GREENE from Proctor & Gamble. Not infrequently Jesse was at the warehouse until 10pm. getting freight up the hill after the boat arrived in the early afternoon. The entry for Monday, November 9 is, "Busy with soap powders most of the day," after the CHRIS put off a "nice trip" on Sunday afternoon. Mr. Orr was building large sliding doors for the wharfboat that day.

On November 11 Jesse went pilot on the towboat J. C. RAWN and made several trips between Huntington and New Martinsville, West Virginia before getting off on November 23.

He was at the Huntington terminal on November 19 when word was received that the CHRIS GREENE had run through herself again. This time the pitman was lost in the river and the boat limped into Cincinnati; the SENATOR CORDILL brought her trip up to Huntington and then the KIWANIS came out to handle the trade.

On November 24 Jesse and Charles Arthur met with Paul F.

Thomas, operator of the 26th Street Ferry at Huntington, to plan a new boat to replace the OWEVA. Jesse began working on plans that evening.

The highway bridge between Maysville, Kentucky and Aberdeen, Ohio opened for business on November 25, 1931. This put the Maysville ferry LAURANCE owned by the Greenes and Charles Stalder out of business. In 1999 a new bridge is under construction a short distance downstream from the old one which is still in service.

The month ended with Jesse again on the J. C. RAWN for a round trip to New Martinsville. The boat was back in Huntington on November 30 and layed up.

DECEMBER

The KIWANIS handled the freight trade until the CHRIS GREENE came out again on December 10. Work continued on the fruit room at the terminal and a big stock of fire wood was put aboard the wharfboat for the office stove.

The funeral for Commodore Frederick Laidley, age 90, was held at Covington, Kentucky on November 16, 1931. He had been born in 1841 on the ground

where the city of Huntington presently stands and began steamboating as clerk on the ANNIE LAURIE (0292) in the Cincinnati-Charleston trade in 1864. He was manager and principle stockholder in the White Collar Line, retiring in 1919.

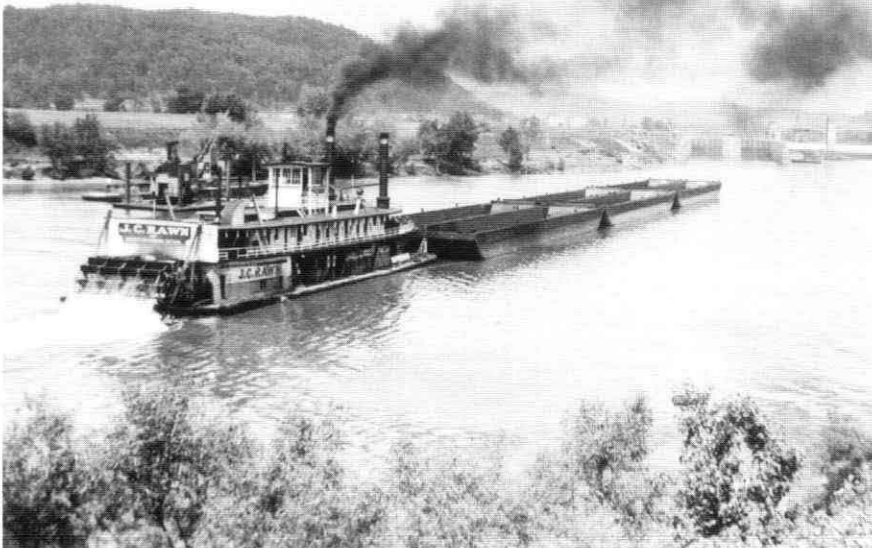
The dredge CINCINNATI dug out the landing above the wharfboat and then made a cut directly below the terminal where the wharfboat usually lay, a total of 21 scow loads of mud. This was completed on December 22 and the wharfboat moved back into place.

The SENATOR CORDILL came down from Pittsburgh on December 23 to lay up at Cincinnati until after the first of the year. The CHRIS GREENE came in with a nice trip on Christmas Day which kept Jesse at the terminal moving freight until 9pm.

The end of the old wharfboat was in sight when Mr. Ryalls dynamited the remains of the hull the day after Christmas.

So ended 1931 and it would seem that the Greene Line was continuing to operate successfully and even expand, the deepening Great Depression notwithstanding.

* * *



In November 1931 Jesse Hughes was pilot on the J. C. RAWN (T1236) and made several trips between Huntington and New Martinsville, West Virginia bringing sand and gravel down river. This boat was owned by Ohio River Dredging Co. of which E. V. Rawn was an officer. She exploded her boilers at Huntington on December 7, 1939 with the loss of three lives.

The J. C. RAWN is just below the Winfield Lock & Dam on Kanawha River in this view. The twin lock chambers are 56 ft. X 360 ft. so this tow requires both chambers, a double lockage. A new 1,200 ft. lock was completed at Winfield in 1997.

A DECKHAND ON THE MIKE FINK
WORKING FOR JOHN BEATTY
 by Tom Lohre

Tom Lohre is an artist who grew up in Cincinnati and is a graduate of Northern Kentucky University. For more than twenty years he lived mainly on the east coast and earned his living as a commercial portrait and landscape artist. Returning to Cincinnati about four years ago, Mr. Lohre now has his studio at 619 Evanswood Place and has developed an interest in river subjects.

Those who have frequented Captain Hook's or Mike Fink Restaurants in Cincinnati and Covington will enjoy Tom's story.

- - - - -

In the 1960s our family had a houseboat moored at Captain Hook's marina and restaurant at the foot of Broadway in Cincinnati. Captain Hook's (formerly towboat CHARLES R. HOOK-T0386) was owned by Capt. John Beatty and in some ways he started the river front revival in Cincinnati. My twin brother Chuck and I were sophomores at St. Xavier High School and were looking for summer jobs when I took a bus to the new floating restaurant called Mike Fink's, also owned by John Beatty, across the river in Covington, Kentucky.

The manager at Mike Fink's directed me to Captain Hook's, across the river, if I wanted to talk to Capt. Beatty. So, I walked back across the Suspension Bridge and up along the river bank to where Captain Hook's was moored. The Beatty salvage fleet was tied up just above the restaurant behind the ice piers at the L&N Bridge. Capt. Beatty was a huge muscle of a man with a light complexion, light eyes and brown, balding hair. He had a kind look about him when not "mad as hell." I found him sitting at the bar in the restaurant.

After telling Capt. John of our interest in jobs for the summer he asked me how I had gotten there. He seemed impressed with my initiative in walking back across the bridge from Covington and searching him out. Chuck and I were hired to work on the Mike Fink part time on weekends until school was out and full time for the summer.

Henry Williams, a black man, was in charge of maintenance for John Beatty and he was our boss. On the first day of work Chuck and I set out to prove ourselves with Henry and it was massive over kill. We worked feverishly at every job Henry asked us to do and then found some on our own. Everything was cleaned up before the end of the day and about that time the manager came around the corner and berated Henry for not putting us to work doing something, anything. Henry reported that every job he could find for us to do was long past finished and that's when we were given the nicknames of Handy and Dandy.

The water hoses were a big part of every day in the marina business. They were coiled upstairs on the front deck and seemingly used constantly either hosing off the decks, docks or the mud that had been laid down on the parking lot after high water. Sometimes three inches of mud would cover a parking lot the size of a football field. The hoses were connected to a gasoline pump which took water from the river and whole days were taken up in flushing down the lot.

Every morning the main decks on the Fink were hosed down before the lunch crowd arrived and once a week all the marina docks were washed. A more noticeable job done everyday was replacement of the small decor lights on the rim of the paddlewheel at the stern of the restaurant.

When he was operating Captain Hook's in Cincinnati and preparing to remodel the towboat CHARLES DORRANCE (T0379) into the Mike Fink the city had decided that the scenery would be improved if Capt. Beatty took his boats elsewhere. Electrical service for the new restaurant was denied so the resourceful Beatty installed two diesel-driven generators underneath the main deck in the bow of the boat.

Once a week the two 500 gallon fuel tanks just below the front main deck, were filled. If for any reason one engine shut down the other would start up automatically so maintenance was important. Checking the oil in the engines was a daily job and when the door into the engine room was opened you were greeted with a huge roar and a blast of heat, welcome in winter but stifling in summer.

Capt. Beatty's office was up in the pilothouse and just below on the boiler deck was the office for the entire Beatty operation presided over by Mrs. Clare Beatty. Mrs. Beatty was the chief operating officer and her secretary was a disabled woman who had to be wheeled up the long ramp from the parking lot. It was Henry's job to push her up the ramp until the twins arrived and then we took over. It was quite a responsibility to maneuver the wheel chair up the ramp and through the various doors to the office. The secretary was always very apprehensive when we were in charge of the wheeling.

One of the more frequent special jobs was maintenance of the pontoons that made up the boat docks. Each pontoon had a character of its own. Every so often a hole would appear because these were old with thin skins and had been used years earlier to hold up dredge pipelines.

Each pontoon had to be checked and pumped out from

time to time and sometimes you had to get inside and plug the holes. After pumping the water out, down to about two inches, either Chuck or I would go down into the two-foot high metal chamber and place a plug into the hole. This was an expanding butterfly nut on the outside and on the inside would be a washer made from a rubber inner tube held down by a metal fender washer and a bolt head. If the hole was not large enough for the washer assembly it was plugged with a wad of oakum driven in with a wooden plug. Eventually, the pontoons were filled with foam and some of them are still attached to the Mike Fink.

Painting the pontoons was a summer job and gallon after gallon of yellow and white paint was used. The paint for the decks had sand added to make it slip-proof. During the years that Chuck and I worked at the Mike Fink they would totally paint the marina at least twice each season.

The most colorful character was not Henry Williams or Captain Beatty but Duey. It was Duey's job to maintain a safe mooring for three marinas: Captain Hook's, Mike Fink and Newport Yacht Club. Duey was constantly watching the river and if it was raising the marinas had to be pulled in and if falling let out. This was accomplished by pulling up on the large metal tubes called spuds that stuck into the river bottom. The spud slipped through another slightly larger metal tube which allowed the marina to rise and fall with the waves and small changes in water level. Once the spud was raised the marina would naturally move out because of the weight of the ramps that rested on the sloping shore.

A cable anchored to the shore was let out or taken in to establish the new position and the spud was lowered and the shore cable slackened. One very

heavy cable was attached to the upstream end of the marina and anchored on shore about four hundred feet up the river to maintain the position of the marina and restaurant boat.

This work had to be carried out at all times of the day and night. During flooding, huge masses of driftwood would pile up in front of the marina putting a tremendous strain on the bow line. One of the dock boys' jobs was to break up that drift pile. The worst jobs were pumping out the septic tanks and handling messy trash.

During the winter months Captain Beatty's salvage fleet would be laid up below the ice piers on the Ohio side of the river. Duey's transportation was a twenty foot steamboat yawl with two sets of oarlocks and a 40hp. outboard on the stern. Duey and one of the dock boys would go over to the fleet and start up the various engines and the boiler to keep them in good operating condition along with pumping out the hulls. This was a paradise for a young man, exploring the various cranes, engines, kitchens and living quarters. Duey would catch a nap while we wandered about.

Working for Capt. John Beatty was an education for two high school boys.

* * *

NICKNAMES

WHISPERER - Speakeasy
 STACKER LEE - Stack-O-Dollars
 FERD HEROLD - Old Iron Jaw
 CHAS. ORGAN - Johnny Crossover
 JAMES LEE (1st) - Sunrise Jim
 JOHN HARBIN - One Arm John
 PHIL. ALLEN - Hopping Phil
 GEO. W. CHEEK - Terrapin
 (Terrapin painted on wheelhouse)

- OBITUARIES -

EDMONDS J. HOWARD

Ed J. Howard, 88, died March 8, 1999 at his home in Jeffersonville, Indiana. Ed Howard was the last in the line of Howards of the famed Howard Shipyard.

He was the son of the late Jim and Loretta Howard and lived for about thirty years in the Howard Mansion built by his grandfather, Ed J. Howard, in 1894. The Jim Howard family including nine year old Ed and his two younger sisters moved into the twenty-two room house in 1919 and he recalled that his job was mowing the grass with a push mower.

Turning the big house into the Howard Steamboat Museum was a dream of Jim and Loretta Howard and the popular Jeffersonville attraction is now owned and operated by the Clark County Historical Society. Ed served on the museum's board as an active volunteer was an invaluable resource when it came to identifying artifacts, furnishings and details or incidents of the Howard family life. Last fall Ed participated in a two day commemorative program at the museum marking the centennial of Howards building four steamboats for the Yukon River in Alaska. He recalled working in later years with a number of the craftsmen who had participated in the Alaska venture.

Ed was a graduate of Purdue University School of Engineering and worked in various capacities at the Howard yard until it was taken over by the U.S. Navy in 1941. He later worked as plant engineer at the Charlestown Ammunition Plant and as an engineer for DuPont, Goodyear, Olin Maththison and most recently doing maintenance work four days a week for Wal-Mart in Clarksville, Indiana.

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE -

EDMONDS J. HOWARD
OBITUARY CONTINUED -

Edmonds J. Howard's wife Eloise died December 29, 1992. He is survived by a daughter Rosemarie Howard of Illinois and niece Ruth Heffern of Jeffersonville. A memorial service was held at the First Presbyterian Church in Jeffersonville on March 12, 1999.

* * *

**PATRICIA KATHLEEN
SULLIVAN**

Pat Sullivan was well known to many members of Sons and Daughters through her participation in the affairs of the Middle Ohio River Chapter and attendance at the annual meetings in Marietta. She succumbed to cancer on February 26, 1999 in Cincinnati.

Pat enjoyed an active life with interests in sailing, skiing and travel, particularly on boats. She was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Delta Zeta Sorority, University of Cincinnati, Midwest Collegiate Sailing Association and the Cincinnati Ski Club. Over the years Pat chalked up more than one hundred trips on her favorite steamboat the DELTA QUEEN.

Pat was an independent person who expressed her one regret as delaying being tested for the disease which took her life. Her friend Letha Jane Greene penned her admiration as follows: "The struggle is over for Pat Sullivan. I admire the intelligence, logic and dignity with which she faced her demise. No hysteria. No why me? No poor me. Thanks for your gift of courage, Pat. May I follow your example as bravely."

Burial was in Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati with a service in the Norman Chapel on March 2, 1999.

* * *

PAUL V. BENNETT

Paul Vincent Bennett, Sr., age 82 died April 17, 1999 at Beaver, Pennsylvania.

Paul was the son of Virgil E. and Ethel Mae Bennett and was born at Rochester, Pennsylvania June 16, 1916. He was a graduate of Beaver High School and of the University of Pittsburgh with both Bachelor and Master of Arts degrees in Economics. He was retired as Chief of Finance and Data Processing for the Veterans Administration Regional Office, Pittsburgh. During World War II Paul was a Lieutenant in the U.S. Navy and assigned to motor torpedo boats in the Mediterranean.

He was a thirty year member of S&D and a donor to both the river museum collection and the Inland Rivers Library.

Paul came by his interest in the river naturally as the son of Virgil Bennett who had worked as a clerk on the sidewheel packets I. C. WOODWARD and COLUMBIA on the Monongahela River. Many summer vacations of the Bennett family in the 1920s were trips on the Ohio River packets. A high point for both Paul and his father Virgil was to ride on the BETSY ANN during the race with the TOM GREENE in 1930. Paul recalled riding the EVANSVILLE to Bowling Green, Kentucky and the CINCINNATI between Louisville and Cincinnati earlier that same week.

During summer vacations in high school Paul worked on the SENATOR CORDILL and QUEEN CITY. He was mud clerk under Bob McCann and purser Fred Hoyt on the QUEEN CITY when she made her last trip into Pittsburgh in September 1933. Paul sometimes whimsically referred to himself as, "The last mud clerk." and he may well have been in fact. Later, he frequently rode the LIBERTY and enjoyed steering for Capt. Walter Booth although he did not work

- BACK COVER -

A study of the forecastle of the DELTA QUEEN in 1977.

This is taken from the elevated street level along the Monongahela River wharf at Pittsburgh. A crew member has found a spot to brush up on his banjo (or guitar) plucking while the passengers are off seeing the sights. Or maybe the container means he is hopeful of some contributions when the passengers return.

One of the original portholes in the 1926 hull shows and shadows indicate a quiet summer morning on the river.

Photo and print by Noble G. Beheler.

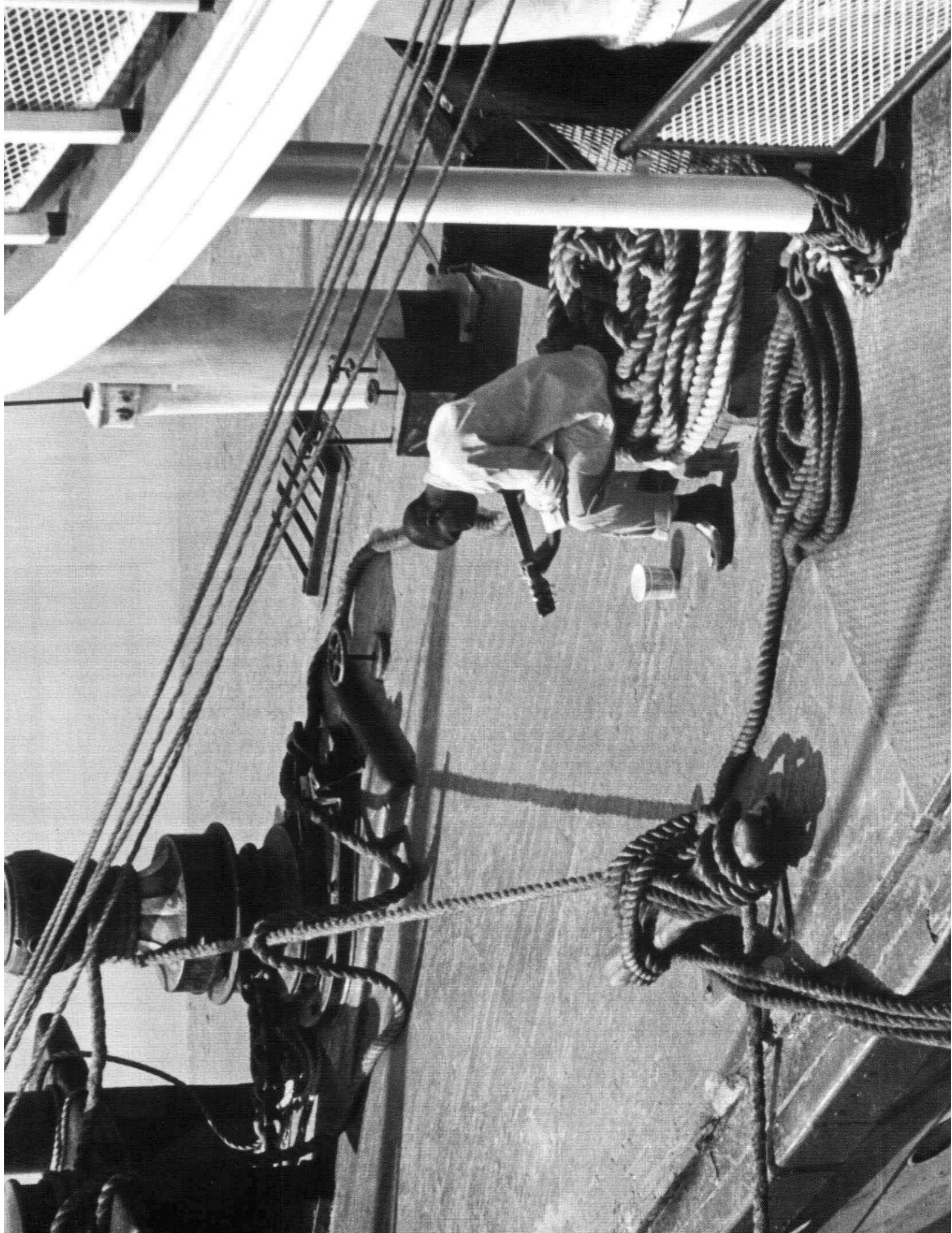
for wages on the boat. The Bennett home in Beaver is decorated with steamboat prints and photographs and the corporation seal stamp for the "Pittsburgh, Charleston and Cincinnati Packet Line" which never became a realty. Paul loved history and the rivers.

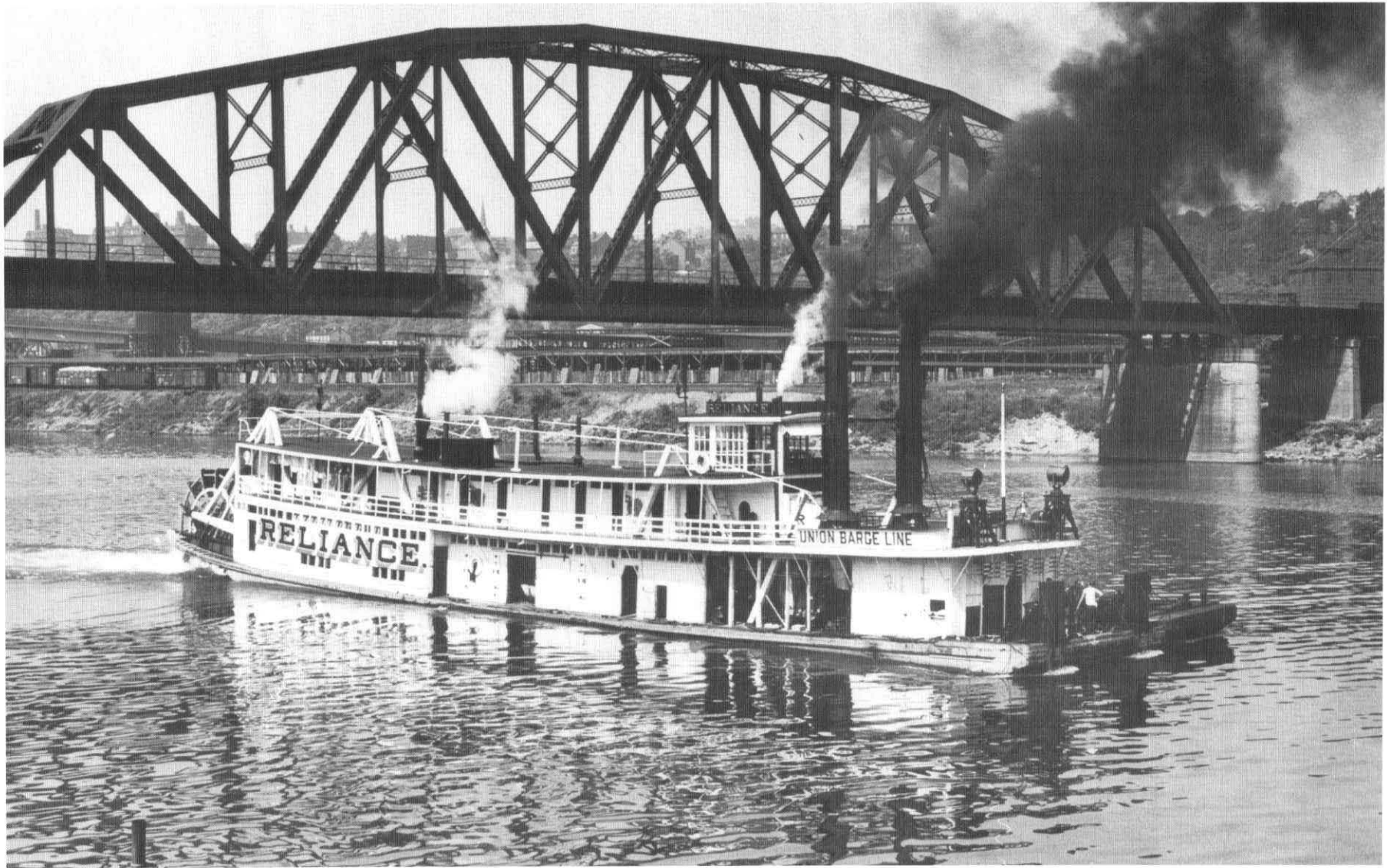
He is survived by his wife Mildred Davidson Bennett, daughter Marcia and son-in-law James Cornell of New Springfield, Ohio, grandchildren Paul Bennett Dorothy and Alexandra Dorothy, sister Barbara and brother-in-law Robert Blum of New York City. He was preceded in death by his only son Paul V. Bennett, Jr. in 1965.

Funeral services were held at the Park Presbyterian Church with daughter Marcia giving an appreciation of her father which was touching, amusing and true. Burial with full military honors was in the Beaver Cemetery, Beaver, Pennsylvania.

Paul Bennett was a frequent contributor to these pages and we'll miss his letters and stories.

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Union Barge Line's RELIANCE as she looked when Clare Carpenter became her master December 31, 1945. She was built in 1916 at Elizabeth, Pennsylvania as the ACTIVE for the Pittsburgh Coal Co. In 1918 she was sold to Hillman Transportation Co. and renamed HECLA. Union Barge Line bought her in 1924 to handle a long term contract with Standard Oil Co. to move gasoline from Midland, Pennsylvania to Fairmont, West Virginia.

She was completely rebuilt at Paducah in 1942 which undoubtedly included considerable work on her wooden hull. A noticeable indication of this rebuilding is the extension of the roof forward to the front of the pilothouse; early photos show the roof ending at the aft end of the pilothouse by the hog chain brace. The photo is by Dravo, probably on the Monongahela River in the Pittsburgh area; Braddock, maybe?

