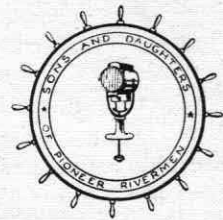


S&D

REFLECTOR

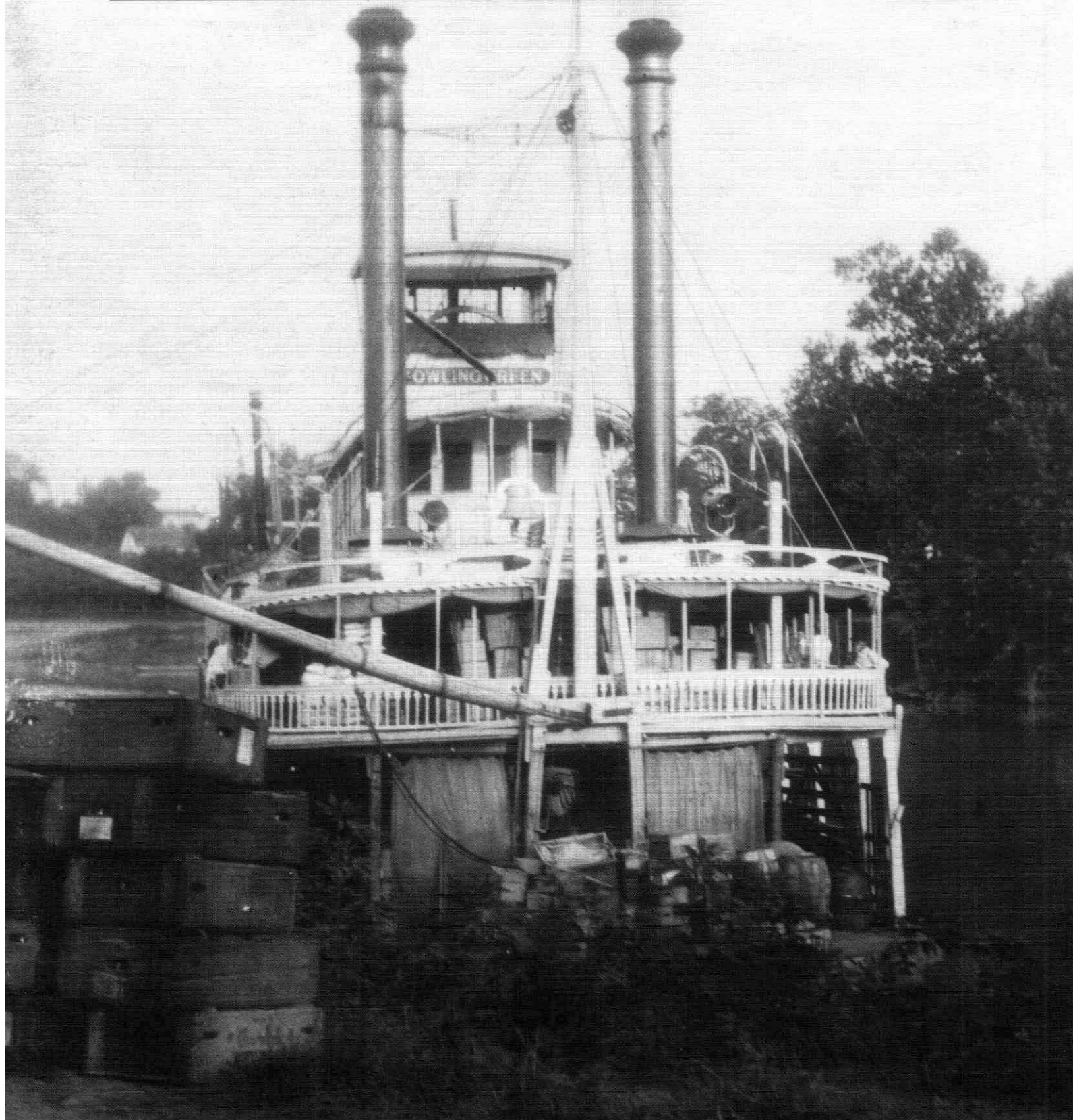
Published by Sons and Daughters
of Pioneer Rivermen



Vol. 36, No. 3

Marietta, Ohio

September 1999



- FRONT COVER -

This photograph of the BOWLING GREEN (0699) was taken in July 1919 when Fred Way was exploring the Green River and Mammoth Cave on an expedition with Donald Wright.

She was built by Howards in 1904 for the Evansville & Bowling Green Packet Co., 122x32x5. Fred notes a good trip of passengers aboard when the BOWLING GREEN left her namesake city Monday, July 21 and the photo may have been taken there. She looks to have a good load of freight, even stacked on the boiler deck, and later she picked up a big lot of hogs to go to Evansville.

BOWLING GREEN was lost after hitting a rock at South Carrollton, KY on Green River on March 31, 1920.

- LETTERS -

Sirs: I recently moved and in all the confusion forgot to send along my new address. The last issue of the Reflector I received was March; have read it twice since unpacking. Now, we live in the rolling hills of Chester Co., PA and thanks to Jesse Hughes, Capt. Carpenter and others I can be carried down the river of memory in a flood of wondrous delights.

James Eoppolo
25 Bevan Blvd.
Avondale, PA 19311

= Prompt notification of changes of address are necessary for the printer's automated mailing system. Glad you enjoy the Reflector. Ed.

* * *

Sirs: We have just completed an initial remote-sensing survey of the White River in Arkansas from the confluence with the Mississippi up to Newport, approximately 244 river miles, for

the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, Memphis District. Although we did not survey the entire reach I am confident that we have located 4-5 historic steamboats as well as some other vernacular watercraft.

Michael Krivor
Panamerican Maritime
15 South Idlewild St., Suite One
Memphis, TN 38104

= Mike ordered all seven (note!) issues of the indices for the S&D Reflector to assist with his work. Maybe we'll have a report from Panamerican Maritime in the future. Ed.

* * *

Sirs: As a new member of S&D I very much enjoyed my first two issue of S&D Reflector sent by the Secretary. Imagine my surprise upon looking at the cover of the March 1999 issue to see the MONGAH. It is the boat my father worked on although most of his time was spent on the CHAMPION COAL, later he was chife engineer on the MV. ARKWRIGHT. Having grown up in Elizabeth, PA I also enjoyed the photo of the RELIANCE in the June issue and the article by Clare Carpenter.

I anxiously await the next issue.

Dennis Griffith
1712 E. 4th Plain #20
Vancouver, WA 98661

* * *

Sirs: I enjoy the Clare Carpenter material. Historically, there has been a lot of material on packet boats but not very much on the seemingly unglamorous subject of towboating. My interest in the rivers was stimulated by visits to Campus Martius Museum and the W. P. SNYDER JR. between studies at Marietta College in the 60s.

John Teichmoeller
12107 Mt. Albert Rd.
Ellicott City, MD 21042

= John is the coordinator of the Rail-Marine Information Group and hopes to attend the S&D meeting. If towboating was unglamorous it didn't lack for excitement, - see Clare's kitchen escapade in this installment. Ed.

* * *

Sirs: In 1997, when searching for information about the steamboat UNCLE SAM, I was referred to Way's Packet Directory, 1848-1994. I was able to locate the book in the Robart's Library, University of Toronto and found it very informative but other interesting information therein raised more questions.

Lawrence C. Erwin
60 Mountview Ave, Apt. 214
Toronto, Ontario M6P 2L4

= A problems in opening "Way's" is the tempting reference leading the researcher off his target including unrelated stories, letters from the captain's aunt and where the engines went after the boat sank. Mr. Erwin is related to a Capt. Alexander Irwin/Erwin. Any readers know about Alexander? Ed.

* * *

Sirs: In the matter of the location of the photo of the RELIANCE on page 6 of the June issue, I put her upward bound just having passed under the Conrail bridge at Braddock. Just back of the Conrail bridge is another bridge which I make out as the Union Railroad.

Jack Hinkley
403 Amherst Ave.
Moon Township, PA

= Jack is the model-in-a-boddle guy and used to looking at small details. Thanks! Ed.

* * *

Sirs: As you may know, Queen City Heritage, the magazine of the Cincinnati Historical Society, is producing a special double issue devoted to river boats. All of

the contributors - save perhaps one - are members of S&D. It will appear in October 1999.

J. H. White
Adjunct Professor of History
Upham Hall, Room 254
Miami University
Oxford, OH 45056

= No, Jack, we didn't know about the river boat feature and look forward to seeing the magazine. The non-member writer should be advised that you only have to be a son or daughter of parents to become a member of S&D. Ed.

* * *

Sirs: Regarding the caption on the photos of the SUNCO A-4, March issue, page 10, she was not dismantled in 1945 but served more than fifty years in the Huntington harbor. To paraphrase Mark Twain, her demise was greatly exaggerated.

Bill Judd
1085 U.S. 52 East
New Richmond, OH 45157

= Right you are, Bill! She was renamed HARBOR POINT by Mid-Continent Barge Line who (we believe) also converted her to twin props. She was sold to Ashland Oil & Refining Co. by 1949. Sold to Merdie Boggs & Sons in 1983 and renamed CITY OF CATLETTSBURG. Still going in 1993, then owned by River Salvage Co., Pittsburgh Ed.

* * *

- THE FREIGHT BOOK -

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**S&D ANNUAL MEETING
SEPTEMBER 17 AND 18, 1999**

We hope that you are planning to attend the 60th Annual Meeting of the Sons & Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen at the Lafayette Hotel, Marietta in September.
Pick up a copy of the flyer with final meeting details and times at the hotel desk, whether or not you are staying at the Lafayette. Tickets for the Saturday noon luncheon and evening banquet will also be available for purchase at the hotel desk.
The first official event will be at 8pm. Friday evening - the informal reception in the hotel with registration, refreshments and exhibits. The AMERICAN QUEEN will be at the landing on Saturday morning as a backdrop to business meeting so the agenda will be short and sweet. The afternoon Whistle Blow begins at 1:30pm.

**BELLE OF LOUISVILLE
CULPRIT SENTENCED**

The miscreant found guilty of causing the sinking of the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE August 24, 1997 was sentenced to two and a half years in durance vile on July 1. The sentence was imposed by Chief Judge Charles R. Simpson III on Brennan Callan, 32, of Louisville who was earlier convicted of sinking the Louisville excursion boat.

Brennan, a one-time seasonal employee on the boat and self-professed steamboat buff had been found guilty earlier of sneaking aboard the BELLE and opening the valve on a disused potable water line that allowed city water to flow into the hull.

The judge said that the sentence was more severe than typically called for under the guidelines because the sinking endangered rescuers' lives. After serving jail time, Mr. Brennan will be on three years supervised release. He has also been ordered to make restitution in the amount of \$987,818 in damages which include raising and restoring the steamboat and revenue lost from canceled cruises and charters. Mr. Callan is unemployed.

Our thanks to Alan Bates and Keith Norrington for keeping us posted with newspaper clippings on this sorry incident.

* * *

**TALL STACKS EVENT
INLAND RIVERS LIBRARY**

"The American Riverboat Experience" is the theme for a series of programs at the Public Library of Cincinnati and Hamilton County as a lead into the Tall Stacks festival, October 13-17. Programs on a variety of river subjects will be presented at 2PM on five Sunday afternoons at the Main Library, 800 Vine Street, beginning September 12.

The following is the list of topics:

Sept. 12 - Capt. Clarke Hawley will talk about his exzperiences over his long career on the river.

Sept. 19 - Ashley Ford, a first-person interpreter, portrays a 19th century steamboat captain in his "Visitors of the Past."

Sept. 26 - "Steamboats Remembered in Story & Song" with John and Gwenn Noftsgar and Lois Kidd with period costumes.

Oct. 3 - John White, Adjunct Professor of History, Miami University will discuss "Big Liz," the ISLAND QUEEN story.

Oct. 10 - "Ohio River Photographers, 1890-1920" is M'Lissa Kesterman's subject for the final lecture of the series.

There will also be a number of displays concerning the river in various departments of the library beginning October 1 and running through November

* * *

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

S&D**REFLECTOR**Published by Sons and Daughters
of Pioneer Rivermen

Vol. 36, No. 3

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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(740) 373-3750

- S&D CHAPTERS -**MISSISSIPPI RIVER**

The chapter had a three page mailing to all members in July to conduct an official election and to announce activities for the season. A vacancy on the Board of Directors was being contested (?) by three candidates.

Dues for the Mississippi River Chapter are \$5 per year and President Tom Dunn reports that the treasury could use an influx of cash just now. Members of the S&D parent organization who are interested in participating in the meetings, trips and adventures can join by writing a check to: Mississippi River Chapter S&D, c/o Tom Dunn, Gateway Riverboat Cruises, 800 N. First St., St. Louis, MO 63102.

On July 28 the MRCSDPR (!) participated in a luncheon cruise from St. Louis sponsored by the Herman T. Pott National Inland Waterways Library. Narration about local riverside landmarks was provided by Capt. Bill Carroll.

On August 30 the chapter was invited to tour the RIVER EXPLORER of RiverBarge Excursion Lines. The tour included a viewing of the 726 foot barge-towboat combination from the top of the Arch at St. Louis followed by a viewing of the exhibit titled, "When Riverboats Ruled." Dinner followed at Laclede's Landing on the riverfront.

A third trip by the chapter is planned for October 2, 1999, this time to Alton, Illinois. The Golden Eagle Club has arranged a cruise up the Mississippi aboard the GRAMPA WOO III, a 115 foot cruise boat formerly on Lake Superior. The itinerary will be through Melvin Price Lock and Dam and up to Grafton for lunch at the 1884 Ruebel Hotel. Return to Alton will be by shuttle for an all up cost of \$39. Anyone interested should send a check to: Sally Mitchell, 22 Midway, Cottage Hills, IL 62018.

OHIO & KANAWHA

The venerable O-K Chapter met on June 13 at the Mason County Library, Pt. Pleasant. Capt. Bert Shearer opened the meeting promptly at 2pm (by Bert's watch). Most of the folks were either on hand or coming through the door when Bert rapped for attention just a little early.

Charley Stone opened his remarks about events on and around the rivers by commenting that it was becoming difficult for him to keep up steam; some days he felt he couldn't get away from the landing. He announced that the U.S. MISSISSIPPI of the Corps of Engineers fleet was on her way up the river with stops planned for Louisville, Cincinnati and finally Huntington on June 27. Member John Reynolds was to be one of the Upper Ohio Pilots.

Capt. Stone then thanked the editor of the S&D Reflector for putting the paddlewheel of the DELTA QUEEN on the front cover of the June issue and the forecastle of the boat on the back. This accommodated Charley since he always reads books and magazines from back to front anyway.

Larry Luckey Doo brought a collection of his boats-in-bottles which attracted much attention.

Jim Bupp reported that the treasury was flush with \$54 on hand but no stamps. He then introduced the program, a showing of the video "The Unsinkable Delta Queen" which even though ten years old holds up well in presenting the D.Q. story. Viewing the video was a reminder of how many of the participants seen it it have made their final landing in those ten years.

Jean Stone had the coffee pot steaming and a big jug of lemonade to keep many of the group visiting for another half hour.

* * *

MIDDLE OHIO RIVER

On July 11 and 12 the M.O.R. group journeyed to LeClaire, Iowa to ride the TWILIGHT up the river to Galena. A number from the Golden Eagle Club and the Midwest River Buffs joined the party, Jim Swift of St. Louis being one of them. There were forty in the group and Capt. Dennis Trone was smiling as he counted the passengers aboard his attractive boat.

The cruises aboard the TWILIGHT include an overnight at the Chestnut Mountain Lodge, a tour of Galena the following morning and time to explore on your own before boarding the boat for the return trip. All meals are served aboard except for breakfast at the lodge. The two days of the trip were blessed by perfect summer weather.

On October 16, 1999 Rick and M'Lissa Kesterman of the M.O.R. have arranged a harbor cruise during the Tall Stacks celebration aboard the sternwheel COLONEL. At press time there are no other details for the fall meeting available.

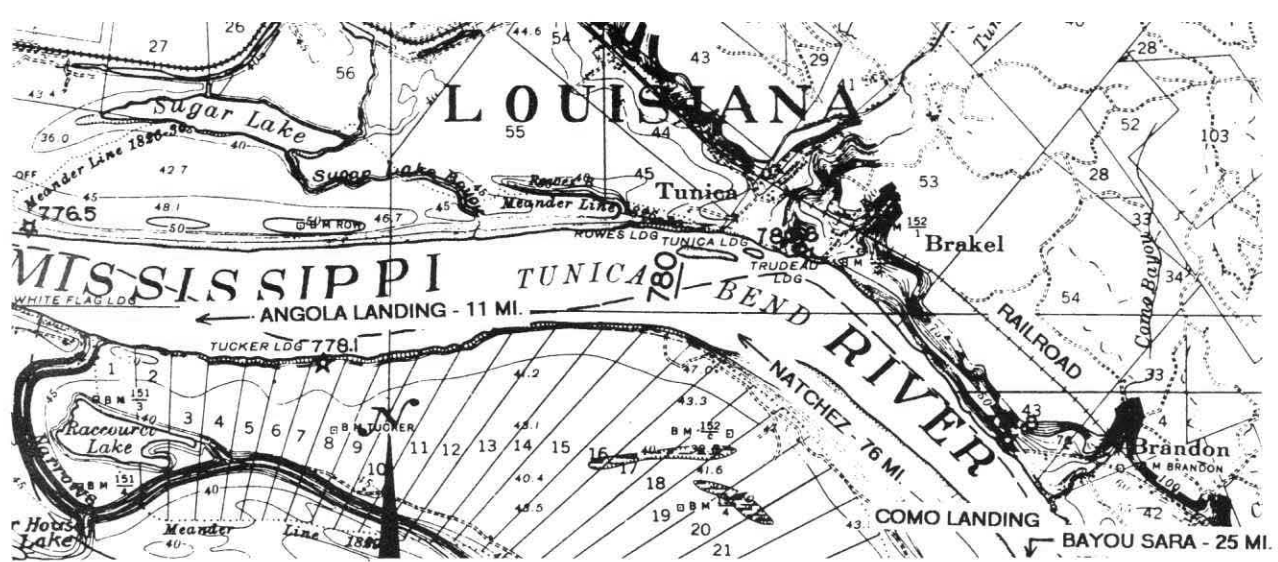
Information on M.O.R. future meetings may be obtained from M'Lissa Kesterman, Secretary, 3118 Pershing Ct., Cincinnati, OH 45211.

**- REFLECTOR INDEX -
1994-1998 AVAILABLE**

We are pleased to announce that Volume 7 of the index for five years of the S&D Reflector is now available. This covers volumes 31 through 35 of the magazine, years 1994 through 1998.

The S&D Reflector has been indexed in five year increments beginning with the first volume in 1964. The new volume has been prepared by Fred Way, III and provides equal detail to the first six by Alan Bates plus a few new nuances, 65 pages total.

Indexes are available at \$5 each including mailing from the Secretary. If you save the Reflector you need an index.



**NATCHEZ & BAYOU SARA
MAIL PACKET
BETSY ANN
A TALE OF THE OLD SOUTH**

The following story is a mixture of plantation life in Louisiana shortly after the turn of the century, the coming of the railroad, race relations in the rural south and a high water adventure for the packet *BETSY ANN*. The time is 1902-1903 and the writer is William E. Hawley who was a civil engineer when a railroad was building a line down the east bank of the Mississippi through Tunica, Louisiana.

A copy of the manuscript was given to Edmund McIlhenny, Jr. by his grandmother who was a granddaughter of Capt. Lane Brandon, the owner of Como Plantation near Tunica. Como Landing is about twenty-five miles upstream from St. Francisville and Bayou Sara, now washed away, was the adjoining town on the river at the time of the story.

We present Mr. Hawley's story as written with only some changes in punctuation. The language and customs between the people, blacks and whites, of that time and place are authentic and that context should be kept in mind.

Our thanks to Howard Peabody, Metairie, Louisiana for bringing Mr. Hawley's account to the attention of the S&D Reflector.

THE PASSING OF THE BETSY ANN

by
William E. Hawley

One long blast followed by two short ones, the deep bass tones of the steamboat whistle, went rolling away through the mists of the cool October morning.

"Hi dah, Mis' Betsy Ann! Yer bet sh rek'n dat ah know dat voice."

Thus spoke Perfesser Bill, keeper of the boat landing at Como, Louisiana. The "Perfesser" was an agile, wiry colored individual, well along in

years, who had been in charge of Como Landing, "evah sence Tige was 'er pup," and was further known to fame from the fact that, having been given his freedom in 1858, he had shortly thereafter voluntarily returned to "Ol Marse" and to slavery.

That he was a true prophet was very soon evident for out of the haze of the morning, gliding like a bird across the waters of the mighty river, came the steel hull packet *BETSY ANN*, the last of the mail boats running on the lower Mississippi River. Of all that great fleet in bygone years, the *ROBT. E. LEE*, *J. M. WHITE*, *NATCHEZ* and other river greyhounds, she alone was left, mistress of the river mail service in the Delta Country.

Gracefully swinging 'round to head the current she dropped her stage, exchanged mail, landed her Como passengers and glided away. Her passengers for Como on this particular morning consisted of two gentlemen who brought with them quite an extensive outfit of surveying instruments and kindred utensils.

"Where can we find Captain Brandon," asked the older of the two, speaking to the Perfesser.

"Well, sah, you all jist walk right up de road pas' de cotton gin, den across on de bridge and day you is, right at the front gallery sah, yassah."

As they started up the broad path leading to the front gallery of this typically southern home the master of the house rose from his seat and started down the steps to meet them. "Good morning, Gentlemen." Thus spoke Captain Lane Brandon, a perfect type of the true Southern gentleman. Born in Louisiana, graduated from Harvard one year before the Civil War, for four years a captain following the Stars and Bars then back to the old plantation, a citizen and business man holding the respect and good will of the entire community in the hollow of his hand.

"Come in gentlemen," said he, "and tell me how we can be of service to you."

"Captain," said the older man, "my name is Williams and this is Mr. Sandy. We are

government engineers and would like to find a place where we could get accommodations for ourselves and half a dozen men while we make some surveys on the river near here."

"Well sir, you need look no further," promptly responded the Captain. "We can take care of you all right here and will be mightily pleased to have some company with us."

For the next ten days fresh recruits came from various directions, by boat and wagon, and the Tunica Hills back of Como resounded with many strange noises and saw many strange sights, all of which served to mystify the many field hands who journeyed each day to the cotton picking.

"Huh!" said Vi the cook, "Dem goviment engineers seem to be rasslin' roun' a hull lot up in dem Tunica Hills when dey's 'sposed to be measurin' dat slump hole in de ribber."

"Kaint fool me," said Pahson Jackson, "Ah dun wuked wit' guvment engineers an' day never rushed aroun' like dese folks do. An dat chief engineer, - m-m, ah wuked for him one day an' he's wuss dan a mate on uh steam boat. Yassah."

"An endurin' dat day's wuk, when da t'under was rumblin' over roun' Raccourci Islan' cross the ribber an ah lifted my han's and say, 'Lis'n to de voice uv de marster,' dat man belt me long side my haid wit' his walkin' stick an' he say, You lazy houn', dat's de voice you a listen'n to!"

"Yistiddy, when I was down to Bayou Sara," said Reuben the yard man, "I dun heard Cap'n Johnny Irwin say, 'Dat Williams up at Como ain't got me buffaloeed, you bet. He's a railroad engineer an' I bet his name ain't Williams, no sir. I'll bet that's a Frisco bunch finding a way from Memphis to New Orleans."

Shortly afterwards there were delegations of shrewd looking men going up and down the hills from Angola to Baton Rouge and the whole country welcomed the news that the Red River Valley Railroad was about to build into New Orleans.

"Old Man Riley," an Irishman, who had charge of the stables at Como, was very much interested, especially as nearly all of the contractors who were going over the line had a "Drap of the crayther" with them which afforded Riley a fine chance to get what he called "A torch on." "Well," said he one day to the chief as they sat at the dining table, "I hear that our frins Lee and Brogan are afther gittin' the conthraht few buildin' the railroad and I'm glad of it. I didn't git sa well acquainted with Lee but young Brogan was a foine Irish lad and I'm afther thinkin' that I knew him up at Jackson, Tinnissee, in th' pinitintary. No! Not in the pinitintary but working in th' pinitintary, is phwat I mane."

Construction work on the railroad had not begun when the great flood of 1903 turned the Mississippi River from a sluggish stream into an inland sea. All the river crafts were in great demand, - hauling refugees and supplies, which service upset their regular schedules and disorganized shipping arrangements of all kinds. The BETSY ANN was earliest in the field, assisting night and day in these meritorious endeavors of gathering up flood sufferers as well as carrying food to those shut off from supplies.

Just as the water was its highest stage, the BETSY ANN started south from Natchez on what proved to be her last errand of mercy during that flood. All day long she was worked from landing to landing 'till, just as the shadows of night were beginning to gather, she discovered a distress signal on the levee at a point in Tensas Parish some distance above Torras Landing.

A cautious stop soon revealed the fact that this beleaguered aggregation was a grading outfit that had been camping for several days on the narrow confines of the top of the levee. The outfit, consisting of about twenty men and forty mules, together with the usual grading tools and paraphernalia belonged to a no less person than Bat O'Brien, one of the best known levee contractors in northern Louisiana.

Bat was a thoroughbred gentleman, genial and affable whose Hibernian ancestry ran back in an unbroken line to Brian Boru and other Kings of the Emerald Isle. However, a long residence among the Cajun French population of Avoyelles and Pointe Coupee Parishes, together with a continued diet of Crawfish Gumbo, Shrimp a-la-White and Catfish en Ethiopie had so thoroughly "Cajunized" this eminent follower of St. Patrick that he unblushingly responded on all occasion to the salutation, "Cap'n Bateeste O'Brienne."

A cloudy, star-less night, sweeping gusts of rain, a dense, impenetrable wall of fog together with the swift rushing current made the navigation of the overloaded steamer a dangerous and difficult problem. Just above Old River the flood had broken through the levee, forming a great crevasse into which the water rushed in a made torrent which was tearing and widening the opening on either end. Surrounded by fog and gloom, with no knowledge of this added danger, the pilot was feeling his way along the west side of the channel when the mighty current of the flood caught the BETSY in its irresistible grasp and dashed her through the gap and into the Tensas Swamp, now a mighty waste of water and timber.

The overhanging limbs of the great Spanish oak and cypress trees raked her fore and aft, bending her smokestacks and upper works 'till

she looked like a cross-eyed man with a broken jaw. Consternation and pandemonium were the ruling passions on board for a few moments but the cool headed pilot aided by a no less skillful engineer soon brought the craft out into the channel again.

After this harrowing experience the boat proceeded under slow bell and the pilot, fearing other similar crevasses, worked cautiously over toward the east side of the river. Crawling along with snail-like pace nothing unusual happened until about midnight when, without warning, the boat brought up with a bump that nearly unseated the now loose and unstable upper works. She then stopped, - fast in a mud bank.

For some three hours there was backing and twisting, all of which seemed to tend toward fastening the boat more firmly in its couch of mud. During this time there was a running accompaniment of river vernacular indulged in by both captain and mate that exhausted all the adjectives in the lexicon and brought into being words the like of which never before had been heard. Steam power and "cuss" leverage having failed to produce satisfactory results, a council of war decided that the only thing left to do was to wait for sunrise and the lifting of the fog.

Daylight and the accompanying breeze raised the curtain of fog and showed to the amazed voyagers that their river greyhound was far, far from the beaten path of travel. Instead of breasting the waves of the main channel she lay like a razorback hog with her snout in the mud, over a mile away from the river, in the center of the big cotton field belonging to the state convict farm at Angola. A liberal use of the sounding pole soon demonstrated that the water was only two feet deep under the bow of the boat. A volunteer crew armed with Bat's shovels quickly made channels of sufficient depth to release the stranded steamer.

Shortly after being rescued from the dangers of the cotton field the now thoroughly crippled and disorganized messenger of mercy started south with no other hope on the part of her officers than that of being able to safely land her cargo at Bayou Sara, the end of the journey. The schedule time for a southbound trip from Natchez was about eighteen hours but on this occasion it took seventy-two hours to make the run.

Picture then, if you please, the BETSY ANN limping into Bayou Sara on the afternoon of the third day out, looking very much a-la-Santiago Bay while her conglomerate load of humanity were in a frame of mind past all description. (Recall that the Spanish American War was not long over and the defeat of the Spanish fleet at Santiago, Cuba was still a topic of conversation. Ed.)

"Bon jour, Cap'n Bateeste!" greeted Johnny Irvine as Bat walked wearily up from the boat landing. "Yu hav' veesit yoush cozeen Feelepe in Pointe' Coupee, ey, what, yais?"

"Bedad!" said Bat. "I'll till you wan thing, Johnny, and belave me, I mane it. The nixt time I ride on the BETSY ANN, begod, I'll walk."

During the receding of the flood the BETSY ANN, now thoroughly repaired, returned to her former field of labor. She and other sister craft brought loads of mules, machinery, tools and men which were unloaded and taken up into the hills back of Como and a mighty camp had soon been reared where a short time before were quiet cotton fields and canebrakes. During all of this time the Brandon home had been the scene of never-ending hospitality and while the Captain attended to the affairs of the plantation his wife, Miss Anne, and his daughter, Miss Frank, were in the truest sense of the words ministering angels to the comfort of the visiting contractors and railroad officials

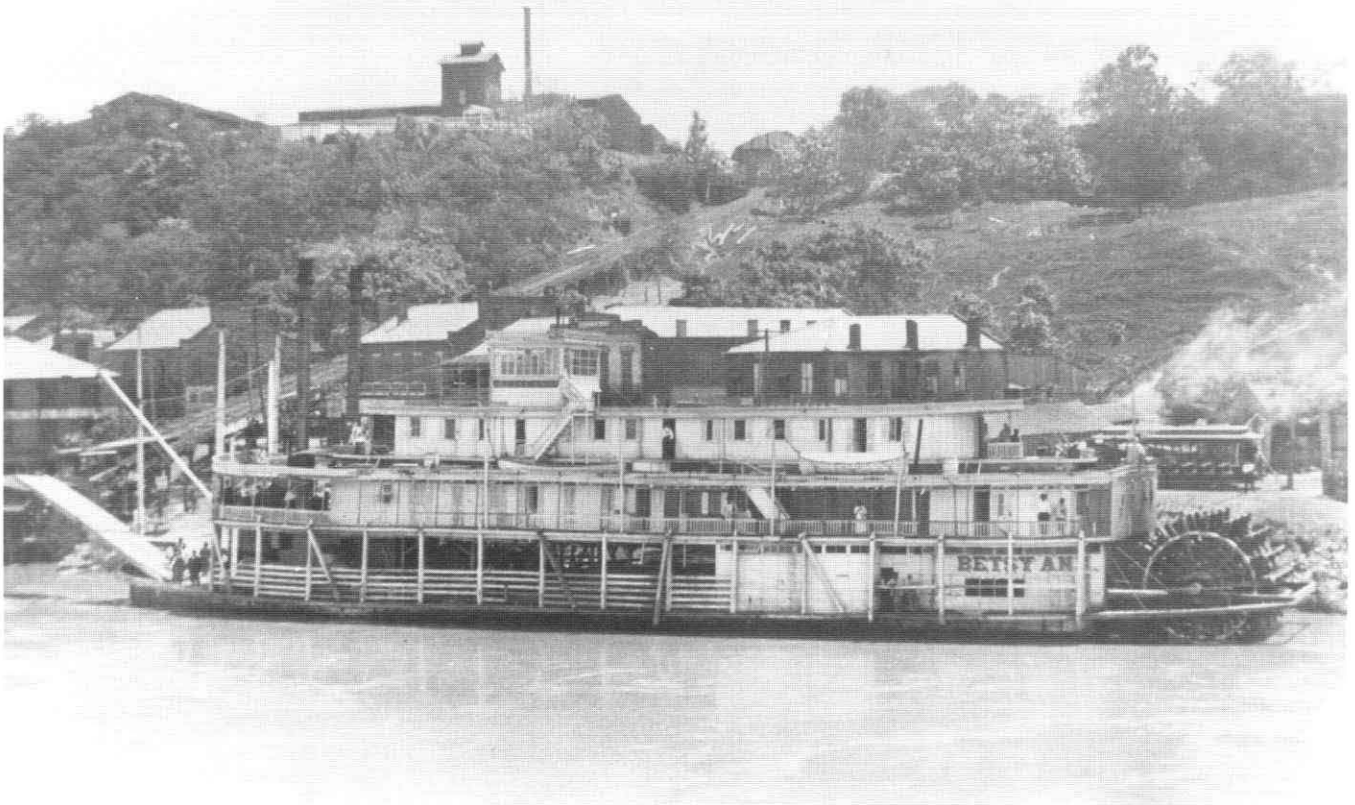
Miss Frank (Francine Brandon) was carrying on her usual work of charity and care for the infirm and improvident colored folks in the neighborhood and her daily visits brought many a ray of sunshine to some of the cabin homes. Among others that she visited was the cabin of an old ex-slave, "Unc Manuel," supposed to be about one hundred years old, blind, emaciated and bedfast.

"Ah declah foh it!" said Vi the cook, "Ah went intuh Unc' Manuel's cabin dis mawnin' an' he had just died an' his greatgranchile tol' me dat jus' befoh he died day give him a swallow of dat muscadine wine dat Miss Frank dun give him. An' even do he couldn't see, he jus' natchully smelt dat wine and 'membered who lef' it foh him an' he whisper, 'Miss Frank, Miss Frank,' an' dat was the las' of Ol' Unc' Manuel."

Pay Day at Camp Como was the event of each month and on the day previous Winston, Lee and Craney, the contractors, used to send their paymaster down to Bayou Sara to get the money that came by express from New Orleans. The Brandon team and carriage with Reuben, the driver, started off early one summer morning carrying Sam Lee and the paymaster for the trip to Bayou Sara to get the money for the July payroll.

Just before they started for Bayou Sara Reuben called the Captain to one side and said, "Cap'n, that no-count niggah Ben, Ol' Unc' Manuel's gran'son, he dun come back heah yestiddy and brung three bad niggahs from Natches an' I'm scairt dey's up to sum mischief."

"Never mind, Reuben," said the Captain, "I'll send word to my cousin Colonel Bob Towles, who is deputy sheriff, and I'll have him run those niggahs away from here."



BETSY ANN at Natchez Under the Hill, 1916. C. C. Bowyer photo.

The train from New Orleans came rolling into Bayou Sara about two hours late bringing not only the payroll money but Miss Frank, returning unexpectedly from New Orleans.

"Reuben!" said Miss Frank, "How in the world did you happen to be here to meet me?"

"Deed, Miss Frank," replied Reuben, "Ah didn't know you all was cummin'. Ah jus' cum with' Cunnel Lee to get de money."

As soon as Lee heard of the arrival of Miss Frank he insisted that she should use the carriage and return at once to Como while he and the paymaster would go up on the BETSY ANN in the early morning. With stops at Judge Lawrison's and at sister Mary's the return trip was delayed to such a late hour that it was almost dark when the carriage passed through the gate at Nat Ellis' store and down the lonely road to Como.

Suddenly, the horses shied and nearly upset the carriage while a gruff voiced shouted, "Hands up!" "No 'count Ben" and his Natchez pals, as Reuben had feared, were up to mischief and thought they had held up the paymaster with the money. For a second Reuben was paralyzed with fear and then in a hoarse whisper he gasped, "Ben! Ben! Miss Frank's in dar! Miss Frank!"

"Foh Gawd's sake, Miss Frank!" said Ben, "Come outah heah quick niggahs."

"What thuh mattah wit' you, fool? We want dat money," said one of the Natchez niggahs.

"Touch dat kerridge and ah cut youah haht out," snapped Ben and away the three rushed

while from out of the brush there floated back Ben's ejaculations, "Miss Frank! Good Gawd! Miss Frank." In this matter, in part, was returned the bread of charity that had been cast upon the waters for old Unc' Manuel.

Giant steam shovels, dinky engines, dump cars, towering trestles and cavernous cuts soon transformed the quiet Tunica hills into a scene of seething activity. And the BETSY ANN, sole survivor of a mighty fleet, glides majestically along, conscious of the fact that with the advent of the mail trains she must soon relinquish her title of "Mail Packet" and seek new fields of operations, perhaps on the Red, the Black or the Ouachita Rivers.

While from the hills comes the song of the field hands as they toil and we can hear them sing:

"Oh, de Raid Rivah Valley run de train,
Past Como on de hill -
An' de BETSY ANN will say goodbye,
To old Perfesser Bill."

EDITOR'S NOTES: We are not sufficiently knowledgeable about railroads to know much about the line building at Tunica in 1903. The 1930 map calls it the Louisiana & Arkansas which operated a transfer boat between Angola Landing and Red River Landing on the west bank of the Mississippi, just below Old River.

Francine Brandon, Miss Frank, was the aunt of Edmund McIlhenny, Jr.'s grandmother (keeper of the manuscript) and later married a Mr. Bennet Barrow.

* * *

Str. Allie Brown.

1912

April 25	150# Loin Bf, Rib Bf, Loin & Porky Chps. 1 Hamper S.P. Yeast 1 Ph Beans 1 gal - vinegar 15# Coffee 5 p. Bacon 6 - c Peach 1 - Ph Apples 5# Lettuce	2025 185 50 85 20 375 40 105 60 90	
April 26	10# Butter	250	
27	41# Ham - 2	656	
27 - 2	But Pot	360	
	10 Doz Eggs	200	
Paid in full July 20 - 1912		4501	4501

1912

July 20 -	10# Lard @ 12 27# Ham @ 17 9 1/2 Loin Bf 1/2 rd L Pol @ 15 5 gal Milk 10 Doz Eggs 1/2 30ct 20# Coffee 12 Can Peaches 9# Corn 3# C Lard 1/2 Bushel N. Beans 1 doz But	120 459 1372 120 260 30 500 240 115 60 45 40	
Paid Aug 20 - 1912		3301	3301

Sept 24	60# Loin of Pork & veal 1/2 Yeast 1 gal Maple Syrup 10# Creamy Butter 36c 26 gal 10# Head Light oil 1/2 75	1020 13 150 360 260 75	
Nov 21 -	Paid in full	1878	1878

**STEAMBOATS BOUGHT AT WEBER'S
MARKET
1912-1914 LEDGERS LIST RIVER CUSTOMERS**

Weber's Meat Market was a fixture on lower Front Street in Marietta for more than eighty years. Known for its high quality meat products and with a location within a block of the Marietta Wharfboat it supplied packets and towboats alike during the palmy days of Upper Ohio steamboating. The tables of the BETSY ANN and GENERAL WOOD featured Weber's meats in the 1920s.

Recently, Glenn Weber, one of the last owners of the market, let us look over one of the account books for the years 1912-1914. Packets and towboats were some of the regular and best customers with more than twenty such accounts listed over the three year period. The U.S. Corps of Engineers dredges and towboats then maintaining the channels in the area were regular customers.

Weber's was established in 1872 at 122 Front Street, across from the Lafayette Hotel where a small, modern building houses a locksmith today. The founder was Frank Weber, grandfather of Glenn Weber who with his brother Frank was the last owner. Glenn and Frank's father William Weber operated the business until 1932. Weber's had its own slaughter house constructed in 1907 on Marietta's West Side on Groves Avenue, still called Slaughter House Hill by old-timers. Weber's Meat Market operated until the late 1960s, still at the original location.

Looking over the accounts for steamboats, the KANAWHA (3203) seems to be the only packet that maintained a regular account. It is probable that other boats were supplied through the Marietta Wharfboat on a cash basis and do not show on the charge account books. The towboat M. D. WAYMAN (T1670) was the most frequent customer and one of the largest accounts as she was engaged in local towing at the time. Other familiar towboats carrying accounts at Weber's were the ALICE "ALLIE" BROWN, MAMIE BARRETT, VOLUNTEER, RAYMOND HORNER, JAMES MOREN, DUQUESNE and the F. M. WALLACE.

The U.S. Dredges OSAGE and OHIO appear frequently and were working each year during the dredging season maintaining the channel at Collins Ripple near Grandview, Ohio and Petticoat Ripple which was just below Beavertown, Ohio. Dams 17 and 16 would eliminate these hazards but were yet to be built. The MIAMI (T1804), Corps of Engineers towboat, was involved in the channel improvement and dike construction projects and carried a large account at Weber's.

Representative of the purchases by the boats and prices is the account of the ALLIE (sic) BROWN (T0095). Although Weber's Meat Market carried only meats and meat products such as sausage and bologna produced on the premises other groceries and items needed by the customer were purchased for them and included on the Weber account as an accommodation. Note that even "26 gal. @.10 head light oil" was part of the order for September 24, 1912.

It was not uncommon to carry accounts from month-to-month although many customers settled up monthly. Some Marietta customers allowed the bills to run until the end of the year; "Always slow pays but that's why they had the money," observes Glenn Weber.

The Weber Meat Market ledgers have been deposited in the library of the Washington County Historical Society. Have fun with the account of the ALLIE BROWN and let the editor know if you figure out the purchase on April 27, 1912 of "2 But Poht."

* * *

FIRST FLATBOAT DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI

Prof. Jack White, Miami University, found the following in The American Railroad Journal, May 31, 1834, a dispatch from the Cincinnati Mirror:

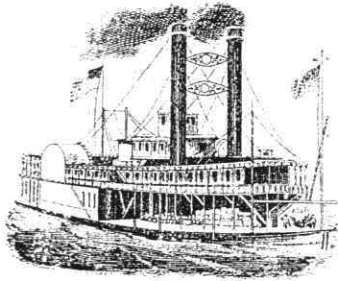
"A friend called on us a few mornings since to accompany him to the shop of Mr. F. Shields for the purpose of viewing an iron tablet recently cast by Hanks & Niles of this city. It is to be erected to the memory of one of the pioneers of the West and we should judge that it will perpetuate his name through many ages. It is very spacious, with large and deeply indented letters, and is the first of the kind ever executed west of the Alleghanies (sic).

The following is the inscription:

Jason Yoder
Was born in Reading, Pennsylvania
August 11th, 1758
And was a Soldier in the Revolutionary Army
1777 and 1778
He emigrated to the West in 1780 and in May,
1782, from Fort Redstone on the
Monongahela River
in the
First Flat Boat
that ever descended the Mississippi,
He landed at New Orleans with a cargo of
produce.
He died April 7, 1932 at his Farm in Spencer
County, Kentucky and lies here
interred beneath this tablet"

Fort Redstone is present-day Brownsville, PA; does the tablet still exist in Spencer County?

* * *



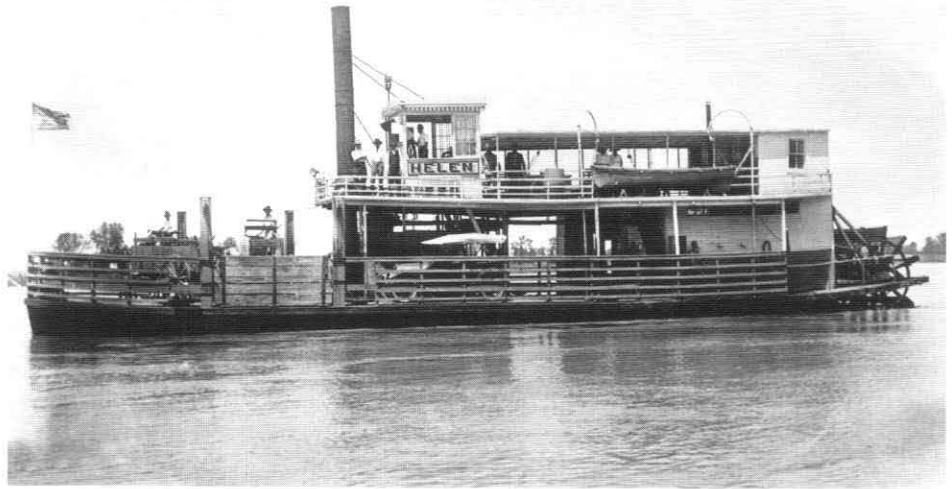
JESSE P. HUGHES DIARY

1932

C. W. Stoll & Ed.

The economic slowdown which for ever after would be known as "The Great Depression" had caused many changes in the packet business on the Ohio River during the previous year. The Mail Line, Louisville & Cincinnati Packet Co., had folded with the Greene Line buying (but not running) the JOHN W. HUBBARD and KENTUCKY with the goodwill and wharfboats. The TOM GREENE was running in the Louisville trade while the CHRIS GREENE ran to Huntington with the freight boat KIWANIS, owned by the Greenses, in reserve.

The QUEEN CITY and SENATOR CORDILL were running in the Pittsburgh and Cincinnati trade under the ownership of the Ohio River Transportation Co. backed by Commodore John W. Hubbard. Capt. Walter Booth's LIBERTY still found the huckster trade profitable (barely) between Pittsburgh and Charleston with extensions down to Huntington to reship Cincinnati freight when necessary. The GENERAL WOOD still existed, tied up on the south side at Pittsburgh, but hadn't operated since 1929 while the BETSY ANN would in the spring of 1932 be converted into a towboat at Memphis by the John I. Hay Co.



HELEN (2567) was built as the DOROTHY in 1909 at Boonville, MO. She was 80x22x3.9, owned by Ben T. Flesher of Huntington and ran between 10th Street and Chesapeake, OH although the highway bridge had been opened in 1926. Sold to Ray T. Maston,.

Although frequency of packet service on the Upper Ohio had shrunk the major trades from both Cincinnati and Pittsburgh were still being served. The Greene Line Terminal Co. at Huntington, where Jesse Hughes was in charge, remained busy and the new steel wharfboat built at Gallipolis in 1931 had replaced an old wooden one.

JANUARY

Finishing touches were still be made to the new wharfboat at the Greene Terminal Co. at Huntington. The SENATOR CORDILL had been lying at Cincinnati over the holidays and came back out January 6 with Jesse filling in for regular pilot Will Pollock (as Jesse called him) to Pittsburgh. Jim Rowley was Jesse's partner and at Pittsburgh on Sunday, January 10 Bill Pollock came aboard. Monroe Doggy Cross, the regular pilot, got on the boat at East Liverpool on the return trip and Jesse got off at Huntington the evening of January 11, a fast trip on open river.

The CHRIS GREENE's schedule brought her into Huntington on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons at 4pm. and leaving on her return at 6pm. or 7pm. unless there was a large trip of freight. She was running close to her schedule in January with

favorable river conditions and Jesse frequently notes, "Nice trip." Freight brought down from Pittsburgh each week by the CORDILL and incoming or outgoing by rail kept the terminal busy.

The river was rising rapidly by Sunday, January 31 and a stage of 46 feet was reached. Tom and Letha Greene had driven up to Huntington and were on the CHRIS GREENE to go back to Cincinnati when she left that evening.

FEBRUARY

With the CHRIS GREENE's trade truncated at Huntington rather than running through to Charleston the freight was forwarded by Maier Trucks. The diary notes that reshipping went out the same night that it arrived in Huntington, thus reaching its destination the following morning.

The ferryboat HELEN started running again on February 13 to Chesapeake from the ferry landing below the Greene Line wharfboat. This may have been just to prove that she could run for on February 26 she was sold and left for Cincinnati.

Jesse notes the arrival of the first shipment for the season of farm machinery from International Harvester Co. Not much evidence yet of the business slowdown affecting the Greene Terminal Co.

MARCH

The big news for the day on March 2 was, "THE LINDBERGH BABY STOLEN!"

Capt. Ralph Emerson stopped by the terminal office to look over the machinery from the GREENWOOD. The machinery had been stored in the warehouse since the boat was sunk at Cincinnati in 1925. Ralph Emerson had been master of the QUEEN CITY about this time but his interest in the machinery is not disclosed; it was shipped out a week later and Jesse "mashed two fingers" helping out.

(The GREENWOOD machinery plus bits and pieces from the packet KENTUCKY went into building of the towboat ECLIPSE [T0675] at Evansville in 1932. Ed.)

The SENATOR CORDILL broke down at Maysville on March 12 and the QUEEN CITY came out to take her trip.

The CORDILL was repaired at Maysville and Jesse was called to stand pilot watch with Jim Rowley to Pittsburgh. Jesse was the only pilot on board when the CORDILL left Cincinnati on her upriver trip the evening of March 23 until Bill Pollock got on the boat at Portsmouth about ten-thirty the following morning. Jesse got off when the boat reached Huntington at 5:30 in the afternoon.

March ended with both the QUEEN CITY and CORDILL running in the P&C trade.

APRIL

On April 2 the towboat AMERICAN hit one or more of the Cincinnati bridges with her tow. On the 7th the 10th Street ferry resumed operations (again) so apparently the sale to Cincinnati fell through. The SENATOR CORDILL laid up and the QUEEN CITY alone was handling the Pittsburgh trade.

Times were really getting tough: "Roy Effingham arrested last night; caught in the G. Q. Co.

office with hand in cash drawer. Gave back 80 cents."

The CHRIS GREENE continued to bring in good trips from Cincinnati and on many occasions Jesse caught the midnight streetcar home to Catlettsburg.

MAY

The drivers for the Maier trucking company went on strike on May 4, 1932. For the following several weeks there are references to meeting with Maier or making other arrangements to forward the freight to Charleston.

On May 12 the Lindbergh baby was found in New Jersey and the local newspapers came out with extras. The excursion steamer WASHINGTON made its first appearance of the season at Huntington and Ashland; she took out an afternoon trip at 3:30 and had 2,000 passengers for her 9pm. Moonlight trip.

The warehouse had a big load of furniture to handle on May 26 and then the QUEEN CITY came up from Cincinnati with "lots of autos." She brought in another load of cars the following week.

JUNE

Mr. Orr, the carpenter and general do-everything contractor from Catlettsburg, was working at installing concrete block piers and a wall under the terminal warehouse. The building was also to be extended another bay on the upper end and Jesse was helping Mr. Orr when not otherwise engaged.

There were 50 cars on hand on June 3 and on June 6 they began delivering "lots of Fords." This would seem to be the introduction of the Ford V-8 which was the long awaited replacement for the Model-A and unveiled with much ballyhoo.

For the summer passenger business the QUEEN CITY advanced her schedule one day to depart from Pittsburgh on Saturday afternoons and was

down at Huntington on Monday evening, June 13.

The warehouse was "swamped with freight" when the CHRIS GREENE came up from Cincinnati on June 15.

The problems with the gas engine which pulled the freight car up the hill from the wharfboat finally prompted Jesse to install an electric motor. This work was completed on June 28 and the diary comments, "Works nice."

JULY

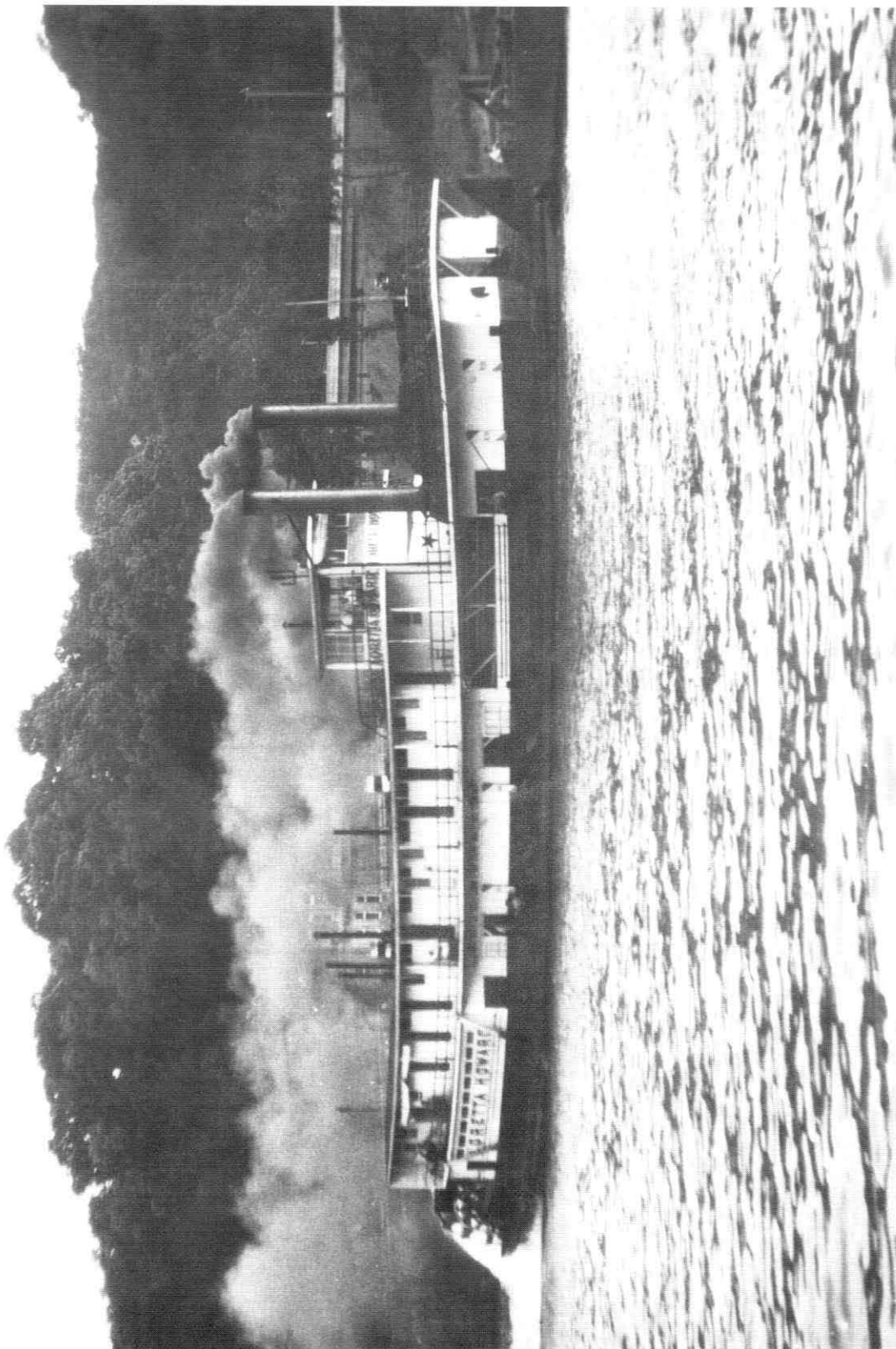
During the summer of 1932 Jesse mentions the comings and goings of the towboat LORETTA HOWARD, an event of interest in river circles. This boat had been launched on October 23, 1929 with President Herbert Hoover in attendance. She had been built as a stock boat by the Howards with high hopes that she would be the forerunner of more but no buyers could be found. The LORETTA HOWARD remained unfinished through 1931 until in February 1932 Capt. Birch McBride, Louisville, bought her (on a time-payment contract) to move coal for an electric generating plant.

There was a lot of rain during the early part of the month, two and a half inches on July 5. The truck drivers were still striking at Maier Trucking and the "Try Me" company was handling the reshipping from Huntington to Charleston.

The SENATOR CORDILL came down from Pittsburgh on July 9, her first trip since March and Jesse notes, "No trip at all; 62 cents collected."

On July 20 the Corps of Engineers held a meeting in Pt. Pleasant to give river interests a hearing concerning plans for the new Gallipolis Dam to be built below Dam 26.

Late on the evening of July 21 lightning struck the E. & H. Co. planing mill next to the terminal warehouse. The mill was badly



The LORETTA HOWARD (T11634) attracted attention on the Upper Ohio when she appeared in the summer of 1932. Jesse Hughes notes her passing Huntington in July, the first she is mentioned. She had been waiting for a buyer at the Howard Yard in Jeffersonville for two years after completion. See From Paddle Wheels to Propellers, Indiana Historical Society for more details.

This was a stock boat of proven but not innovative design, 145x30x4.9 with engines 18's-7 ft. stroke. She was a refinement in steel of traditional towboat design, with 600hp. when customers called for up to 1,000hp. Capt. Birch McBride ran her a few months and renamed her DOROTHY McBRIDE. She became the D. W. WISHERD in 1933. Photo by Ben Gilbert, print by W. E. Reed.

damaged by the resulting fire and there was some fear that the Greene Terminal would also catch fire.

A windstorm on July 29 tore the wharfboat loose and broke the spars, spring cable and spring chain holding it. The dependable Mr. Orr had to replace a roof on a building in Catlettsburg before getting to work shaping and fitting two new 65 foot wooden spars.

AUGUST

Freight shipments from Cincinnati continued to hold up and the CHRIS GREENE had several big shipments of soap from Proctor & Gamble.

The KIWANIS came up from Cincinnati on August 13 and stopped overnight at Huntington. She was on her way to the boiler shop at Gallipolis for new boilers. Jesse and Telia went to Hall's Theater that evening where the featured film was "Tarzan."

On August 22 Tom Greene arrived from Cincinnati and he and Jesse drove up to Gallipolis to meet Chris Greene and look over the work on the KIWANIS. The three had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Maddy in Gallipolis and afterwards went over to Pt. Pleasant to visit Capt. C. C. Bowyer. C. C. Bowyer had been working as the toll taker on the Silver Bridge after the failure of the Pt. Pleasant bank but had been home in declining health for several weeks.

The morning following the visit by his old friends Mr. Bowyer suffered a stroke and died on the evening of August 26. The funeral was in Pt. Pleasant on Sunday, August 28 with burial in Lone Oak Cemetery.

SEPTEMBER

The Labor Day weekend brought the TOM GREENE up to Huntington on Saturday, September 4. She had 129 passengers from Louisville on a special round trip to Charleston

and on Sunday the CHRIS GREENE arrived with 90 passengers from Cincinnati. The KIWANIS, with new boilers, was on her way back to Cincinnati and lay overnight at Huntington.

The Greene Terminal Co. handled a diverse assortment of freight as the diary reports: A railroad car of glassware arrived on September 10. The same day word was received that the tobacco crop was ready for shipment from Gallipolis and Hurricane, West Virginia. Then the QUEEN CITY came down from Pittsburgh with "a big trip of iron for us" on the 13th. On the 14th 90 hogsheads of tobacco were loaded on the CHRIS GREENE for Louisville and a big load of apples was picked up at Lock 27, above Proctorville, Ohio.

The QUEEN CITY came down with another big trip September 20 and Jesse got aboard to ride down to Cincinnati. He was met the following day at Lock 36 (Coney Island, above Cincinnati) by Tom Greene and Stogie White and left immediately by car for a combined pleasure and business trip to St. Louis. Made it to Effingham, Illinois and checked into the Benwood Hotel at 11pm. for the night.

The threesome arrived in St. Louis before noon the following day and were entertained by Donald T. Wright, publisher of The Waterways Journal, (WWJ) at his home that evening and stayed the night. Capt. Sam Smith, editor of the WWJ, was their host the following night and Jesse reported "a big time."

There is no indication of any business conducted on this trip and they drove back to Louisville over Route 50 the following day, September 24. Arriving in Louisville about 7pm they found rooms on the TOM GREENE and then repaired to the Gayety Theater for some entertainment. (The Gayety sounds like a burlesque house but we don't know Louisville. Ed.)

After riding the TOM GREENE

up to Cincinnati the following day, Jesse returned home by train on September 26.

The CHRIS GREENE brought in a good trip on the 28th and picked up 2,500 baskets of apples at Lock 27 to take down to the Cincinnati market. The QUEEN CITY had broken her shaft and was laid up at Pt. Pleasant pending repairs so the SENATOR CORDILL came out to take her place in the Pittsburgh-Cincinnati trade.

OCTOBER

Helen and Burnice Prater were now living at the Hughes home in Catlettsburg following Burnice's graduation from the University of Kentucky; Burnice was now teaching school.

Fall fog was causing the CHRIS GREENE to get behind on her schedule on some trips. This caused Jesse to spend a number of nights sleeping at the terminal, either waiting for the boat to arrive or to handle the reshipping to Charleston by truck.

The boat came in at 4pm on October 28, unloaded and then took out an excursion for the West Virginia Education Association Convention at 10pm. "She had her limit," notes Jesse.

The month ended with Jesse spending three days as pilot on the A. C. INGERSOLL JR., Wilbur Chapman, master, and Emory Edgington, pilot. They took a tow of coal from Huntington up to Sistersville, West Virginia and Jesse got off when the boat returned to Huntington on the afternoon of October 31.

NOVEMBER

The ferryboat CHARLES HENRY STONE was noted as starting to run between 10th Street and Chesapeake on November 4, 1932. No mention of the HELEN which was reported as returning to the trade some months earlier so evidently, the sale to Cincinnati parties was finally consummated.

The STONE had been at Pt. Pleasant until the Kanawha River bridge was completed and had been bought by Bob Hamilton of Huntington.

November 8 was election day and Jesse's choice, Herbert Hoover, was defeated in the Democratic landslide which brought Franklin Roosevelt to the White House. Roosevelt's name is not mentioned in the diary.

Jesse was called to the A. C. INGERSOLL JR. again on November 19, this time to take a tow of coal down to Cincinnati. They brought five empties back up on open river, making three miles an hour.

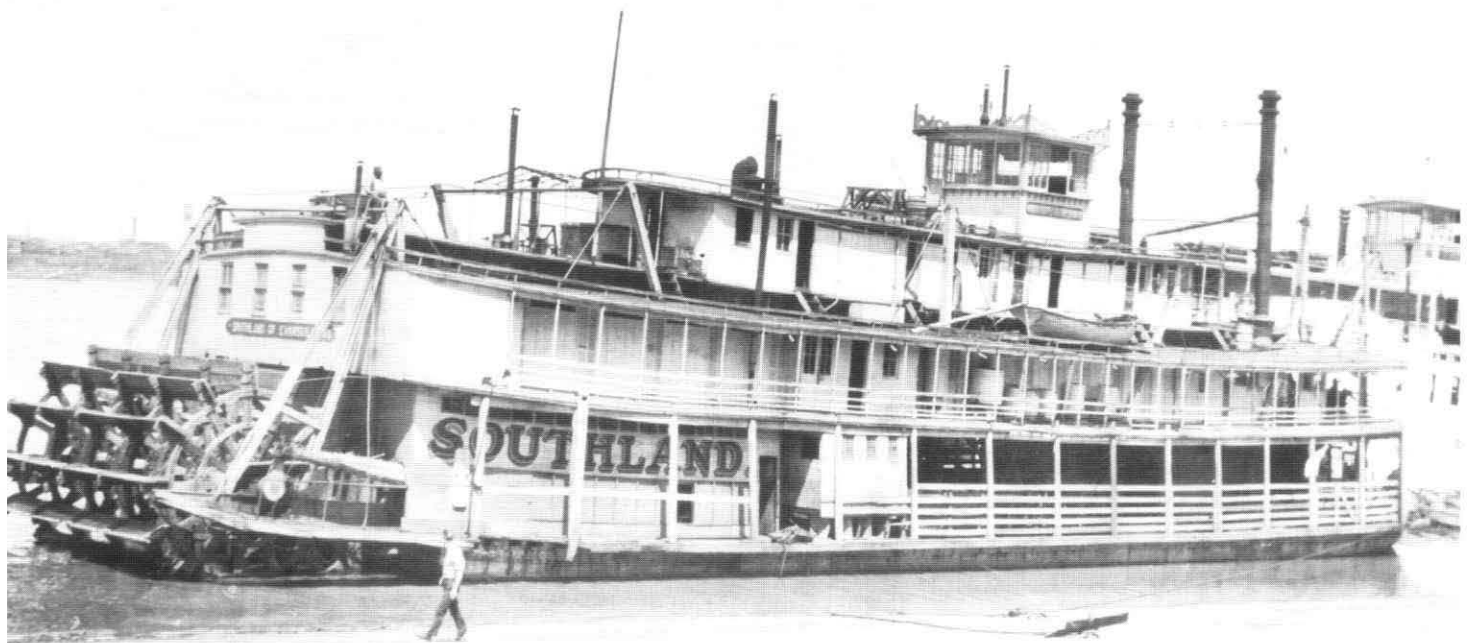
DECEMBER

The big news on December 5 was the arrival of a son for Helen and Burnice Prater, the first grandchild for Jesse and Telia Hughes. Richard weighed in at eight and a half pounds.

The Coney Island excursion steamer ISLAND MAID and the towboat FRED HALL burned at the Madison, Indiana marine ways on December 7. On the 16th there was another fire, this at Spottsville, Kentucky destroying the packet SOUTHLAND and towboats DICK WILLIAMS, RIVAL and BERNICE along with the barge JEANIE.

Cold weather caused ice to become a problem on the Ohio above Pt. Pleasant and the LIBERTY laid up at Gallipolis and the SENATOR CORDILL at Pittsburgh on December 21. The TOM GREENE was laid up at Cincinnati but the CHRIS GREENE was able to continue although running late on most trips. She came in at 5:15pm. on Christmas Day and left at 7:00. "Holiday so left freight on the wharfboat," wrote Jesse after taking the eight o'clock streetcar home.

* * *



The SOUTHLAND (5159) was the most valuable of the boats lost in the fire at Spottsville, Kentucky on December 16, 1932 but we have no idea of the dollar amount. The towboats BERNICE (T0238), DICK WILLIAMS (T0610) and RIVAL (T2165) which also burned were small boats.

SOUTHLAND had been built in 1910 by the

Howards as the NASHVILLE (4100) at a cost of \$22,850 for the Cumberland River trade, 155'x34'x4'. She was acquired in 1919 for the Louisville-Evansville trade and renamed after a rebuilding in 1922. Lost in the fire was the whistle, long identified with the Evansville trade on the sidewheel TARASCON and the TELL CITY.

WHO IN THE WORLD WAS SENATOR CORDILL?

From time to time someone will wonder about the background for the name of a particular boat, the place or the personage deserving of having a boat named for him or her. The above question was recently posed by Jack White of Oxford, Ohio.

Usually the name speaks for itself as W. P. SNYDER JR. with William Penn Snyder, Jr. being Chairman of the Board of Crucible Steel Co. or JOHN W. HUBBARD for the writer of large checks in many river projects, "The Shovel King" of Pittsburgh. But the identity of Senator Cordill for whom the stately Lower Mississippi and Upper Ohio River packet was named has prompted more than one inquiry.

Jack White's question about the seemingly reclusive Senator Cordill caused us to do some looking and then to answer Jack with only, "A state senator from Mississippi," which a brief reference had found mentioned. A day or two later the light bulb came on that perhaps the S&D Reflector had in the past answered that same question; sure enough, we found the answer on page 30 of the March 1975 issue. This illustrates the value of the S&D Reflector indices and we salute volume seven for the years 1994-1998 which has just been released. (See announcement elsewhere.)

The SENATOR CORDILL (5080) needs no introduction to readers of this quarterly for she ran from 1902 until 1934 and her accomplishments and accidents have been well covered. She was built for the Natchez & Vicksburg Packet Co. by the Howard Shipyard, Jeffersonville, Indiana at a contract price of \$28,950. She was 170 feet long when new, not big by contemporary standards of the day, but in photographs she has proportions and elegance which makes her look much bigger.

She was later owned by Capt. George Prince for his Royal Route Co. Ltd. and then came to the Ohio River in 1920 as "The Huckster Boat" between Pittsburgh and Charleston.

Charles Calvit Cordill was born on October 13, 1845, son of Joseph and Mary Jane Harmon Cordill of Claiborne County, Mississippi. The family later relocated across the river into Tensas Parish, Louisiana.

Charley Cordill, then 17, enlisted in the Confederate Army and served with the Tensas Cavalry. After the Civil War he returned to St. Joseph, Louisiana, on the Mississippi River about sixty miles below Vicksburg. and studied law. He eventually became probate judge in Tensas Parish. He was elected to the State Senate in 1880 and remained there for 28 consecutive years until retiring in 1908.

When Cordill first went to the legislature he became absorbed in obtaining money for adequate levee construction. As chairman of the state senate Committee on Lands and Levees he saw to it that large sums of state funds as well as available federal money was devoted to protecting the plantations and small farmers by raising levees where flooding was a problem. Along the way Charles Cordill made his fortune in the New Orleans Cotton Exchange.

As detailed in the recent book, The Rising Tide by John M. Barry, state and private levees provided much of the protection along the Mississippi until the disastrous 1927 flood. After the inadequacies in many of the levees resulted in huge losses and human suffering the federal government essentially took over responsibility for levee design and construction.

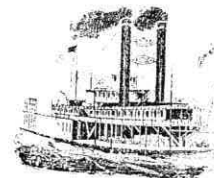
During his business and political career Senator Cordill lived in an apartment in the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans. He frequently entertained groups of country visitors from Concordia and Tensas parishes in a corner of the hotel lobby and is said to have had few equals as a story teller. After retirement from business he remained in New Orleans and was a member of the exclusive Boston Club where he frequently entertained guests from the financial and political communities of the city.

Senator Cordill never married. Cordill became ill in 1913 and died three years later. Two of his brothers, Stephen H Cordill of Franklin Parish and William J. Cordill of Tensas Parish also served in the Louisiana state legislature. Other brothers were prominent in cotton and real estate in New Orleans while one brother removed to Cincinnati. A sister lived in Greenwood, Mississippi.

The foregoing biography was supplied in 1975 by Russell Campbell, Ferriday, Louisiana. His mother was Lucille Cordill and Senator Charles Cordill was one of her uncles. The Concordia Sentinel, December 4, 1974, printed a story on the life of Senator Cordill by Bea Nathanson.

So there you have it; it was all in the S&D Reflector and only opening of the index was wanting. We wonder if the Cordills pronounce the name "Cor-dell" or "Caw-dell" as Upper Ohio rivermen were wont to do?

* * *





WRECK OF THE MV. HERBERT HOOVER

This wreck came to mind when we received a recent mailing from the Ship Modelers Association. The fourth Western Ship Model Conference and Exhibit will be held on the RMS QUEEN MARY at Long Beach, California on March 31 through April 2 of 2000.

The HERBERT HOOVER was "Cock of the Walk" in river circles when she was built at Dubuque, Iowa in 1931 for the Inland Waterways Corp. She was 215 feet long, twin props and diesel engines giving her 2,200 horsepower. Here we see her in her latter days, slowly decaying in some backwater, rust staining her stacks, railings falling away and decks sagging. Debris from decaying bulkheads clog one of the stairways and the port bridge had dropped off into the river. What a sad, sad end for such a brag boat.

You by now have some suspicion that this isn't the real life HERBERT HOOVER and of course you are right. It is in fact a very accurate model of the real boat and we believe that it probably was built by Elmer Easter, Coraopolis, Pennsylvania who in the 1930s was a marine architect for Dravo. Elmer displayed his model of the HERBERT HOOVER and also the sternwheeler SEWICKLEY in a store window in Sewickley on several occasions. The plate glass was soon covered with nose prints as half the kids in town stopped to gawk at the detail and realism, a far cry from our feeble attempts at model building.

The model was given to S&D by Rex Vivian, New York about a year after Elmer Easter died.

EVEN IN DECAY THE HERBERT HOOVER IS IMPRESSIVE

The size of the model is 26.6 inches in length while the original boat had a hull of 215 feet. for a scale of 1/8"=1'. The hull is wood (or seems to be) with metal stacks, air scoops, rails and fittings. The air horn on the spreader between the stacks seems to be either brass or copper for it has a light green patina. A rack of red fire buckets rests on the roof aft.

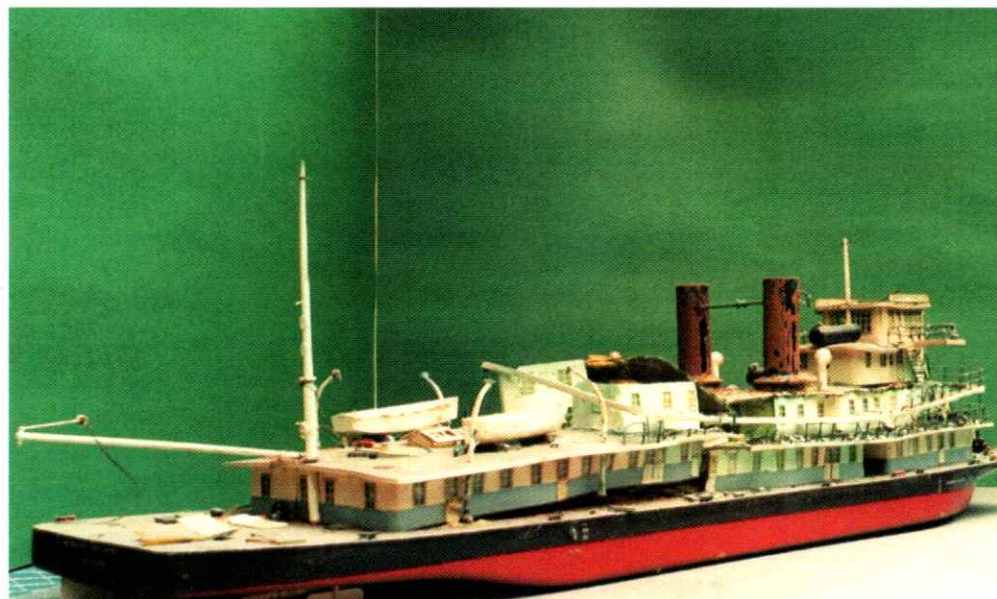
So how did the HERBERT HOOVER get into this shape, as if an engine room explosion had occurred and she had been abandoned years ago? We've watched this model in fascination for most of ten years as it descended into the condition you see. The problem is in the 1/16" plastic material which Elmer Easter used for his bulkheads and upper decks; the light and ozone (or whatever good stuff is in Ohio valley air) is causing it to breakdown and in places turn to dust. It looks like plexiglass material which could be under attack by whatever paint was used or perhaps modern modelers will have a better explanation.

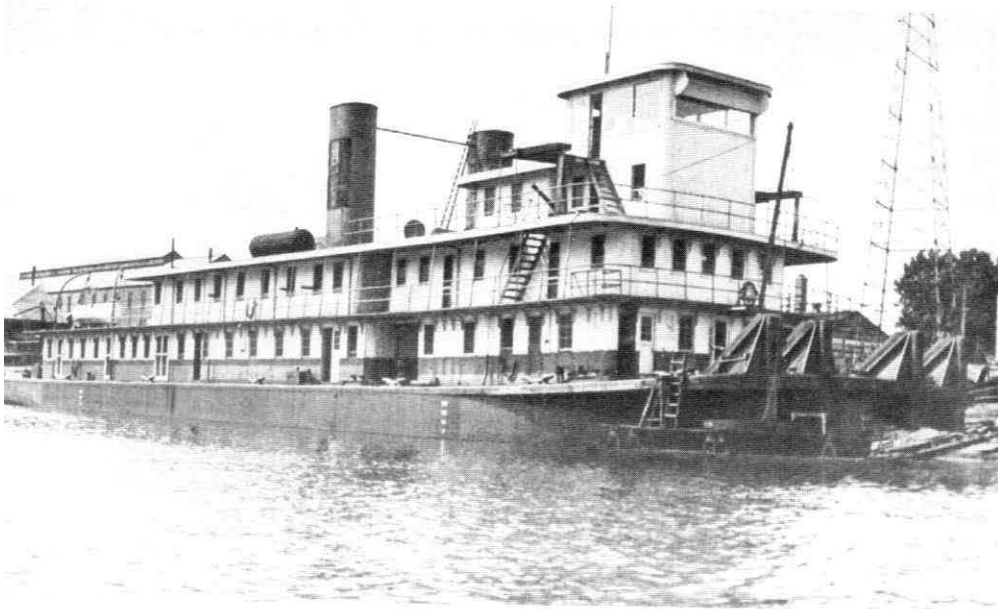
The technical seminars at the "2000 Western Ship Model Conference" will cover maritime history, ship and boat building, model building and nautical research. Wonder if anyone will ask about the merits of plexiglass as a model material? Robert G. C. Fee, head of the model shop at Newport Shipbuilding and a regular at S&D meetings until his death, once said that museum quality models should be built to last 1000 years. Don't believe HERBERT HOOVER will make it.

Elmer Easter's models of the sternwheel SEWICKLEY and a Dravo barge are on display at the Ohio River Museum and show no signs of deterioration; maybe he intended that the HERBERT HOOVER should age but not likely.

Photography by Fred Rutter.

* * *





The HERBERT HOOVER was built by the Dubuque Boat & Boiler Co., Dubuque, Iowa in 1930 for the Inland Waterways Corp. Shown here in the process of completion, the HOOVER was the most powerful diesel boat of her time, 215x43.6x7.6. She had twin props with McIntosh & Seymour diesels, four-cycle, cylinders 20" bore by 24" stroke, 1,100hp. each. This engine builder was a division of American Locomotive Co. and parts availability may have had something to do with the boat being laid up at Cairo, Illinois during most of World War II.



HERBERT HOOVER was purchased from Inland Waterways Corp. by Mississippi Valley Barge Line IN 1948, repowered with General Motors diesels (1,600hp. each) and renamed NEW ORLEANS. In 1950 Kort Nozzles were installed. Dismantled 1965

S&D member Stan Grayson is the author of an interesting new book on marine engines called, Engines Afloat, The Gasoline/Diesel Era. This is Volume II of Engines Afloat: Volume I is called, The Gasoline Era. The period covered by Engines Afloat, both Volumes I and II, is, "From Early Days to D-Day."

Although marine engineering is a technical subject the approach is basically non-technical with clear writing and just enough description to satisfy those with engineering interests. Chapter 1, "Diesels," sets the stage for the subject very well for those of us who know little about compression ratios, fuel systems, Rudolph Diesel, etc. and the story is a fascinating one.

A number of contemporary articles on the development of internal combustion engines which appeared in boating publications over the years are used in this well researched book. Good background on the major figures in engine design and their companies is provided so the reader is well informed about the triumphs and failures.

Chapters are devoted to the adoption of the internal combustion engine by the fishing industry, on the inland waterways and by the U.S. Navy.

River applications of oil and diesel engines relies heavily on the files of The Waterways Journal. S&D member Bud Daily is a contributor of early gasboat history while Fred Way's comments and observations on "gasboats" from early issues of his Inland River Record are quoted.

This is a good general reference which is also entertaining. Engines Afloat: The Gasoline/Diesel Era is 8-1/2x11 inches, softbound, 200 pages with 100 illustrations and an index. The book is available at \$35.95 plus \$4.50 postage from: DEVEREUX BOOKS, P.O. BOX 503, MARBLEHEAD, MA 01945.

* * *

- THIS AND THAT -

PITTSBURGH REGIONAL HISTORY CENTER

The Senator John Heinz Regional History Center in Pittsburgh opened three years ago and we finally went to take a peek. The Western Pennsylvania Historical Society now has first class museum and library space in a remodeled historic building in an interesting area in downtown Pittsburgh.

The location is on Smallman Street which is toward the Allegheny River from the landmark Union Station building, near the Convention Center. The area is called The Strip District which during the late 19th century and up until WW-II was the main produce wholesale district. Now, the area has undergone considerable change because of the demise of produce wholesale houses which has provided space for retail stores, restaurants and other entertainment.

The history center building dates to 1898 when it was constructed as The Chataqua Lake Ice Co. warehouse, six stories high and 160,000 square in floor space. It is a classic "heavy timber" type building built to hold all that lake ice and much of the heavy timber construction remains uncovered. The top floor comprises the historical society's library and administrative offices with exhibits on floors one through four.

On the fourth floor we stepped off the elevator to see a nice model of the towboat CHARLES T. CAMPBELL before us. This is a floor of changing galleries and the Capt. Charles Talbot Campbell Gallery is one of them. On display the day we stopped were photographs taken of Pittsburgh by Todd Webb in 1948, before the clean-up of the city with steel mills, locomotives and steamboats in evidence and all smoking up. The Charley Zubik fleet shows up, long a landmark.

The other floors are equally interesting so if you are within 50 miles of Pittsburgh take the time and go have a look. It's worth the trip.

* * *

**UP THE BRISTOL CHANNEL WITHOUT A
PADDLE**

The sidewheel British WAVERLEY is the last operating coastwise paddle steamer, restored about twenty years ago by a volunteer group. It has since operated day cruises during the summer season with occasionally longer trips along the east and west coasts of the British Isles. (See S&D Reflector, June 1993, page 16)

Jeff Spear brings us this item from the London Times of June 15:

"The actors Prunella Scales and her husband Timothy West helped to keep spirits high on board a paddle steamer stranded at sea.

A day trip turned into an overnight ordeal for 400 passengers and crew on the 52-year-old WAVERLEY, the world's last ocean-going paddle steamer, when one of the ships 20ft. paddle wheels broke a drive shaft four miles off the North Devon coast. Seven lifeboats along the Bristol Channel were put on standby after the ship was forced to drop anchor off Foreland Point near Lynmouth in North Devon on Sunday evening.

Miss Scales and Mr. West - who are currently appearing in the hit West End show *The Birthday Party* - joined in a singalong as they awaited the arrival of a tug.

Brian Thomas, 42, a shopkeeper from Tonyrefail in south Wales, said: "Prunella turned what could have been an ordeal into a memorable night. We all joined in singing old songs."

Miss Scales, best known for her role as Sybil in the television comedy *Faulty Towers*, and Mr. West are regular passengers on the 250ft. WAVERLEY which is owned by a charitable trust and used for pleasure cruises around Britain. The voyage began at 7:45am on Sunday at Clevedon in Somerset.

The WAVERLEY eventually docked at Barry in south Wales shortly before 8am. Chris Evans, a hospital worker, said: "I've been going on the WAVERLEY for 20 years and this was the best trip. It was a cruise to remember."

* * *

CELEBRATE THE MILLENNIUM ON THE RIVER

The Delta Queen Steamboat Co. has had several mailings this summer mentioning the "millennium" and various promotions connected therewith. One cruise aboard the AMERICAN QUEEN does cover the period over the dawn of the new year but when the millennium actually begins depends upon your own interpretation, we understand. The AMERICAN QUEEN trip starts from New Orleans on December 28, 1999 and proceeds upriver to Natchez for New Year's Eve. The return to New Orleans includes stops at Baton Rouge/St. Francisville and arrives at New Orleans January 4, 2000. (If the boat's systems are 2YK compliant should you enjoy worrying about 2YK disasters).

AAA Travel Agency, Cincinnati, alerted us to this particular offer.

* * *

CHARLES HENRY STONE, THE FERRY

Capt. Charles Henry Stone of Pt. Pleasant is distinguished by having had two boats named for him. The CAPT. CHARLES H. STONE is a 3800hp. diesel towboat operating today while the first the sidewheel, steam ferry pictured here sometime prior to 1925.

The CHARLES HENRY STONE (0956) was built at Pt. Pleasant, WV in 1917 for Capt. Charles C. Stone who held the ferry franchise on the Kanawha River between Pt. Pleasant and Henderson. She had a wood hull, 64.8x19x3.2, single boiler with engine in the hull driving the sidewheels through shafts. A clutch was installed in the shaft for independent control of the wheels.

Charlie Stone looked at this photo taken from the Pt. Pleasant shore by C. C. Bowyer and pointed out some details. The date is before 1925 as it was in that year that the aprons were extended to better handle automobiles.

The passenger room is on the near side with the horizontal steam engine beneath the floor in the hull, while the boiler is on the opposite side. The pipe from a stove extends through the roof while three hog chain posts also show; cross hog chains support the wheels. A drive-thru is between the two deck houses and with careful planning six Model-Ts could be carried, two on the front apron, two in the drive-thru and two on the rear apron. LaSalles, Studebakers and Packards took up more space but there were few of them in those days.

The door is open on the unisex outhouse on the boiler side of the boat. The skylights are open over the boiler room, a warm summer day.

If you look closely there is a cable extending down into the water alongside the near end of the apron, - this is connected to the rudder. On the opposite end of the boat the dark plate showing is the other rudder, used when traveling

in the opposite direction. The two were connected to the same cable so when one was in use the other was raised.

The barrier bar to block off the apron is extending from the far side bull rails. It was hinged and usually swung across the end when the boat was running. "Must not be any passengers this trip," comments Charlie.

Steering was done from inside the cabin on either end, there being wheels installed by the horizontal windows showing on this end. The boat was designed by Capt. C. C. Stone for one man operation, - two levers hung from the ceiling near the pilotwheels to control the throttle and clutch while a ship-up lever for ahead or back extended from the floor. A coal box was located in front of the boiler room and, "All you had to do was throw in a bucket full or a couple of lumps once in awhile to keep up steam."

In the early days a great many cattle were herded into Henderson and then taken across the Kanawha River ferry and then over the Ohio on the sidewheel ferry ANN BAILEY. Apparently, there was a loading chute on the Kanauga side for shipping to Columbus by rail. The practice was that herds were only charged once, on the first ferry, and rode free on the second. Charlie Stone recalls that his job as a ten year old was to wash off the deck with the fire hose after every herd of cattle. A local joke was that if one operator collected the fare the other collected the manure.

The H. E. Shadle Memorial Bridge was completed across the Kanawha River at Pt. Pleasant in 1931. The CHARLES HENRY STONE was traded to Robert Hamilton, Huntington, WV for the sternwheel ferry CITY OF HUNTINGTON (1082) and she then ran to Chesapeake from Huntington as recounted in Jesse Hughes' 1932 diary. CHARLES HENRY STONE (the boat!) sank in Symmes Creek in 1935 and was dismantled.

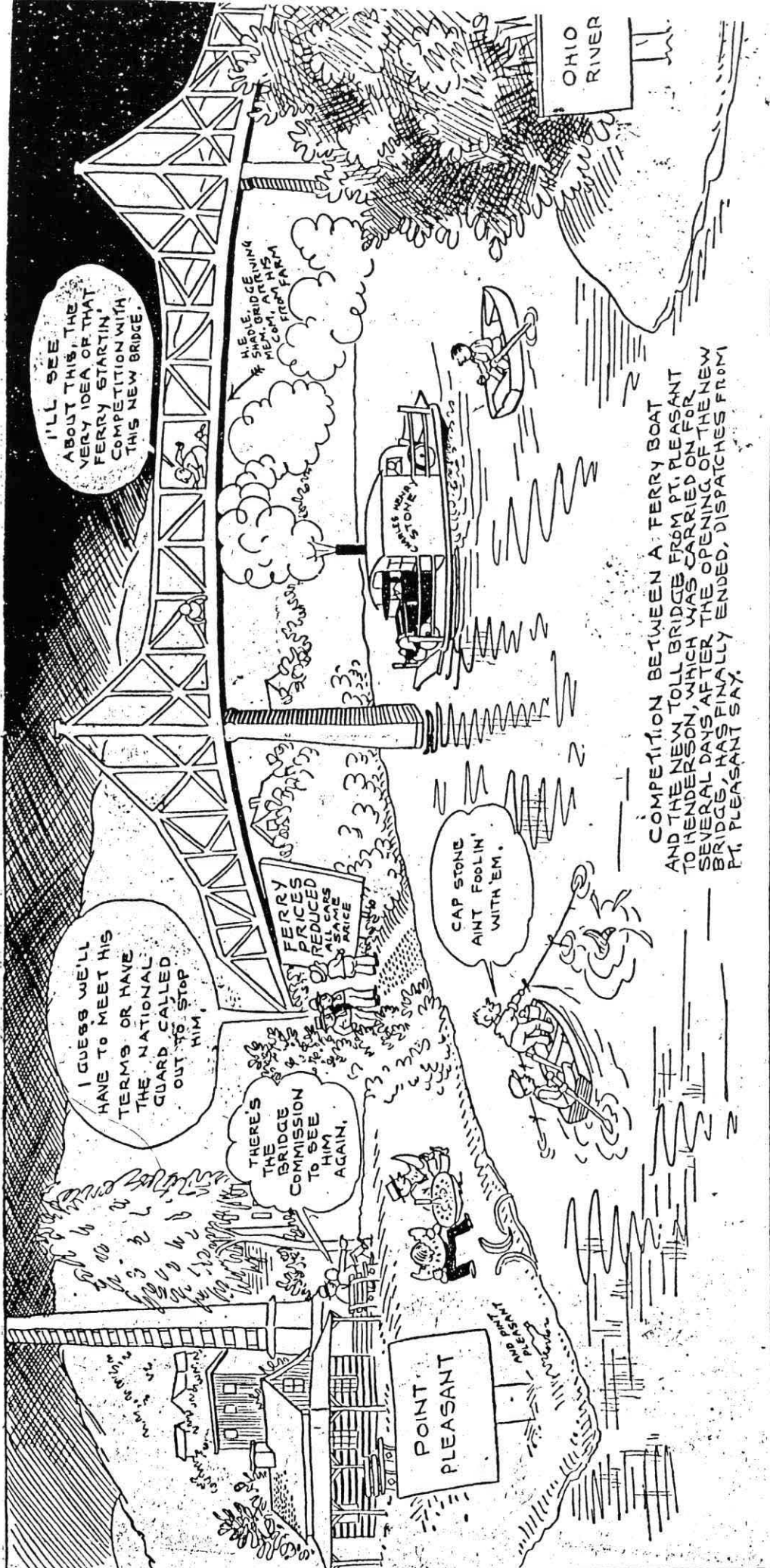
* * *



LEFT - Three distinguished gentlemen pose for the camera of Barb Hameister in the cabin of the MV TWILIGHT during the Middle Ohio River Chapter trip reported elsewhere in this issue.

Jimmy Swift, Contributing Editor of The Waterways Journal, sports the official shirt of the Mississippi River Chapter. He is flanked by Commodore Dennis Trone, owner of the TWILIGHT, and Robert "Bob" Anton, a.k.a. Mark Twain.

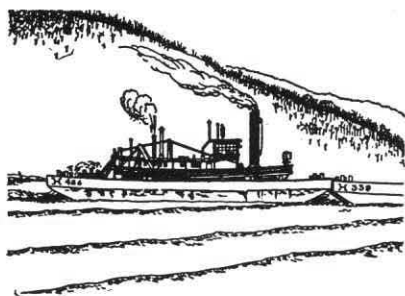




COMPETITION BETWEEN A FERRY BOAT AND THE NEW TOLL BRIDGE FROM PT. PLEASANT TO HENDERSON, WHICH WAS CARRIED ON FOR SEVERAL DAYS AFTER THE OPENING OF THE NEW BRIDGE, HAS FINALLY ENDED, DISPATCHES FROM PT. PLEASANT SAY.

The above cartoon appeared in the Charleston paper shortly after the Shadle Memorial Bridge opened in August 1931 and was passed along by Jerry Sutphin. It seems appropriate to run at this time for several reasons, one being that the Shadle bridge was replaced by a new four-lane model which opened in 1998 and the second is the discussion of the ferry CHARLES HENRY STONE elsewhere on these pages.

Charles C. Stone, Charles Henry's father, was holder of the ferry franchise across the Kanawha and a price was agreed upon. When the toll bridge was ready to open West Virginia proposed to pay in bridge stock but C. C. was talking cold cash. The ribbon was cut on the bridge but the CHARLES HENRY STONE continued to run and carried 65 cars in three days. The bridge commission cried uncle and paid up.



RECOLLECTIONS OF TOWBOATING

by Capt. E. Clare Carpenter

CHAPTER NINE ON THE MV. PEACE AND OTHERS

After the lay up of the KEYSTONE and my summer study of the Monongahela River aboard the BEAVER I worked as relief master and pilot on whichever boat Union Barge Line needed my services. Moving from boat to boat wasn't particularly objectionable to me at that time since each boat offered something different.

One morning in April 1953 I went into the U.B.L. Landing about 4:30am. as pilot on the SOUTHERN. The landing man said, "Mr. Osborne wants to see you as soon as you get tied off." "Oh boy, what have I done now," because Mr. Osborne never came to the landing at that time in the morning. After the usual greetings I said, "You wanted to see me?" Mr. Osborne replied, "Yes, as of now you are captain of the PEACE." This was a surprise since Captain Frank Springer had been on the PEACE since 1945 but he had resigned and was no longer with the company.

The NEVILLE and the PEACE were sister boats and almost identical but for some reason I always liked the NEVILLE better. I could have gone on the NEVILLE only a few months earlier and I wasn't too happy that morning after hearing Alvin Osborne's announcement. Never having cared for the PEACE, I suggested that Capt. Ed, who had a license to New Orleans compared to mine only to Cairo, might be a better choice. I inquired about the prospects of the KEYSTONE coming out again and Alvin said they may not need her. We finally agreed that I would go on the PEACE but should the KEYSTONE come back out I could go to her.

So I wound up on the PEACE. From time to time I had been on the boat for trips while Capt.

Springer was master but only for short periods of time. Perhaps the most exciting time in PEACE history was when one of the women had a baby one morning about six o'clock. We had asked Capt. Springer several times, "When is she going to have the baby?" but the captain always answered, "Oh, she is just getting fat."

It was late fall and still dark when Capt. Springer came on watch at 6 am. Only minutes later the cook burst into the pilothouse and said, "Nellie just had a baby." Not being too sharp at that time in the morning the answer was, "Un-huh," then it hit him. He jumped out of the chair and when he came down one foot went "Splash!" into the big brass cuspidor and stuck there. After getting his foot free, Capt. Springer's first remark was, "Don't tell anyone. We'll keep it a secret."

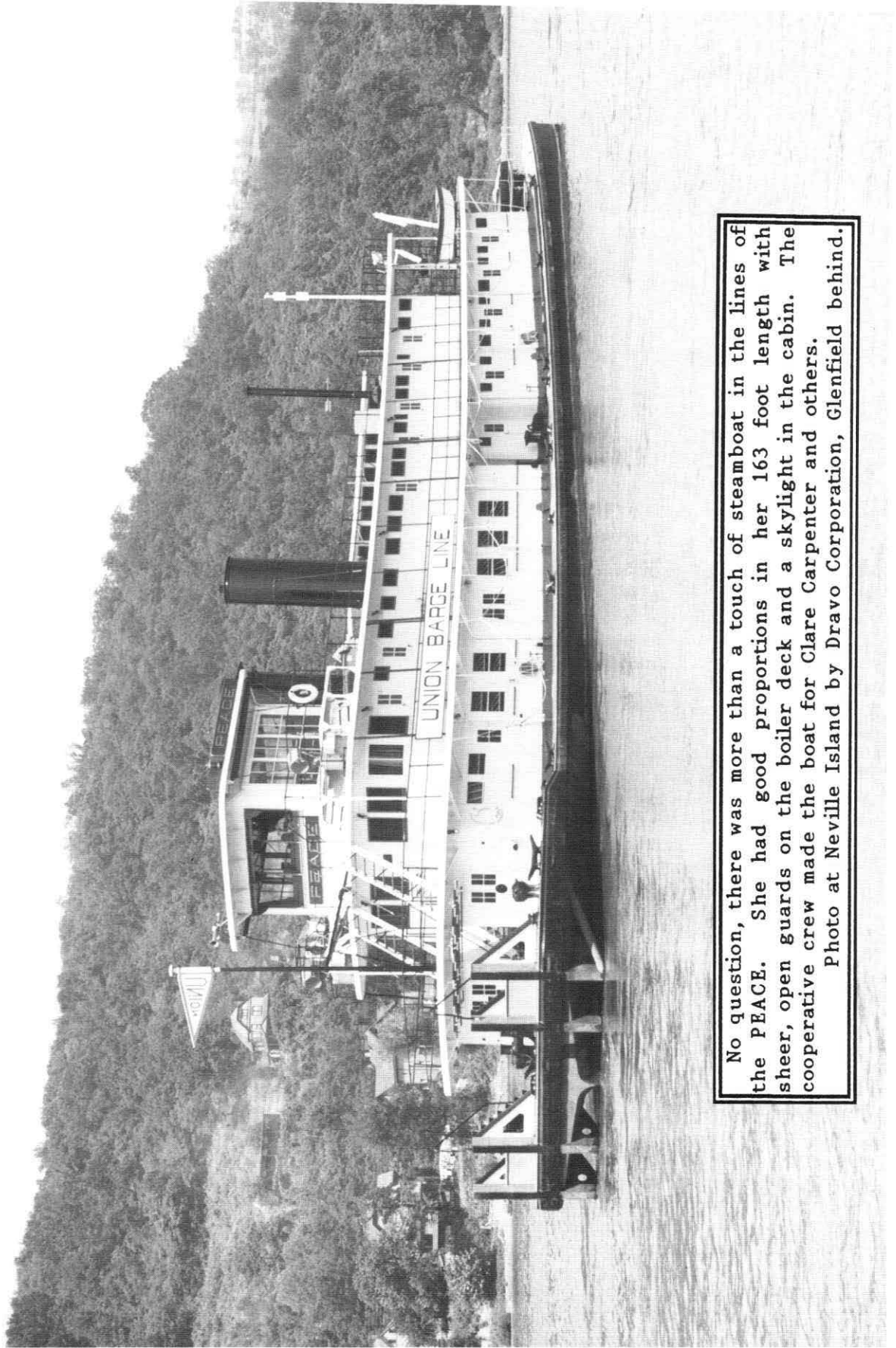
"I'm sure we will," answered the cook. "That kid is down there squalling until you can hear it for a mile up or down either shore." They tied up the tow and took Nellie and the baby to St. Mary's to go to the hospital.

There was a common expression on the river that, "The crew makes the boat." but I never gave it much thought until I went on the PEACE. I was griping to Kenneth Cook, the chief engineer, about being stuck on the PEACE when I could have had the NEVILLE. Kenny replied, "I felt the same as you do when they sent me over here from the KEYSTONE. Just give yourself a few months to get used to this boat and you'll find it the best job of the three." This proved to be true. From the captain's point of view it was the easiest and most pleasant job that I ever had.

The big objection I had to being in charge of the PEACE was her trade all the way to New Orleans. The lower Mississippi was a long way from home at Belpre and there were opportunities to get home, even if for only a day or a few hours, when a boat was running between Pittsburgh and Louisville or even Cairo.

The following is a good sample of the schedule of the PEACE, moving tows of ten barges or more with 1,800 horsepower in 1955:

On the first of January I left home to catch the LIBERTY at Wheeling to take her down the river. I changed back to the upbound PEACE at Rising Sun, Indiana on January 7. Reese Lloyd was my partner and we took our tow up to Pittsburgh and then started back down. We spent January 27 making up tow at Cairo and then started down the Mississippi. Passed Memphis the following day, Arkansas City on the 29th, Natchez on the 30th, and were at New Orleans on January 31 with six loads and five empty barges. After dropping off our tow we picked up four loads and ten empties to take



No question, there was more than a touch of steamboat in the lines of the PEACE. She had good proportions in her 163 foot length with sheer, open guards on the boiler deck and a skylight in the cabin. The cooperative crew made the boat for Clare Carpenter and others.

Photo at Neville Island by Dravo Corporation, Glenfield behind.

northbound. We got back up to Cairo on February 10 and on to Louisville three days later. Then there was two weeks off at home. I just didn't like being stuck down on the Mississippi.

Late in March 1955 Mr. Osborne called me at home from the Union Barge Line office. He said, "Remember our agreement about the KEYSTONE if we decided to run her again? Well, we will be bringing her out in a few days so if you still want to be her captain it is your job. We are satisfied with the job you are doing on the PEACE so it is up to you."

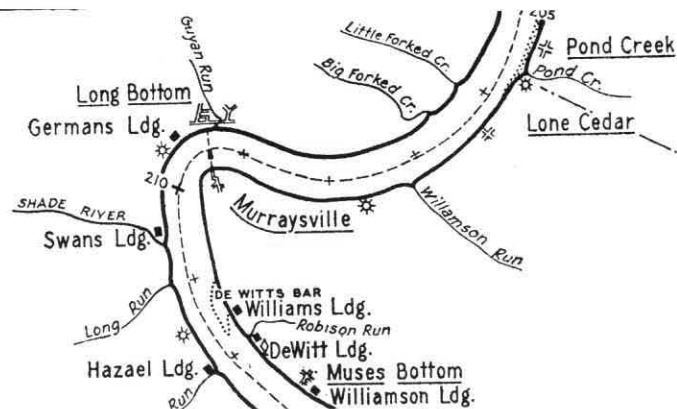
By then, I had been on the PEACE almost two years and had really grown to like her. But, the KEYSTONE had several advantages not the least of which was no long trips to New Orleans. Being able to get off every week or so, whenever we passed by Belpre, was a big factor. I told Mr. Osborne I would take the KEYSTONE and brought her out again on March 30, 1955.

In the two years that the KEYSTONE had been laid up my crew had all scattered. Jack Loomis was the captain on some other boat, Kenny Cook was still engineer on the PEACE and Nolan Boaz was engineer on the LEHIGH. My brother Wilson Carpenter had just gotten his pilot's license so was not available to be mate and lord knows where the rest of the crew had scattered so I had an entirely new crew. But, Glory Be, we had a radio.

The fact that the KEYSTONE's Cooper-Bessemer JS-6 engines were only rated at 750hp. total never seemed to have registered with the barge dispatchers in the office. When a boat departed south from Neville Island it took everything that was ready to go (up to locking limits) regardless of whether it was the KEYSTONE or one of the 3,600hp. boats. Thus on our second trip we left the Steubenville area with 21 loads. That evening when I reported my position at Mile 92, south on the Ohio with 21 loads, Wilson (making his second trip as pilot) remarked, "Everybody in the whole company heard that and they also know that I'm on here. They will keep the radios cranked up waiting to hear when we hit the bank and spill the whole mess."

"Well, it may happen but I promise you that when I do she will be backing hard and a long time before she hits."

We got open river at Marietta so we double-tripped the Parkersburg bridges. Then there were touchy flanking jobs at Longbottom, Ravenswood, Sliding Hill and Sciotoville bends that involved lots of backing. The next obstacle was the Cincinnati harbor with five bridges. Four of our barges had to be delivered there which would involve about twelve hours double tripping out of tow work.



With 21 barges the 750hp. KEYSTONE on open river had to "flank" sharp bends like this one at Long Bottom, Ohio. The towboat backs to kill headway and control the stern as the tow floats around the bend.

I called the dispatcher, explained the situation at Cincinnati and suggested that he get Capt. John Beatty's harbor boat to meet us up at Coal Haven and take the eight barges from the head of the tow including the ones for Cincinnati delivery. She could go down ahead of us, make the Cincinnati deliveries and then go below the bridges and put the remaining four barges back on the tow. This seemed safe enough and there would be very little lost time.

The dispatcher agreed that it was a good idea and a short time later called back to say that arrangements had been made and Capt. Beatty would meet me at Coal Haven. At Coal Haven I backed the KEYSTONE until all the headway was out of our tow and Capt. Beatty came up and faced his boat on one of the head barges. When my crew had knocked the rigging off of the coupling Beatty turned the eight barges around and took off down the river.

I ran slow speed and floated down through the Cincinnati harbor and when we got to Ludlow, below the bridges, there was Capt. Beatty waiting with my four remaining barges. I backed some more, he shoved the barges up against the head of the tow, the deck crew got some lines on them and we were on our way. With that operation, our lost time was not more than an hour.

Even with four barges delivered, the remaining seventeen barges still meant backing and flanking at places like Sugar Creek, Rock Haven, Wolf Creek and Uniontown. These we managed but then one morning about five o'clock I was awakened by the KEYSTONE backing extra hard. I was starting to get up to see what was happening when the mate stuck his head in the door and said, "Wilson said for you to come up to the pilothouse."

Wilson had gone down the Kentucky shore at J. C. Warehouse Crossing Light a little too far before starting to pull out to go across the river to Shawneetown Bar Light. He then became scared that he might not make it and would go aground on Shawneetown Bar so decided to back up and do it all over. But by the time he got stopped he was well down behind the bar and



The towboat design with quarters for the crew down in the hull and a row of portholes was first offered by Dravo in 1940 with the twins DUCTILLITE and SEMET-SOLVAY. The design was lengthened ten feet to 145x27x12 for the KEYSTONE built in 1945 pictured here. The 760hp. served well for the sand trade but was hardly adequate for the fifteen and twenty barge tows of Union Barge Line, - but Clare liked her.

the KEYSTONE couldn't back the tow upstream.

I knew that there was enough water down the Kentucky shore to go on down behind the bar and out into the channel below but a new highway bridge had just been completed at Shawneetown, Illinois. The last time I was by there some pilings were still in along the shore and neither of us knew if they were still there or if there was enough water to go over them. Lucky for us there were some big trees on shore alongside the tow so we tied off and went down for breakfast.

My plan was to get on the other end of the tow and see if the KEYSTONE could shove it back up stream far enough to get out into the river and around the bar. When I came on watch after breakfast we took the KEYSTONE around below the tow and faced up on the lower end. When we came ahead, low and behold, we moved.

According to the river chart we were one mile below the J. C. Warehouse Crossing Light and one and a half hours later the tow arrived at the big tree that the light was fastened to. It is against the law to tie to anything that is an aid to navigation but since the next big tree was a least two miles up the river we bent the law and tied up. After taking the KEYSTONE around to the upper end of the barges we faced her up and turned loose. We went out from the bank backing as hard as she could so as to get out into the river far enough to miss the bar before the current pushed us down on it.

Now, several of the barges went to Paducah and that meant we would have to land, make deliveries and then remake the tow, a job which would take several hours. We were getting close when the watchman came in the pilothouse and asked how we were going to land. I had figured out an easy way and answered, "On our way down past the head of Owens Island I'll back her as hard as she'll go to kill off all the headway. Meanwhile, you get the stern wires off and be ready to turn loose. When I give a toot, take the face wires off and I will run around and face up on the other end so that when we drift past the end of the island we can come ahead and shove up into the chute and tie on the fleet."

The KEYSTONE had four capstans so we always used them to hold her in the tow. The face wires were three strands of three-quarter inch diameter cable with a length of manila rope on one end to go around the capstans. We had four me on deck so two would throw the line off of the capstans and the other two would be on the barges and as soon as the wires were slack they could pick them up, step onto the boat with them and we would be loose.

The stern wires were hooked up the same only they were double rather than triple strand, went to the outside corners of the tow and back to the capstans about in the middle of the boat. They were harder to get off and took a little more time so for that reason they were nearly always taken off first and put on last when

making up tow, usually after we were under way.

As anticipated, it all worked out fine since there was little current in the chute behind Owens Island. We delivered the barges at Paducah and took what was left on down to Cairo, Illinois. At Cairo we had to wait all day for barges that another boat was bringing down from St. Louis so everybody went up town and relaxed.

Later, about 10 o'clock that evening, I went to the engine room for something and the chief asked if I wanted a drink. He had found some 180 proof alcohol, diluted it with distilled water and added a jar of maraschino cherries. "Sure is pretty but I'm on watch now, maybe later," I said. He replied that the bottle would be under his pillow so just help myself. At watch time I stopped and took a nip - not bad - but the next morning the cook was on the warpath because something had happened to her cherries.

One spring-like March evening when the forward watch was eating supper Jim The Blimp was missing. I asked if Jim was alright, not sick or something, as Jim would have to be very sick to miss a meal. Later, after just finishing the six-thirty radio report to the office, the watchman came in and said, "Cap, you better go down and see about Jim. He is down in his room in bed and can't move."

I went down to the room and found Jim stretched out on the bed. He said that he had been sitting on a chair and when he went to get up he had an awful pain in his back, was just able to make it to his room and onto the bed. We were just below Augusta, Kentucky so went on up above town and tied up the tow to some trees and took the boat back down to the wharf. We could only get the KEYSTONE close enough to the bank to reach across with a twenty foot ladder, tied the boat up to a mooring ring and went up town to find a doctor.

At the top of the bank two young men in a car had been watching us and when I reached the street one of them asked, "Can I help you captain?" I told him we needed a doctor and he replied, "My father is a doctor. Get in the car." (It turned out that the young man had worked on the Ashland boats.) The doctor was having evening office hours and after checking the last couple of patients he came down and looked at Jim.

"I can't tell much about him here. I suggest that he go over to the hospital and, if you want, I'll call an ambulance after I get back to the office." The doctor had, of course, made the right suggestion but the next question was how to get Jim off of the boat. He was a big man and the KEYSTONE's decks were at least four feet high so there was no way we could put him on a

stretcher and lower him over the side into a yawl. That left the ladder which was stretched out almost level and wouldn't support Jim and two men to carry him. The rails were 2x4 with an iron rod underneath, extra strong; I decided that if we doubled up with a second ladder underneath and laid boards on top for a walkway it might hold the weight.

But, we had left the second ladder on the barges when we tied them up above town so would have to make a trip to get it. Earlier in the day the wind had been blowing so hard and the river was so rough the ferryboat that went across to the Ohio shore had to quit running. While we were going after the ladder the ambulance came down to the river and by then it was dark so he was waiting with the emergency lights running. The captain of the ferryboat had been watching us all the time and when the ambulance showed up he figured something unusual was up. The wind had died down so the ferry operator came across to see what was going on.

When we got back with the second ladder the ferryboat had landed so the plan changed. The ambulance backed out onto the ferry, I eased the KEYSTONE against the ferry's apron and a couple of deckhands carried Jim on the stretcher to the ambulance. The mate jumped in for the ride to the hospital and everyone heaved a sigh of relief. Jim was released from the hospital two days later but I never found out what his problem really had been. More and more I was realizing that there are times when a Captain's life wasn't all fun.

The kitchens on Union Barge Line boats were well equipped and all had a large, commercial-type Sunbeam Mixer. The mixer on the KEYSTONE had a nasty habit of breaking the welds that held the shaft to the beaters so that every three or four months we had to buy a new set of beaters. I accused the cook of using them to mix the cement that she put in the biscuits but, of course, I was always between her and the door when making such remarks.



One morning I went into the kitchen and the cook told me the beaters were broken again. The mixer was sitting on the counter so I turned it on and the beaters worked. I said, "This thing works OK," and she answered, "Yes, but only when the bowl is empty. It won't beat clear water." I turned the switch to slow speed and put the palm of my hand against the beater; sure enough, the shaft kept turning but everything else stopped.

Just before midnight that night I went back to the kitchen for a sandwich. There was the broken mixer and for some illogical reason I decided to test it again. After turning the mixer on slow I started to put my palm against the beaters but somehow the middle finger on my right hand went between the beater blades. Someone had installed new beaters and these worked very well so that the finger was wound and twisted around until the motor stalled. There I was all by myself, tied to a finger-eating mixer and I couldn't reach the switch with my left hand to turn the power off. It seemed a long while before I could pull the power cord out of the socket and then worked the beaters out of the mixer. But they still held my finger.

After a lot of twisting and pulling the finger finally came free and then I saw that the nail had been ripped off except for a very small piece on one side. After pulling the rest of nail off with a quick jerk I got to the first aid cabinet, poured mercurochrome on the finger and wrapped it up with a roll of gauze. There were no scissors to cut the gauze so the closest place for help was the engine room. The engineer wanted to know what had happened to mess me up like that but all I wanted was something to cut the gauze so I could finish wrapping the finger. Although there was a razor-sharp knife lying on the bench, the engineer dug out a pair of tin snips to cut a one inch piece of gauze; said later he didn't want to dull his knife.

I got the finger in to see the doctor the next day and, for a time, it seemed to do OK. Then, it became infected and the new nail had to be removed and we started over. As this is written, that finger has a nail but it is rather crooked and is twisted to point toward Fisher's barn.

One hot July evening I came on watch with the head of the tow up under the K&I Railroad bridge just below Lock 41 at the Louisville canal. We were stopped by the current and my partner Jack had been there for the better part of an hour and hadn't gained three feet. The head of the tow was just up past the end of the guide wall so I decided to try to cross over and maybe we could get a capstan line onto the outside wall and pull the tow up into the lock.

We hit the opposite wall at the second check post from the lower end but we were dropping back. The deck crew got a line on the wall and checked me to a stop but the KEYSTONE could not move ahead. They then dragged the end of a two inch line out over the barges and up to the next check post beyond the end of the tow and then put it on a capstan. When the capstan was started nothing happened.

The KEYSTONE had four electric capstans and while she was not too big on main engine power she had gobs of generating capacity; we could use all capstans at once if need be. After we failed to move forward with the first line the crew dragged out the second line and with two capstans working we moved very slowly up to the post that the lines were on. Then we had to tie off and moved the capstan lines up to another post and try again. It took three pulls and six hours before the mighty KEYSTONE was able to enter the lock without capstan help. Not only had we lost about eight hours trying to get into Lock 41 but a grocery truck had come down to meet us expecting the boat to be there about 7pm. The un-refrigerated truck had been waiting for five hours in 90 degree heat, ice cream was dripping over the esplanade, the frozen food had thawed and the vegetables were as wilted as were our crew.

In August 1955 I tried piloting of another sort, - in a canoe on the Muskingum River. Son Scott was now almost twelve years old so it was time to do something special with him. Big brother Eddie, now fifteen, was involved in scouts, baseball and other activities of his own. A camping trip interested Scott so we planned one coming down the length of the Muskingum River and then on home to Belpre. First, we needed some sort of a boat and settled on a canoe as the most suitable for our purpose. After much looking I bought a canoe from Mac Hastleton for \$60 and then practiced with it for a few days.

On August 13, a Saturday, Scott and I started out from Coshocton about three o'clock on a rainy afternoon. We got down the river about ten miles before stopping and setting up camp on an island. On the second day we arrived at Dresden about noon and after looking around town we portaged around Lock 11 at Ellis and then camped at the lower end of Zanesville around suppertime.

After carrying our stuff and the canoe around Lock 11 and then Lock 10 at Zanesville we found it easier to slide the canoe over the rest of the dams. On the third day we camped about two miles below Eaglesport after sliding the canoe over the Philo and Rokeby Dams (Nos. 9 and 8). The next day we stopped in McConnellsville and

continued down past Stockport to camp on the sand bar below the dam at Luke Chute (Dam No. 5). All was going fine and Scott proved to be a good camper.

Mabel and youngest son Lowell, now nine years old, brought us a picnic supper when we made our next camp below the Lowell dam. The following morning after leaving the Lowell campsite we discovered that part of the tent had been left behind so Mabel met us at the Devols Lock and son Lowell joined the expedition for the last night of camping on Muskingum Island and dad's cooking. It was a great experience for all concerned.

One morning on the KEYSTONE I was trying to get past the point opposite the mouth of the Miami River below Cincinnati. There was a good stage of water and we were finally stalled out by the fast current. Over on the Indiana side the big bar at the mouth of the river was covered with water with the tops of willows just showing, I knew there was enough water to go over the bar and not much current so I decided to go across and run up over the bar.

As anticipated, the KEYSTONE could move ahead once we got in the slack current along the Indiana shore and we were sailing along very nicely until we almost stopped. I was trying to figure out what had stopped us when suddenly the bell rang in my head: those little willows had their roots about nine feet down and the barges were going over a small forest of good sized trees. The first reaction was to stop and back out but then if we did the trees which had bent when we shoved over them would pop up between the rakes of the barges and we would be in a fine fix. I rang the engineer for more power and steered out toward the open water, throwing up a wake of shredded willows as we went.

On May 11, 1956 we were on our way to Memphis after making up our tow at Cairo. The NEVILLE was coming up the Mississippi and would need an Ohio River pilot when she reached Cairo so I changed over to her when we met at mile 934, just above Hickman. The KEYSTONE went on to Memphis but when she got back to Neville Island the Union Barge Line took her off charter and she went back to Keystone Sand Co. In 1960 the KEYSTONE was sold to the Alter Co., Davenport, Iowa and renamed FRANK R. ALTER.

It was in the fall of 1956 that I had my worst experience on the river. Union Barge Line had taken delivery of two new boats, the EASTERN and the WESTERN, earlier in the year, twins in size, 166x36, and each with 3,500 hp. On September 6 I got on the EASTERN at the Union Barge Line landing and started down the river with a tow. On September 12 we met the upbound WESTERN at Tradewater River, below

Shawneetown on the Lower Ohio, and I changed over to her. We got back to Neville Island on the 22nd, made a quick turnaround and started back down the river the following morning, Sunday September 23, 1956.

I came on watch at 6 am. at Old Lock 2, just below the U.B.L. landing on Neville island. We had two lengths of loads and a length of empties on the head of the tow and by about 9 am. we were through the Dashields Lock. A mile or two below the lock, just about Leetsdale or the upper end of Ambridge, Pennsylvania, Jim Spires the watchman came to the pilothouse, looked out to port at a small outboard motorboat and remarked that a man was taking his boys out for an early morning ride. He then asked how I planned to arrange the tow when we picked up more barges and we discussed a tentative diagram I had made while we were in the lock. Moments later we looked up and there was the motorboat stopped about 200 feet dead ahead of the tow with the man standing up and cranking frantically.

I pulled the throttles from ahead to full astern, blew a danger signal whistle as Jim took off on a run as the deckhand on the head of the boat also ran out. By the time they got to the head of the loads the empties had already gone over the motorboat and Frank Oliver saw one of the boys come out from under them. He took his life jacket off, lay on his belly with the end over the side and the boy caught it and was pulled aboard. While this was going on the man came out from under the empties about midway along the side and someone threw him a life jacket.

By this time our off-watch deck crew had our yawl in the water and went to pick the man up but he was looking for the other two boys. They searched in the yawl and I backed way up river so as to be sure they were not still under the barges. Finally, some boys who had been playing in a boat along the shore came by and said they had picked up one boy and took him across the river. We didn't find the third boy, a five year old.

There was a Coast Guard hearing on the accident on September 28 at which the father took full responsibility. When asked by the Coast Guard examiner when he pulled in front of us he could only say, "I never had any trouble with the boat before and I figured that at the speed we both were going that I was safe." The view from the pilothouse that morning is one that I most surely will never forget.

Dravo built the CORNELL for Union Barge Line in 1945. She was twenty feet longer than the KEYSTONE and powered with two National Superior direct reversing engines totalling 2,260 hp. Capt. Homer Payton had been her master from 1947 until 1956 when he was transferred to

the EASTERN and I took his place with Capt. Russell Fry as relief master. Russell Fry made one trip with me, got off sick to go home and died two or three days later.

About this time the company adopted a policy of keeping their captains on boats within the range of their pilot's license so that meant changing from one boat to another rather frequently. Although I was still officially the master, I was really not on CORNELL very much as she often made trips down the Mississippi.

My big day on the CORNELL came on October 4, 1958. We were coming up the Ohio with a tow of fourteen barges when I came on watch at Rose Clare, Illinois at 6 am. We were running in a light fog but by about 6:30 the fog was all gone except one little spot about three miles ahead that I could see over and around on the Kentucky side. I turned the radar on standby and proceeded at full speed because Lock 50, some five miles above, was going out of service for several days at 8 o'clock and I wanted to get through before it closed.

When I got up to the fog bank I didn't slow down until the barges started to go out of sight, then slowed the engines down and got up and turned on the radar. After looking over the fog into the bright morning sunlight I at first couldn't see anything on the radar screen but almost instantly there was a rubbing, crunching sound and also the sound of breaking rigging. I jerked the throttles back until the noise stopped and cursed myself for somehow running aground.

Then I looked over to port and there was a loaded coal barge going by, - I had hit another tow head-on. In almost less time than it takes to write this the fog was gone and what I saw wasn't pretty. One of the loaded coal barges in the other tow was sunk and one of my empties was sitting half up on top of it. Another empty tank barge of mine had both ends practically broken off and the tanks inside had moved about four feet, breaking all pipelines.

The downbound towboat was the STANTON K. SMITH owned by the Missouri-Illinois Barge Line Co. of Cape Girardeau, Missouri. Nine of my fourteen barges were damaged and there was broken rigging everywhere. Barge SAC 53 had to be beached, the coal barge belonging to the SMITH's tow was sunk and others damaged, a real mess. We finally got it all tied together and moved over to the bank to await the Coast Guard.

I got the ferryboat at Cave-In-Rock, Illinois to come out and get me to a telephone. It was a Saturday so when I called the office, not expecting anyone to be in, it was a surprise when Arthur Brosius answered. I had never thought of Arthur as being a special friend but I

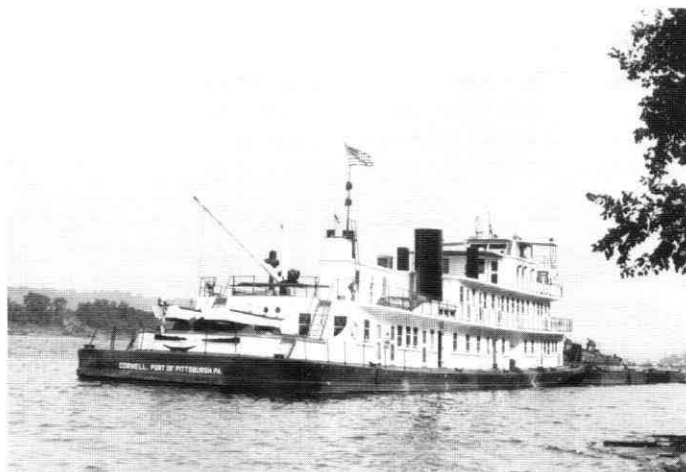
found out that day what a friend can mean when you are in trouble. We couldn't move the tank barge until the Coast Guard inspected it because of the serious damage but there was no one in the Coast Guard office at Cairo nor were any of the men found at their homes.

It was the last day of the World Series and all were down to Old Joe's Bar watching the game. Sometime during the afternoon Arthur Brosius found one of the Coast Guard people for me and he showed up just before dark. Also about dark Lester Selby from the office came and we decided to leave the tank barge to be taken back to Paducah for temporary repairs. At 11:45 pm. we gathered the rest of the barges together and moved up to Lock 50 to wait.

We were able to get passed Dam 50 about 9 o'clock the following morning when the dam was lowered but then had to wait the rest of the morning for the pool to fill enough to proceed. The Coast Guard hearing on the accident was held at Cairo on October 10 and I flew back from Cincinnati to attend.

For the rest of 1958 I continued as master on the CORNELL with one trip down from Pittsburgh on the RELIANCE. This was the boat built in 1947 to replace the sternwheel boat of the same name and she was very much like the CORNELL in size and power. There was lots of ice on the Ohio by the middle of December and there were entire watches spent on the 17th and 18th trying to get into Lock 21 and out of Lock 17 above Marietta. Except for the incident with the STANTON K. SMITH below Dam 50 it had been a good year.

* * *



The LEHIGH and CORNELL followed a new design when Dravo built them in 1945, a break with the deep hulls and portholes they had pioneered just before World War II. The hulls were 176x36x10 feet with twin props and National Superior engines totalling 2,260hp. Clare went master of CORNELL in 1956, shown here waiting for the Dashields Lock.

Photo by William E. Reed.

STEAMBOATING ON WHITE RIVER, INDIANA

The White River flows down through Indiana in generally a southwest direction from its headwaters in the vicinity of the Ohio state line just west of Union City, due east of Muncie. After running southward through Indianapolis it continues southwest until joining the Wabash River near Mt. Carmel, Illinois. Steamboats, at least one, made it up the White to Indianapolis but it was on the lower third of the river, below Bedford, Indiana, where small steamboats were one a viable means of transportation.

The town of Shoals is the county seat of Martin County. The following is taken from History of Martin County by Harry Q. Holt:

The local streams were too small to permit an extensive use by steamboats but several small craft were operated on White River. Farm products were the main cargoes carried but excursions and sightseeing trips were other important sources of revenue. Williams, a thriving and progressive village 31 miles from Shoals, was the main terminal for upstream service from Hindostan Falls.

Unfortunately, there are few records pertaining to the original owners, dates or types of local steamboats. It is believed that the first craft used power provided by a wood-fired upright steam engine and the water wheels were turned by a belt-driven shaft. Captain John Daly is mentioned as having operated the first steamboat of any kind regularly between Hindostan and Williams around 1866. Ollie L. Sowles, a beloved character in the county for many years, was employed as pilot of Daly's boat and later worked for David Garey who purchased the craft in 1879 and operated it with Shoals as the terminal. This may have been

the boat referred to in the following minutes of a county teacher's meeting held at Shoals in September 1874:

"Met aboard the steamboat INVOICE at one p.m. for the purpose of making an excursion to Clarke's Ferry and landed at 3:30 p.m."

The boat owned by Garey was sold to a Mr. Brassine and was operated in connection with his pleasure resort at LaSalle Springs. Sowles was again employed as pilot for every snag, shallow or rock in the treacherous channels of the river were part of this veteran pilot's repertoire. Brassine's hostelry was destroyed by fire but it is not known what became of the steamboat. Elderly persons disagree as to whether the boat capsized and sank or was purchased by a group of trappers, dismantled and shipped to the Mississippi River where it was rebuilt and sold after several years service for \$1,900.

The ROSABELLE was a local steamboat licensed in 1880. The boat was built and operated as one of the many activities of Benjamin C. Johnson and Wilson Chenoweth, a leading Shoals businessmen. It was named for their daughters who were leading belles of Shoals - Rosa Johnson and Belle Chenoweth. The craft was a sternwheeler with a length of 92 feet and a 21 foot beam. The boat received commendation for towing a large barge of lumber upstream 31 miles to be used for the construction of a kiln to burn drainage tiles at Williams and returning with a load of spokes, chickens, eggs, etc. for Johnson & Chenoweth and B. A. Goodin.

The years preceding the end of the 19th century were banner ones for excursions and it was not unusual for items similar to the following to appear in local papers:

"A jolly crowd of 15 couples arrived in this city Friday

afternoon and took a trip up the river on the steamboat W. J. BRYAN. The boat got back down the river about 11 pm.. Friday night and the young folks seemed to enjoy themselves immensely."

The HUNTRESS was another steamboat having Shoals as its terminal and operated exclusively as an excursion boat by David Garey and Levi Pipher, two county officials. Dances and picnics are said to have been held frequently aboard this boat and small boys were allowed to ride free as ballast. When too many guests were at one time forward the boys would act as ballast astern, thereby assuring the proper equilibrium of the vessel generally and keeping the wheel in the water.

The HUNTRESS made its last local trip around 1896 and its misfortune is recalled by several oldsters. The skipper decided to make the mill dam at Shoals without waiting for rains to increase the depth of the water. Plans were made to pull the small sternwheeler through the shallow channel of the dam with rope cables. The proper engineering skills were evidently not employed and the HUNTRESS became dangerously entangled in the whirlpools and swift currents. To save the craft and passengers the ropes were cut. The boat did not capsize but was carried downstream and saved momentarily by being grounded. The passengers were rescued after a hair-raising escape. The craft was later repaired and disposed of to persons below Hindostan Falls.

The invention of the internal combustion engines and the use of gasoline for fuel enabled barges to transport various agricultural products, sand and mussel shells upon the river until around 1935 when trucks became plentiful and a more economical method of transport. The present generation (1951) remembers how local gasoline-powered craft and

barges were operated upon the river by Isaac Taylor and later by Olbert Woosley.

Our thanks to Fred Morrison, Indianapolis for sending the copy of Harry Holt's account.

Navigation on the White River up to Indianapolis was not practical. The Central Canal, from the Wabash and Erie Canal between Ft. Wayne and Logansport south through Indianapolis and down the White River, had been authorized in 1836. Construction of the Central Canal began but it was never completed.

Way's Steam Towboat Directory lists at least two boats built at Shoals, Indiana and there are accounts of wooden barges being built there early in the 20th century.

* * *

GAMBLING BOAT CONVERSION EMERALD LADY REBORN

It was on April 1, 1991 that the rush to "riverboat gambling" began at Davenport, Iowa. On April Fool's day that year the DIAMOND LADY and PRESIDENT began their gambling cruises under a law passed by the Iowa legislature which made casino gambling legal but only when conducted aboard boats traveling on a river. The DIAMOND LADY had been special-built for the gambling purpose while the venerable excursion boat PRESIDENT had been remodeled to replace the dance floor, concession booths and band stand with one-armed bandits and crap tables.

The DIAMOND LADY and her sister boat EMERALD LADY were designed by marine architect Jack Gilbert & Associates as was the soon to follow PAR-A-DICE. These handsome boats followed general packetboat lines and were designed to travel for a couple of hours while the gamblers worked and others enjoyed the balmy breezes or ate dinner. This is



Once a tart but now she's a belle: The BELLE OF CINCINNATI at New Orleans before leaving with the barge carrying the 33 ton World Peace Bell. Built by Atlantic Marine, Inc., Jacksonville, FL in 1991 she is 201'x49.5'. Three diesel engines: Hydraulic drive to the paddlewheel plus twin props. Passengers, 1,000. Bill Judd photo.

what the legislators naively said was intended but after casino gambling was approved by several more states it didn't take long for the rules to change. The cruising requirement was whittled away as state by state competed for the dollars and soon if a "boat" was within sight of water or occasionally sprayed with a garden hose it was called a riverboat. The functional DIAMOND LADY and EMERALD LADY were now longer big enough to hold the crowds casino owners wanted to attract and so, except for temporary use here and there, were laid up. Sad, sad.

B. B. Riverboats has been successful in the excursion and restaurant business in the Cincinnati area for years. Owner Alan Bernstein saw the need for more passenger capacity as Greater Cincinnati becomes more of a tourist destination so went looking for another, larger and suitable boat. The EMERALD LADY was choking a stump down in the Cajun Country, still a new boat in terms of mechanical wear and tear, so Alan bought her. She has now been refurbished for the excursion and dinner trade and renamed BELLE OF CINCINNATI.

The cleanup and remodeling of the BELLE OF CIN (as the late Yeatman Anderson might have called her) was accomplished near New Orleans. She departed the Crescent City on July 5 with a barge carrying the 33 ton World Peace Bell which will be mounted on the Millennium Monument near the riverfront in Newport, Kentucky.

The World Peace Bell is the largest swinging bell in the world, 12 feet in diameter and 12 feet high with a clapper weighing 6,000 pounds. It was cast in Nantes, France and has created much interest in the Cincinnati area. Maybe the great interest is because Newport proposes to mount it on a very tall tower although we can't believe the "1,000 feet" as reported by one source. Stops for viewing the bell were made at a number of cities along the way to Cincinnati with arrival scheduled for July 30.

We're glad to learn that EMERALD LADY will at last be a real lady. Maybe the Delta Queen Steamboat Co. should take a look at the DIAMOND LADY. She should make an intimate sort of tourist boat and not too small at that.

* * *

- OBITUARIES -

CAPT. REESE LLOYD

Capt. Reese Lloyd, Fort Thomas, Kentucky, age 88, died on June 21 at St. Luke's Hospital East in Fort Thomas. He grew up in Ripley, Ohio where his father owned a shoe company

Capt. Lloyd received his first license in the 1930s and worked his way up to master for the Ohio River Company. He later worked for Union Barge Line and is often mentioned in Clare Carpenter's recollections which have been running in this magazine. He had been a member of S&D for many years.

Reese Lloyd was active in the First Presbyterian Church of Fort Thomas and was a long-time member of the Propeller Club of Cincinnati.

Survivors include his wife Daisy, a daughter, Carol Winkler of Fort Thomas, sisters Jane Cantoni of Lebanon, Ohio and Marjorie Liggett of Cincinnati and three grandchildren. Burial was in Evergreen Cemetery, Southgate, Kentucky.

Thanks to Virginia Bennett and Charles Stone for the information.

* * *

MARY VIRGINIA HEUSER

Mary Virginia Heuser was probably the oldest current member of S&D when she died at 101 on April 25, 1999. She had been living in Sarasota, Florida in recent years but also called Louisville, Kentucky home. She was the former Mary Virginia Howard who married William P. Heuser, deceased, who had been the president of Henry Voigt Machine Co.

Mrs. Heuser was a graduate of Oxford College for Women, Oxford, Ohio and had been an employee of the Kentucky Sunday School Association. In the early years she traveled parts of the state by muleback on behalf of the Association. She was a past

president of Louisville Y.W.C.A. and served on the national board of the Y.W.C.A. She was a magazine writer and author who put together a collection of her recollections of the rivers called, Riding the Packets. She was frequently a passenger on the DELTA QUEEN.

Not too many months past Mrs. Heuser renewed her S&D membership and in her letter to the Secretary deplored the reduced airline service between Florida and Charleston, West Virginia which precluded her attending the annual meetings.

Mrs. Heuser is survived by her daughter Betty Jane Bryan and son-in-law Stanton K. Bryan of Sarasota, two grandchildren and four great-grandchildren

Burial was in Cave Hill Cemetery, Louisville.

* * *

WILLIAM D. RIST

William Rist, 82, of Huntington, West Virginia died May 2, 1999. He was the retired chief of the navigation section, Waterways Management Branch, U.S. Corps of Engineers in the Huntington District.

Bill Rist was born August 17, 1916 at Beavertown, Ohio (Lock 16), a son of the late Roy W. and Margaret Dunn Rist. He was a member of the Propeller Club, Society of American Military Engineers and S&D. Bill was a regular at our annual meetings, always friendly and up-to-date with information on Ohio River projects in the Huntington District.

He was preceded in death by his wife Elaine Rist, one brother, Robert Rist and grandson Richard Whiting. He is survived by two daughters and a son-in-law, Margatet Whiting, Sue and Bill Jeffries of Huntington, a brother Thomas of Paducah, Kentucky and sister Virginia Smith of Sewickley, Pennsylvania.

* * *

- BACK COVER -

Dashields Lock, 13.3 miles below Pittsburgh, is the location for this well framed shot of the ALLEGHENY (T0106). She is downbound with the Duquesne Power plant in the distance and roofs of the Bethlehem Steel Co. plant at Leetsdale show in the trees on the right shore.

There were three towboats named ALLEGHENY which operated in 1945 and shortly thereafter to present some confusion. This one was originally the HENRY A. LAUGHLIN (T1088) built in 1905 and can be identified by having hog chains. Jones & Laughlin Steel Co. also called her SHANNOPIN before she was sold in 1932 to Campbell Transportation Co. who renamed her FAIRPLAY. Then Hillman bought her and for several years she was JOHN L. HOWDER until Crain Brothers, Pittsburgh renamed her in 1945; dismantled in 1950.

The photo and print are the work of Noble G. Beheler, Ambridge, PA.

JULIA BELLE SWAIN OFFERS RIVER TUNES

The JULIA BELLE SWAIN, has had some musical talent on board even since she moved to LaCrosse and John Hartford relinquished his regular piloting interests. (John still does some piloting when schedules permit.)

Capt. Beau Inman was master of the JULIA BELLE for two or three years and is quite a story teller and guitar plucker. Lee Havlik has long been a fan of the boat and when not at home in Marshalltown, Iowa he and wife Kathy are working on board.

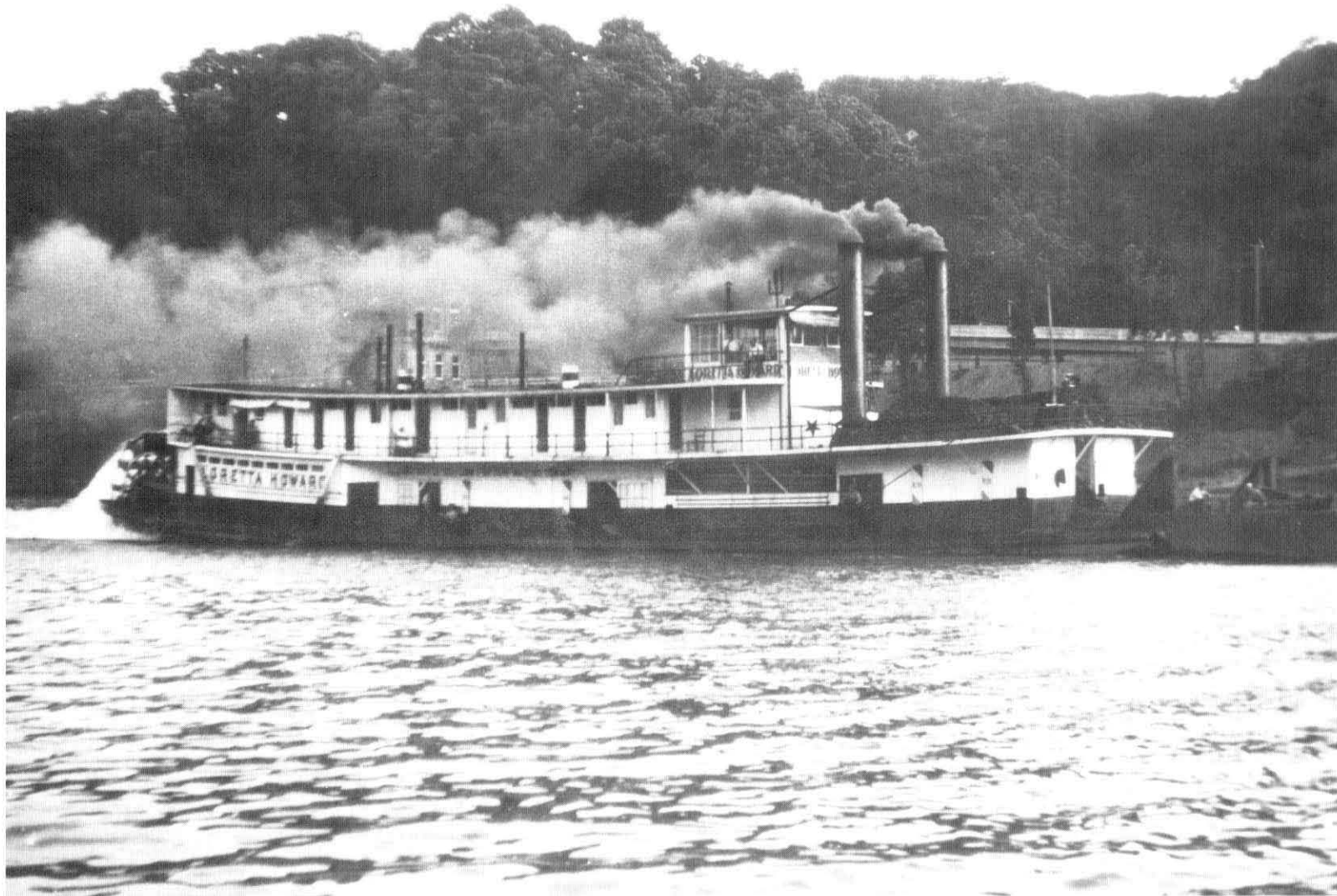
Beau and Lee, who is also a guitar player, have teamed up on a number of well known river songs and a few originals to produce, Light Off, Warm Up, Throw Lines.

Cassette tapes are available for \$10 or C.D. \$15 plus \$1 for shipping and handling from Great River Steamboat Co., 200 Main St., Suite G, LaCrosse, WI 54601.

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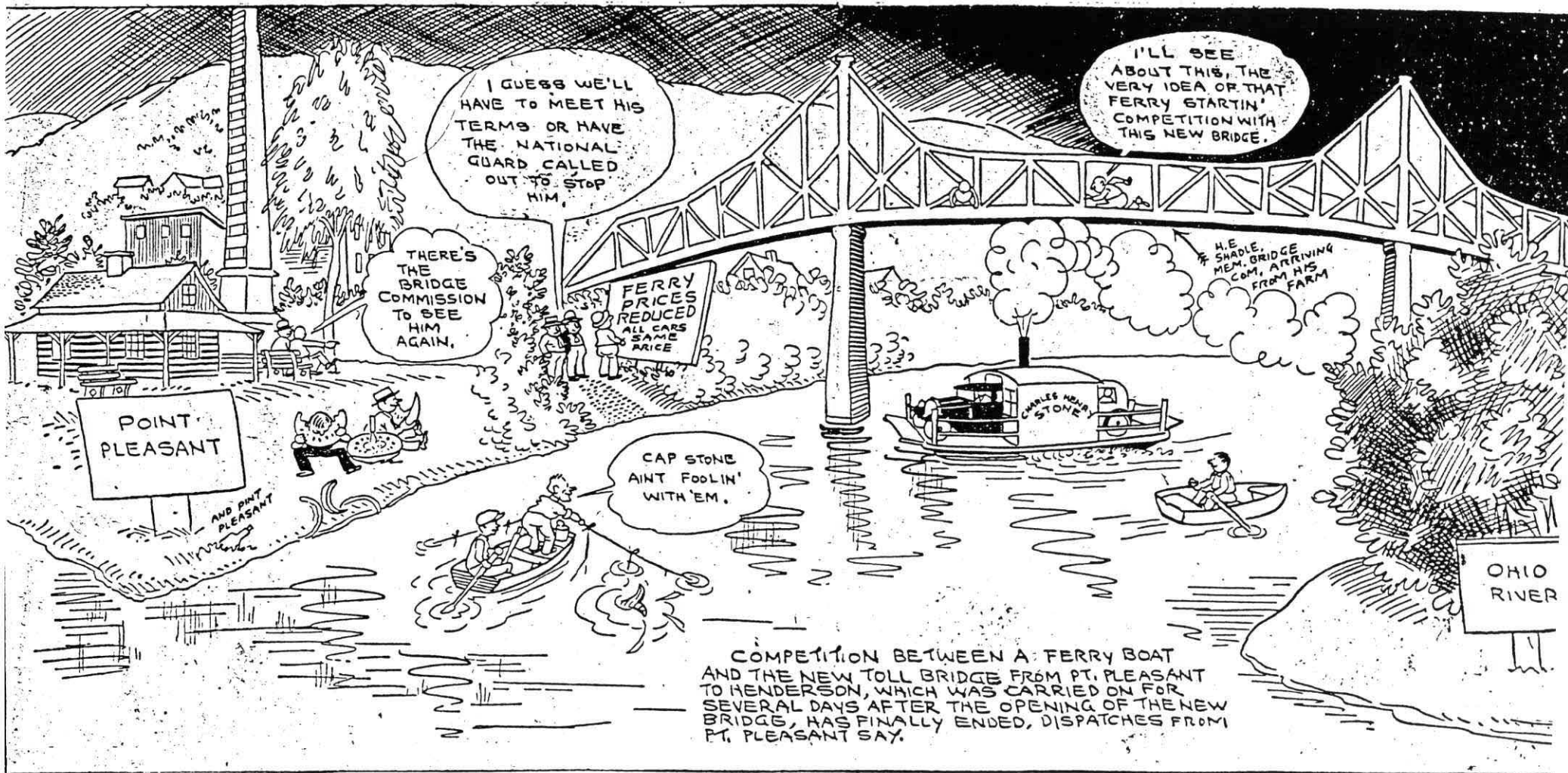
ALLEGHENY
OF PITTSBURGH PA



The LORETTA HOWARD (T1634) attracted attention on the Upper Ohio when she appeared in the summer of 1932. Jesse Hughes notes her passing Huntington in July, the first she is mentioned. She had been waiting for a buyer at the Howard Yard in Jeffersonville for two years after completion. See From Paddle Wheels to Propellers, Indiana Historical Society for more details.

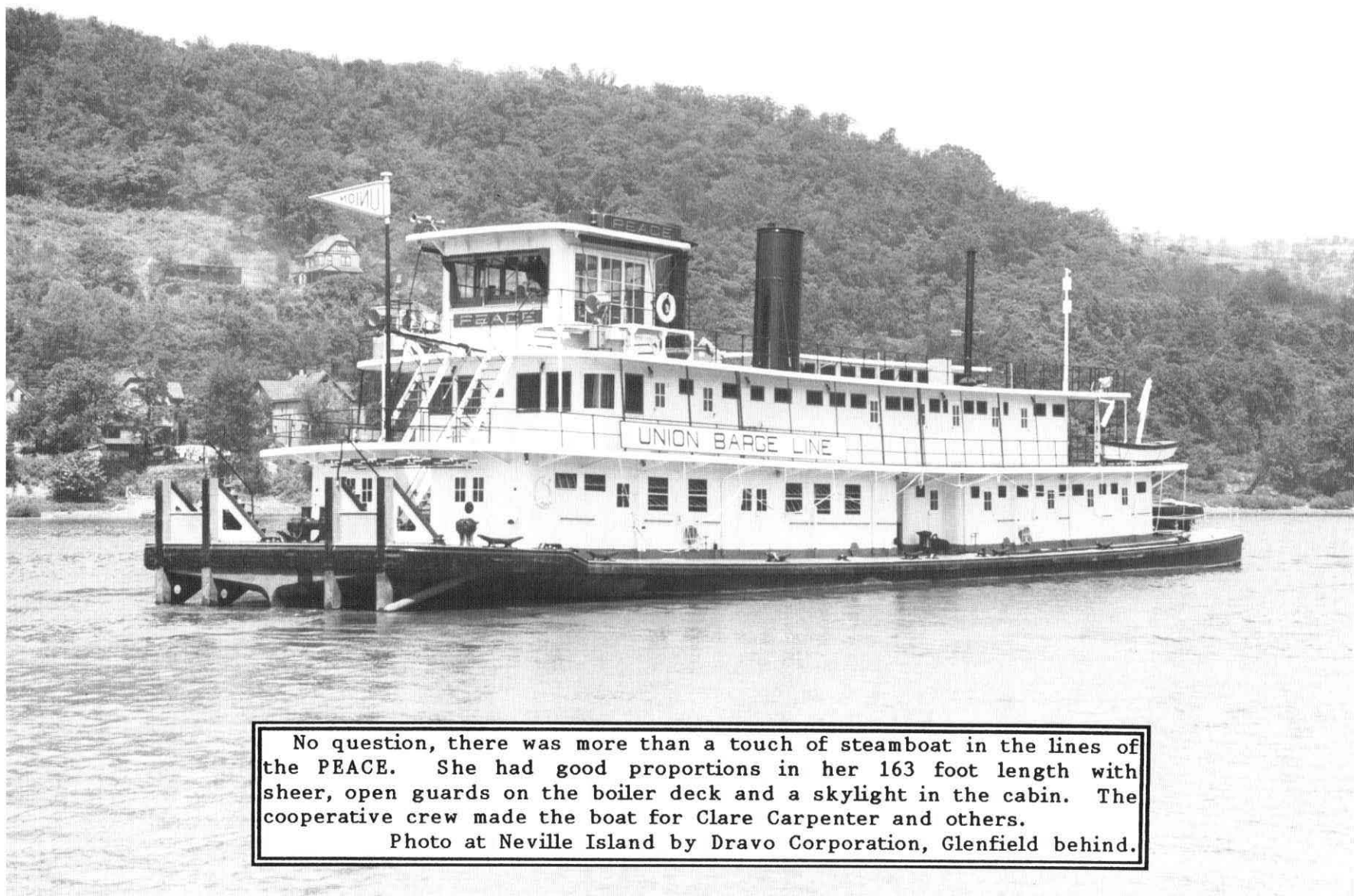
This was a stock boat of proven but not innovative design, 145x30x4.9 with engines 18's-7 ft. stroke. She was a refinement in steel of traditional towboat design, with 600hp. when customers called for up to 1,000hp. Capt. Birch McBride ran her a few months and renamed her DOROTHY McBRIDE. She became the D. W. WISHERD in 1933. Photo by Ben Gilbert, print by W. E. Reed.





The above cartoon appeared in the Charleston paper shortly after the Shadle Memorial Bridge opened in August 1931 and was passed along by Jerry Sutphin. It seems appropriate to run at this time for several reasons, one being that the Shadle bridge was replaced by a new four-lane model which opened in 1998 and the second is the discussion of the ferry CHARLES HENRY STONE elsewhere on these pages.

Charles C. Stone, Charles Henry's father, was holder of the ferry franchise across the Kanawha and a price was agreed upon. When the toll bridge was ready to open West Virginia proposed to pay in bridge stock but C. C. was talking cold cash. The ribbon was cut on the bridge but the CHARLES HENRY STONE continued to run and carried 65 cars in three days. The bridge commission cried uncle and paid up.



No question, there was more than a touch of steamboat in the lines of the PEACE. She had good proportions in her 163 foot length with sheer, open guards on the boiler deck and a skylight in the cabin. The cooperative crew made the boat for Clare Carpenter and others.

Photo at Neville Island by Dravo Corporation, Glenfield behind.