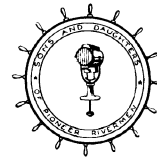


S&D

REFLECTOR

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of Pioneer Rivermen



Vol. 42, No. 1

Marietta, Ohio

March 2005



- FRONT COVER -

The photo of the LADY GRACE II is a suitable introduction to the article which begins in this issue, - the 1946 trip by this eighteen foot Ohio River yawl from Sewickley, Pennsylvania to New Orleans. Photographer Capt. Tom Kenny had assisted in moving the boat from 121 River Ave. to the Chestnut Street landing for her trial trip. The owner, Fred Way, built the forward deck to store the camping gear and painted and lettered LADY GRACE II in "Jesse Hughes style." The engineer, at the stern, is attempting to start the ten horsepower, Evinrude Lightfour engine. Showing in the background is the outline of the Sewickley bridge built in 1911.

The trial trip proved successful. The fearless Argonauts set out the following afternoon, June 4, 1946, with no more reassurance for the boat's namesake than, "We're going to New Orleans."

Photo by Thomas Kenny.

- LETTERS -

Sirs: "The Rise of a River Empire - The Ohio River Company" was outstanding. An excellent job by Bill Judd!

It should be pointed out that the CHARLES R. STEVENSON is still out and about earning a living. She is now the CECILIA CAROL of the American Boat & Towing fleet and usually cooling her heels in the company yard at Alton, IL. When things get busy, she is dusted off and goes to work; not bad for a 60 year-old!

Mike Herschler
100 Morton Dr.
Quincy, IL 62305

Sirs: I only wish someone had told me to not only move my car to higher ground but to keep on going and get out of town on September 18! Oh well, it wound up being a fun evening spent in the company of Capt. Nelson Jones, Helen Prater and daughter Lillian, Jeff Spear, Sylvia Metzinger and others.

Yvonne B. Knight
Howard Steamboat Museum
1101 East Market Street
Jeffersonville, IN 47131

- THE FREIGHT BOOK -

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Sirs: Way's Packet Directory, 1848-1994 and the companion Way's Steam Towboat Directory are wonderful sources of detailed information on the Western Rivers steamboats. What about the early period, 1811-1847?

Jack C. Standen
310 Roosevelt Ave.
Elyria, OH 44035

= The tabulation of records for vessels officially registered are found in Merchant Vessels of the United States, published annually since 1869. Records prior to 1869 have been culled from the actual custom house records and are published by Steamship Historical Society of America (SSHA) in Merchant Steam Vessels of the United States, 1790-1868.

The hardbound, 322 page main volume and three (3) softbound supplements of additions, clarifications and corrections may be purchased from:

Mrs. Susan Ewen
Steamship Historical Society of America
300 Ray Drive, Suite 4
Providence, RI 02906
PH. (404) 274-9895

Couldn't get along without the LMV. Ed.

Sirs: Re: S&D membership: \$20 and well worth it! The *Reflector* is invaluable for offering both current river news and the history of steamboating - all in one publication. It keeps us in touch.

Stan Garvey
600 Vine Street
Menlo Park, CA 94025

= Stan has preserved steamboating history in King & Queen of the River. The book in a 4th, 75th Anniversary Edition, came out in June 2004. Available at \$15.95 plus \$3.50 S&H from River Heritage Press, P.O. Box 7441, Menlo Park, CA 94026. Credit card orders accepted: 1-800-852-4890. Ed.

Sirs: I have enjoyed the *Reflector* through the years but especially the one with the engine indicator article (Sept., 2004). Although I have fired boilers and served as engineer in steam power plants I never used the indicator until I went to work for Gulf Refining Co., Northern Pipeline Division.

The system I worked on as a traveling repairman was built in 1932 and ran from Tulsa, Oklahoma to the eastern state line of Ohio. The pipeline handled crude oil for the Toledo and Cincinnati refineries. The system was powered by very large diesel engines. We used the indicator to show compression and firing pressures of the cylinders on the engines in the pumping stations. From the indicator cards, a great deal of information was obtained and used for fine tuning the engines, - cylinder by cylinder. I could write a lot more about the process if there is any interest.

Bob & Jean Kreamalmeyer
2745 Old Fort Road
Blacksburg, VA 24060

= We welcome requests from any readers with curiosity about using the engine indicator on diesel engines and will pump Bob Kreamalmeyer accordingly. Ed.

Sirs: Seeing the photo of the flood in Marietta and the condos at Second and Ohio Streets in the *Reflector* centerfold gave me a chill; - we once considered buying one.

Bill Judd's ORCO history was great! My first job after college (1950) was with a finance company and my territory was Logan, WV - ten miles from Omar. Now I understand the connection between the boat OMAR and the town as well as the company's whole history.

Bill Smith
1240 Warbler Ridge
Springfield, OH 45503

= Jeff Spear, who lives just beyond the tree on the right of the photo in question, reports the condos did not have water on the floors - missed by 1.5 inches at least. We too learned about Omar the town from Bill's ORCO history, now saved for posterity. Ed.

Sirs: Regarding the December issue and the great photos of September in Marietta, I have stayed in many hotels around this world and experienced fires, one riot, one strike, a police raid and one eviction but my stay at the Lafayette was the first flood. Do you have tornados in Ohio?

Allen K. Wisby
1608 Burke Rd.
Pasadena, TX 77502

= Tornados? Sure enough! But, the hills break them up and a jimmycane is about as good as we can do at the Lafayette. You'all come on back. Ed.

Sirs: I joined S&D late in the year and thank you for sending all issues for the calendar year. I was especially happy to have the June 2004 issue with the article, A Summer on the Showboat MAJESTIC. My year on the showboat was 1958, the last year that Hiram College had the MAJESTIC before Capt. Reynolds sold it to Indiana University. That experience changed my life, - after playing trumpet in the house band that summer I transferred to Michigan State and majored in music. Now retired after 32 years as a band director, I have found my way back to the river because of my time on the showboat - and a visit that summer to the Ohio River Museum.

Pat Carr
3559 Joycliffe Rd., #73
Macon, GA 31211

Sirs: I enjoyed the December *Reflector*, particularly the first-hand accounts of how people coped with the unexpected flood, - without any frantic reactions. The San Joaquin River hasn't caused such an event here for some years back. Also, enjoyable was Frances Shaw's, "A Week on the Tennessee Belle." I could go for a week like that!

D. M. Dyer
2534 Olive St.
Dos Palos, CA 93620

= Several readers have commented wistfully about the Frances Shaw story a genuine packetboat trip in the 1920s. The lack of private bathroom facilities, potable water and air conditioning might weed out the less than hardy traveler of 2005.

Does anyone know the bio of author Shaw? The lady could write! Ed.

**SONS & DAUGHTERS OF PIONEER RIVERMEN
BOARD OF GOVERNORS MEETING
SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 2005**

The spring meeting of the Board of Governors is scheduled for April 30, 1:00pm. sharp at the Lafayette Hotel, Marietta, Ohio. Members having questions or concerns to be considered on the agenda should contact Chairman Bill Judd, (513) 553-6604 or any member of the BOG - see page 4.

**Sons & Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen
ANNUAL MEETING DATES**

September 16 and 17, 2005

Lafayette Hotel, Marietta, Ohio

1-800-331-9336

Look for more details in the June *Reflector*

POINT PLEASANT RIVER MUSEUM ART SHOW

On the weekend of March 11, 12, 13, there will be an exhibition of the works of artist Tom Stahl at the Point Pleasant River Museum, Point Pleasant, WV. Mr. Stahl has a studio at Little Hocking, Ohio and is well known in the Athens, Parkersburg and Marietta area. His paintings include scenes of historical interest but this show will focus on his river scenes.

On exhibit will be thirteen large paintings of the Greene Line boats, Betsy Ann, Liberty, Kanawha and Senator Cordill, among others. Color and black and white prints of Stahl's work will be available for purchase.

The Pt. Pleasant River Museum hours - Tuesday thru Friday, 10am. to 3:00 pm., Saturday 11:00am. to 4:00pm and Sunday 1:00pm to 5:00pm.

Pt. Pleasant River Museum (304) 674-0144

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INDEX No. 8, VOLUMES 36 THRU 40

1999 - 2003

The latest installment of the index for the *S&D Reflector* is now in stock. The quarterly is indexed in five-year installments beginning with Volume No. 1, 1964. The indexer is Alan Bates who has performed his usual superlative job of listing subjects, people and boats covered in the *Reflector*. No. 8 is priced \$5 per copy, postpaid as are the seven previous index segments. Order from the Secretary.

"Lighting up the past, present and future of the Mississippi River System"

S&D REFLECTOR

Marietta, Ohio



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The name of the publication, "*S&D Reflector*," comes from the newspaper *Fleetwood Reflector* published in 1869 aboard the Cincinnati-Pomeroy-Parkersburg packet FLEETWOOD. Newspapers were printed for the diversion of passengers on a number of the larger 19th century packets.

The S&D quarterly was originated by Frederick Way, Jr. in 1964 and he was editor, typist and publisher until 1992.

Correspondence is invited and serious papers on river related history are welcomed. Please check with the Editor, however, before sending material on a "loan" basis.

J. W. Rutter, Editor
126 Seneca Dr.
Marietta, OH 45750

**THE ONLY REQUIREMENT FOR MEMBERSHIP IN
S&D IS AN INTEREST IN RIVER HISTORY!**

There are two classes of membership - full and family. Full membership includes the quarterly *S&D Reflector*, admission to the Ohio River Museum and Str. W. P. SNYDER JR. at Marietta and voting rights at the annual meeting. Family members are entitled to all privileges except the quarterly.

Memberships are for the calendar year and full members receive four issues of the *S&D Reflector* for that year. Dues notices are mailed about January 1 and a prompt response will assure receipt of the following March issue of the quarterly.

Beginning 2005 dues are \$20 for a full membership; family members - spouses and children under 18 - \$1 each. Please list the full names of family members for membership cards.

Direct correspondence to:

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

REFLECTOR BACK ISSUES

Copies of the current issue or of the immediate prior year are available at \$5 each, postpaid. Back issues for most years through 1972 are available at \$3 each or \$10 for a complete year (4). Inquire of the Secretary for particular older issues

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Indexes have been prepared for five year increments of the quarterly, 1964 through 2003. Each index is \$5, postpaid.

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COTTONMOUTHS AND COTTON

INTRODUCTION

This is an account of two Argonauts who in the summer of 1946 set out for New Orleans from Sewickley, Pennsylvania in an 18 foot Ohio River yawl. They had no schedule nor set route and before leaving the Ohio River had, on a whim, decided on a detour up the Tennessee and thence to the Gulf of Mexico at Mobile by way of the Black Warrior and Tombigbee Rivers.

Unknowingly, our boatmen were ahead of their time. Forty years would pass before the "Tenn-Tom Waterway" connecting the Tennessee River with the Gulf of Mexico would be a reality. They picked their route from a map of the inland waterways - an advertising piece published by the Dravo Corporation - hanging on a bulkhead on the tourist steamer GORDON C. GREENE. The various rivers leading south looked to be close so it must be possible to go that way, - their scientific approach to navigation.

The following account of the month-long adventures of Woody Rutter and Fred Way, Jr. were recounted by Fred in a number of installments in *The Waterways Journal* beginning in the July 20 issue and running into the first week of October 1946. It was a different world that summer - just a year after the end of World War II - with shortages still existing, rationing still in effect and some troops still waiting to be demobilized. The scenes described and many of the situations encountered can hardly be replicated - and maybe not understood - today .

The story is reprinted just as it appeared in *The Waterways Journal*. The photos have been added and are by Woody except as noted.

CHAPTER I

COTTONMOUTHS AND COTTON

by Frederick Way, Jr.

Who among us has not had the urge to take a boat of his own from north to south and eventually ring a timberhead at New Orleans? I've had the urge since I was knee-high to a duck. A latent ambition: all a dream. Sailing down the Ohio and the Mississippi to N'Awl'ns. Exchange of maples, willows and gravel bars for hanging moss, cypress, cottonwoods and

alligators. My notions always start from Pittsburgh, because of living there, but it is easy to see other persons having beginnings at Minneapolis, Sioux City, Peoria....any port of latitude where the North Star hangs high in the sky requiring a good tilt of the chin to observe it.

It was J. W. ("Woody") Rutter who started me off. Woody, late of Uncle Sam's Air Corps, was spoiling for adventure. I saw him one day in May down at Marietta, Ohio where he was finishing a delayed Freshman year at college.

"Doc," he said, his handle for me, "how about taking a river trip to end all river trips?"

"Good grief!" I exclaimed. "You ought to go to summer school and catch up; you've been set back two years as it is. And we haven't any boat. And we haven't any outboard motor. And I'm too old for such shenanigans, anyhow.

What do you mean - where would we go? Even if we could get a boat and motor it would take two weeks or more to explore Kentucky River, or come down the Cumberland."

"We ought to go to New Orleans," said Woody with a gleam in his eye.

"That isn't a trip. That's a project."

"Haven't you always said you wanted to camp out on the sand bars all the way from Pittsburgh to the Gulf?"

"Yes, I've said it, but heavens to Betsy, I didn't think of starting out in two weeks to do it. Some other time, - when we've got a boat and the camping equipment and the time and stuff - -"

"If I can snag a boat and motor will you go?" The kid 'was meaning what he said.

"No, it's not sensible - it would be a monkey wrench in all your plans and mine - I've got to work. You've got to go to school - "

Ten days later I found myself in Marietta appraising a new 18-foot yawl which Woody had discovered in a backyard. The grocery store man who owned it had bought the little ship in 1942 with the thought of employing it during the city's periodic floods. It had never had its bottom wet. He had "supposed" to Woody he might part with it for one hundred dollars and the words were barely out of his mouth when my enterprising partner had plunked a century bill on the barrel-head and cried, "Sold!"

Suddenly we owned a new skiff. She was a little honey, all right enough, - built at Racine (Ohio) by Bell Brothers; flared sides, cypress single piece gun-wales, oak ribs, narrow floor, wide beam, just what

the doctor ordered for any sort of an inland river adventure.

"Do you want it?" asked Woody. Who could help wanting it.

"Sure" I said. "I'll buy her from you, and she'll replace the original LADY GRACE we battered on the rocks up Allegheny River last fall."

I towed her up to Sewickley on a trailer, put her in the garage, built on a forward hatch, painted her snow white, and did a Jesse Hughes lettering job on her bulkheads, christening her LADY GRACE II.

Up to this point any possibility of a trip seemed as remote as the Man in the Moon. Outboard motor dealers at various places had wagged sorrowful heads. The possibility of delivering a new 10-hp. motor before September was "no go" Unknown to me, Woody wrote the Evinrude Company and explained with contagious enthusiasm our ambitions for a prolonged cruise. It caught someone's eye. The spark kindled a fire in the heart of H. Biersach, advertising manager, and a telegram came back notifying Woody that a brand new motor was already on its way to him. All I could say to this was to echo the expression of the quite gracious little lady at the Campus Martius Museum, Edith Reiter, who once in a long while - after repeated vexations or a great surprise - says, "Well, hell's kahoopshin!"

The "trip to end all trips" was sliding down a greased ways for a momentary launching and I found myself a thrilled and not unwilling participant.

While we were buying a tent and a gasoline stove (what luxury!) and oars and such camp haberdashery we still had no definite notion of what the voyage was to involve. Settled was one point: the start would be made from our home town of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, 12 miles down the Ohio River from Pittsburgh and it would head down the Ohio. Maybe to Louisville; maybe up Kentucky River; maybe to Cairo. A way off in the glimmer of a faintness was New Orleans - but it seemed too far off, too utterly remote - to talk about.

These various ingredients, stirred, resulted in a trial trip of the new vessel on the morning of June 4. She behaved well even in the wake of a near-flood which had lapped muddy water to the 24-foot mark at Pittsburgh a bare 12 hours previous and was threatening 31 feet in the Ohio River at Marietta. Drift was running heavy and the current was up to a four or five-mile clip.

"The more the current the better the speed," purred Woody. There wasn't much sense in further

delay. We loaded our duffle, so voluminous that Mrs. Lady Grace wanted to bet even money we couldn't stow it in the boat, and at 4:20 p.m., June 4, 1946, abetted by cheers from Tom Kenny, Ed Scheibler and Mrs. L. G. (who has not yet stepped foot in her new namesake) Woody and I selfishly took off into the broiling flood of muddy brown.

"Write me once in a while," said Grace.

Let it be said here it takes some courage to part from wife and home this way at the age of 45. The parting was not prolonged. The whooping current tended to that. Within 10 minutes we were cased in the lock chamber at Dashields Dam, a mile below, which barely 10 hours before had been shut off - drowned out by flooding. We were one of the first lockings since traffic had resumed. I thought of this being a fine way to spend my, old age, going down the Ohio, destination unknown, on the crest of a flood. An ambition worthy of blackbirds and their impish, delight in sailing aboard drift logs and assorted jetsam. Woody acted like the blackbirds; I felt more like a tomcat thinking about keeping his feet dry.

As the motor was new, we ran at reduced speed to Raccoon Creek, below Rochester, Pa., and even so our time en route was an hour and 40 minutes, a matter of 16 miles. Wherever we were bound, we could figure on getting there at a rate of better than 10 mph. And for each 10-mile hop we were going to burn a gallon of gasoline. This was definite and assuring.

The old camping spot at Raccoon where I had holed up on former occasions was still there, in good shape and we worked until long after dark trying out new gadgets for, knowing better and caring not, we had launched forth with untried tent, stove and other hazards. Fortunately, the tent pole was the same length as the tent (which does not always so happen), the moths had not chewed up the sleeping bags, the cots fit together and the only serious worry was the gasoline stove. Pumped it, primed it, encouraged it, studied the directions and finally I got out the hatchet and chopped kindling for a cooking fire when Woody, with courageous heart and stubborn persistence, found we had failed to give the plunger a proper half-turn. After that remedy, we had a roaring gas flame which never again failed us the balance of the journey. I will not again camp without one of these stoves. Not on a river trip.

We set up kitchen and prepared meals in the most outlandish places - three days on a steel barge in the

middle of Mississippi Sound on one occasion - and our faithful stove, having come to know our careless ways, fell in with our habits, and did not balk at any fuel we offered it, hissing merrily away on mixtures of oil and gas, kerosene and gas, and would take kindly to Kentucky corn whiskey. We didn't go to bed hungry any time.

We were glad though when the sun came up on the morning of June 5 to thaw out our feet. The thermometer had fallen overnight to 39 degrees. I told Woody we would look back on this icy experience within a week or two (if we continued south) and wish for a repeat order of it, a prediction which came too true.

Log: June 5

Lv. Raccoon Creek Camp	8:00a.m.
Montgomery Lock	8:35a.m.
East Liverpool, Ohio	10:00a.m.
Cable's Eddy	1:25p.m.
Wheeling, W. Va	3:40p.m.
Glendale, W. Va	5:20p.m.
Ar. Clarington, Ohio	7:30 p.m.

Logs don't mean much in themselves. For instance, interlarded with the above I discovered that the daily morning Pittsburgh "Post-Gazette" is on sale at Montgomery Dam, a convenience for steamboat crews. Now that's a pleasant thing to know, and a tribute of no mean consequence to George A. Zerr, the river editor. At East Liverpool we bought gasoline and some groceries and were in process of stocking these things when the mv. ALBERT E. HEEKIN sailed by down-bound with a tow of barges. The pilothouse window slid open, the whistle gave a toot or two, and who comes out on the bridge but Bill Pollock.

"Is that You' Fred?" calls Bill, acting master and pilot.

"Hi, Bill, you old son-of-a-gun!"

"Where you going?"

"New Orleans," (bragging).

"Wait a week or two and I'll go with you."

"Wish you could!"

"What are you doing there at East Liverpool?"

"Taking on gas."

"Better get a lot of it!"

The HEEKIN sailed out of hailing distance. Presently, we got going again and in the head of Cluster Islands Woody said, "Looks to me like the

HEEKIN is stopped on down the river ahead." For certain she was stopped. In a few moments we had caught up.

"Tie on here," called Bill Pollock. "Save some of that gasoline you're burning and come up here and tell me what kind of a record you're out to beat now."

Bill had waited for us. Now this story is going to be loaded with such information as this, and to forestall any mild scandal in various barge line Traffic Offices, let me speak a piece and say this was no usual procedure nor do big towing vessels make a usual practice of stalling around waiting for make-shift LADY GRACES to come by. Bill was curious. As many readers possibly know, he and I have been cronies since we were kids a quarter-century or more (yes, more!) ago. I would have stopped the QUEEN MARY and 40 barges dead in their tracks to wait for Bill. So he stopped and waited, too - that's all. Under way again, we passed the time of day, found Bill was only going to Weirton where he had a deal of barge swapping to do, so Woody and I cut off and had a lunch at Cable's Eddy.

The motor was warming up to her stuff by now, and we let her have full throttle in time to meet the ROBERT F. BRANDT in the pass at Dam 12. A stiff upstream wind was blowing and we were slapping swells at a great rate when pilot Lewis "Billy Goat" Reade wakened up to the fact he was meeting the LADY GRACE II and came to the window to bow us on with what looked suspiciously like winding the forefinger of his left hand about his ear in our direction, a sign generally understood to denote mental problems.

Woody climbed the hill at Wheeling to get some veal chops and we landed at Glendale for gasoline inasmuch as an airfield is located nearby. This airfield, which I had not heretofore visited, has some claim to share in river history inasmuch as a plane, once launched from this place some years ago, failed to rise properly, and sailed over the packet BETSY ANN so low as to clip off one of the fancy feathers from the top of that vessel's smokestacks - having caught it with one of the landing wheels - a story which will be verified by purser Robert H. McCann of the GORDON C. GREENE who was there at the time.

Inasmuch as Clarington, Ohio was the objective, it is not hard to fathom why we sailed beyond the town and landed a few miles below at Gamble's Landing. There we were met in a soggy cornfield one-day devoid of flood water by proprietor J. Mack Gamble

who has managed to keep one "way landing" open in this modern time when all way landings are merely dips in a solid line of willows, if that. Mack has had to bare his teeth on more than one occasion to keep his landing clear of scow dumpings and other impediments and as a salute to his nerve I once tried to land the big excursion steamer ISLAND QUEEN in there for a night and missed it by a matter of a half-mile due to darkness but the intention was genuine. This time we rounded LADY GRACE to and slid up on the slippery-slick mud, waded to terra firma hip-boot deep for some 50 feet and soon were high on the hill in Mack's kitchen with the veal chops.

"You won't get them fancy with bread crumbs and the like, but I'll fry them up for you somehow," said our host. Mack, donned in apron, and with large fork in hand, tended stove and we exchanged the latest river gossip.

And so the curtain sets on the scene of June 5. Woody and I shared Mack's big spare bed in the forward upstairs room where there is a mantel, ornately painted faux marble, signed by the artist who did the job in 1868, the date the house was built. Mack is the ideal host, welcome written on his face even when confronted with the most outlandish intrusions. The veal chops were cooked to a turn, of course, for Mack is a chef of no mean order and he added other delicacies from his own larder. A person never leaves Mack's house without a real wish that it will remain without alteration either to host or premises for a long time to come.



June 6, 1946

The LADY GRACE was high and dry on the mud at Gamble's Landing after a drop in river level overnight. Launching over the slick mud was no problem but the hip boots were a welcome part of our equipment.

The curvaceous lines of the Bell yawl are evident. The freeboard when running may be judged from the dirt mark on the hull. The raised bow deck housed the camping outfit.

Fred surveys the situation while a deck-hand shoves.

Mack Gamble photo.

July 27, 1946 - *The Waterways Journal*:

Editor's Note - Capt. Way's story of his motor boat and steamboat trip from Pittsburgh to New Orleans via the Ohio, Tennessee and Tombigbee-Warrior Rivers and the Intracoastal Canal, was begun in the issue of July 20. Another Installment follows.

Log: June 6

Lv. Clarrington, Ohio	9:40a.m.
Witten's Towhead	12:15p.m.
St. Marys, W. Va.	3:15p.m.
Ar. Marietta, Ohio	5:30p.m.

This morning we did a VIRGINIA-in-the-cornfield. The river had fallen about two feet during the night and LADY GRACE II was stranded some 25 feet from the water's edge. Cheered on by Mack, Woody and I shoved with might-and-main and once the skiff's 400 pounds got to sliding she went along with delicious ease and soon was again in her element.

Taking a skiff on river trips such as this one is not so fly-by-night a scheme as a person might think offhand. A yacht in similar circumstances would have been in a fine kettle of fish. A canoe, let me say here, is too very small. With tears in my voice I tried to reason this point with two lads this very spring who were inoculated with similar yearnings. One of these boys, Bob Swanson of Minneapolis, paddled with a buddy of his in a collapsible canoe from Coudersport, Pa. (in the headwaters of the Allegheny River) to Cincinnati. The trials of the journey brought some differences and, at the latter point, they decided to flip a coin to settle who was to go on, - the canoe had definitely proved too small for two persons. Bob won the flip. He was elated. He wanted to write a book of his voyage to New Orleans. Days-weeks-later he got to Cairo, Ill., and gave up. The partner, Jack Gorham, of Lexington, Ky., later procured another canoe. He who didn't care about writing a book actually paddled on to New Orleans,

Which all goes to show canoes are bad medicine.

Even with an 18-foot rowboat equipped with a 10 h.p. outboard we didn't land at Witten's Towhead because we wanted to. We were forced in by heavy wind swells which promised to slap the caulking out of the seams. Witten's is a little two-by-four towhead with a willow mop of hair in summer and a plentiful lining of clean gravel around its ears. I have often admired it from a pilothouse but never had any

particular wish to be there. Now, by incident of circumstances Woody and I were digging our toes in it. A pilot family lived nearby on the Ohio shore for a long time. Of the same tribe was Tom Witten who is reputed to have stood watch on the side-wheel BUCKEYE STATE when she made her famed 43-hour time run between Cincinnati and Pittsburgh in 1850. Nick and Joe Witten were pilots on the sternwheel EMMA GRAHAM in 1877 and for some years later. Who told me - Jesse Hughes, I think - that these two old cronies, later, used to appear alongside a wood fence every time a boat went by, and watch her out of sight, just like a pair of work horses put out to pasture?

A pet project of mine, never realized so far, is to find out more about these Wittens. Who lives in the Witten house now? Red Schletker, master of the lighthouse tender GREENBRIER, would know; he knows everybody.

At St. Marys we landed for gasoline and ran smack into- the arms. of John Carpenter who was snooping around the landing. Nothing for it he loaded us in his automobile, gas cans and all, and gave us a royal 14-gun welcome to the city. We spent so much time gassing (anyway you want to take it) with Mr. Carpenter we commenced to suspect at such a rate we wouldn't get to Parkersburg in a month and had to break free and go on our way.

Marietta was the objective for the evening, and we thought some of camping on the brow of the bank at Duck Creek - and would have done so but for the luxurious poison ivy crop. We dropped on down to the old swimmin' hole at the foot of Marietta Island and pitched our tent facing the red and green lights of that curious Marietta-Williamstown highway bridge which looks like the result of a fight between a half-dozen designers. Tent up and supper over we drifted down to Harmar and decided to worry William K. ("Bill") Richardson for the evening. Bill runs sort of a Steamboat Inn at 105 Harmar Street and long since has ceased to be surprised at anything a steamboater can conjure up so when we arrived with suitcases and demanded bath water he turned up the gas on the water heater and went sublimely on with the course of a conversation. The K. in Bill's name is for Knox - he's one of the boat-building Knox's who saw-dusted and wood-chipped the river bank in the vicinity for near on a century. Such boats as the KEYSTONE STATE, TELEGRAPH, CONGO, CARROLLTON and SHERLEY grew but a stone's throw from where we talked that evening in Bill's house.

Log: June 7

Lv. Marietta Island	9:30a.m.
Lv. Marietta	11:15a.m.
Blennerhassett Island	6:45p.m.
Ar.Lock 20	8:15p.m.

This was one of those summer days when the wind comes up with the sun and gets stronger all day - or until about three in the afternoon - and then dies down again. At the time of leaving the island, which had proved an to be an admirable camp site, the breeze already had the willow leaves turned silver with their under-sides up. We fooled around in Marietta, got our pictures all taken, went to other extremes, and got away about the time the breeze was skimming white-caps off the water. Naturally our boat wouldn't take much of this, so we wheeled up the mouth of a small creek at the head of Muskingum Island and parked until two o'clock in the afternoon, meanwhile lunching, listening to a battery radio we had along, and discussing the possibilities of where we would go on this journey, - still unsettled. Woody got tired of loafing up the creek after awhile and said we might try floating sideways in the current. We tried that for a time. Then we ran the motor slowly and followed close down Ohio shoreline, and soon got in behind Vienna Island and boomed down through this narrow, protected chute.

I was at the helm yesterday to run the pass at Dam 16 and nearly ended up the program. To keep out of the swells it seemed to me a good plan to skin down through the opened (so I thought) lock chamber, and saw when half way down along the upper guide wall there seemed to be a wire line dragging water across the upper gate entranceway. No! The gate was shut and about six inches under water! I pulled LADY GRACE II out of there and around end of the wall in a and hurry. Such events give me pause in recommending a river adventure in a small boat to a novice. Barely three weeks ago a boy I know paddled a canoe out past the end of the Louisville Canal, thinking he was in the canal, and didn't apprise his mistake until he got to the crest of the dam. By dint of hard application he got back to the pier and in going around it fell into the river and ruined a good camera.

By the time we landed on Blennerhassett Island the wind had died down and we figured on staying there for the sentimental reason of the island's history. With this in mind we were cooking supper when the ERNEST T. WEIR went up with empties

and Bill Pollock, again spying us, blew a salute and called out, "Where's that old cow that used to live around there?" Some years ago Grace and I camped on this island while Bill and Phil Elsey were piloting the excursion steamer WASHINGTON. Bill knew we were there - somewhere - on the island and on a routine Parkersburg moonlight he kept a watch for our camp. In the dim twilight of late evening he thought he saw me waving from the shore and turned on the boat's big booming whistle and her decoration lights. Clarence "Heavy" Elder came up to see what the celebration was about. "Fred's out there - he and Grace!" exclaimed Bill. Elder took a closer look through a pair of glasses and discovered a cow on the island leisurely switching her tail. Bill had saluted a cow. Our camp location was a mile above. Bill's rousing salute to the Blenny cow has remained as sort of a fable through the years to haunt him.

Food has a great habit of getting voyagers all primed up to carryon and so it did with us. Instead of staying on the island we decided to run to Ravenswood and put up at the Ravenswood House, a picturesque riverbank hotel which has door numbers taken from the staterooms of the old packet EMMA GRAHAM which sank nearby. The sun went down earlier than we thought it would - we had overshot the mark - so we dropped in on the boys at Lock 20 and Lockmaster Randolph put us up in the power house in about the neatest, cleanest, spiffiest room I ever saw with no pretense other than being a storeroom. A rapidly falling river had put camping temporarily out of the question due to excessive mud.

Lockmaster Randolph cooled us off with stories of the ice jam which tied up traffic at his lock this last winter. We were also entertained by the resident cat who patiently watched as the birds went to roost in the neatly trimmed trees in the gathering dusk. Sir Feline then methodically roused them out, tree by tree, after they settled down for the night.

Log: June 8

Lv. Lock 20,	7:50a.m.
Belleville, W. Va.	8:30a.m.
Reedsville, W. Va.	9:15a.m.
Ravenswood, W. Va.	11:00a.m.
Willow Grove, W. Va.	1:30p.m.
Racine, Ohio	4:50p.m.
Sliding Hill, W. Va.	6:45p.m.
Ar. Mldleport, Ohio	7:30 p.m.

Before leaving Lock 20, now that it was daylight, I took a leisurely time to watch the current over the pass. This Ohio River lock has the peculiar characteristic of having a stronger current in times of open river than at any other, and any pilot or boatman who has brought loaded barges upstream well knows he can stem the current anywhere with his tow if he can "make" the pass at Dam 20. Frequently it is necessary to break tow and double-trip at this point. The reason of the difficulty is of a mechanical nature: the weir between the Ohio shore and the beartraps is antiquated, out of order, and permanently in place, a situation which was not intended and should not be. On rapid rise sometimes the wickets are not all thrown either, intensifying the situation. Hundreds of hours of valuable time have been wasted here and towboat pilots have cursed it with all the black-and-blue labels they can lay hand to. I suppose the U. S. Engineer Department has good reason for allowing the situation to continue, although I could not determine, this morning, what it is.

The locktenders were unanimous in saying that small tows which could steer up through the opened lock chamber in times of open river had better chance of making it. This procedure often is a delicate one due to needle flats and the maneuver boat, etc., being moored, but so far there have been no serious accidents. Rather a calamity, I might add, that a lock so well located and tended and kept should be the bottleneck of the Ohio River system of dams.

Belleville was a gasoline stop this morning, an old town better remembered as a "huckster landing" for packets. It was in active business back in the 1850's long before Huntington, W. Va., appeared on the map. Capt. Nelson Crooks, the man who pioneered compound steamboat engines on the side-wheelers CLIPPER and CLIPPER NO. 2, was a landowner here a decade or more before the Civil War began. Now, as it probably always has appeared, the town is the perfect setting for the boyhood of a Tom Sawyer: hollyhocks, paling fences, white wood houses, ladies with sunbonnets, dust, barefoot boys, chickens and an occasional droning bee.

We dropped across the river to Reedsville to eat our breakfast and two country boys came along to talk. "Do you know Red Schletker?" I asked one of them whose mother tends a nearby government light. "The captain on the GREENBRIER?" promptly asked this twelve-year-old. He laughed a chuckle and said, "No, sir, I don't know him. The captain

landed in here one day while I was swimmin' and I had to leg it bare-naked clean home, so I never come to know him." Everyone along the river knows Red!

Ravenswood for groceries. Our visits to these towns usually have purpose aside from breaking the routine of sliding down the river in our boat.

We went in at Willow Grove to inspect a motorboat which was hanging up in a tree, vertical, left so suspended by the recent flood. The owner had it padlocked. We ate lunch and sat there in the shade of an' immense sycamore and talked about the packet VIRGINIA which went a-corn-fielding about a hundred yards from where we sat. Walter Eichleay, one of the four contracting brothers of Pittsburgh, helped get her out. Walter told me one time the sheer worry of the task caused him to walk in his sleep from a room in the vessel's texas to the low roof rail, where he awakened with a start, the only time he ever played the part of a somnambulist.

This was a hot day, and the landing at Racine was a toss-up race to get some ice cream and to visit J. W. Weaver, the skiff man. The ice cream came first. Woody has a voracious appetite for such cooling mixtures: he can put away three sodas, two root beers, a banana split, and a slice of watermelon and a half hour later be hungry for supper. We are sunburned, - and dangerously so in spots, - and the heat is coming off my forearms in waves, and from the back of Woody's neck. He will have nothing to do with my ointment remedy and I have no faith in his lotion. Both worked.

We have been exposing ourselves unduly - an insane desire for baked brown bodies; why, I know not. Two youths recently went down the river with quarts of ammonia and peroxide as part of their equipment to bleach their hair, normally dark brown, to a golden blonde. Woody says he sees no sense in emulating this scheme; I couldn't if I wanted to. My baldish dome is now the hue of a golden sunset, and equally fiery.

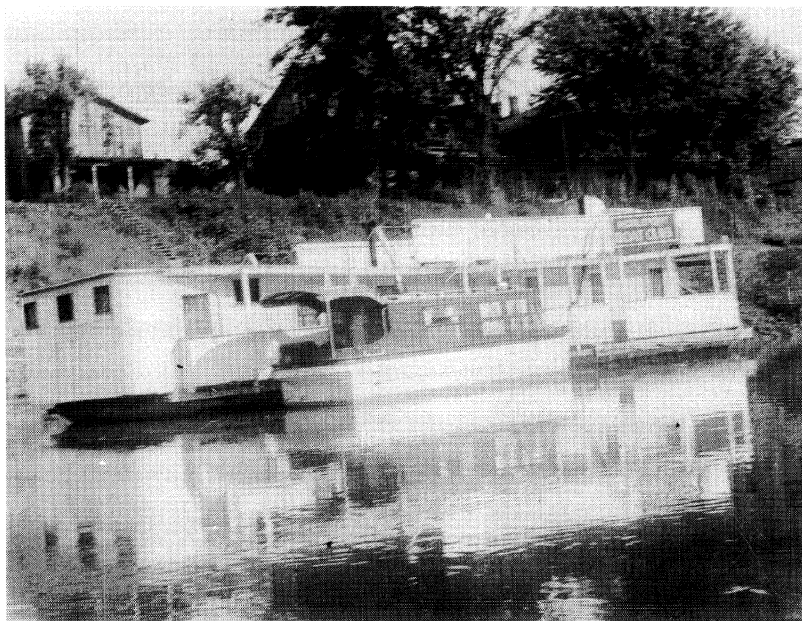
Mr. Weaver was in his shop building a 16-foot yawl and he obligingly put down his tools to talk. J. W. Weaver is a packet fan at heart, collects old freight bills (his collection is astonishing) and treasures a few relics he owns. He builds a good river skiff - perhaps the best - although proper materials are scarce; says he hasn't seen a good piece of cypress for so long he's about forgotten what it looks like. I don't know Mr. Weaver's age but would guess him along about 60. His credo of life is simple: nothing, he says, is so lovely as a beautifully designed boat. This fact, added to his lifetime in

building yawls, explains or suggests his success. Here is a man of clear eye, and I envied him his shop, his health, his energy, and his love of symmetry and cheer. We left him feeling the better for the visit.

Ate supper at Sliding Hill, on one of the big boulders in the bite of the bend. A steamboat pilot gets a peculiar satisfaction in touching these rocks and in communing with them, after a lifetime of avoiding them by all the arts he can command. The little sand and gravel towboat JOE COOK went down with loads while we stirred spaghetti, steering the arc without missing a 'scape, or without once falling past the center of the stream.

The exciting days were during the Pittsburgh coal run-outs of yore: then many barges were wrecked in Sliding Hill, and it was a place to be reckoned with. Walter English once told me that he let the big packet QUEEN CITY slide in too deep and had to double-gong her to get her out unscathed, - and said that, scared as he was, he never forgot the majestic roar of her 'scape pipes on that occasion. Every foot, every inch, of river has an indelible story: after 30 years of traveling the Ohio, I feel the inadequacy of what I have learned about it.

We stayed at a Boat Club houseboat anchored at Middleport, Ohio, tonight. A young motorboater, Gene Grate, told us he once took his boat by night from Middleport to Parkersburg without benefit of maps or having seen the stream in daylight. His only error was a rub on the rocks in Ravenswood Bend.



The Middleport, Ohio Boat Club was the overnight stop on June 8, 1946. It looks like a former gasboat? Gene Grate and Bob McMaster were our genial hosts.

Log: June 9

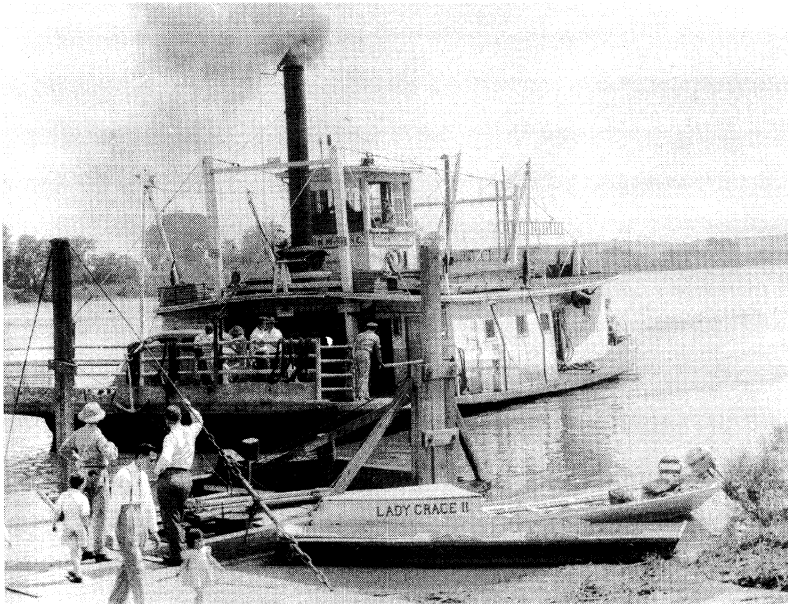
Lv. Middleport, Ohio	7:45a.m.
Point Pleasant, W.Va.	10:00a.m.
Gallipolis, Ohio	2:00 p.m.
Gallipolis Lock	3:15p.m.
Ar. Lock 27	7:15p.m.

This is Sunday and a good day for a steamboat excursion, but we will see none for there isn't an excursion boat north of Cincinnati at this time. I think there is some truth in the proposition that the safer and saner the river, the more prosaic it becomes. If there had been an excursion boat scheduled out of Point Pleasant today we would have found the town a-bustle with excitement. As it was, at 9:30a.m., there was nothing doing and a dog asleep in the street. Homer Smith, Billy Bryant, Ben Pope and some others did more to keep Ohio River alive and sparkling than many persons suppose. An occasional calliope is good for the liver. The one lack of all inland streams, more than any other one item, is a modern crop of good showmen.

There was a freshly painted little gasboat moored at Gallipolis, a sternwheeler, called the RICHARD RAIKE. Woody must see it and go aboard, so we tied up alongside. She is a cute trick with a huge 16-hp. F-M engine of ancient vintage encased in her middle. Woody saw visions of taking this diminutive duffer to Warren, Pa., up the Allegheny and, had the price been modest, I think he would have bought her lock, stock, and barrel for just that purpose. Woody is young and one of what might be termed "the modern crop;" unless I'm badly mistaken, someday his schemes will take fire and Warren will see a real sternwheeler.

Then we went aboard the ferryboat JOHN W. LANE and rode a round trip with C. C. Thornton who was casting anxious eye toward the West Virginia approach. An unidentified man had scheduled himself to come aboard within an hour and commit suicide by jumping from the ferry's decks to mid-river. I don't think the event came off.

Syd Maddy (Mrs. Harry Maddy) was home, and daughter Ruth was just getting her eyes open when we knocked at the door of this port of call looking like two pirates from the bounding main - we were I mean, of course. I had an old wiping rag tied about my sunburned dome. We cleaned up while the ladies set the kitchen department a-clatter and a half hour later we were having Sunday dinner in style. It is a tribute of no mean order that wives and daughters of



Steam ferryboats were still to be seen in 1946 and the JOHN W. LANE (3129) was operating at Gallipolis, OH. Glad we rode her as she burned January 22, 1947.

popular rivermen can, and do, carry along a home tradition after the husband has gone or the son has gone, or the brother. River folks, who live close to calamity and disaster, can understand this. Nearest approach perhaps is the show business, or in a community of airplane pilots. Harry Maddy, the husband and father, Ed Maddy, the son and brother, were there in spirit. Their steamboat treasures were scattered around the rooms, their river pictures on the walls. We shaved with their razors and soap. That is the way they would have had it.

Gallipolis is a hard town to get away from, but we left in mid-afternoon, and although the ferryboat was across the river, Mr. Thornton saw us cast off and blew us a salute with his steam whistle. Steam ferries are rare now, and we resolved to visit each one we came to.

Down below town a couple of miles, with a baking sun overhead, we took our first swim - off Raccoon Island. Jerry Brown, the wharfboat proprietor of Rochester, Pa. for many years, once owned a big Ohio farm nearby. He was near-blind in his old age and we took him on many a trip aboard the BETSY ANN. It is my age which causes me to recall these things while plunging into ice-cold river water.

Lockmaster Will Atkinson was somewhat puzzled that two campers should select a needle flat to camp in, along the upper guide wall at Dam 27. The set-up was convenient and handy: we cooked on the

concrete wall and had LADY GRACE II moored alongside. Woody was for setting his cot on the guide wall but I talked him out of the idea, fearing he would roll into the river. The flood we started out with has now disappeared to limbo: the wickets will go up.. The lock crew worked most of the night hosing out the valves.

Log: June 10

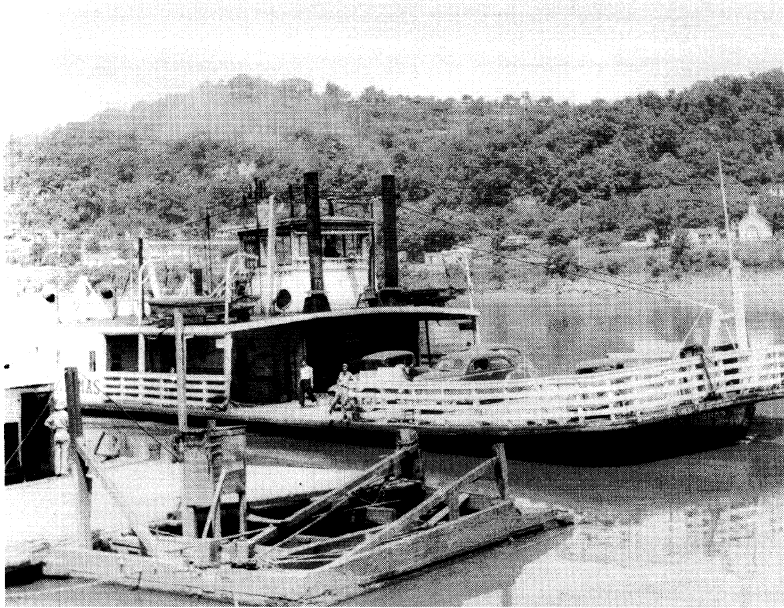
Lv. Lock 27	9:15a.m.
Huntington, W. Va., 26th St. Ferry	11:00a.m.
Bryant Showboat	12:10p.m.
Crawford Homestead	1:10p.m.
Ashland, Ky.	4:30p.m.
Ar. Ferguson Bar, Ohio	6:30p.m.

We went visiting this morning, stopping in on Ralph and George Shearer on board the mv. SHIRLEY which had her nose poked in at Paddy Creek. They were unloading some gas barges across the river, having towed them from Cabin Creek in the upper Kanawha. Like two housekeepers caught shamefacedly in the midst of a Saturday morning housecleaning, these gentlemen were sorry for the appearance of the pilothouse floor, which bore evidence of a long and hard night watch with cigarette butts scattered about. I've been guilty of the same crime. What pilot has not? Seems like Capt. Bert Shearer has raised two good boys here.

Paul F. Thomas wasn't aboard the ferryboat at 26th Street, Huntington, which bears his name, but Dave Thomas was there, and we round tripped with him. Dave is an amateur radio fan with a justly celebrated station out on the Ohio hills. Woody and I stood back in the engine room marveling at the old engines from the local short-trader CARRIE BROWN still doing service on a ferry while Dave went on about wave-lengths and antennas, a somewhat incongruous admixture of past and present. Dave's station had rendered essential communications during the 1937 Ohio River Flood, highest on record in this area.

We passed up the D, W. WISHERD at The Ohio River Company landing, but admired the lengthened smokestacks Capt. Chick Lucas has had installed on her. Personal pride of ownership does things to any steamboat. We climbed aboard the towboat ATLAS - huge, immense, almost Devonian; she had been laid up for a long time. Billy Bryant's Showboat now is a motorboat and seaplane base at Huntington, owned by Mrs. Dorothy Meade whom we found in her

kitchen getting dinner. The interior, although devoid of seats, is quite familiar and Woody and I got up on the stage just to say we had been there - and even went down in the hull. Mrs. Meade is quite proud of her possession but somewhat dubious about staying aboard during storms. That an old river showboat is serving the needs of seaplanes is another of those items which causes me to heave a short sigh. Seems to come under the general heading of, "Things Hard to Understand."



PAUL F. THOMAS (4407) ran between Huntington and Proctorville, OH. Had engines from the CARRIE BROWN and David Thomas' outlaw radio station.

One thing we wanted to do, and didn't because the mud was too deep, was to visit the Capt. Clayton Crawford homestead high on the riverbank mid-way between the Huntington bridge and Lock 28. From the attic of this house recently came the portrait of Capt. Wash Honshell, now hanging in the River Museum at Marietta. Col. C. H. Crawford, of New York, present owner of the property, visits there annually. At one time or another all of the brag boats of the White Collar Line have poked their noses in at the Crawford Homestead; now the present tenants find little cause to maintain a wharf.

The mud we met was the 1946 answer to some once gracious living. The flagstaff in the yard, easily seen from the river, came from the old Cincinnati-Memphis side-wheeler SILVER MOON. Although landings fill up, Ohio River history does not erase easily.

No boats were in at the Ashland Oil landings either at Kenova or Catlettsburg so we sailed by with a tinge of disappointment for it must be admitted we harbored some latent ideas about "hooking" a ride south to Mount Vernon, Ind., or below. The Lord was watching out for us. Good thing we didn't meet with such pleasures - for we would have been denied others, as we shall relate.

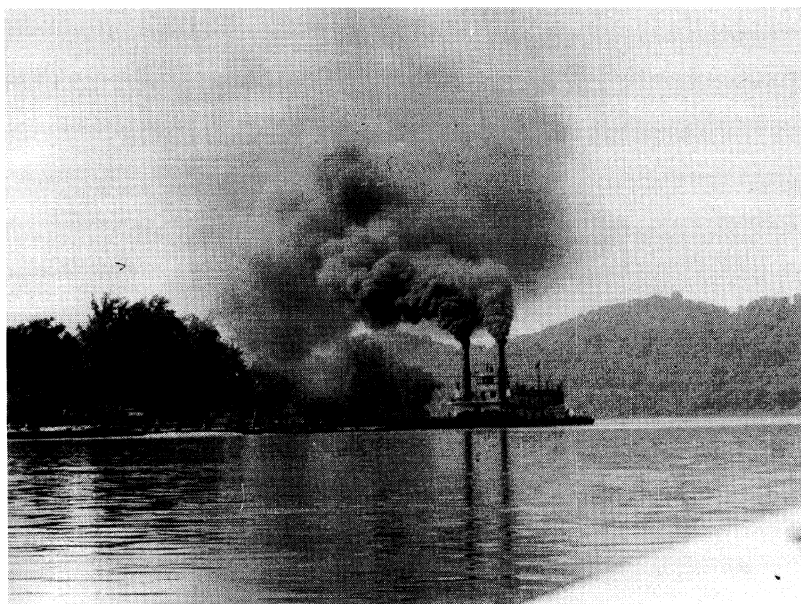
Down in the lower end of Ferguson Bar on the Ohio shore, in what used to be called Meetin' House Crossing, we made our nightly camp. I stepped ashore gazed at the glacial gravel, and picked up an Indian arrowhead. First one I ever found, after a lifetime of searching for one. Bless the old Redskin who whanged it from his bow! If you ever get to thinking an Indian is dumb, try to make an arrowhead.

Log: June 11

Lv. Ferguson Bar	9:10a.m.
Greenup, Ky.	10:00a.m.
Str. COP-R-LOY	12:30p.m.
Portsmouth, Ohio	2:00p.m.
Ohio & Erie Canal Lock	3:45p.m.
Lock 31	5:00p.m.
Coniconnique Bar	6:15p.m.
Ar. Vanceburg, Ky.	9:30p.m.

Looking upstream from Ferguson Bar the morning of June 11 illustrates how fast the river was falling. The LADY GRACE was just comfortably beached when we landed the evening before. Fred is puttering around the campsite to be sure no arrowheads have been overlooked before we pack up.





Meeting the JOHN W. HUBBARD (T1444) at Dam 29 above Ashland, KY on June 10. Ah, the age of steam!

Briefly, I'd like to call attention to the late departure hours. Our excuse is that we are on a vacation. In the morning we awaken, stir around, get the coffee perking, make some pancakes or fry up some eggs, shave, wash, write post cards and fiddle around in the lap of luxury. We have been guilty of sitting on a log and talking at the hour of "Up and doing." On starlight nights we pitch no tent and sleep in the open. Only twice, thus far, has the tent been unfolded: at Raccoon Creek and on Marietta Island.

Greenup, Ky. never amounted to shucks for the Pittsburgh packets and I don't remember ever having been in the town until this morning. A score of years ago we did business several miles above at Riverton, Ky., where a railroad terminated on the river bank, since glorified by that superb writer of men's stories, Jesse Stuart, who is a native and inhabitant of the region.

The south takes hold at Greenup, a queer but truthful fact. Ashland and Russell, Kentucky are not of the south; Greenup and every Kentucky town thence southward is The South. The grip is sudden, like the act of tobacco growing south of Kanawha River, and mistletoe, too, and none to the north. A big bell from a former Court House, made by A. Fulton & Son, the foundry man of Pittsburgh, is in present Court House Square but nobody could tell us much about it. An unidentified bell, to me, is a vexation. When bells are made for steamboats they

should be required to state the year of casting, the vessel, and the manufacturer. A bell is a voice carried over from another generation and I want none of mixing them up. There were heaps of sulphur on the Greenup wharf, why, I know not. Woody rates the ice cream sodas in the city as B-minus.

We paused for a swim in midstream at Burke's Point and dropped on down to visit the steamboat COP-R-LOY at the Wheeling Steel landing at New Boston, Ohio. She's a toy, with 10's-3 ft. stroke engines and one boiler. Some of her mechanical plant came from the towboat W. L. SMITH. Emmitt J. Shelton, the engineer, was eating his lunch (from a dinner pail) and we had gassed along about fifteen minutes before I wakened up to the fact he is a son of Rev. John Shelton who formerly divided the occupations of running the Ironton, Ohio wharfboat and preaching at a Baptist Church.

Reverend Shelton, who died some years back, is the only preacher to my knowledge who saved the souls of others only to have the Good Lord take his own sole. Which is a pun which requires explaining:

Reverend Shelton, whom I knew quite well, looked like an Iowa farmer and was often around the wharfboat (later replaced with a wharf-house on wheels). Shirts had detachable collars in those days; the Reverend wore no collar but the shirt was always with a collar button of the metal variety, fastened - which has nothing to do with what follows. One day during a thunderstorm, lightning struck the Ironton wharf-house with Rev. Shelton in it, and the bolt went down his suspenders, into his shoes, and took the soles off. Being a preacher, he was not scathed otherwise, and for several years afterwards one of his prize exhibits was this pair of sole-less shoes which hung on a nail provided for the purpose on the wharf-house bulkhead.

I think the COP-R-LOY enjoys the distinction of being the smallest steam stern wheel towboat alive in 1946. Her captain, Edward R. Jarvis, was not aboard while we visited, but we did meet and enjoyed talking with Engineer Shelton, Bill Simpkins, the fireman, and Frank Benner, spare pilot and fireman.

Portsmouth, always a hard town to get in and out of by river, is worse in 1946. The flood wall has been improved on the Ohio River frontage into a Chinese Wall. The large acreage of what once was wharf now is a huge weed patch broken only by a small, bald sandy spot upon which, as we motored

by, was a picnic party in progress with girls in fancy swimsuits. A picnic under the Cincinnati Suspension bridge would have been in a better place, but perhaps not as handy to the parties concerned. Finally, needing supplies which Portsmouth held, we went around into the Scioto River with the idea we might go up the path at the plant of the Portsmouth Sand and Gravel Company. This was a mistake. Men on the barges were hauled up and down on the clamshell bucket of the hoist - there was no road. Finally, we took the place like the Union soldiers took Lookout Mountain: we scaled the heights and did it at 98 in the shade over a goat track between the sand plant and the mouth of the Scioto. Once up the precipice, the flag was easily planted at a grocery store nearby and a gas station across the street.

Then came our first storm. Taking a trip in an open skiff can easily be managed in any weather except downpours during daylight hours. The occupants and the interior of the boat are bound to get wet. At night the tent is up - or should be - and all is well. For our initial dousing we were fooling around the mouth of the former Scioto (Ohio and Erie) Canal where the masonry of an old outlet lock still is evident and in fairly good shape. Woody goes for canals like a cat for catnip, and he simply must walk around and explore this one, which was all well and good, and probably saved us from a near shipwreck.

The storm came up the river, a squall and rain combined, and quickly turned the river into a lather of wave and spume. In five minutes we got 2-1/2 inches of water on the floor of the skiff, some idea of the extent of it. I demure from handing out boring details other than to note we learned a good modus-operandi: on the approach of a great storm in daylight we stripped off our clothes, tucked them in a dry place, and hauled on slickers. It is easy to dry a slicker afterward.

The squall was over and the sun setting when we landed at Coniconnique for supper - an odd name for an odd place - most rivermen call it "Kinny." The creek enters the Ohio River in an upstream direction, as do several tributaries in the vicinity, a geological question-mark never satisfactorily solved. Again under way we were watching the hills at "Gitaway" slide apart, as they have done for down-bound pilots since steamboating began, when, from around the point popped the mv. TRI-STATE and the steam towboat RENOWN, neck-and-neck, head-and-head in mortal combat, - racing for all they were worth up-bound. We took down between the two of them,



Landed in the canal outlet lock just below the mouth of the Scioto River west of Portsmouth, OH. The Ohio & Erie Canal ran 309 miles through Ohio to Cleveland. Locks were 90 ft by 15 ft. The canal was abandoned after the 1913 flood but bits of the lock gates remain.



cheering both. My sympathies were for the steamboat, as usual, but (also usual) the best boat was bound to win and, while we still slapped around in the tempest of stern waves, the TRI-STATE blew to pass and got an acknowledgment.

The moon, nearly full tonight, kept us going until we got to Vanceburg. For possible camp sites I had thought of the gravel Kentucky shore above town, or the ferry landing opposite, and as a last recourse the table-flat rocks below in the bend. After a deal of moonlight exploration we selected the latter.

Then, we went back to the city and hunted up Capt. W. C. (Bill) Dugan to see what he was up to these days. Bill was basking in a huge automobile at his front curb, and it pleased us that we took him so by surprise he could say only, "Well, I'll be damned!" We got so absorbed in Bill's pictures, maps, and other treasures that we forgot to eat ice cream, a serious omission inasmuch as Woody is giving every town down the river a rating - mentally - on the quality of their vanilla. To date Racine, Ohio carries off easy honors.

Log: June 12

Lv. Vanceburg. Ky.	8:30a.m.
Lock 32	10:10a.m.
Stouts, Ohio	10:50a.m.
Manchester, Ohio	2:15p.m.
Lock 33	3:45p.m.
Maysville. Ky.	4:40p.m.
Ar. Straight Creek Bar	6:15p.m.

The rocks at Vanceburg are of great and wondrous creation and more so because of the mammoth bull frogs which orchestrate until 11:30 p. m. and then, for reasons best known to themselves, close up shop and go home. This was fortunate for us. Fire flies quit at midnight, too, a curious fact. Even that dumb, stupid, iron-plated animal called June bug (which visits the Ohio River in May) quits knocking his brains out when the Northern Crown is at zenith in a summer night sky. A mammoth bird swooped over Woody at 3a.m. with a dive-bomber roar but didn't carry him off.

At Lock 32 we found Lockmaster W. Walden, Jr., scratching his head and looking at the machinery which operates the upper gate. It was out-of-fix and when air was turned into the engine there were startling results and noises. I suggested he get his workmen out of the way and let Woody and me tackle it, - for we had mastered an outboard motor and were feeling kittenish. But then a rain storm came up and we lost our ambition. A most likeable gentleman was there from the Huntington U.S.E.D. office, greeted me by name, and I went through one of my internal earthquakes for I couldn't place him, and even after repeated trial and knocking of brain on concrete, I still don't know his name. Lockmaster Walden, after repeated vexations at trying to get the upper lock gate opened for us with his cantankerous machinery, made everybody stand back and went to the throttle himself. I predict a brilliant future for him. He mastered the brute.

At Manchester we slipped back of the island and into what might be called the Suiter Sea (Zuider Zee, that is - it's a joke, son!) and hauled up alongside the steam towboat ALICE. She's a baby boat, something like the COP-R-LOY but bigger, having 9's-4 ft. stroke. The ALICE hasn't had steam since the spring of 1943, but she's in good shape. We admired her whistle, an enormous affair for so tiny a boat, and "Sandy" Suiter came along about then to see what sort of devilment we were up to. He was head-and-heels into building a steel sand-and-gravel dredge to replace the older one which sank last winter. Sandy showed us over the SUE, a prop job with Caterpillar engines totaling 110-h.p. which the Suiters built in 1940. Then he sent us to a shore warehouse to look at the roof bell from the former Pittsburgh-Wheeling packet C. W. BATCHELOR which by a devious route has been parked here.

At Lock 33 we were delayed by a tug (now a common sight on Ohio River) which turned out to be DISPATCH. I ran down the hailed the captain, and asked where his boat came from, a mystery of long-standing to me. In preparing the Inland River Record I had omitted her entirely, not knowing there was such a craft. "Why it was the HELEN H. UPHAM before they renamed her," said the skipper. As easy as that. A neat boat, too.

Maysville is a Wednesday-noon closing town, but Traxell's Drug Store was open and between 4:15 4:40p.m. they sold six chocolate cream sodas which were paid for Sewickley, Pa., currency. Woody crossed off Racine, from the top of the list, and put Maysville down in bold letters. Not once, in sucking straws through interior of the U. S., did we find a close second to Maysville in weeks that followed. To us the town may honorably adopt an official seal of a soda glass topped with goo, two straws crossed and a long-handled spoon rampant.

Straight Creek Bar was my selection as tonight's camp because of three curiously freakish things which have happened there. First off, a former mayor of Maysville, William T. Casto, and a Col. Metcalfe fought a duel on the location in which Casto was shot below the heart and died in a few moments, - said to be the last formal duel fought in the state of Kentucky, - this about 1862. Four years later the side-wheeler PHIL SHERIDAN got in a novel windstorm there and had her stacks blown overboard. In 1923, while I was clerking on the packet GENERAL CROWDER, we landed on the spot for wind and while waiting around Fritz Suder

(the second clerk) and I went ashore, scared up an unexpected rabbit. Fritz jerked off his uniform cap, threw it at the rabbit and (honestly now!) caught the rabbit in it. The rabbit died of instant fright.

These three events, all tinged with tragedy of a variety, should have warned me about staying at the place.

Log: June 13

Lv. Straight Creek Bar	12:15p.m.
Augusta, Ky.	1:35p.m.
Ar. Cincinnati, Ohio	7:00p.m.

The unusual lateness of the departure hour today was not chargeable to laziness. We went to bed last night without bothering to put up the tent. There had been a faithful red sunset and the stars were out in full splendor by 9 o'clock without a cloud in view. I awakened at what afterwards was determined as 3a.m. with Woody calling, "Hey, Doc!" A bolt of lightning turned every grass blade by my cot-side into daylight green; there was a crack! and a deluge descended.

Everything we owned was wet but we finished out the night with a tarpaulin pulled over the cots and ourselves smothered beneath. The rain went on with no let-up until 8:30 and then, suddenly as it had come, the clouds dissolved and the sun came out. We had wash day and drying day, and scrubbed the boat inside and out for good measure. Never again will I be deluded by red sunsets at Straight Creek Bar.

We had the radio on, and it blatted "Soap Box Opera" as we scrubbed. D-u-Z, D-u-Z: Duz Does Everything! Weird is the only name for it. Aunt Polly and David Harum followed. There is a new book out called, "The Hucksters" which explains everything save why people continue to go chin-deep in such suds and froth (of soap operas). We snapped off the button with Dr. Brent calling surgery, or vice-versa, I don't rightly remember. Woody, in sheer relief, yelled to the hill-tops: "We clean the boat with I-vor-ry; it is so spic-and-span! Both float, - boat an' soap; it's good on beast or man!" Which spontaneity should be lock-nutted with a worldwide copyright; it's probably worth a half a million.

Augusta was a gasoline stop, and we didn't ride the ferry there inasmuch as Jack Zenn, Donald T. Wright and I had tended to that detail a month previous and, anyhow, Kline O'Neill was not aboard. Off then for a non-stop to Cincinnati, for we had some hope maybe the Greene Line boat to Louisville

would be late and we might hitch-hike. This idea of hitch-hiking was always before us as a tempting bait.

Again, the scheme didn't work but we took on a new hope when we found the GREENBRIER at the wharf and confidently pulled up alongside.

"Red Schletker there?"

"No."

"Gordon Hill there?"

"No."

"Paul Ruttencutter there?"

"No."

A strange-looking crew eyed us unanimously with expressions of a hotel desk clerk saying, "Have you reservations?" when he expects you to say "No" and then gleefully tells you to go to blazes. Visions of soft white beds and comforts of the GREENBRIER rapidly vanished.

A camping trip in a small boat is most hazardous in a large harbor - at a great city - where there are no camp sites. We didn't ask to stay aboard the GREENBRIER, having a modicum of inborn modesty, and not wishing to embarrass a crew of boys who didn't know us from Adam. This lack-of-brass shoved us unwittingly into the biggest windfall of the tour for we took next-best and Nubs Allen let us sleep on the Greene Line wharfboat, - that mid-twentieth century wonder springboard from which so much adventure commences.

(To be Continued)



The O'NEILL was in steam in 1946 at Augusta, KY but, somehow, was missed in Way's Packet Directory. Built at Pt. Pleasant, WV, 1939, steel hull, sternwheel with engines 9's-4 ft. stroke from the PROCTOR K. SMILEY. Originally named ROSEMARY and owned by the 26th Street Ferry Co., Huntington. Sold to Capt. Kline O'Neill, Augusta, Ky in 1944 and renamed. Changed to diesel in 1947 and dismantled 1954.

STEAM ENGINE INDICATORS OVERTAKEN BY PROGRESS

Reader Mike Herschler, 300 Morton Drive, Quincy, IL 62305 was prompted to write after seeing two doses of "steam engine indicators" in the *Reflector*. He also supplied a photocopy of parts of his 1954 college textbook which - although far beyond the comprehension of Ye Ed. - gives a concise explanation of the mysteries of the steam indicator. Writes Mike:

"I'm one of those antiques who has actually seen and used an indicator instrument although only in laboratory testing in the Mechanical Engineering Power Laboratory at the University of Illinois many years ago.

The "indicator" was being replaced by the oscilloscope about the time I was in college. The "scope" was very expensive at the time and there was only one in the lab for student use."

From the fifth edition of STEAM, AIR, AND GAS POWER, John Wiley & Sons, 1954 we find the following fascinating details:

11. Engine Indicators. Instruments for drawing diagrams showing actual pressure-volume relations within the cylinder of an engine or a compressor are called engine indicators. Fig. 8

The indicator is attached to suitable piping leading to the clearance space in the engine cylinder.

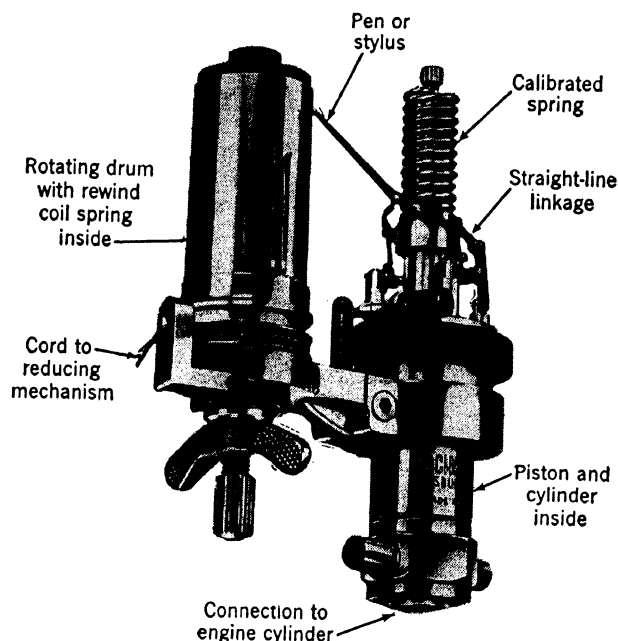


FIG. 8. Maihak standard indicator made by Bacharach.

Varying pressures exerted upon the indicator piston overcome the resistance of the indicator spring in proportional amounts and cause the piston in the indicator to move. This movement is transmitted through the indicator piston rod to a linkage which gives movement to a lever carrying a pencil point or stylus which moves at all times parallel to the line of motion of the indicator piston. Indicator springs are made and calibrated to allow a vertical movement of the pencil point through a distance of 1 in. when a given pressure in pounds per square inch, known as the spring scale, is applied to the indicator piston.

The pencil or stylus makes a record upon a sheet of paper placed about the indicator drum. The drum is rotated forward and backward by a cord wound around the lower part of the drum and by the action of a coil spring within the drum. The indicator cord runs over a properly located guide pulley and is attached to some part of a reducing motion driven preferably by the engine crosshead. The function of the reducing motion is to reproduce exactly to a smaller scale the reciprocating motion of the engine piston. Unless the reduction of the motion is exact at all points of the piston travel, the pressure-volume diagram produced by the indicator will be inaccurate.

The work areas of indicator diagrams are usually measured by mechanical integrating devices known as polar planimeters, Fig. 10. Such a mechanism, when properly constructed, adjusted, and handled, will rapidly give area measurements of sufficient accuracy.

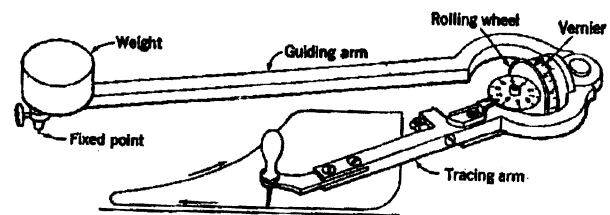


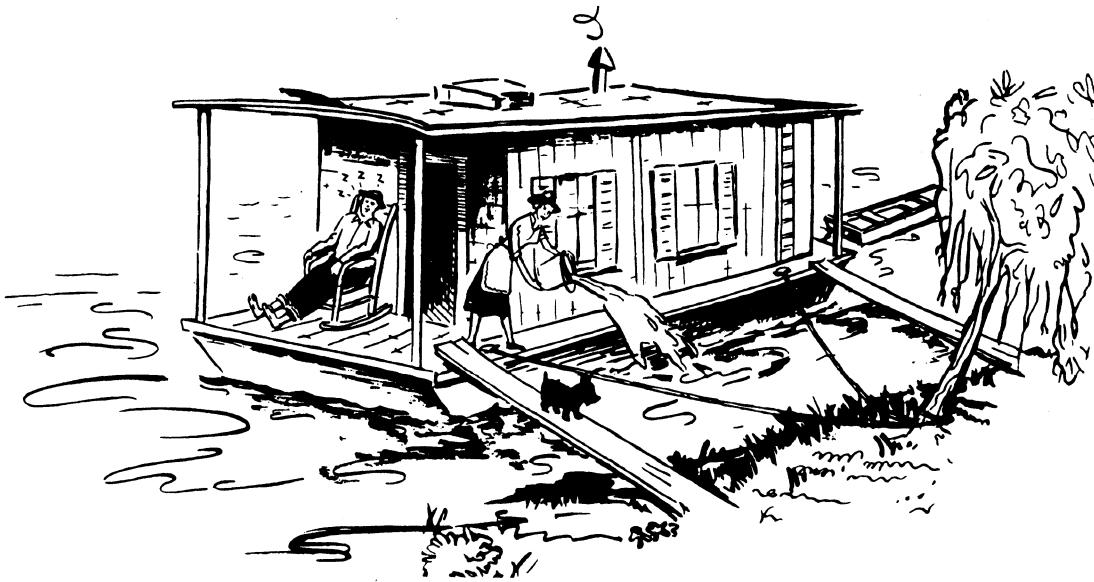
FIG. 10. Fixed-arm polar planimeter.

When the area of a diagram is known, the mean height or mean ordinate (O) may be determined by dividing the diagram area in square inches by the extreme length, in inches, of the enclosed area. The mean effective pressure (P_m) within the engine cylinder is equal to the product of the mean ordinate (O) of the indicator diagram, and the scale (S) of the spring used when the diagram was taken.

$$P_m = O \times S \text{ psi}$$

12. Power. Mean effective pressure (P_m), times length of stroke in feet, times piston area in sq. in. and strokes per minute, - when divided by 33,000 - equals Indicated Horsepower (iph).

Ye Ed is pleased that his days of facing any finals in the subject of "Heat & Thermodynamics 301" are in the distant past. Our thanks to Mike Herschler!



The Shantyboat Migration

by

Nathaniel Holmes Bishop

from *Four Months in a Sneak-Box* (1879)

By far the most interesting and peculiar features of a winter's row down the Ohio are the life studies offered by the occupants of the numerous shanty-boats daily encountered. They are sometimes called, and justly too, family-boats, and serve as the winter homes of a singular class of people, carrying their, passengers and cargoes from the icy region of the Ohio to New Orleans. Their annual descent of the river resembles the migration of birds, and we invariably find those of a feather flocking together. It would be hard to trace these creatures to their lair; but the Allegheny and Monongahela region; with the towns of the upper Ohio, may be said to furnish most of them. Let them come from where they may (and we feel sure none will quarrel for the honor of calling them citizens), the fall of the leaf seems to be the signal for looking up winter-quarters, and the river with its swift current the inviting path to warmer suns and an easy life.

The shanty-boatman looks to the river not only for his life but also for the means of making that life pleasant; so he fishes in the stream for floating lumber in the form of boards, planks, and scantling for framing to build his home. It is soon ready. A scow, or flatboat, about twenty feet long by ten or twelve wide, is roughly constructed. It is made of two-inch planks spiked together. The scows are calked with oakum and rags and the seams are made water-tight with pitch or tar. A small, low house is built upon the boat, and covers about two-thirds of it, leaving a cockpit at each end, in which the crews work the sweeps, or oars, which govern the motions

of the shanty-boat. If the proprietor of the boat has a family, he puts its members on board - not forgetting the pet dogs and cats - with a small stock of salt pork, bacon, flour, potatoes, molasses, salt, and coffee. An old cooking-stove is set up in the shanty, and its sheet-iron pipe, projecting through the roof, makes a chimney a superfluity. Rough bunks, or berths, are constructed for sleeping quarters; but if the family are the happy possessors of any furniture, it is put on board, and adds greatly to their respectability. A number of steel traps, with the usual double-barreled gun, or rifle, and a good supply of am-munition constitute the most important supplies of the shanty-boat, and are never forgotten. Of these family-boats, alone I passed over two hundred on the Ohio.

This rude, unpainted structure, with its door at each end of the shanty, and a few windows relieving the barrenness of its sides, makes a very comfortable home for its rough occupants.

Another shanty-boat is built by a party of young men suffering from impecuniosity. They are "out of a job," and to them the charms of an independent life on the river are irresistible. Having pooled their few dollars to build their floating home, they descend to New Orleans as Negro minstrels, trappers, or thieves, as necessity may demand.

Cobblers set afloat their establishments, calling attention to the fact by the creaking sign of a boot; and here on the rushing river a man can have his heel tapped as easily as on shore. Tinsmiths, agents and repairers of sewing-machines, grocers, saloonkeepers, barbers, and every trade indeed is here represented on these floating dens. I saw one circus-boat with a ring twenty-five feet in diameter upon it, in which a troupe of horsemen, acrobats, and flying trapeze artists performed while their boat was tied to a landing.

SHANTYBOATS CONTINUED -

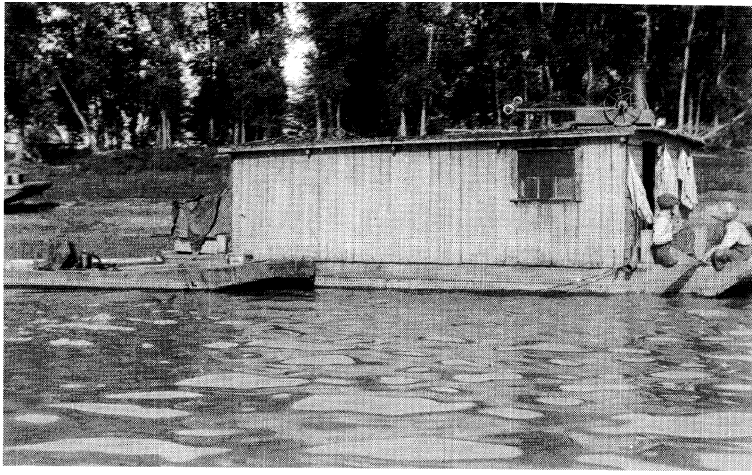
The occupants of the shanty-boats float upon the stream with the current, rarely doing any rowing with their heavy sweeps. They keep steadily on their course till a milder climate is reached, when they work their clumsy craft into some little creek or river, and securely fasten it to the bank. The men set their well-baited steel traps along the wooded watercourse for mink coons, and foxes. They give their whole attention to these traps and in the course of a winter secure many skins.

The great fleet of shanty-boats does not begin to reach New Orleans until the approach of spring. Once there, they find a market for the skins of the animals trapped during the winter, and these being sold for cash, the trapper disposes of his boat for a nominal sum to someone in need of cheap firewood, and purchasing lower-deck tickets for Cairo or Pittsburgh, at from four to six dollars per head, places his family upon an up-river steamer, and returns with the spring birds to the Ohio River to rent a small piece of ground for the season, where he can "make a crop of corn," and raise some cabbage and potatoes, upon which to subsist until it be time to repeat his southern migration.

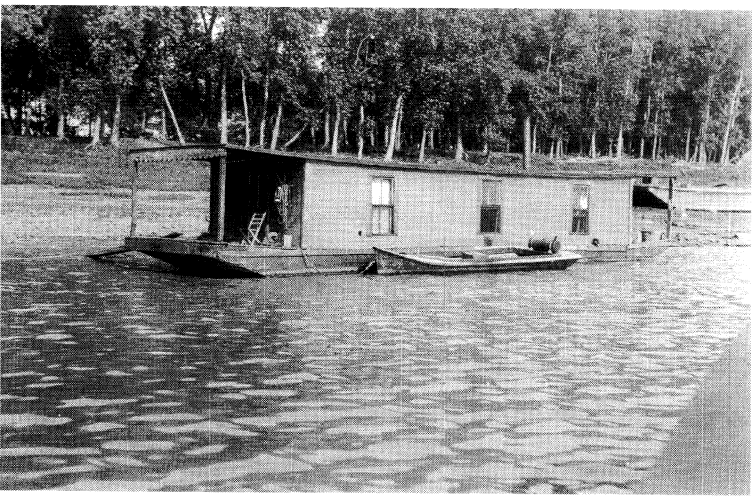
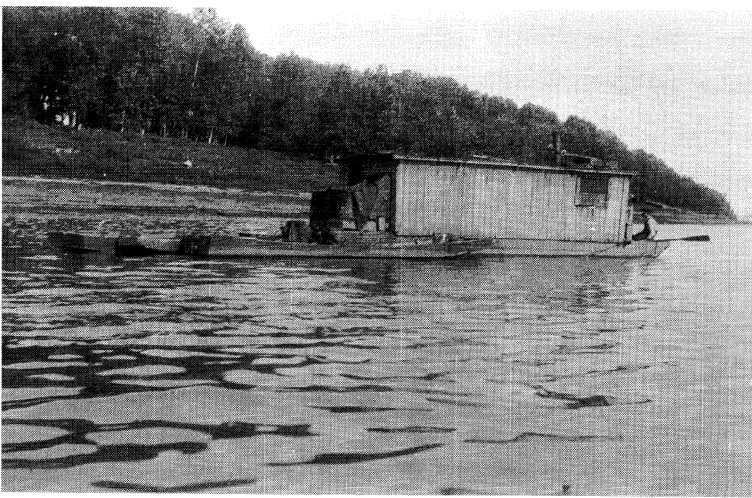
In this descent of the river, many persons who have clubbed together to meet the expenses of a shanty-boat life for the first time, and who are of a sentimental turn of mind, look upon the voyage as a romantic era in their lives. Visions of basking in the sunlight, feasting, and sleeping, dance before their benighted eyes; for they are not all of the low, ignorant class I have described. Professors, teachers, musicians, all drift at times down e river; and one is often startled at finding in the apparently rough crew men who seem worthy of a better fate. To these the river experiences are generally new, and the ribald jokes and low river slang, with the ever-accompanying cheap corn whisky and nightly riots over cut-throat euchre must be at first a revelation.

And so the great flood of river life goes on, and out of this annual custom of shanty-boat migration a peculiar phase of American character is developed, a curious set of educated and illiterate nomads, as restless and unprofitable a class of inhabitants as can be found in all the great West.

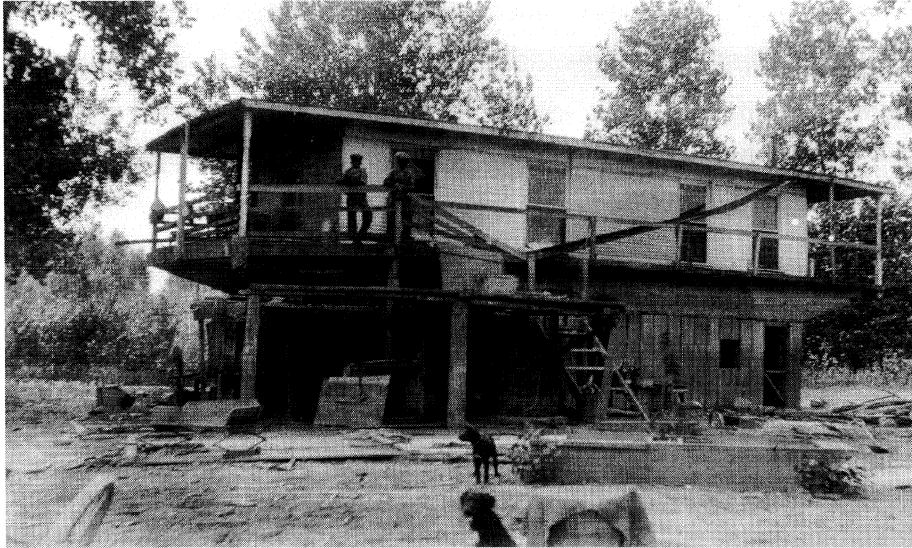
*Condensation by Don Wallis,
From OYO, Volume II, Yellow Springs, Ohio
* * **



Shantyboats came in all sizes, styles and amenities according to the means of the owner. Above and below, are bow and stern views of a very basic houseboat - probably owned by a professional fisherman. A couple of kids lounge up forward and a two-wheel cart of some type is stored on the roof. An open scow with a one-lung engine is alongside with two johnboats at the stern. East Cairo, IL, Sept. 2, 1922.



A typical family houseboat of painted tongue-and-groove siding with a little sheer to the roof, three rooms and porches front and rear. The heavy-built yawl with an engine alongside is handy for moving the boat. East Cairo, IL, Sept. 2, 1922. Photos (3) by Bill Tippitt.



Taking advantage of high water permitted raising the shantyboat at little cost. Some pre-planning by building a base structure and the boat could be floated into place on the next high tide. This is an example of the better class of boat, - a guard all around, covered porches fore and aft, painted - and has the look of bachelor quarters. If the landowner ups the rent, the boat can move on the next high water, dogs and all.

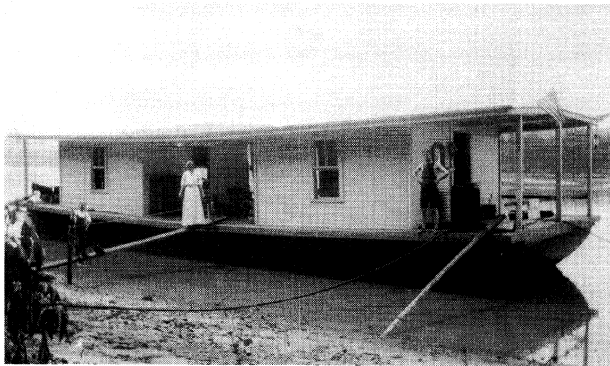
"Cairo, IL on Smith's land, Sept. 10, 1922. Bill Tippitt."

This boat is on the bank at the foot of the levee near the IC Railroad bridge, Cairo, IL. It's a domestic scene with a wash tub and scrub-board on the porch and some laundry out. Just visible on the left corner of the near porch is the outhouse; an extension below the deck leads to the pit. A chicken coop is near the big tree at the far porch.

Photo 9/24/22 by Bill Tippitt



The life of a shantyboater was often hardscrabble. This boat is not much for style, - small, lacks porches or paint - a shanty on a gunnel sided hull. Such scenes were common during the Great Depression of the 1930s; no taxes nor rent to pay. The boat is moored on the Mississippi at 28th St., Cairo, 1922. The five kids are out to have their photo taken by Bill Tippitt.



These two views of a very neat and well designed houseboat (nothing "shanty" about it) were taken by Capt. C. C. Bowyer, circa 1915. Likely, they are Pt. Pleasant, WV folks for that was Bowyer headquarters.

This is obviously a weekend and vacation getaway boat - a cabin in the country - on the Kanawha and Ohio Rivers, probably. The room to the left of the mid-ship breezeway is a bedroom; the foot of an iron bed shows in the window. The nymph in the filmy white dress is leaning on an icebox so the kitchen may be in here also - but no stovepipe shows. We await identification of the young folks in the yawl, and on deck, by alert readers from Fair Haven, Gallipolis, Pt. Pleasant or Henderson.

Houseboat interiors are rare. This one is not a scene of a family in hard times but of a boat used for short trips and vacation weekends, - similar we suppose to the houseboat shown above. The stove is a sheet-iron, air-tight wood burner. From the dress, we guess the pre-WW-I period.

On the back of the post-card is the following: "We are experimenting in the picture business. These were our first attempt & hope to send you some good ones later.

This is Hazel, her husband, Clem & I & the dogs in the houseboat during our outing in Nov." We would like to identify the people: any guesses?

Bill Reynolds collection.





SLIM

John Kemp is the name Slim, a drifter, went by when he coasted to a stop at Sewickley, PA a year before the Big Flood of 1936. He caught his houseboat out on the bank, beside the PRR tracks below the Sewickley Bridge, put together a floating dock from scrap lumber, and made a living of sorts by renting out dock space to the few in town who kept boats. The location was at the foot of Walnut Street where - before the railroad - was the famed Walnut Beach summer playground. In the 1920s, Walnut Beach was the destination for the HOMER SMITH on her afternoon excursions from Pittsburgh.

The flood of March 17, 1936, 46 ft. at Pittsburgh, floated off many buildings and boats including Slim's houseboat. Just a block from the river, between River Ave. and the bridge approach, was the old Park Place hotel. It had once been the prime hostelry in Sewickley before the railroad was relocated. The hotel had been vacant since about 1929 or 1930 so Slim moved in, either by invitation or adverse possession is unclear. He raised chickens on the second floor and tended a garden patch where the expansive front lawn once extended to the river. The hotel was torn down just before WW-II and Slim moved across the river to take up residence in a squatters village up in a hollow near the end of the bridge. He disappeared from the area about 1955.

Photo by Fred Way.

SHANTY BOAT MAN

BY W. J. DEVINE

Oh! for the life of a shanty boat man
 Who lives for each day without purpose
 or plan;
 For him not the worries, the trials and the
 cares --
 The pressure of business, the pitfalls
 and snares --
 No problems of profits, no quotas to
 meet --
 No meetings, no speeches, no deadlines
 to beat;
 Tied up to a tree at the edge of a stream,
 His is the carefree life most of us dream.

Oh! for the life of a shanty boat man --
 Just doing the least that he possibly
 can --
 He floats down the current -- the river's
 his life --
 A dog, an old stove, yeah! and maybe a
 wife;
 Some canned goods, some books --a
 philosopher he --
 Content to live simply, just letting
 things be;
 Aspiring to nothing within his short
 span--
 Oh! for the life of a shanty boat man.

Courtesy of The Waterways Journal

This and That

LOCK 34 PARK PROGRESS REPORT

The Clermont County Sun, January 13, 2005, has a nice article on the new county park being completed at the site of old Lock 34, Ohio River mile 432.8, Chilo, Ohio. The powerhouse of the lock which went out of service in 1964 is being renovated into a visitors' center and river museum with the help of a grant from S&D. A photo accompanying the article shows the powerhouse with three viewing decks overlooking the river. The fourteen acre park should be an attractive facility for southeast Clermont County and it is planned to be open for the coming summer season. We understand there will be a working whistle exhibit in the museum. Thanks to Ross Carr for sending the clipping.

DUBUQUE'S RIVER MUSEUM OFF TO A GOOD START

David Tschiggfrie, Dubuque, sends us a bulletin on the visitor interest in the new, enlarged River Museum complex on the Dubuque Ice Harbor. For the second full year of operation (January 1 thru December 31, 2004) 264,500 people clicked through the turnstiles. "If you build it (right) they will come."

BB RIVERBOATS EXPANDS TO KANAWHA RIVER

On February 2, 2005 BB Riverboats, Cincinnati announced that future plans include the expansion of the company's excursion service to Huntington and Charleston, WV. The company dispatched it's BELLE OF CINCINNATI to Huntington and Charleston last summer and the interest in the boat at both locations was encouraging. Another foray by the BELLE OF CINCINNATI to Huntington this coming summer is planned, - dates to be announced.

This area was last served by an excursion service on a scheduled basis twelve years ago, from 1988 thru the 1993. The 1,000 passenger WEST VIRGINIA BELLE was in this trade but the onset of "riverboat gambling" in Missouri lured her away to a life of sin at Caruthersville. BB Riverboats tentatively plans for a 500 passenger boat based at Huntington and establishment of a branch office and permanent catering staff. We hope this works out and will keep you posted.

THE TUSNAMI THAT HIT NEW ORLEANS!

Capt. Doc Hawley sends us a startling bulletin from the Big Easy: a tsunami hit the Mississippi River west shore across from Audubon Park and the Coast Guard was dispatched. Only careful reading of the news item revealed that this "Tsunami" was a 793 foot tanker which banged into a dock.

The TUSNAMI was sailing up river and struck the ST Services barge dock opposite Audubon Park, New Orleans. No one was injured and none of the cargo of 20 million gallons of sweet crude oil spilled. After the superficial damage was checked, the Coast Guard allowed the tanker to proceed to St. Rose, Louisiana, mile 118, to discharge her load.

SULTANA MURAL UNVEILING AT VICKSBURG

A spectacular mural depicting the SULTANA about to depart from Vicksburg in the spring of 1865 is nearing completion on a panel of the city's floodwall. The scene is based on a mirror-image of the famous photo of the SULTANA taken at Helena, Arkansas with her load of Union soldiers on board. It makes for a realistic representation of how she must have looked on April 24, 1865 before departing Vicksburg. The mural by painter Robert Dafford was funded by donations from "Descendants of the Sultana" and local sources with \$13,000 in assistance by S&D through the J. Mack Gamble Fund.

The unveiling ceremony will take place on Saturday, April 9 according to Nellie Caldwell, Secretary and Chairman of the Mural Committee. Participating will be Jerry Potter and Gene Salecker (authors of books on the Sultana tragedy), Lamar Roberts of the Vicksburg Battlefield Museum and the Yazoo River Chapter of S&D, representatives of the Descendants of the Sultana and city officials.

CHANGES IN MANAGEMENT AT LOUISVILLE

Since 2002 the excursion boats BELLE OF LOUISVILLE and SPIRIT OF JEFFERSON have been managed by Hornblower Marine Services of Jeffersonville, IN. Last December the management firm advised Metro Mayor Jerry Adamson that the contract would not be renewed without changes. Principally, Hornblower objected to a clause in the contract requiring it to pay 50% of any operating losses for the boats; Hornblower had not been able to break even with the BELLE and the SPIRIT. Mayor Adamson could not renew the revised contract without advertising for bids.

Management of the BELLE and SPIRIT for the county (Metro) has been assumed by the Waterfront Development Corporation, David Karem, president. A business manager is to be hired with that person and Capt. Kevin Mullen of the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE being made assistant directors of the Waterfront agency. A new operational plan will be submitted to Mayor Adamson within 60 to 90 days.

Several Metro Council members have gone on record as recognizing the BELLE's valuable marketing recognition for Louisville. Installation of modern air conditioning and heating equipment so that the boat could be used year-round has been recommended but the \$300,000 cost is daunting.

PADUCAH RIVER HERITAGE MUSEUM TO EXPAND

"The Anchor," newsletter of the River Heritage Museum, announces the award of a Transportation Enhancement Act grant in the amount of \$878,850 by the State of Kentucky to the museum. This funding will be used to begin design and then construction of a 20,000 sq. ft. addition to the present museum building in downtown Paducah. Completion is anticipated late in 2006 or early 2007.

The Transportation Equity Act of 1998 sets aside federal transportation dollars for grants to qualifying projects.

WHEN THE JUNKBOAT WAS IN FLOWER

Ira Campbell Recalls an 1886 Trip to Memphis

by Anne Hadley

The following account appeared in the *Louisville Courier-Journal* June 19, 1955. Anne Hadley was a free-lance writer whose home overlooked the Ohio River near Utica, Indiana a short distance upriver from Jeffersonville. Her husband, Ed, was a copy editor for the *Courier-Journal* and both, apparently, wrote about the river and boats.

Anne Hadley interviewed Ira Campbell of Clarksville, Indiana who was 83 years old in 1955. He had written a manuscript of the junk boat trip but we know nothing more of Mr. Campbell except that he had worked at the Howard Shipyard. After reading Ira's story, as set down by Anne Hadley, we have to hope there were more of his recollections captured by Mrs. Hadley.

We are indebted to Betty Barbour Heber, Breckenridge, Texas who is the granddaughter of the owner of the trading boat, James Arthur Barbour. Trading boats were a part of the river scene until WW-I and for a few years later but first-hand accounts of their operation are scarce.

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Ira Campbell and his twin brother were born May 9, 1872, in Jeffersonville. His father, never well, died when he was about 10 years old. Part of his schooling was at the Chestnut Street School in Jeffersonville and part at the Port Fulton School. Both schools are still in use (1955). He left school in about the Fourth Grade and went to work at the Howard Shipyard.

When he was 14, his Uncle Jim Barbour suggested that young Ira go with him on his next trip down the Mississippi on his big trading boat, a floating barter and trade center that bought - or more often traded household goods - for scrap iron and rags,

The boat was 100 feet long and 20 feet wide and had a 3-foot bold. At the stern was the kitchen; next to it were two staterooms - one for Mr. and Mrs. Barbour and one for a young girl being reared by the Barbours. The other members of the crew were the Barbour boys, about 10 and 12, and Ira. The three boys had little beds under the counter of the storeroom. Between the staterooms and the storeroom was a room 20 feet wide by...40 feet long, used as a deckroom. In one corner of the deckroom was a rag baler. One of the duties of the boys was to sort rags into piles - one of dirty rags, another of clean ones and one for woolen rags,

Scrap iron also had to be sorted into two piles; one of stove plate and one of regular castings. Mr. Barbour also bought iron chippings from country blacksmith shops.

Soon after the boat tied up at a landing the word would spread that the rags-and-

iron boat was there. Children and adults came with what they had to trade including old bones, not pleasant to handle, but part of the business. Only in a few instances did the Babours buy for cash. Their stock in trade consisted largely of glassware and crockery, utensils - hard to get along the river in the days before paved roads.

The boat was propelled from one side of the river to the other by three big sweeps. Using the sweeps, it was possible to land the boat any place they chose,

Landing the boat was a real problem. In river navigation. Two of the boys would get into a yawl with a line attached to the store boat. Barbour would point out to them the tree he wanted to tie to. Ira would then hit the bank, grab the bow line, and, regardless of mud, ice or snow, run to the tree, make a round, turn two half hitches, and hollar, "All right!" Barbour would then pull in the slack from the boat and snub it into the landing. Then they would put out the stern line and the breast line and set a spar to hold the boat away from the bank. That done, he was ready for business.

Barbour's greatest source of trouble in progressing down the river was the wind which seemed usually not to be in their favor and often called for a long pull with the sweeps.

Great bends in the river also meant trouble. There the current was swift and cut back into the bank, causing numerous trees to fall. These trees sometimes extended 75 feet out into the river making navigation dangerous. When conditions

got too bad, Barbour would pick out the best spot he could find, head for the bank, and stay there until the wind died down - sometimes for four or five days.

At such times Ira's Uncle Jim would leave the boat in the morning and return late in the evening. But he usually brought something to show for his absence. Often he would have from one to three farm wagons loaded with all kinds of scrap. He spent each wind-bound day in that way while the boys sorted, baled and stacked away the rags and sorted the scrap iron.

Sometimes food for the crew was hard to come by. At one time the family was icebound for about 20 days and stores were running low. At such times, Barbour turned into a hunter.

The trading boat laid for awhile at Chalk Bluff on the Mississippi below Columbus, Kentucky. A local boatman took the boys and Barbour up a steep path to the summit and there they saw broken Civil War cannon, "scattered all over the place."

On a later trip Barbour loaded one of the cannons and several cannon balls onto the boat, bringing them back to Jeffersonville and presenting them to Capt. Ed Howard, who at that time owned the shipyard. Captain Howard had the cannon and cannon balls placed beside the driveway of his home, where they remained for 40 years. Capt. Jim Howard, who now occupies the Howard House (1955), gave the cannon and cannonballs to the Government in a World War II scrap drive.

Editor's Note: Chalk Bluff is about 24 miles below Cairo and two miles below Columbus, KY. The fortifications built by the Confederates were atop a 350 ft. high bluff at Columbus.

The fort was shelled by the Union gunboats preliminary to General Grant's battle at Belmont, MO on November 7 1861. With the arrival at Cairo of the Union ironclads built by James Eads, the strategy shifted to the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. The fall of forts Henry and Donelson in February outflanked Columbus and its fortifications; they were surrendered without a fight on March 3, 1862.

Today, the top of the bluff at Columbus is an attractive park with remaining earthworks and several cannons. A section of the huge chain which once was used to block traffic on the Mississippi is also displayed.

One of Ira's duties was to cut all the wood for the stove on the boat. Near Randolph, Tennessee the Barbours passed a sandbar on which were three wrecked coal boats with coal scattered all over the bar. Ira got two loads onto the shanty boat. Underestimating his uncle's trading instincts, Ira thought that he was through cutting wood for some time. At the second landing, some men came aboard and bought every lump of the coal.

At one point along the Mississippi River, when the boat was heavily laden with scrap, Barbour arranged with a big packet boat, the steamer DE SOTO (1519), to ship his load back to the New Albany (Indiana) Rolling Mills, a big concern in those days. At Memphis the boat was again unloaded and the accumulation was sold.

Here Mr. Barbour arranged for the Pittsburgh towboat ALICE BROWN (T0095) to tow the trading boat back to Louisville.

The return trip was not to be uneventful. Ira had salvaged floating lumber and built a little flatboat. As the tow of the ALICE BROWN was made up, he gathered it into his flatboat so he could take it home to his mother. At Osceola, Arkansas a storm blew the tow to pieces, scattering parts of it - including Ira's flatboat full of coal - all over the river.

At another time the trading boat was tied to the bank while the ALICE BROWN's tow was being worked on. Ira and his aunt saw two young men get in a yawl belonging to the towboat and start for the bank. Unaware that they were behind him, the engineer backed the tow, capsizing the yawl and throwing the men into the icy water.

The swift river was carrying them near the houseboat, so Ira coiled a length of line and threw an end of it to one of the men. Ira and his aunt pulled him on to the trading boat. When the other man was carried near a small pile of drift, Ira called to him to grab it so he could stay afloat until help reached him. Soon the young men were safe in the warm cabin of the towboat.

At Memphis the trading boat had taken aboard a man, his wife, and their furniture to transport back to Louisville, and the husband played an active part in the final adventure. Determined to tar the roof of the boat, Barbour let a wash boiler half full of tar on the cook stove to heat. Then he went to the steamboat to talk with the pilot, leaving Ira to watch the tar

As heavy black smoke began to rise from the hot tar, the watchman, Ira, got excited and tried to pull the boiler from the stove. Tar spilled onto the hot stove and burst into flame. The boat caught fire and everyone aboard ran for the towboat. As soon as all were safe, the towboat crew cut the houseboat loose, letting it float down the river burning fiercely.

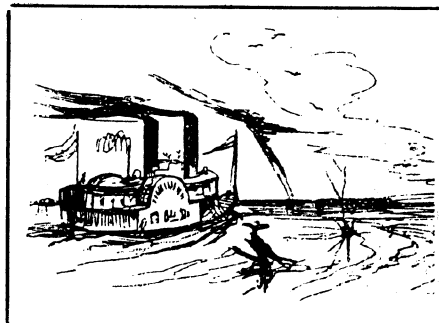
Flames did spread to the towboat and the empty tow but the crew finally put out the fire. Barbour boarded a skiff that had come from shore and was taken to the houseboat where he and the men saved the hull by drenching it.

To add to the conflagration, there had been aboard the trading boat 4,000 gun caps, a 25-pound keg of gun powder, a barrel of coal tar and a barrel of lime. Everything was lost, including all of Barbour's clothing except what they wore. Some money sewed in the hem of Mrs. Barbour's dress was lost also.

The ALICE BROWN took Mrs. Barbour and the children on to Louisville. Barbour stayed with the burned boat and waited for the next tow to take him up the river. He borrowed tools and by the time he arrived in Louisville he had the hull repaired and was ready to begin building a new cabin in anticipation of the barter boat's next voyage.

For another first-hand account of trading boats and navigation with only the aid of sweeps, etc. we can recommend *The Adventures of T. C. Collins - Boatman, 1849-1873*. This is from a manuscript written by Tom Collins and saved by his granddaughter. It was published by the late Herbert L. Roush, Sr. in a 243 page hard-cover book in 1985. Copies are available for \$5 plus \$1.50 shipping from:

**BELPRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
P.O. BOX 731,
BELPRE, OH 45714**



CHARLES T. JONES

WEST VIRGINIAN OF THE YEAR

In its edition of December 26, 2004 the *Charleston Gazette-Mail* selected Charlie Jones of Amherst Industries as "Man of the Year" for the state of West Virginia. This selection has been made by the newspaper annually since 1951 and Charlie joins some distinguished company.

Most readers might identify Amherst as the parent organization of Madison Coal & Supply Co. headed by Charlie's son Nelson Jones. Madison Coal & Supply is the operator of some 35 towboats and, according to the newspaper, employer of 225 to 250 rivermen at any given time.

The Jones family entered the coal mining business in 1893 when Charles Jones' grandfather opened a mine at Red Star, near Thurmond on the New River. Charles was born in 1918 at the company town of Amherstdale, Logan County where he spent his formative years before going off to prep school in New Jersey. He is a graduate of Babson College, Wellesley, Massachusetts with a degree in Business Administration.

After college, Charlie entered the family business with the Star Coal and Coke Co. at Red Star. He soon moved to work in the mine at Amherstdale and, after three years, enlisted in the U.S. Navy in 1943. He served in the Navy construction branch, the Seebes, before becoming an engineering officer on the minesweeper YMS 248 in the Pacific.

Discharged from the Navy in 1946, Charlie returned to the family business. Amherst bought the Hatfield-Campbell's Creek Coal Co. in 1950 and the river transportation branch was renamed Amherst Barge Co. with Charlie in charge. Now renamed Madison Coal & Supply Co., the operation is headed by Charles' son Nelson Jones. The coal mining operations of Amherst Industries were sold to Diamond Shamrock in 1981.

Charles T. Jones is widely respected in both mining and river transportation circles. He has served as Chairman of the Inland Waterways Users Board and has been recognized by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers for his contribution to river transportation. He is a visionary who points out the advantages, both economic and environmental, of commercial logging with helicopters and promotes the need for research in transforming the State's vast coal reserves into engine fuels.

S&D salutes Charles T. Jones!

THE LAFAYETTE HOTEL PLANS FOR FLOODS

IN JANUARY 1977 THERE WAS A THREAT OF HIGHWATER ON THE OHIO RIVER AND FORMER HOTEL OWNER STEVE HOAG WROTE ABOUT THE STEPS TO BE TAKEN FOR THE LAFAYETTE TO SURVIVE AND RECOVER FROM FLOODS. STEVE, AND HIS FATHER RENO HOAG, HAD OPERATED THE HOTEL SINCE 1918 AND SURVIVED SIXTEEN MAJOR FLOODS, - SEVERAL CONSIDERABLY HIGHER THAN THE 44.97 FT. WE OF S&D EXPERIENCED ON SEPTEMBER 18, 2004. WITH SOME EDITING TO MINIMIZE REPETITION, THE FOLLOWING IS A COMBINATION OF MR. HOAG'S THOUGHTS FROM TWO LETTERS.

I sure am glad that I sold the hotel and won't be required to stand watch and supervise the moving up. Of course, I was the one who gave the word, "MOVE UP!" But, I always waited until I was SURE.

The front (automatic) elevator can be used with water in the basement up to about 6 feet, after that, the gadgets and wiring under the cab will dunk in. the water creating problems. So, everything in the basement must be moved and we have learned to now use mostly folding tables and chairs.

There are a lot of pictures on the walls in the basement. The backs have been marked and where they are located is also printed on the pine paneling. After we learned that dampness in the paneling would ruin the pictures and their mountings, I sealed each picture with plastic sheeting.

This cured the problem except for one picture in the Ohio Valley Room that was 14 ft. long by 4 feet high. It is a scene taken from a Pilot House on a beautiful autumn afternoon coming upriver into Marietta. I moved it up to the new Gun Room.

With the new kitchen and its many electrical equipment, it will be hell if water should flood the lobby floor (36 ft. comes in the basement and 45 ft. hits the lobby floor). Maintenance man Ralph Gearhart and I decided to call in a tractor-trailer--leaving the trailer open and facing the back entrance. Instead of trying to move upstairs, we would just roll the equipment onto the trailer - such as the electric glass washer, electric bake ovens, electric coffee urns, etc. A couple of trailers would be fine to move but there will be a demand for trucks and trailers during a flood and you must be early or the tractor-trailer might NOT be able to get out of the low water district.

All large motors are supplied with a twist-lock so no wiring has to be monkeyed with; just twist the plug and the motor is ready to be unbolted from its frame. All motors, are labeled and identified.

I bought a small upright piano so we can upend it and take it upstairs on the elevator.

We also learned that you cannot have guests in our hotel. When the word is passed that we are going to have a flood, we invite the guests to leave. They seem to resent this and want to stay. When told the building wouldn't have any heat or hot water---they want to stay anyway.

Liquor has to be watched, taken upstairs and put in a separate room with extra locks. It is surprising, but your best friends will steal your whisky. I have had experience and I know! Johnny Henderson, the barman, was loading his liquor into a laundry basket for the move upstairs. Each time he had to turn his back to pick some bottles off the shelves and the laundry basket was half in the doorway of the liquor room. I had hired about 30 college boys and as they were passing the door they picked up a bottle. This was the 1937 Flood. I almost didn't get moved.

We had 10 feet of water in the lobby in 1937. Up in my folks and my apartments, I had brought in from the farm about eight, round, Daisy Kerosene Heaters. I also had provided a 55 gal. barrel of kerosene and it sat out on the backstairs landing. We did our cooking in an electric toaster and electric frypan. Somebody loaned us an electric table model bake oven. We also had an electric coffee maker. My sister Maxine came into my room (now 110) and found the kerosene heater. She filled the reservoir then took a whisky glass from my little sink and poured some kerosene around the circular wick to make it light easier.

Later, I came into the room using a ladder hung from the front canopy to my balcony. That was the ONLY way you could get into the hotel. It was pretty cold, so I poured myself a slug and . . . OH MY! The kerosene was putrid and I just made the balcony in time to retch into the flood waters. After that, I could never take a drink in Room 110 because of the odor of rancid kerosene.

Another thing, we had for years a small skiff and kept it hung up on the steel joists in the back hall. It was pretty handy when the water in the lobby got beyond boot wading. We patrolled the hotel, took down things that we had missed--like wall fans in the Lobby and Riverview Room (the bar in 2005).

EARLY BOATBUILDING AT STEUBENVILLE, OHIO

BY JERRY E. GREEN

THE MURRAY BOATYARD

During the 1800s, the smaller towns in eastern Ohio, western Pennsylvania and western Virginia (now West Virginia) contributed to the growing importance of a riverboat economy. While often overshadowed by larger cities such as Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, these smaller towns played important roles in supplying men and machinery to further the success of riverboat commerce on the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri rivers. One of these smaller communities was Steubenville, Ohio. The city's participation in the steamboat trade began with the construction of the BEZALEEL WELLS (shown as HERO in the Lytle list) in 1819-20. While the construction of steamboats assured a role for Steubenville in the steamboat trade, the city also sent a number of men to the river as captains who would gain considerable fame and importance on the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri Rivers.

That the city of Steubenville attracted craftsmen and entrepreneurs who became involved in the river trade is not surprising. In 1830, with a population of 2,937, Steubenville ranked eighty-fifth among the top ninety urban places in the United States. Only two other Ohio River cities, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, ranked in that group. In 1840, with an estimated population of 4,247, Steubenville ranked ninety-ninth in size of the top one hundred U.S. cities. By 1840, two other Ohio River communities, Louisville and Wheeling, had joined the top one hundred. From the 1820s through the 1840s, it seems likely that, as a prominent Ohio River city, Steubenville would have been both an origin and a destination for those interested in the developing riverboat trade.

(Note: *Bezaleel Wells and James Ross laid out the town of Steubenville in 1797; Cramer's The Navigator, 1811 gives the name as "Bazil Wells."*)

STEUBENVILLE'S EARLY BOAT BUILDING

In 1884, the U.S. Census Office published a volume containing several reports on the nation's economic activities. One of these, by Henry Hall, entitled Ship-Building Industry in the United States, was an extensive survey begun in 1880. The report covered fishing vessels, merchant sailing vessels, shipbuilding on ocean coasts, steam vessels, iron vessels, canal boats, U.S. Navy yards, shipbuilding timber, and statistics on shipbuilding.

The section on steam vessels noted that population growth in the West had been rapid, and that for more than fifty years (since 1820) "steamboat building flourished in the west." Western boatyards, it went on, were scattered principally along the Monongahela and Ohio rivers. In a list of active works, Steubenville was mentioned: "At Steubenville, Ohio, there busy years."

William Mabry, writing in the next century of Ohio's industrial beginnings, noted, "Other towns on the Ohio River, notably Cincinnati and Steubenville, shared with Marietta the boat building and ship building industry. In the same vein, J. Doyle's Twentieth Century History of Steubenville and Jefferson County reported that "steamboat building now [1819] became a leading industry in which Jefferson County, especially Steubenville,

took an active part." Steubenville's reputation for boat building was apparently known more than locally, for an 1819 publication at Louisville noted that in Steubenville one boat of ninety tons was being built.

Steamboat building, in fact, was widespread throughout the Ohio Valley. Using William Lytle's Merchant Steam Vessels of the United States historical survey as a reference for the time period 1807 to 1868, it is apparent that outside of the major cities Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, boat building was in full bloom.

While most of these sources did not mention by name a specific boatyard for Steubenville, in all likelihood it was that of Elijah Murray. Murray's yard was located between Washington and North streets (Figure 1), which in 1819 would have been north of the central business district centered near the Ohio River and Market Street.

Riverboat Construction at Selected Cities, 1807-1868

Wheeling	146
Wellsville	44
Marietta	42
Steubenville	17
Portsmouth	16
Gallipolis	10
Ironton	9

Compiled by the author from "Lytle-Holdcamper List"

In 1819 Elijah Murray established a boatyard which produced a line of vessels, beginning with the BEZALEEL WELLS (HERO) in 1819-1820. This vessel was actually a joint venture: Murray's Yard built the hull and cabins, and the Arthur M. Phillips firm built the boiler and engine. Phillips had migrated from Carlisle, Pennsylvania, to Steubenville in 1807 and early on had established himself as a blacksmith and mechanic. His shops were located where the Means Foundry would later be located, which placed it about one block north of Murray's boatyard. His enterprise included a foundry and machine shop with the tools for boring and turning, which enabled him to turn to steamboat equipment. In addition to the BEZALEEL WELLS, Phillips went on to supply machinery for the CONGRESS, THOMPSON, STEUBENVILLE and AURORA, all built at Steubenville, and boats constructed at other places such as Wheeling.

While little seems known about the background of Arthur Phillips, he must have had both skill and good equipment. As Louis C. Hunter has pointed out, to develop steam engines required skill.

Boring to close tolerances, more balanced casting of moving parts, and more precise machining to produce a reliable engine were necessary to build a steamboat. Also, Steubenville, only thirty-eight miles by land and seventy-three miles by river from Pittsburgh, was fortunate in its location. The upper Ohio Valley, especially the area around Pittsburgh, was an early center of the iron and steel industry and provided a convenient environment in which to develop and produce riverboat machinery. Indeed, the manufacture of the BEZALEEL WELLS represents this convenience: "Her cylinder was taken from a Steubenville flour mill and the boiler built at Pittsburgh."

Elijah Murray's first vessel, the WELLS, had an interesting beginning that was reported in the Pittsburgh magazine, *Olden Time Monthly* in August 1847 and re-reported in J. A. Caldwell's 1880 History of Belmont and Jefferson Counties, Ohio.

The writer (a passenger who is not identified) noted that "as the builders were altogether unacquainted with the principles and construction of steamboat machinery, it was not to be expected that the work

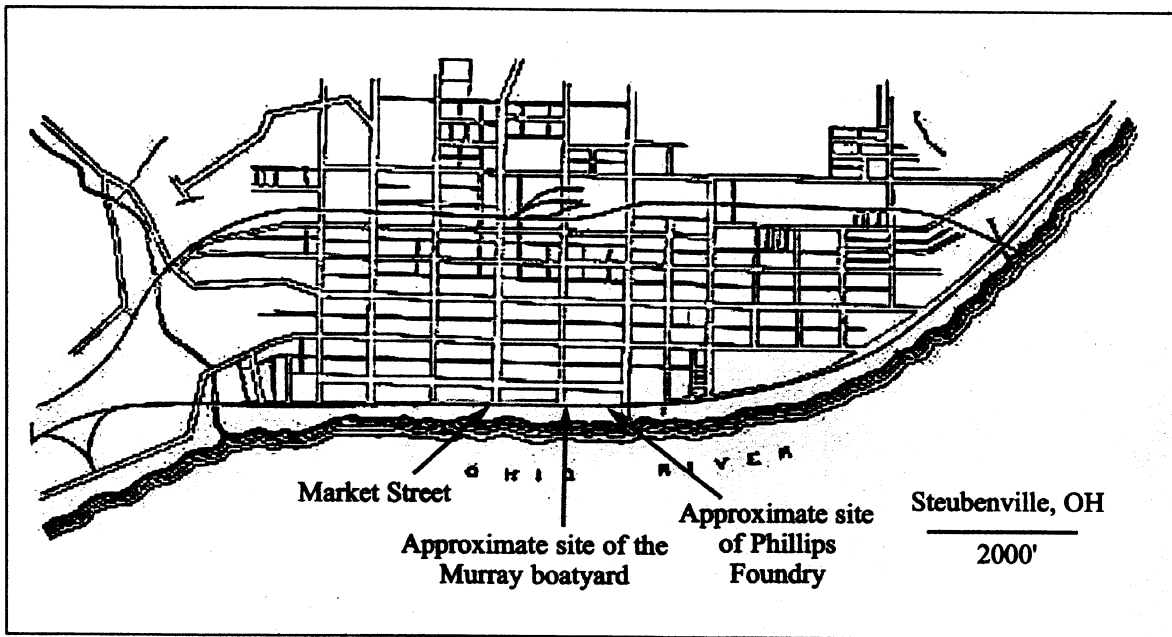


Figure 1. Locations of Murray Boatyard and Phillips Foundry. Locations added by author. Map from U.S. Department of Interior, Census Office, "Report on the Social Statistics of Cities, Part II, the Southern and Western States" (Washington, D.C., 1887), 419.

would be very perfect." "Perfect" hardly describes the result. Bound for Pittsburgh on her first venture upstream in 1820, the WELLS' force pump, necessary for keeping the boiler full, failed. Even after repair, the passengers had to heave the boat along. After the second day they had made less than four miles, and by the end of the third day, the author notes, they could still hear the Steubenville town bell ringing for dinner. The WELLS finally returned to Steubenville for repairs, and after a week continued its journey.

The unknown author continued his comments by noting that after some twenty miles, the force pump was again broken to the point that it could not be repaired. Faced with near mortification if they had to return again, the party agreed (not unanimously) that the men on board would fill buckets from the river and, using a funnel, keep the boiler full. On the evening of the third day, with its boiler operating, the WELLS then ran out of fuel. As coal was miles away, fence poles were cut up as substitute fuel. However, when these were burned they did not produce the power needed. After a general uproar in which the captain blamed the helmsman for the problems and the pilot threatened to leave the boat, the problems generally appear to have been resolved by sending for a wagonload of coal from the nearest coal bank. The horse-drawn wagonload of coal

was brought to the boat but was scattered "over a ten acre cornfield" when someone released "a puff of steam . . . from the safety valve which frightened the horses." Eventually, the passengers gathered up the coal, used it with the fence poles for fuel and the vessel reached Pittsburgh.

The WELLS' early years were marked by other unfortunate experiences. Her stacks, originally built of brick by Steubenville builder and contractor Ambrose Shaw, had on one occasion, upon impact with the shore, come tumbling down. When the vessel eventually reached Pittsburgh at the conclusion of the trip noted above, the brick chimney was replaced by a metal one. At a somewhat later date (February 15, 1820) the WELLS' chimney figured in the news again as a fierce storm's wind, "lifted her chimney out and hurled it into the river. This was presumably the metal one installed at Pittsburgh.

(Note: We plan to run the full, original account of the WELLS' trip to Pittsburgh in a future issue but include Jerry Green's synopsis of it to whet your appetite. Ed.)

THE DEVELOPMENTAL YEARS

The early problems associated with the WELLS did not seem to have had an adverse impact on Murray's boatyard. The July 4, 1829, issue of the *Western Herald*

and *Steubenville Gazette* carried an advertisement that notified the readers that "steamboats, keel, flat, and all other kinds of boats built at short notice and on reasonable terms at the boatyard of the builders."

Boats, the advertisement went on, would be built of any wood desired, but that locust or oak frames were considered best for steamboats. The notice, entered by Elijah Murray, Thomas Thompson, and William Murray, mentioned materials commonly used in boat building. White oak, along with white pine for decking, cabins, masts, and spars, were commonly used woods.

With the successful introduction of steamboat construction in the city came other steamboat-related businesses. Also appearing, in the same issue of the *Western Herald and Steubenville Gazette*, was a notice that Alexander Deviny "manufactures steam engines of all descriptions for steamboats." After providing some background regarding the firm, the advertisement concluded: "As his shop is immediately on the river bank, he will be prepared at all times to repair steam boat ENGINES at the shortest notice and in the best manner." Arthur Phillips also used the same newspaper to announce his return from Wheeling "to his old establishment," where he would produce "all kinds of machinery such as...steam

engines." By the late 1820s, therefore, the Steubenville waterfront was an active area, containing within its environs facilities for steamboat construction and engine repairs, as well as engine foundries.

Steamboats had to be piloted, and thus came the steamboat captain. Through these early years of the nineteenth century the rank of captain included Elijah Murray, Peter Dohrman, George Dohrman, and M. E. Lucas. While some of these men were experienced enough to move onto the river early in the steamboat era, others emerged with the growth of the Murray boatyard.

The Batchelor family contributed several notable rivermen. Alonzo Batchelor was born in 1816, Charles W. Batchelor in 1823, and James W. Batchelor in 1829. Growing up during the time of Steubenville's expanding role in the river trade, each would assume the position of captain on a number of riverboats.

During the 1830s, meanwhile, the Murray boatyard changed ownership several times. On October 2, 1830, the *Western Herald and Steubenville Gazette* announced that "Elijah Murray and Thomas Thompson have entered into partnership. . . and will continue to carry on under the firm of Murray and Thompson." In August of 1832, however, the dissolution of the partnership of Murray and Thompson "by mutual consent" was announced. Nevertheless, the firm's ad for the boatyard remained otherwise unchanged, noting that, "the boat building business will continue to be carried on by the subscriber [Elijah Murray]. Later in 1832, the entire business was destroyed by fire (*Arthur Phillips relocated his engine building shop to Wheeling in 1832; see June 2000 Reflector, page 16. Ed.*)

In the meantime, several Steubenville citizens were taking their place on the river. In 1835, Charles W. Batchelor, then twelve years old, became cabin boy with Captain Lucas of Steubenville aboard the U.S. MAIL on the Steubenville-Wheeling-Wellsville run. Also coming of age were several members of the O'Neal family of Steubenville: Abner, George and James, each of whom would play an important role in riverboat development.

In addition to participating in the business end of steamboating, several persons developed interlocking family and friendship links through marriage and shared business enterprises. Early in the steamboat era, Joseph S. Batchelor married Sarah Murray, sister of Elijah Murray, the

boat builder; their union produced a long line of successful riverboat captains including Alonzo, Francis, Charles and James Batchelor. Also related by marriage were the O'Neal and Wintringer families, both familiar names on the Ohio River. Friendships also extended to building and naming steamboats. Captains Nathan Wintringer, John Edie and several O'Neals collaborated in building the C. W. BATCHELOR in honor of their friend C. W. Batchelor, who was rated as "a favorite river captain of the [eighteen] fifties."

STUEBENVILLE BOATS IN USE

The 1832 Murray fire apparently did not deter riverboat manufacturing in Steubenville, as the production of riverboats over the years continued at a regular pace. A total of seventeen vessels were produced from 1820 to 1861, beginning with the BEZALEEL WELLS in 1820 and ending with the UNION in 1861. Eleven of these boats were manufactured during the 1830s. All of these vessels were side-wheelers. Their quality of construction seems to have been such that they survived well within their anticipated life spans. While about five years was the average life span of the early riverboats, Steubenville boats averaged a little more than six years, with the BEZALEEL WELLS' tenure being shortest at two years and the ANNA CALHOUN and SUPERIOR the longest at ten years. All had moderate tonnages, a matter of necessity because of their construction. "The accepted style of those early steamboats was sixty to ninety-foot keel, fourteen to sixteen-foot beam, three to four-foot open hold in which the boilers were placed, side-wheeler with a single engine and cabin on the first floor.

The ROBERT THOMPSON, also constructed in Steubenville, was like the WELLS in that its construction was a joint effort: she had a hull of sixty-five feet in length, a beam of eleven feet, with a three-foot hold. The hull was built at Wellsville, Ohio, at the boatyard of Robert Skillinger, who had opened his yard in 1815. After construction, the hull was then floated to Steubenville where it was fitted out with cabin and machinery. The ROBERT THOMPSON was also credited with having the first double-flue boiler on the river.

Historian J. Doyle felt that the ROBERT THOMPSON was the first vessel to enter the Arkansas River. This

has been disputed by Louis C. Hunter who noted that, "the first steamboat to ascend the Arkansas River was the second COMET (154 tons, built 1817), which, in 1820, succeeded in reaching Arkansas Post, fifty miles above the mouth. Perhaps the distinction is between "enter" and "ascend." While this controversy may be difficult to resolve, Doyle goes on to recount that the THOMPSON left Steubenville in February 1822 "for the purpose of transporting 300 tons of army stores to Fort Smith, Ark." "She was the first boat above Little Rock, made four trips from Montgomery Point to Fort Smith, and left Little Rock, July 4, on her last downward trip.

Doyle also credits the Murray boatyard with contributing the U.S. MAIL, built about 1830 and commanded by Captain Peter A. Dohnnan of Steubenville

THE MIDDLE YEARS

A major shift in Steubenville's relationship to steamboating is evident in the records of the 1840s; no steamboat construction is attributed to Steubenville throughout that decade. One reason for this lack of riverboat production may have been Elijah Murray's departure from Steubenville in 1838 to open a new boatyard.

Murray arrived at a place that would eventually be named after him, the town of Murraysville, Virginia (now West Virginia), where he would establish his boatyard in 1838. Murray managed the boatyard "until about 1840 at which time he sold his interest in the facility to Robert W. Skillinger and John Roberts. Murray then moved to Paducah where he died. As noted earlier, Robert Skillinger was a boat builder from Wellsville, Ohio, who had worked with Murray on at least one other riverboat, the ROBERT THOMPSON.

While the Steubenville boatyard may have ceased being productive, during the 1840s individuals and facilities assumed important roles in Steubenville's contribution to steamboating. Two more captains, Alex Norton and M. E. Lucas, became prominent in the trade. Captain Norton commanded the WESTERN WORLD, which was built for him at Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania, in 1848. She ran the Pittsburgh-New Orleans route. Meanwhile, Captain M. E. Lucas took out the MARY STEPHENS in 1847 following her completion at Wheeling. In 1848, he

took over the ZACHARY TAYLOR, which he also owned, and piloted her on the Pittsburgh-Wheeling run.

Steubenville also saw the establishment of a wharfboat in 1841-1842. Wharfboats, which were introduced around 1840 but did not become common until after the Civil War, were vessels that were moored at the wharf to serve as transfer points for both passengers and freight arriving and departing at a landing. They sometimes had a waiting room for passengers. In this context, Steubenville was an early adopter of their use. The wharfboat was established by Captain Whittaker O'Neal, with Alex Doyle as one of its early officers.

Once established, a series of wharfboats continued to serve the city for nearly one hundred years. Receipts and orders at the Jefferson County Historical Association and the Inland Rivers Library of the Public Library of Cincinnati and Hamilton County indicate an active trade through the wharfboat. In 1856, David Myers was listed as wharfmaster in the Steubenville directory. The *Ohio Press* for Friday, September 5, 1879, carried a brief article regarding Charles Staples as architect for a new wharfboat being constructed at the Washington Street Landing. In that same year, the wharfmaster was Captain George O'Neal. In 1893, a new wharfboat would be built at Brownsville, Pennsylvania, and brought to Steubenville. The new manager was to be Captain Logan Noll who had formerly had an interest in the Steubenville-East Liverpool packet OLIVETTE.

The 1850s were, along with the 1840s, low decades for riverboat construction in Steubenville. Only the PANHANDLE, built in 1854, was constructed during the period. A growing number of captains from Steubenville continued to play an active role on the rivers, however. While the O'Neal and Batchelor families mentioned earlier appear to have made up a considerable part of the Steubenville contribution to steamboating during the middle 1800s - there were at least twenty-three persons from Steubenville identified as captains on Ohio River boats (Table 3).

CIVIL WAR ERA

The onset of the Civil War initiated a depression throughout the riverboat industry. The Union blockade at Cairo, Illinois, followed by the Confederate

blockade of Vicksburg, Mississippi, effectively severed long-established north-south trade patterns. Idle vessels languished at their wharves in all, river towns. This depression ended quickly when Union forces created demand by renting and chartering riverboats; vessels were desperately needed to move troops and supplies. By August 1861, the first use of boats to transport masses of troops was underway. To secure the needed vessels, federal authorities issued contracts and charters. Steubenville captains were involved in this practice throughout the war.

Chartering was followed later by reinvigorated construction activities. The *Cincinnati Gazette* for June 1863 noted 105 boats being built along the Ohio from Pittsburgh to Wheeling. Steubenville did not share in this construction activity to any great extent, however, as only the UNION, 44 tons, was built there.

TABLE 3

CAPTAINS FROM STEUBENVILLE, OHIO
AND SOME BOATS COMMANDED

Batchelor, Alonzo F.	<i>Carrie Jacobs</i>
Batchelor, C. W.	<i>Hibernia #2, Allegheny, Allegheny Belle #3</i>
Batchelor, F. Y.	<i>Darling</i>
Batchelor, J. W.	<i>W. J. Maclay</i>
Devenny, John S.	<i>Silver Lake #2, Arctic, Utah, Post Boy</i>
Devenny, H. H.	<i>North Carolina, Nora</i>
Dohrman, George A.	<i>Robert Thompson</i>
Dohrman, Peter A.	<i>U.S. Mail</i>
Doyle, Bazil W.	<i>Eclipse, Forest City</i>
Edie, John A.	<i>Forest City</i>
Lucas, M.E.	<i>U.S. Mail, Mary Stephens, Zachary Taylor, Post Boy</i>
McDonald, Thomas J.	<i>Juniata # 2, Murray, Elijah Bezaleel Wells</i>
Norton, Alex	<i>Western World</i>
O'Neal, Abner	<i>Veroca, Silas Wright, James Means</i>
O'Neal, George E.	<i>Abner O'Neal, Silver Wave, T.M. Bayne</i>
O'Neal, James	<i>James Howard</i>
Reynolds, Henry K.	<i>Arctic</i>
Scull, Spence F.	<i>???</i>
Sheperd, A. S.	<i>South America</i>
Shouse, John	<i>Citizen, Clipper #2</i>
Stewart, William	<i>???</i>
Wintringer, Nate	<i>Eclipse</i>

Compiled by the author from Frederick Way Jr., *Way's Packet Directory 1848-1994* (Athens, Ohio, 1994) and other sources.

POST-CIVIL WAR YEARS

Following the Civil War, the Steubenville boatyard reopened as a sawmill under other owners, and in 1867 it burnt again. After passing through the hands of several owners, it eventually became Staples boatyard, named after the new owner Charles H. Staples. Staples, born in 1846 at New Market in Harrison County, came to Steubenville in 1872 where he engaged in boat building and the lumber business on Water Street near the C and P Depot. He is credited as being the architect for a new wharfboat built at Steubenville in 1879, and for building the "76" (5084)* in 1876 when it went into service on Wells and Barrets ferry, and the MAGGIE in 1879.

Table 5
Vessels Built at Steubenville

VESSEL NAME	YEAR BUILT	TONS
<i>Congress</i>	NL	NL
<i>Phaeton</i>	NL	NL
<i>Van Buren</i>	NL	NL
<i>Volunteer</i>	NL	NL
<i>Mercury</i>	1819	15
<i>Hero (Bazaleel Wells)</i>	1820	126
<i>Robert Thompson</i>	1821	NL
<i>Superior</i>	1822	74
<i>Steubenville</i>	1823	148
<i>Aurora</i>	1825	150
<i>Niagara</i>	1829	121
<i>Lady Byron</i>	1830	90
<i>Tallyho</i>	1830	142
<i>U.S. Mail</i>	1831	NL
<i>Chippewa</i>	1832	150
<i>Andrew Jackson</i>	1833	98
<i>Post Boy</i>	1833	43
<i>Southron</i>	1834	133
<i>Wacousta</i>	1834	98
<i>Anna Calhoun</i>	1835	133
<i>Reporter</i>	1836	134
<i>Steubenville</i>	1836	45
<i>Bonaparte</i>	1837	185
<i>Pan Handle</i>	1854	46
<i>Union</i>	1861	44
<i>Rebecca</i>	1868	32
<i>76</i>	1876	56
<i>Maggie</i>	1879	NL
<i>Sherrard</i>	1886	NL
<i>Nathaniel</i>	1887	NL

NL = not listed in sources

Compiled by the author from J. Doyle, *Twentieth Century History of Steubenville and Jefferson County, Ohio* (Chicago, 1910); *Centennial Souvenir of Steubenville and Jefferson County, Ohio, 1797-1897*; *Waterways Journal*, January 12, 1895, 9; James Hall, *Statistics of the West at the Close of the Year 1836*, 252-263 (Cincinnati, 1836); William M. Lytle, *Merchant Steam Vessels of the United States, 1807-1868* (Mystic, Conn., 1952); Frederick Way Jr., *Way's Packet Directory, 1848-1994* (Athens, Ohio, 1994).

STUBENVILLE STEAMBOATS FINALE -

It is likely that a number of barges, flats or other water craft were built at the Staples yard also. Eighteen-eighty records indicate that in Jefferson County, Ohio, eight vessels were built with a total tonnage of 1,447 and a value of \$9,000.45 The value of barges in 1880 ranged from \$1,000 to \$1,300, which suggests that barges were the items constructed. Support comes from a news item in the September 1879 *Ohio Press* that reported a new barge 120' x 20' was turned out by Staples sawmill and that the mill had orders for a number of the same.

Riverboats, however, did not seem to be the order of the day for the small yards. In a brief comment about a month later (October 3, 1879) the *Ohio Press* called for some enterprising person to, "come forth and open a boatyard of large scale. Apparently no one did "come forth" on a large scale. The MAGGIE (3685)* in 1879, the SHERRARD (5096)* in 1886, and NATHANIEL (4114)* in 1887 were the last riverboats we can confirm were produced; all three were ferryboats.

(* Way Packet Directory numbers.)

CONCLUDING YEARS

The 1870s began a period of decline in the importance of riverboats to Steubenville. This decline in boat-building activity, and indeed in the ties of Steubenville to river traffic, was evident in the news coverage. By the late 1870s the *Steubenville Evening Gazette* was no longer running a "river news" column on a regular basis and by 1880 a similar column in the *Ohio Press* was much reduced.

Exactly when the last steamboat came down the ways at Steubenville is difficult to determine but the ferryboat NATHANIEL of 1887 may well have been the last.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jerry E. Green is Assistant Professor in the Department of Geography at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. He was raised in the Steubenville, Ohio area and thereby comes by his interest in river history and steamboats.

The author thanks individuals who helped in the preparation of this research, in particular MLissa Kesterman and the staff of the Inland Rivers Library of the Public Library of Cincinnati and Hamilton County, Charles Green of the Jefferson County Historical Association, Steubenville, Ohio; and Janet Stucky, Special Collections Librarian and staff, Miami University.

THE NATIONAL HOUSE - THE RIVERMEN'S HOSTELRY by Jeffrey Spear

Recently I received an old hotel register from a friend who found it in Columbus. He might have known that the Marietta hotel it came from just happened to be next door to my house, the southeast corner of Greene and South Second Streets. The National House Hotel was built around 1850 and was one of the better hotels located near the public wharf. The building was of brick, three stories and had about 30 rooms. The register dates from 1889 through October, 1891 which would be toward the end of the line for The National House; T. K. Wells, the proprietor, stops paying property taxes in 1893.

In July of 1899 the building was purchased by Hyatt and Clark who did extensive remodeling and added a fourth story enclosed in a stylish mansard roof. The hotel reopened in February 1900 after the improvements - claimed to have cost \$50,000 including lot and furnishings - and advertised as The Norwood, "with 65 guest chambers." E. Clark, Jr. was listed as the manager with J. R. Walters of Athens, clerk.

The National House was popular with river people and many ate and stayed there. The first and most frequent guest was Capt. Isaac Newton Hook of Hooksburg, Ohio. Capt. Hook's tomb in a small cemetery beside the Muskingum is a must-see for all its eccentric inscriptions on an unusual design. Then there are the well-known and popular rivermen of the time: J. K. Booth, E. E. Pope, Martin F. Noll, Wash Honshell, E. P. Chancellor and Harry Maddy of Gallipolis.

The interesting entries are rivermen who listed their commands as their address: Capt. Ira B. Huntington, Str. W. N. CHANCELLOR (5651); Tony Meldahl, Str. HUDSON (2678); L. A. Myrick, Str. LIZZIE CASSEL (3533); O. M. Hissom, Str. COURIER (1355); C. Barringer, Str. HUDSON; C. C. Green, Str. R. E. PHILLIPS and later on the T. N. BARNSDALL. A. T. Armstrong, Str. H. K. BEDFORD (2491) stayed overnight in 1890; this being June 18, 1890, undoubtedly on the boat's first trip to Pittsburgh after purchase by Gordon C. Greene. She landed at Pittsburgh on June 22, 1890.

Then, we have Edwin F. Maddy and William F. Brookhart, Str. CONGO (1289). The CONGO was built by Knox in their Harmar yard under the supervision of Capt. Maddy for the White Collar Line of Cincinnati. She came out in November, 1890 with Bill Brookhart, pilot. H. C. Roe (clerk) appears in the register and lists his address as Str. T. N. BARNSDALL (5282) while the last riverman we identified was J. H. Best, Str. KEYSTONE STATE (3288). This boat was built at the Knox yard in 1890.

T. N. Barnsdall of Bradford, Pennsylvania was a frequent guest at The National House in 1889 and 1890. This coincides with the building of the boat named for him which, although the hull was built at Belle Vernon, Pennsylvania, was finished in Marietta. Mr. Barnsdall was a big oil operator and the 1890s were the time of the oil boom up at Macksburg on Duck Creek and along the Little Muskingum.

Lt. Lansing H. Beach was down from Zanesville and checked into The National House in 1889. He was with the U.S. Corps of Engineers, working on the Muskingum River improvement project at the time. Later, after World War I, Beach would become Chief of the Corps of Engineers and the little packet boat bearing his name would be running up the Muskingum River for a short while.

You may think that reading a hotel register would be about as interesting as reading a telephone directory but this one has tantalizing bits of river history for those into the subject. A favorite - amusing - entry is: "Capt. Ira B. Huntington and Hod Knowles, Ohio River, May 18, 1889."

- S&D CHAPTERS -

We reported in the December 2004 issue that another group of members had taken steps to create a fourth chapter. Centered at Vicksburg, Mississippi. Nineteen (19) members petitioned the Board of Governors for recognition as the **YAZOO RIVER CHAPTER**. Lamar Roberts, of the Vicksburg Battlefield Museum, is president and Dan Richardson, Secretary. The paperwork was circulated to members of the Board of Governors for review with a report promised in this issue.

A mural depicting the packet **SULTANA** about to depart from Vicksburg in the spring of 1865 is nearing completion on a panel of the city's floodwall. The scene is a realistic representation of how she looked on April 24, 1865 before departing Vicksburg with more than 2,000 Union troops on board. She met her tragic fate in an explosion above Memphis on the early morning of April 27, 1865 resulting in the largest loss of life of any U.S. maritime disaster.

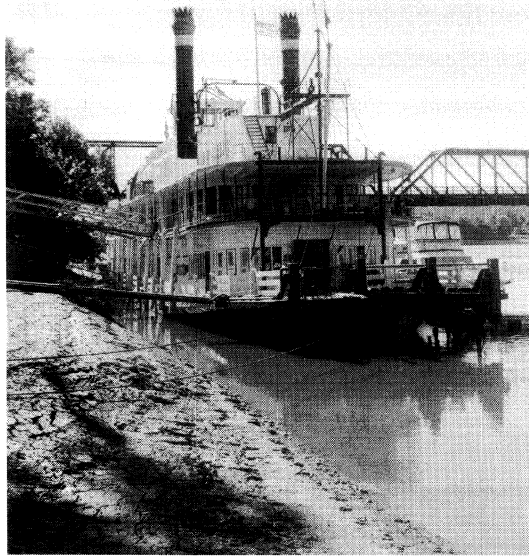
The mural was painted by Robert Dafford who has received acclaim for his series of murals on the Paducah floodwall and elsewhere. It was funded by donations from "Descendants of the Sultana" and local sources with \$13,000 in assistance by S&D through the J. Mack Gamble Fund.

The dedication ceremony will take place on Saturday, April 9, 10am, according to Nellie Caldwell, Secretary and Chairman of the Mural Committee. Participating in the dedication will be Jerry Potter and Gene Salecker (authors of books on the Sultana tragedy), Lamar Roberts of the Vicksburg Battlefield Museum and the Yazoo River Chapter of S&D, representatives of the Descendants of the Sultana city officials and possibly the governor of Mississippi.

We are pleased to welcome the Yazoo River Chapter and look forward to future reports on the activities of this spirited group.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER

No report from The Big Muddy!



THE BECKY THATCHER, EX-MISSISSIPPI (3977), HAS A NEW LEASE ON LIFE AT MARIETTA WITH HER NEW OWNERS. SHE RODE OUT THE FLOOD OF LAST SEPTEMBER AND IS HERE SHOWN AT HER REGULAR LANDING ABOVE THE OLD RAILROAD BRIDGE. THE NEW PAINT IS OBVIOUS AND TONS OF WALLS AND FIXTURES HAVE GONE OUT WITH THE SHOWBOAT THEATER. THE DINING-ROOM, REDECORATED, IS NOW THE "1926" WITH A THEME TO MATCH. EARLY GOURMET REPORTS ARE FAVORABLE.



ABOARD THE DELTA QUEEN LAST AUGUST, PHOTOGRAPHER JERRY SUTPHIN CAPTURED TWO QUEENS OF THE RIVERS. JANE GREENE ON THE LEFT, WAS VISITING PILOT LISA STRECKFUS. LISA IS FROM THE STRECKFUS EXCURSION BOAT FAMILY - BILL, HER FATHER AND ROY, HER GRANDFATHER.

OHIO & KANAWHA RIVERS

No spring social program for the chapter is planned because of difficulty in scheduling the meeting room at the Mason County Library. It is hoped that many chapter regulars will want to participate in the celebration of the long, productive life of the late Bert Shearer, the chapter's captain and president for many years.

See Bert's obituary elsewhere in this issue and the family's invitation to the meeting at 1:00 pm., April 16 at the Pt. Pleasant River Museum.

MIDDLE OHIO RIVER

At press time, the plans for the MOR quarterly meeting in April were still fluid or adrift. The month of April is correct and the location will be in the Cincinnati area but other details are lacking. A mailing to MOR members will be made early in March with a definite schedule.

The U.S. Postal service seldom lets us down but if paid-up MOR members do not received a Meeting Notice by April 1 they should call M'Lissa at (513) 662-8627.

- OBITUARIES -

CAPT. BERT SHEARER

Bert Shearer, 94, passed away on January 27, 2005 at Charleston, West Virginia. He was born April 27, 1910 on his father's gasboat BERTHA M. on the Kentucky River. His parents were Oliver F. and Lelia Curtis Shearer.

The river and towboats were Bert's life from early boyhood growing up on the BERTHA M. In 1924, at the age of fourteen, Bert and his older brother Oliver, then sixteen, were put in charge of their father's gasboat WILDWOOD and towed barges with fluorspar from Chins Mine down the Kentucky River to Frankfort. Later, they towed saw logs from the head of navigation at Beattyville down to the sawmill at Frankfort. It was an early start in the river towing business which the family eventually built up into a very successful business.

Capt. Bert preferred working on the boats to a desk job. In 1938 the company purchased the steam towboat VICTORY from Keystone Sand & Supply Co. and renamed it O. F. SHEARER. Bert went master-pilot on the boat and in 1941 supervised the rebuilding of the steamer LIEUT. LEWIS into the diesel WALTER P. DOLLE.

He served three years in the Coast Guard Auxiliary - the Catfish Navy - during WW-II piloting military craft from the yards on the upper Ohio to Louisville, Cairo and New Orleans. After WW-II, Bert was part owner with his brothers and sisters of O. F. Shearer & Sons River Transportation which was eventually sold to Indiana and Michigan Power Co., later American Electric Power.

Bert wrote recollections of his family and life on the river and growing up in the river towing business for the *S&D Reflector* - see June, 1997 issue. It is a family success story in the mold of Horatio Alger if there ever was one. But Bert never changed and enjoyed talking about the adventures he had when starting out on the WILDWOOD and later being placed in charge of the HUB, a 25 horsepower gasboat. Bert seemed to feel that being high-pilot on the steamers O. F. SHEARER and later on the SAM CRAIG, which the company bought from Union Barge Line, were the happy times.

After retirement, Bert enjoyed woodworking as a hobby and he was a

skilled craftsman. He was an avid hunter and fisherman; it seemed he always had a fishing trip to Canada scheduled. He had a deep interest in river history and was president of the Ohio and Kanawha River Chapter of S&D for many years. He was a staunch supporter and contributor to the new Point Pleasant River Museum.

Bert is survived by his wife of 61 years, Ann Shearer; sons Ed L. Shearer and wife, Gayle, of Metarie, Louisiana and Michael and wife Gaby of Middle Grove, New York; brother Ralph Shearer of Winchester, KY; sisters Reba Varlie of Winchester, KY, Virgie Pace of Albuquerque, NM, Lee May of Clearwater, FL and Juanita Walden of Winchester, KY; granddaughters, Lelia Shearer and Nicole Elmore of Middle Grove, NY and many nieces and nephews.

Services were held on February 5 at Westminster Presbyterian Church, Kanawha City, WV. Bert donated his body to West Virginia University Medical School.

A REMEMBRANCE SERVICE IN CELEBRATION OF BERT'S LONG AND PRODUCTIVE LIFE WILL BE HELD AT 1:00 PM ON THE AFTERNOON OF SATURDAY, APRIL 16 AT THE POINT PLEASANT RIVER MUSEUM. ALL FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES OF THE SHEARER FAMILY ARE MOST WELCOME. THE MUSEUM PHONE IS: (304) 674-0144

- PASSAGES -

HELEN L. YOUNG

Helen Young, age 84, died February 8, 2004. She was born February 16, 1919 at Clarington, Ohio to Homer and Leona (Meeker) Mozena of the Mozena boat building family. The family moved to Adamsville, Muskingum County in the 1920s and Helen was raised on farms near that community but never lost her interest in the river and the boats. She graduated from the Adamsville High School in 1936.

She married Robert Young of Adamsville on June 7, 1938. She was preceded in death by her parents, her husband Bob, son David, three brothers - Tom, Glenn and Jim Mozena - and three nephews. Surviving are a special daughter Charlotte Stump of Avondale, two grandchildren, four great grandchildren and her brother Dr. Phil Mozena of Newcomerstown, Ohio.

- BACK COVER -

Alton Slough on the Upper Mississippi, just below Alton, IL, was a favored harbor for winter lay-up in the days of wooden boats and later. But the danger of damage from ice was still present and we run these photos to close-out winter of 2005.

TOP. The cleared channel around the wooden hull must be kept open with a heavy iron bar with a chisel blade on the end. The GOLDEN EAGLE is on the right and the BETSARA (T0244) to the left.

BELOW. Here's a demonstration of using an ice saw to open an ice-free channel around the GOLDEN EAGLE.(2366).

Photos by Dick Lemen.

BLOWING WHISTLES

LOW PRESSURE AIR WILL DO

Conrad Milster, 178 Emerson Place, Brooklyn, NY 11205 was glancing over page 35 of the September, 2004 issue and the comment about blowing steamboat whistles at the Pt. Pleasant River Museum with a Shop-Vac caught his eye. Myron Duffield of Middleport, Ohio is credited with using the blower port on a common Shop-Vac as the air source. Mr. Milster takes exception as this being a first. Before Shop-Vacs, others had achieved success with a less sophisticated source of air.

Writes Mr. Milster:

"The late Allan Howard, curator of the Upper Canada Maritime Museum, had a display of whistles that were blown on low pressure air but using a simple blower. Shop-Vacs didn't exist in the 1960s. I recorded the sound September 10, 1965.

I made a similar setup which was displayed at Sailors Snug Harbor on Staten Island in the early 1970s. There were three or four whistles on a stand of 2" pipe with a hose leading to the blower. The blower had a 60 second timer which gave the visitor one minute of air to blow the whistles after he pushed the button. Rather than retune the whistles (by adjusting the bell) I wrapped a piece of stiff paper around the lower part of the bell which could be slid up and down to get a true sound."

Our thanks to Conrad for the tips and dating the Canadian performance. I wonder if a tank-type Electrolux sweeper would do the job? (Too late - ours has gone to the Goodwill.)

