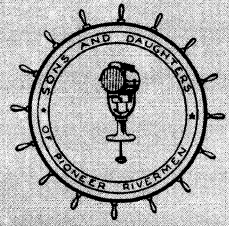


S&D

REFLECTOR

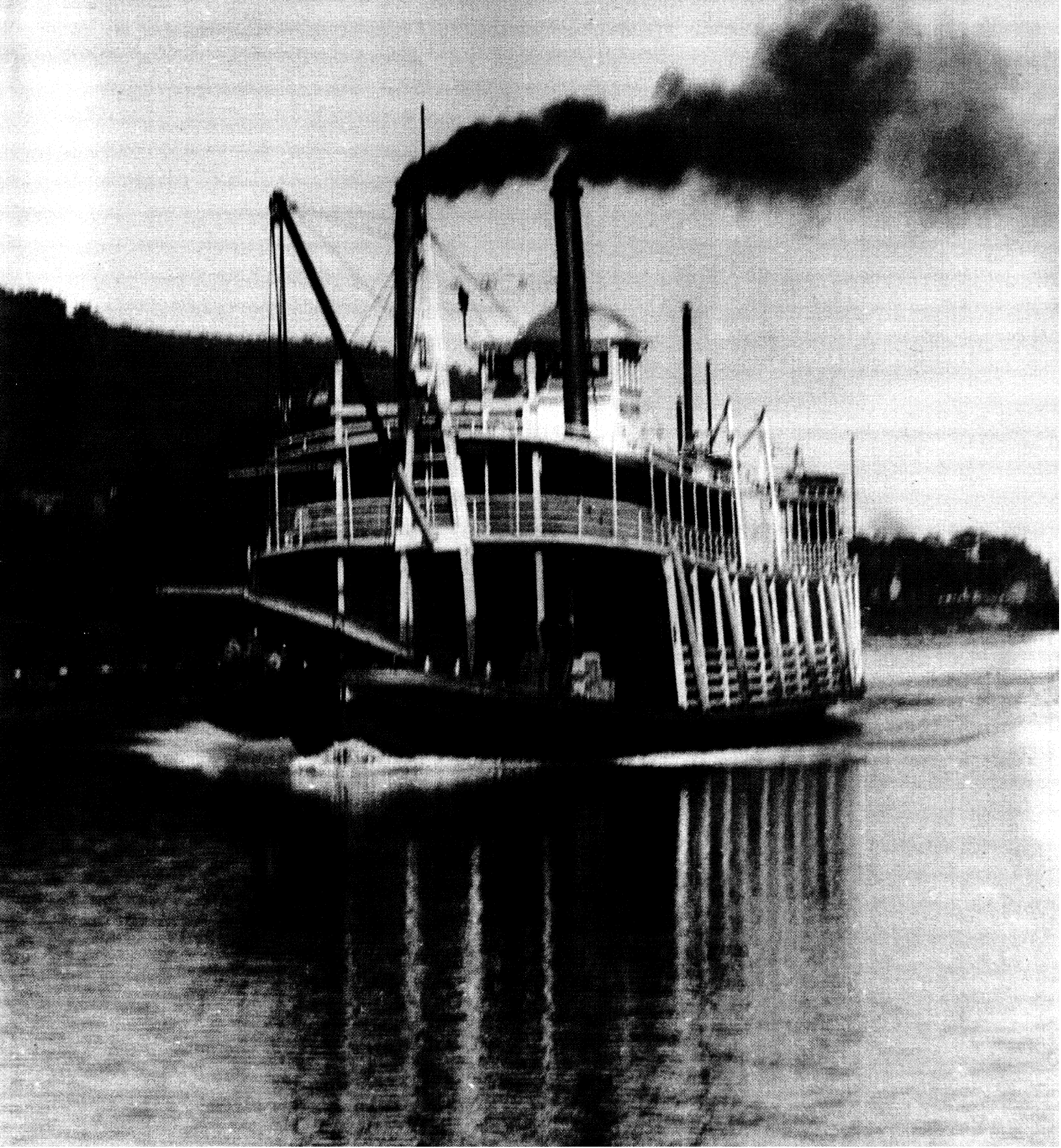
Published by Sons and Daughters
of Pioneer Rivermen



Vol. 42, No. 2

Marietta, Ohio

June 2005



- FRONT COVER -

The GENERAL PERSHING (2263) is coming at you, probably in 1919, and fresh from the Mozena Boatyard, Clarrington, OH. She had been remodeled from the New Orleans-Red River cotton packet OMAHA after purchase by the Liberty Transit Co. of Wheeling in 1918. She ran in the Pittsburgh-Charleston trade during most of her Ohio River career until being laid up at the Smith Drydocks, Pt. Pleasant, WV in the fall of 1921, - never to run again.

This view is a considerable blowup from a negative taken out in the river, looking upstream above Lock No. 3, Glen Osborne, PA. The trim sheer of her hull is evident and the slight blur of the stage and boom indicates the gentle vibration as she runs "full 'head."

Photo by Fred Way, Jr.

- LETTERS -

Sirs: I'm enclosing two sketches of the Wm. Kirkup & Son steam gauge that I have been attempting to confirm or discredit as: (1) Made in Cincinnati between 1851 and 1854; (2) It is of the type primarily used on steamboats and railroad locomotives of the time. The age of the gauge is based on the address "290 East Front Street, Cincinnati" and the city did not start using street numbers prior to 1851-52 and the Little Miami RR leveled buildings on that street by 1854.

Bruce E. Babcock
11155 Stout Rd.
Amanda, OH 43102

= The blue-tone drawing does not reproduce well but the gauge has a range from 0 to 190 psi., a bellows to actuate the hand's segment mechanism and is marked "W. Kirkup & Son" on the face. The description of the BUCKEYE STATE (0728) of 1850 gives "average pressure of steam 145 psi." so the range of the gauge seems reasonable: could be, could be. Ed.

- THE FREIGHT BOOK -

| | |
|---------------------------|----|
| CINCINNATI 1826 | 5 |
| PGH.-NEW ORLEANS - 1946 | 10 |
| STR. JOE PETERS | 20 |
| ENGINE INDICATORS, PT. IV | 21 |
| PGH.-WHEELING, 1883 | 25 |
| S&D CHAPTERS | 30 |
| BOOK REVIEWS | 33 |
| OBITUARIES | |
| WM. "BILL" PRUDENT | 34 |
| MARION C. PATSCH | 35 |
| PATRICIA GARDNER | 35 |
| MABEL ELOISE BENEFIEL | 35 |

Sirs: As a 12 year old, I rode on the W. P. SNYDER JR. from Lock 6 to Lock 5, Mon River. It was September, 1955 and the SNYDER was headed to Marietta to be decommissioned and become part of the River Museum. I'm enclosing river boat photos found in my deceased father's trunk.

Roy Crabb
1440 Vine Maple Lane
Show Low, AZ 85901

= We thank Roy for several interesting photos which may appear on the these pages when opportune. This is the year when the SNYDER should have a birthday party after surviving 50 years at the Ohio River Museum. Ed.

Sirs: A great story on the 1946 trip down the Ohio in the March issue. We had one of our PORTLAND museum members do the Columbia River - headwaters to the Pacific - in a canoe.

The steamer PORTLAND went on drydock April 30 for Coast Guard inspection, - we will make further plans from there.

Don Chalmers
1615 NE 201st Ave
Fairview, OR 97024

= Columbia River, 1243 miles! Ed.

Sirs: Re "Cottonmouths & Cotton," I was surprised to see that you and Fred rode the JOHN W. LANE just a month before I did that year. After much pleading, my parents drove our tired 1933 Ford onto the LANE for a roundtrip, my first steamboat ride. The next year the boat was gone, - burned.

John Fryant
Maineville, Ohio

= Chapter Two of C&C coming up! Ed.

Sirs: I liked "Cottonmouths & Cotton" in the March issue and await Chap. 2. Today, I would be afraid to make such a trip with the likelihood of being mugged along the way. Hope you still have that Evinrude Lightfour outboard; they are collectors' items.

Harry D. Barry
275 Windswept Dr.
North East, PA 16428

= No such luck, - the Lightfour is gone! Harry, the whistle man, built himself an organ pipe type whistle this year, 8-1/2" by 74" which sounds a single bass note, - about 44 cycles per second. Ed.

Sirs: Now really, was your soda fountain capacity in 1946 really "3 ice cream sodas, 2 root beers, 1 banana split and a slice of watermelon?" Or did the author use just a touch of poetic license?

Your use of the name "Fair Haven" in the caption on page 23, March issue got me to wondering: Why would anyone want to change such a nice name to the jaw-buster Kanauga?

William "Bill" Smith
1240 Warbler Ridge
Springfield, OH 45503

= Author Way was not beyond stretching a story but in this case we believe he was aiming for an euphonious trill across the tongue and palate.

As for fair Fair Haven, Ohio, it is so listed in the 1922 edition of The Ohio River but changed by the 1934 edition. Kanauga is believed to mean, "Opposite the mouth of the broad Kanawha" in West Virginian, - according to The Ohio Guide, 1940, a WPA project. Ed.

Sirs: I enjoy the *Reflector* very much and particularly Bill Judd's story of The Ohio River Co. I worked there as deckhand, pilot and finally as Personnel Manager before moving on to Orgulf as Transportation Manager. Enclosed is a gift membership for my friend James Gafken, Forestburg, TX - he worked on the river during several summers.

James H. Call
5401 Washingtonian Dr.
Metairie, LA 70003

- MORE LETTERS -

Sirs: I enjoyed the first installment of "Cottonmouths and Cotton" in the March issue and await The Rest of the Story.

I wonder how many permits, licenses, advance notifications, etc. would be required to take that LADY GRACE trip today? And, what does that number on the bow signify?

Pat Welsh, Realtor
Box 3671
Davenport, IA 52808

= Fred Way bought his first LADY GRACE in 1934 from R. C. Price, Pittsburgh, and received an Official Number "V1200" from the U.S. Custom House. This was changed to 12A237 prior to 1938 and was still in use when LADY GRACE was wrecked below Franklin, PA, Allegheny River in September, 1945. The U.S. number was transferred to LADY GRACE II. When state registration began we know not. Ed.

Miss Bec: I have been remiss in sending my annual S&D dues; I must have misplaced your usual reminder. My apologies and here's my check for \$20. Even though I was not able to attend the annual gathering last fall - because of the flood situation - I nonetheless enjoying reading the *Reflector*. Your fine work is appreciated.

Allen G. Bolender
2021 St. Joseph Dr.
Batavia, OH 45103

= Sorry about the flood last year; we are not planning a repeat this year. Ed.

GOLDEN EAGLE EXHIBIT AT CAPE GIRARDEAU

The Southeast Missouri Regional Museum, Cape Girardeau will host an open house for a special exhibit of much of the material which that museum received from the Golden Eagle River Museum, St. Louis last year. Dr. Stanley Grand of the SE Missouri Regional Museum extends an invitation to the open house reception on Saturday, June 11, from 2 to 4pm.

SONS & DAUGHTERS OF PIONEER RIVERMEN BOARD OF GOVERNORS MEETING

The Board of Governors of S&D will meet the afternoon of Friday, September 16 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.

Sons & Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen September 16 and 17, 2005 Lafayette Hotel, Marietta, Ohio

The annual meeting of S&D this September does not plan for an exciting flood as occurred last year but may include a surprise or two. This is the 50th anniversary of the arrival in Marietta of the steamer W. P. SNYDER JR. and some observance will perhaps take place at the Ohio River Museum on Friday afternoon, - should you be in town so early.

A Friday evening mixer and reception at the hotel is on the program.

The business meeting takes place Saturday morning. The towboat FRED WAY is 60 years old this year and, if all the signs are favorable, she should be open for inspection on Saturday afternoon. The evening banquet at the hotel will feature Rick and M'Lissa Kesterman with a slide presentation of Cincinnati, 1848 and 2005.

Look for the final schedule of events in the September *Reflector* and, upon arrival, the usual handout at the Lafayette front desk.

Lafayette Hotel 1-800-331-9336
Best Western, Muskingum Dr. (740) 374-7211
Other chains available near I-77 and Rt. 7

NOMINATING COMMITTEE

The nominating committee of 2004 has been reappointed:

Lee Woodruff, Cincinnati, Chairman
Charles "Charlie" McMahan, New Matamoras, OH
John "Jack" Mettey, Burlington, KY

The Committee will recommend a slate of qualified candidates for the three vacancies on the Board of Governors and the officers of President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer. (The position of the second vice president was eliminated by amendment to the Constitution adopted last year.

If you are interested in guiding S&D feel free to contact Lee Woodruff, 1413 Meadowbright Lane, Cincinnati, OH 45230.

WHISTLE ECHOES, VOLUME 1

CASSETTES AVAILABLE

PROFESSIONALLY DUPLICATED FROM THE ORIGINAL 1965 WHISTLE BLOW RECORDING AT LONG REACH, WV. THIRTY-SEVEN WHISTLES FROM HISTORIC STEAMBOATS - S&D COLLECTION AND OTHERS - WITH NARRATION BY CAPT. FRED WAY, JR.

AVAILABLE FROM CAMPUS MARTIUS MUSEUM, \$9.00 EACH MAILING INCLUDED. CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED. (740) 373-3750.

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

S&D REFLECTOR

Marietta, Ohio



Vol. 42, No. 2

June 2005

ISSN 1087-9803

Post Office Permit #73, Marietta, OH

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

REFLECTOR INDEXES

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

THE POSTAL SERVICE DOES NOT FORWARD "MEDIA MAIL." ADDRESS CHANGES - SEASONAL OR PERMANENT - REQUIRE TIMELY NOTICE TO THE SECRETARY TO RECEIVE *S&D REFLECTOR*!

SONS & DAUGHTERS OF PIONEER RIVERMEN

OFFICERS

J. W. Rutter, President

G. W. Sutphin, Vice President

Bee Rutter, Secretary (740) 373-7829

R. Dale Flick, Treasurer

BOARD OF GOVERNORS

Term Ending 2005

John Fryant

MLissa Kesterman

Dick Prater

Term Ending 2006

William Judd, Chairman

Tom Dunn

Frederick Way, III

Term Ending 2007

William Barr

Lee Woodruff

David Smith

TRUSTEES J. MACK GAMBLE FUND

Kim McGrew (2007), Chairman

Bill Barr (2005)

Frank Pollock (2006)

RIVER MUSEUM COMMITTEE

Jeffrey Spear, Chairman

Phone (740) 374-4176

MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE

Allen Hess, Chairman

Phone (716) 381-9796

REGIONAL CHAPTERS

Ohio-Kanawha River Chapter

Capt. Bert Shearer, Pres.

Middle Ohio River Chapter

Rick Kesterman, Pres.

Mississippi River Chapter

Capt. J. Thomas Dunn, Pres.

Yazoo River Chapter

Lamar Roberts, Pres.

ADJUNCT ORGANIZATIONS

Inland Rivers Library, Cincinnati

Rare Books - (513) 369-6957

Ohio River Museum, Marietta

Andy Verhoff - (740) 373-3750

Blennerhassett Museum, Parkersburg

Ray Swick - (304) 420-4800

The *S&D Reflector* quarterly is the property of the Sons & Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen corporation and is not to be reprinted or electronically reproduced without written permission of the editor.

CINCINNATI IN 1826

BY

BENJAMIN DRAKE & EDWARD

MANSFIELD - 1827

MORGAN, LODGE, FISHER, PUBLISHERS

Brad Bond, editor and publisher of *Towpaths*, quarterly of the Canal Society of Ohio, called a small volume with the above title to Ye Editor's attention. Brad found a copy in the Special Collections of the Marietta College Library while researching some aspect of the Miami & Erie Canal that once connected Cincinnati and Toledo. Rebecca Poe, keeper of the Special Collections, kindly furnished a copy of Chap. X, "Commerce," to the *S&D Reflector*.

The following discussion from Chapter X of the 1826 book fit right in with several articles on early boat-building in Cincinnati carried in this journal. (See issues 01m13, Burton Hazen and 01s26, GEORGE WASHINGTON and others.)

About the authors, Benjamin Drake, 1794-1841, was born in Mays Lick, Kentucky where the family had moved from New Jersey in 1788. He followed his older brother Daniel to Cincinnati in the early 1800s and became a lawyer but then took up writing founded the *Cincinnati Chronicle* newspaper in 1826.

Drake's co-author, Edward D. Mansfield, 1801-1880, was later the long-time editor of the magazine, *The Railroad Record* which was published in Cincinnati 1853-1872. These two also collaborated on Tales and Sketches of the Queen City, 1835 and The Life of Black Hawk, 1838.

Thanks to Jack White for the biographies.

"STEAM-BOATS"

"The first Steam-boat launched upon the waters of the west was built at Pittsburgh in 1811. The first one built at Cincinnati was the VESTA, launched in 1816. It was not, however, till 1817 that steam-boat building was actively and extensively pursued in the west. Since that time, they have come into general use and have employed much of the labour sic., skill and capital of the chief towns above the mouth of the Ohio. In this business, Cincinnati has been conspicuously engaged and in number of boats, has exceeded any other place in the west. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any other place in the world has built more.

The history of western boat building shows, that, like every other species of business, it has undergone great and sudden fluctuations. Within the last two years, a very large number have been built here and elsewhere and it is rational to conclude that in succeeding years money and enterprise will, for a time, be diverted into new channels. It must, nevertheless, always afford profit and employment. The extended and remote connections of the immense water courses which traverse the valley of the Mississippi and the increasing quantities of goods and produce borne upon their bosoms will render steam navigation forever an object of industry and a source of wealth. Since its introduction here, it has wrought a change in the appearance and nature of commercial transactions which the most active fancy could, a few years since, have scarcely conceived, - and this change is progressing with every addition to population.

The steam-boats built at Cincinnati afford, it may be confidently asserted, as fine models as those of any other place. In the woodwork, a superiority is generally confessed by those who are conversant with the business and in regard to the engines, no superiority is either claimed or admitted in favor of other places, except that which might arise from a greater contiguity to the coal and iron of the upper country. This, however, regards cheapness alone and is an advantage more than counterbalanced by the superior quality and kind of our timber necessary in their construction. The black locust, which is here so abundant and excellent, is not found in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh, and cannot be taken there except at an enormous expense.

The durability of the boats build upon the Ohio has, in some instances, even surpassed that of boats constructed in the east from the Jersey oak which is there in high repute for ship building. In speed, the western boats generally excel those of the eastern states and those built at Cincinnati are unsurpassed in that particular, by any boats upon the waters of the Mississippi. If, in the decoration of our boats, there is less brass, marble and tinsel work than in those of the Atlantic states, it still cannot be conceded that our finish is not equally conformable to good taste and elegance. While in regard to their construction and substantial conveniences, the palm of superiority, from the concurrent testimony of our own observations and those of many intelligent gentlemen, must, in general, be awarded to the boats built upon the Ohio than in any of the eastern cities.

The whole number of steam-boats which have navigated the western waters since their first introduction is 233. A very small number of them were built at New York and Philadelphia, - the rest were launched upon the waters of the Ohio.

The following table will show the number of steam-boats built in each successive year from the construction of the first:

| | | | |
|------|----|------|----|
| 1811 | 1 | 1820 | 10 |
| 1814 | 1 | 1821 | 5 |
| 1815 | 2 | 1822 | 13 |
| 1816 | 3 | 1823 | 15 |
| 1817 | 7 | 1824 | 16 |
| 1818 | 25 | 1825 | 27 |
| 1819 | 34 | 1826 | 56 |

Of this whole number of steam-boats built in the west, 90 have been lost or destroyed in the following manner: 28 struck snags; 6 were burnt; 1 stove by ice; 1 sunk by another boat; the remainder worn out. There are now 143 steam-boats, carrying about 24,000 tons, running upon the western waters: of these, 48 were built at Cincinnati; 35 at Pittsburgh; 10 at New Albany; 7 at Marietta; 5 at Louisville; 4 at New York and the residue at various points on the Ohio, the engines for which have nearly all been furnished by Cincinnati and Pittsburgh.

The following is a list of all the steamboats which have been built at Cincinnati with their tonnage, engine and age as nearly as could be ascertained by the most accurate inquiries.

| NAME | YEAR | TONS | PRESS. |
|----------------|------|------|--------|
| Vesta | 1816 | 100 | |
| Comet | 1817 | 154 | |
| Cincinnati | 1818 | 157 | |
| Eagle | 1818 | 120 | |
| Gen. Pike | 1818 | 180 | |
| Hecla | 1818 | 120 | |
| Henderson | 1818 | 124 | |
| Perseverance | 1818 | 50 | |
| Vulcan | 1819 | 258 | |
| Tennessee | 1819 | 416 | |
| Paragon | 1819 | 355 | Low |
| Gen Greene | 1820 | 306 | |
| Osage | 1820 | 144 | |
| Eliza | 1821 | 65 | High |
| Nashville | 1821 | 200 | High |
| Miami | 1822 | 50 | High |
| Andrew Jackson | 1823 | 270 | High |
| Belle Creole | 1823 | 122 | Low |
| Magnet | 1823 | 270 | Low |

| | | | |
|-------------------|------|-----|---------|
| Rob Roy | 1823 | 240 | High |
| American | 1824 | 50 | High |
| Caledonia | 1824 | 350 | Low |
| Highland Laddie | 1824 | 80 | High |
| Lawrence | 1824 | 122 | High |
| Mexico | 1824 | 125 | Low |
| Velocipede | 1824 | 109 | Low |
| Atalanta | 1825 | 148 | Low |
| Ariel | 1825 | 80 | High |
| Cavalier | 1825 | 180 | Low |
| Columbia | 1825 | 200 | Low |
| Caravan | 1825 | 220 | High |
| Gen. Marion | 1825 | 75 | |
| Dewitt Clinton | 1825 | 132 | Low |
| Geo. Washington | 1825 | 360 | High |
| Helen McGregor | 1825 | 340 | High |
| Ohio | 1825 | 80 | High |
| Patriot | 1825 | 258 | High |
| Pioneer | 1825 | 200 | High |
| Phoebus | 1825 | 80 | High |
| Rotary | 1825 | 30 | High |
| Courtland | 1826 | 212 | High |
| Cincinnati | 1826 | 100 | High |
| Gen. Carrol | 1826 | 272 | |
| Hercules, towboat | 1826 | 275 | High |
| Planter | 1826 | 130 | Low |
| Philadelphia | 1826 | 325 | High |
| Opelousas | 1826 | 133 | High |
| Robert Burns | 1826 | 125 | High |
| Red River Packet | 1826 | 120 | High |
| Tecumseh | 1826 | 212 | High |
| Tuscumbia | 1826 | 210 | High |
| Virginia | 1826 | 122 | Low |
| Amazon | 1826 | 300 | Low |
| Albion | 1826 | 50 | |
| Gen. Hamilton | 1826 | 158 | |
| Ben Franklin | 1826 | 165 | Mongrel |
| Florida | 1826 | 230 | Mongrel |
| Grampus, towboat | 1826 | 290 | High |
| Beaver | 1826 | 148 | Mongrel |
| Brandywine | 1826 | 140 | Mongrel |

Total, 60 boats 11,225 tons.

The amount of capital belonging to the citizens of Cincinnati now invested in steam-boats is about five hundred thousand dollars.

For much of the information contained in the above list, we are indebted to the politeness of Mr. Ephraim Robins of the Protection Insurance Office."

CINCINNATI 1826 CONCLUSION

We found this discussion of early steamboats built in Cincinnati interesting but must admit to some puzzlement about the term "mongrel" - relating to the engines on the BEN FRANKLIN, FLORIDA, BEAVER and BRANDYWINE. Did it have some reference to design or steam pressures? Don't know.

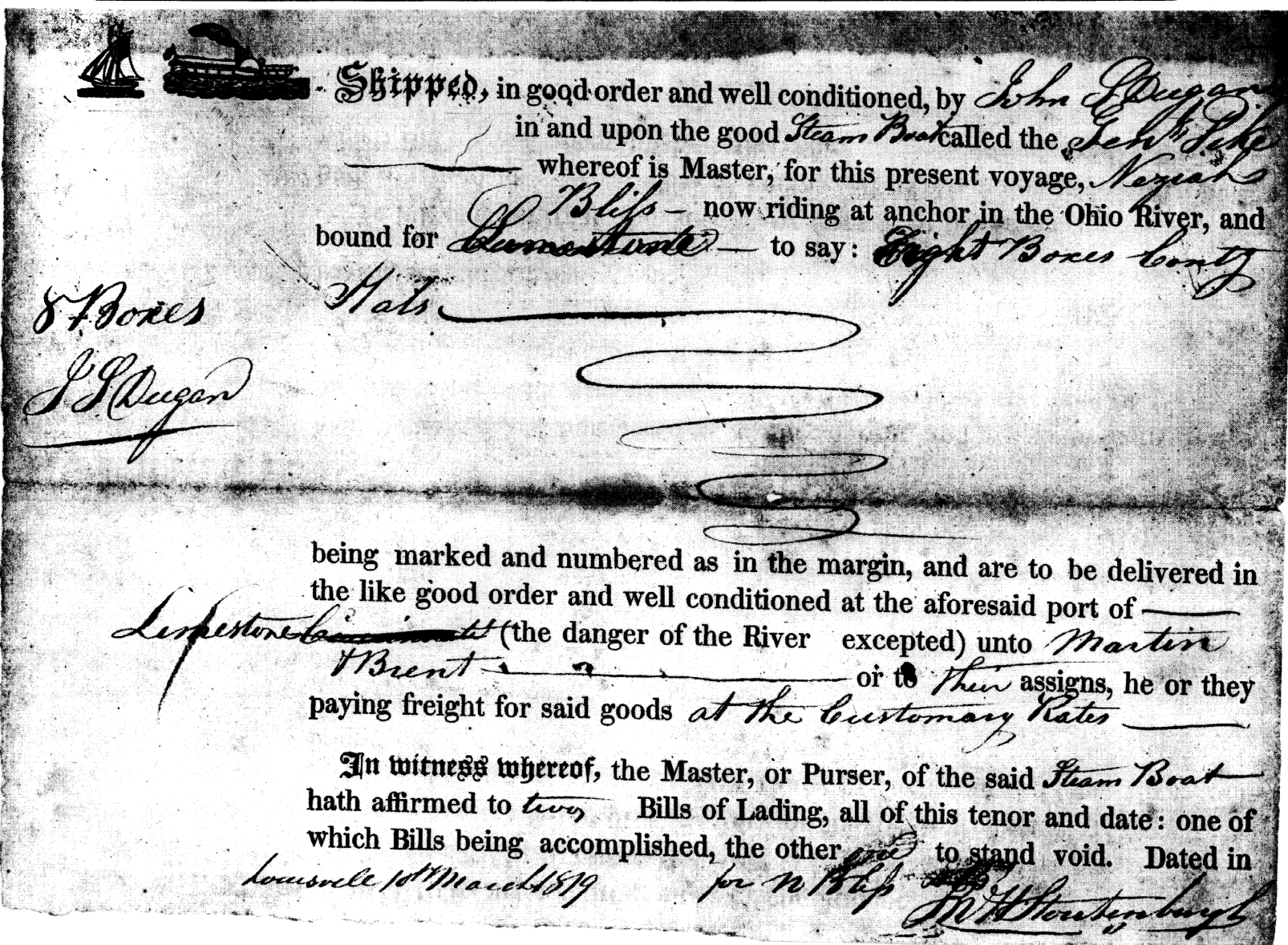
The early steam engines, developed in England by Thomas Newcomen (1663-1729) for driving water pumps in mines utilized the atmospheric air pressure - 14.7 psi. at sea level - rather than the direct pressure from the steam. A vacuum was created in the engine cylinder after steam was introduced on one side of the piston and then condensed by a spray of cold water. Net atmospheric pressure would approach 10 psi. on the opposite side of the piston. A refinement of the design by James Watt in 1791 was a condenser separate from the cylinder itself.

"Low Pressure" implied safety from a boiler explosion and were one to two atmospheres - 15 to 30 psi. - while "high" pressure for the tug GRAMPUS (1827) is noted as, "100 pounds to inch." High-pressure engines were more suitable for use on boats, being of smaller cylinder size and less weight. Low-pressure and high-pressure described the two designs; "high" implied a passenger's possible additional trip into a low earth orbit.

But, some enterprising engineers contrived to introduce 50 or 60 psi. steam into the larger, low-pressure cylinder which markedly improved performance! This practice is described on page 167, Gould's History of River Navigation while Louis C. Hunter calls such an operation a "medium engine" in Steamboats on the Western Rivers, page 127. A low-pressure engine might well turn into a barking "mongrel" when fed twice the pressure!

PUTNAM'S WORD BOOK: "MONGREL, HYBRID."

Readers' views as to the meaning of the 1826 "mongrel engine" will be welcomed.



The GENERAL PIKE, b. 1818, 100x25x6, is said to be the first regular packet in the Cincinnati, Louisville and Limestone (Maysville) trade. Bill of Lading dated March 10, 1819; John Dugan at Louisville ships "8 boxes of hats" to Martin & Brent at Limestone. Master of GEN. PIKE was Naziah Bliss, Jacob Strader, clerk. J. H. Stoutenburgh, signed the bill.

AN EARLY STEAM ENGINE LICENSE

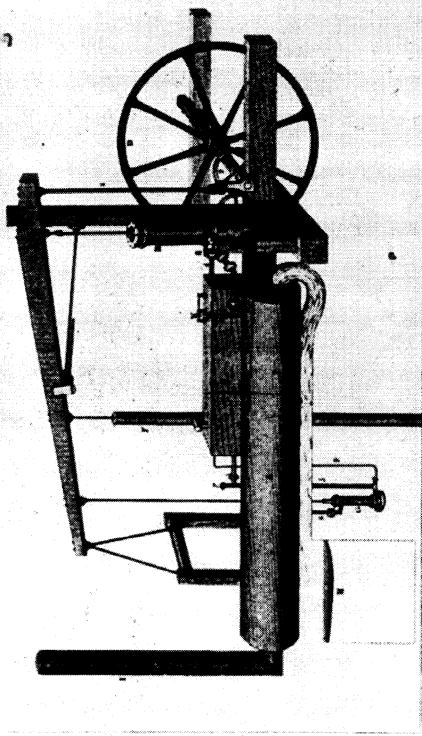
This license pre-dates the Cincinnati 1826 article by fourteen years but it fits our story. Development of steam as power for both industry and boats was rapid; just a year after the NEW ORLEANS made its journey from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, a steam engine is available "off the shelf." And in backwoods Marietta! We copy without correction:

LICENSE

"Know all men by these presents, That I, Oliver Evans, Steam-Engineer, of the city of Philadelphia have received of The Marrietta Steam Mill Co. (sic) Steam Mill Co of the State of Ohio county, State of Ohio the sum of Four Hundred & Eighty Dollars in full payment for a Steam-Engine, and for License hereby granted to the said Marrietta Steam Mill Co., their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, to use one of my patented Steam-Engines, constructed on the principle of retaining the steam in strong boilers, in order to increase the heat, and thereby increase the elastic power of the steam until they obtain the power of twenty horses to be exerted by their engine. The power of a horse to be rated at 150 pounds raised perpendicularly 220 feet per minute, or the piston of the engine to describe 7920 cubic inches of space per minute (for each horse power) carrying an average load to each superficial square inch of the area of its end; according to the rules laid down for ascertaining the power of my steam-engine in my book entitled, "The Abortion of the Young Steam-Engineer's Guide," and to apply and use the same in Marrietta, State of Ohio to the grinding of grain or to any other purposes whatsoever. for and during my present or any future patent term. Witness my hand and seal this Tenth day of November, 1812."

Witness /s/ Stockhouse & Rogers /s/Geo. Evans

The Cincinnati Steam Engine.



LICENSE.

KNOW all Men by these presents, That I, Oliver Evans, Steam-Engineer, of the city of Philadelphia, have received of The Marrietta Steam Mill Co. of the State of Ohio county, State of Ohio the sum of Four Hundred & Eighty Dollars in full payment for a Steam-Engine, and for License hereby granted to the said Marrietta Steam Mill Co., their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, to use one of my patented Steam-Engines, constructed on the principle of retaining the steam in strong boilers, in order to increase the heat, and thereby increase the elastic power of the steam until they obtain the power of twenty horses to be exerted by their engine. The power of a horse to be rated at 150 pounds raised perpendicularly 220 feet per minute, or the piston of the engine to describe 7920 cubic inches of space per minute, (for each horse power) carrying an average load of 50 pounds to each superficial square inch of the area of its end; according to the rules laid down for ascertaining the power of my steam-engine, in my book entitled "The Abortion of the Young Steam-Engineer's Guide," and to apply and use the same in Marrietta State of Ohio to the grinding of grain or to any other purposes whatsoever.

for and during my present or any future patent term. Witness my hand and seal this Tenth day of November 1812

Witness present

Stockhouse & Rogers

Nov 10 1812
Stockhouse & Rogers

Oliver Evans

100 Dollars paid
for Oliver Evans

STEAMBOATS OF A PILOT'S DREAMS

We all seem to have our favorite dreams and more than one old-time steamboat pilot has been heard to say that almost nightly he dreamt that he was just piloting a boat. Sam Clemens, Gordon Greene and other notables have been reported as certifying to having steamboat dreams all of their lives although, in some cases, boating was during a relatively few years. Fred Way often commented that every night he was piloting a boat down a favorite stretch of the Ohio on a calm summer's day, - always pleasant dreams without lightning, strong wind, reefs or sandbars.

Attached to an application for a job as assistant inspector of hulls at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania which the late Fred Way filled out in 1941 was a list of his river experience to that date. Looking back over Fred's active career of working on the river - a period of more than twenty years without a serious bump - it is understandable that boating would be imbedded upon his subconscious and translated into his dreams while wrapped in the arms of Morpheus.

As might be expected, "steamboats" predominated in the lives of those following the river as a vocation during the first four decades of the 20th Century. In Fred's case, packets rather than towboats topped the list of boats that he worked upon and were his main interest even though the passenger/package freight trades were being superceded by motor trucks and buses by the time he stood his first watches as a pilot.

Here is Fred's list from his 1941 job application:

EUGENE DANA SMITH - Steersman - 11/15/19 to 5/15/20
 GENERAL BEACH - Steersman - 5/20/20 to 8/1/20
 GENERAL BEACH - Steersman - 6/15/21 to 8/1/21
 GENERAL PERSHING - Steersman - 8/15/21 to 11/15/21
 GENERAL CROWDER - Steersman - 11/16/21 to 7/1/23
 BETSY ANN - Manager/Mate - 12/25/25 to 7/15/29
 BETSY ANN - Master/Pilot - 7/16/29 to 4/30/32
 SENATOR CORDILL - Pilot - 5/1/32 to 9/15/32
 LIBERTY - Pilot - 9/16/32 to 3/1/33
 SENATOR CORDILL - Master/Pilot - 3/1/33 to 6/15/33
 SENATOR CORDILL - Pilot - 1/1/34 to 2/16/34
 J.S. DELUXE - Pilot - 5/16/34 to 5/24/34
 DONALD BIRMINGHAM - Pilot - 5/25/34 to 6/1/34

WASHINGTON - Pilot - 7/13/34 to 9/15/34
 WASHINGTON - Pilot - 5/1/35 to 9/21/35
 WASHINGTON - Pilot - 5/1/36 to 9/21/36
 SAINT PAUL - Pilot - 5/1/37 to 9/21/37
 SAINT PAUL - Pilot - 5/1/39 to 9/21/39
 SENATOR - Pilot - 5/1/40 to 9/21/40
 SENATOR - Pilot - 5/1/41 to 9/21/41

"In addition, I have been employed as pilot on board the following vessels for periods varying from one week to two months between 1934-1941: LEONA, IRON CITY, STEEL CITY, E. D. KENNA, MAMMOTH CAVE, TOM GREENE, ISLAND QUEEN. Also, I was employed as master of the steamer GENERAL WOOD for various periods between 1930 and 1933."

In the above list, the EUGENE DANA SMITH, DONALD BIRMINGHAM, LEONA, IRON CITY, STEEL CITY, E. D. KENNA AND MAMMOTH CAVE are towboats. The J.S., WASHINGTON, SAINT PAUL and SENATOR were excursion boats; the rest were packet-boats, still pursuing the package freight trades along the Upper Ohio. In such a trade, there was time for the crews to keep in touch with the local news and gossip until the early 1930s they still filled an important transportation niche for the rural areas.

In 1941 the position of Assistant Inspector of Hulls in the Steamboat Inspection Service paid an attractive \$3,200 per annum. But, Fred apparently decided not to turn in his application, probably because he did some trip work on the JIM MARTIN, a modern diesel towboat, for the Ashland Oil & Refining Company in the fall of 1941. Upon the recommendation of Clarence Elder, who had worked on the Streckfus excursion boats with Fred before becoming a pilot for Ashland, Fred was offered the position of master/pilot on towboat JIM MARTIN as Clarence "Heavy" Elder moved to the new PAUL BLAZER.

Fred stayed with Ashland until the end of the war and then left the river as a full-time career. He began publishing the *Inland River Record* and then was caught up in Tom Greene's DELTA QUEEN project in 1947.

As with Sam Clemens, Fred's accumulated encyclopedia of steamboating aboard the packets, - stopping at farms and towns with the scenic vistas along the Ohio and Kanawha Rivers - would stock his dreams ever afterwards.

CHAPTER II

COTTONMOUTHS AND COTTON

by Frederick Way, Jr.

Chapter I concluded as the LADY GRACE II arrived in the Cincinnati Harbor on the evening of June 13, 1946. A "camp site" in the center of the city would have been a tough proposition so our heroes found sanctuary in a vacant office or storage room on the Greene Line wharfboat. It was a place to set up cots and spend the night - with a safe mooring for the yawl under the wharfboat's guard - if not particularly plush.

Supper was found at a friendly diner up on Broadway where the travelers' somewhat casual appearance caused no particular comment at 8 p.m. Hamburgers and ice cream was the menu and well received, too.

The story continues.

Log: June 14.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----------|
| Lv. Cincinnati | 2:00p.m. |
| Licking River, Head of Navigation | 4:30p.m. |
| Board TOM GREENE for Louisville | 5:30p.m. |

We awakened this morning and for a moment I could not realize where I was, - cooped up in a small room with wooden walls and ceiling, and in one corner a trampy-looking mongrel dog which had been soaked in kerosene. An unusual din was going on around about and while I got one eye open and oriented myself to believe the TOM GREENE must be in port. Then there came a musical gong sounding "Assembly" through a loud-speaker.

Well, hell's kahoopshin! The GORDON C. GREENE was lying there! Fresh in from Tennessee River. I couldn't have been more pleased or shocked had a rich uncle dropped a fortune in my lap. "Assembly" on the GORDON C. GREENE is the breakfast call for some confusing reason, - but everybody along the rivers knows it and even the kerosene-soaked dog perked up and wagged his tail. "Mutt," said Woody to it, "I, sure hopes you eat well, 'cause I knows we's going to!"

We emerged from our office-igloo in the amidship section of the Greene Line Wharfboat rather abashed, for full-well we knew the carriage trade would be plentiful, with high society all around, and we on a camping trip without a press in a carload of pants.

Jesse Hughes spied us. "Mercy sakes!" he said in genuine astonishment, and little wonder. The kerosene dog was at our heels, wagging confidently, and looking in keeping with his new-found companions.

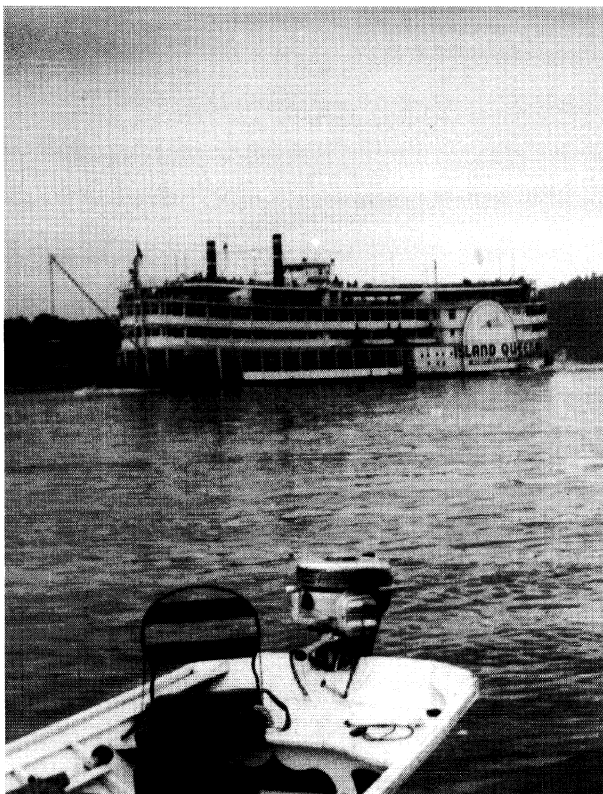
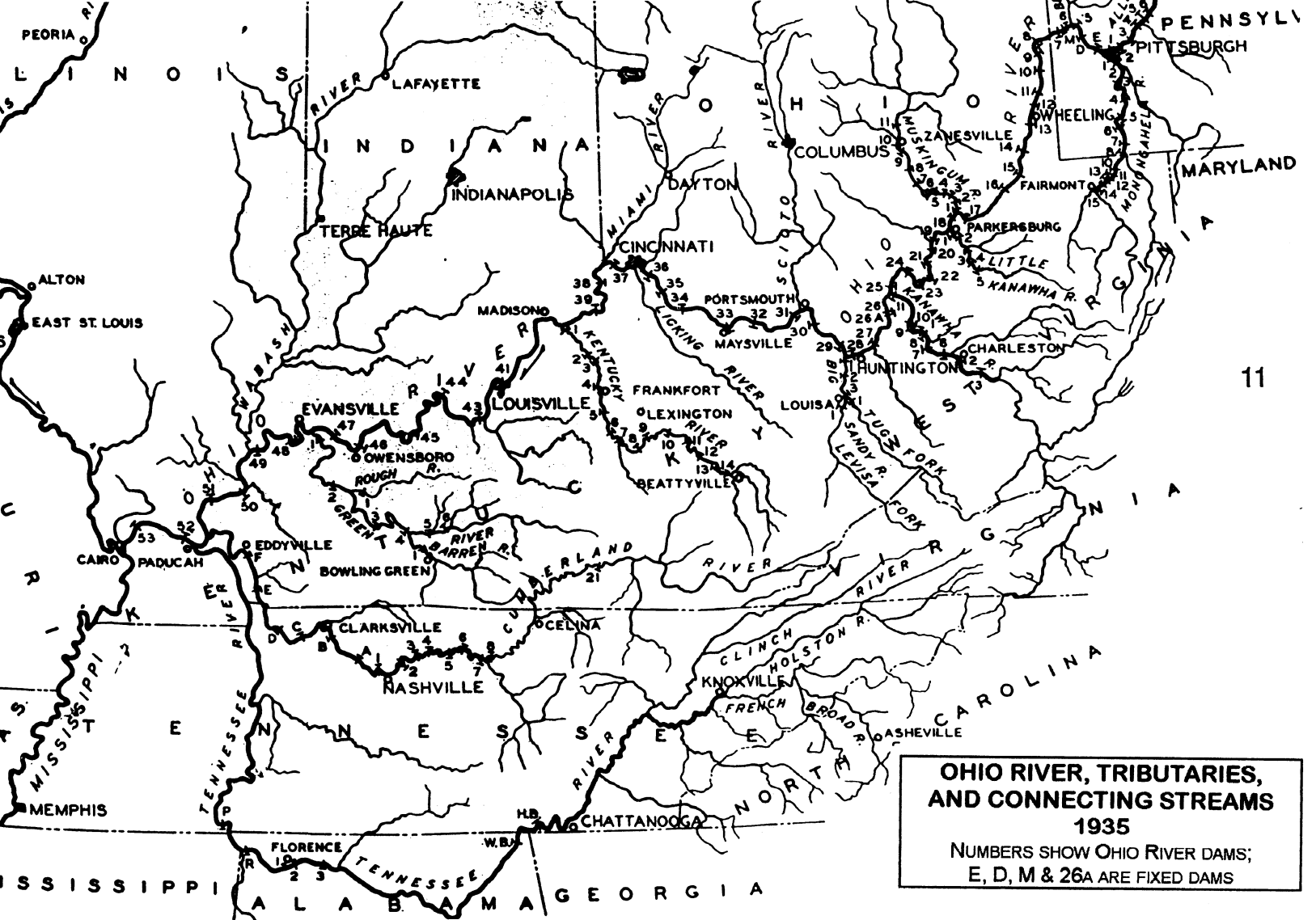
"Well, my, oh, my!" exclaimed Jesse, "come up here and get some breakfast." Like two rousters going up to the outside office window to hand in a couple of labor tickets we ascended the golden stairs with Rags, the TOM GREENE's resident mascot, at our heels. Aunt Telia (Hughes) looked up at our approach to the breakfast table and said, "For pity sakes!"

Aunt Telia couldn't see how we could have missed stopping at Catlettsburg. In defense, we showed her the portrait of Fred Vinson on the current cover of LIFE Magazine which elicited a whoop: "Freddie! He's a cousin of mine, sure as the world," said Aunt Telia. "Laws-a-me!" she said, flipping a page, "There's a picture of the old pump at Louisa, Kentucky." One of her pet projects is to get a model of the Big Sandy bat-wing packet THEALKA into the Marietta River Museum. "Thee-al-kee," she says, "that's how they pronounced it down there."

This was Capt. Tom Greene's "Andy Brown" day and he was in his sumptuous office on the wharfboat with a 35-cent cigar (it was 25-center two years ago) which he says somebody gave him, reared back in the plush, dictating a letter. Outside the window in the morning sunlight was his charging steed, the GORDON C. GREENE, the inland river varnish job deluxe, and one of his brag boats, the TOM GREENE, was moored just below. The setting was appropriate of a TIME Magazine cover and Woody and I were duly impressed.

(Editor's Note: In 1946 a widely popular radio program was, "Amos and Andy," a show advertising Pepsodent toothpaste. It served up stereotypical black-face humor five evenings a week. At seven o'clock on a summer night, through the open windows from almost every house on the block in any town, wafted the strains of the theme song. Andy was "Andrew H. Brown" who adopted the airs of a tycoon while his partner, Amos, was the hard-working driver of the company's single taxicab.)

"Come on and go to Chattanooga," said Tom, easy as that. When I first knew Tom he was knee-high to a grasshopper playing, with a toy cannon on the side-wheel GREENLAND. Now, he was firing real salvos; this one struck a broadside.



The ISLAND QUEEN was on her way to Coney Island as we arrived in Cincinnati (center of the map) from Pittsburgh (upper right). Next destination was Chattanooga (lower center). Three wharf urchins wish they could go along as the LADY GRACE II waits to be loaded onto TOM GREENE. Photo by Carl Hatley.



Our trip down from Pittsburgh, devoid as it was of need for watches, calendars or clocks, had confused me with the sequence of events. I did not know the GORDON C. GREENE was due to leave for Tennessee River and I had not considered such interesting possibilities, - and by such crass negligence had wasted many a precious hour when we might have schemed with plans. Our goal, ever nebulous, still was "westward, ever westward" and little other than that.

"We're going to New Orleans," I told Tom boldly.

"I'll take you to Paducah," he replied.

With a blinding flash of youthful thinking, Woody said, "Why couldn't we hop from Tennessee River over into the Warrior and go in to New Orleans by way of Mobile?"

And so, in a staggering split-second, we knew where we were going. We got out a map, looked it all over; Tom got excited, swore for a nickel he'd go along, and one of the most insane ideas ever hatched up took the shape of a beautifully-hued exclamation point. Tom R. Greene, a surviving showman on a waterway system which once teemed with showmen, knew a Number One on the Hit Parade the moment he sniffed it. Bob McCann walked in with the passenger list and announced a room cancellation. "Give it to these two fellers," said Cap'n Tom, " - and let 'em eat out on the guard."

Everybody smiled, led in service by Purser Bob, whose grin, like that of Alice's Cheshire cat, is the most durable part of him. A consignment to eat on the guard of the GORDON C. GREENE is the tap of knighthood bestowed to Third Regiment Royal Blues of the inland merchant marine. We, who a moment before had been deckhands with a kerosene-aroma dog at our heels, now were in the sovereign guard - out on the guard. Quite a transition.

In keeping with this advanced state in life, we decided to go up town and buy some clothes, and after an hour of spreeing around I found a straw hat, a pull-over sweater, and a few other odds and ends. We let a road scraper run over our shoes to remove some of the Straight Creek mud. Woody nicked his bank balance for something like \$14 for the occasion and this was an occasion, - what did we care for throwing money around?

All fooling aside, a plain old packet boat has an allure to it, and when we calmed down somewhat, and fell to passing the time of day with Capt. Joe Heath over on the freighter TOM GREENE, and talking with the inimitable pilot team of Kirby-Kelly,

Inc., it looked as if we were going to miss something if maybe we didn't go part way on this side-door Pullman.

About that time "Ma" Greene - bless her heart, - (she'll scold when she reads I've called her "Ma;" she says sounds too much like Ma Perkins but she's "Ma" to many in a sincere way) - Ma Greene appears and says, "Where'd you boys eat lunch?" We said we'd been licking our chops on the guard of the GORDON. "You don't know your way around very well, I can see that," she said. "I always eat over on the TOM; they had chicken and creamed potatoes, ice cream, pie, and all the trimmings."

Ma knows her way around. and when Captain Heath said, "Why don't you fellers show good sense now and let me load that joe-boat of yours on here and ride to Louisville tonight?" there wasn't much fight left in us. LADY GRACE II and crew were booked to depart at 5:30 p. m., - not aboard the Super Chief but on the Chief. This scheme, incidentally, was going to give us a full day in Louisville before the GORDON came along.

(The Chief and Super Chief were noted Santa Fe R.R., extra fare trains of the time, - 39-1/2 hours, Chicago-Los Angeles. Ed.)

I don't remember how it got started but maybe it was Bob McCann who passed the remark that a small boat couldn't do much better in getting up Licking River than to go to the Ashland Oil landing at Latonia.. Ky, about three miles. "Ever been up there, Doc?" asked Woody with eyes lighted up like the rabbit in an animated cartoon and we were off for the afternoon. LADY GRACE II went to the Ashland landing and, as Bob had predicted, met a shoal. Woody tilted the motor back, plied the oars and we were soon in a long pool again. This procedure kept up until we were 12 miles from the Ohio River, rowing the riffles, putt-putting the pools. Then we came to a rapids and we drove our stake. End of the line.

So, with this accomplishment to our credit we were returning somewhat slap-happy in the withering heat of a Kentucky afternoon when the outboard motor gasped and died. "Out of gas," said Columbus. "Furl sail and ship the aft jib-boom," I gasped. The thought of rowing a full five miles through stagnant, stinking water back to the Ohio River seemed poor reward for our over-reached ambitions. A crow looked from a nearby tree and said, "Caw." I looked up at him through beads of

perspiration and said, "Caw yourself." Then we mixed up some kerosene and some cook-stove gas held the motor down so it couldn't struggle, and poured the concoction down its throat. "That's good for a 10-minute run," said, Woody, "if this high-toned motor doesn't regurgitate the stuff." We got back to the Ashland landing and a short distance beyond when our four-cylinder engine went in for some dangerous sneezes.

Then (this only happens in story books) around the bend poked a mighty 195-foot barge, and at the yon end of it what showed up (what indeed!) but Ashland Oil's mv. SENATOR COMBS with Capt. Kent Booth standing on the roof and Joe ("Red Joe") Lee in the pilothouse. I don't know who was the most surprised at this unscheduled meeting away up Licking River. In another moment the COMBS was stopped and we were stopped - entirely out of gas - and the two boats came together. In sheer amazement we just all sat there and shook hands and said, "Well, I'll be doggoned!" and such things. When Kent heard we were out of gas he laughed until he was fit to be tied and then he said, "Hand up that five-gallon can: LADY GRACE II is going to have a drink on Mr. Paul G. Blazer." With this life-giving fluid in her tank, we were off again in a hurry, for we were tampering with the TOM GREENE's departure schedule by this time and things were in enough of an uproar.

At the wharf we had a reception committee awaiting: Carl Hatley, a Ragtown packet fan, and Marion Frommel of the Buckeye Boiler Company were on hand with some books and pictures. And next thing here comes Joe Heath out the stage with a crew of laborers at his heels and, in a last-minute swoop, picks our boat up, the bell taps, and off we go to Louisville.

This decision to ride the TOM GREENE was a good one, of course. Joe Heath, after supper, got to boating up the Cumberland and we ran the WILD GOOSE both up and down, in high water and low, stopped in at Butler's Landing, visited Celina, Rowena, and Burnside and rolled 75 barrels of oil down through Greasy Creek because the water was too low to float the boat with her cargo aboard; they rolled it down with a roustabout a-hold of each barrel and reloaded it below the shallows. I had not heard this one, and was glad to know about it, - another chapter to the infinite troubles steamboat people went to before the arrival of trucks and busses.

Which all reminds me that I didn't get to see Nubs Allen in Cincinnati, an omission for which I cannot in the least account. Ed Ojeman was there with the usual from-the-heart handshake. For two years I thought he was a girl clerk connected with the old Mail Line - this back in 1914 and 1915 - too long ago, and too long a story to repeat here. Ed and I have exchanged Christmas cards for 31 consecutive years, and he is the only Greene Line man who goes back to a beginning with Commodore F. M. Laidley, the now half-mythical southern colonel (both in looks and actions) who guided major side-wheel destinies a generation ago. Ed Ojeman said to me, "Fred, you don't look any older." Such a persuasive gentleman; I had my hat on at the time.

Log: June 15

Ar. Louisville aboard Tom Greene
Cleaned boilers.

4:40a.m.

Almost a week ago Woody had said, "When we get to Louisville we can hunt up C. W. and Marijane Stoll and lick our wounds." And so here we were, bright-and-early, on a Saturday morning, and got them both out of bed. Joe Heath had LADY GRACE II tucked in the wharf-boat and our duffle stowed almost before sun-up.

The day definitely was ours to squander. We squandered it principally in C.W.'s automobile burning Golden Tip gas, visiting yacht harbors, parks, and by some method of misdirection we hove in at the Portland Locks of the Louisville Canal and had an unexpected visit with Capt. Paul H. Underwood.

We dropped in at the Filson Club, got our eyes opened at the extent of their historical collection, and sorted over the priceless photographs they have recently acquired through the will of Arthur Hopkins. C.W. had recently delivered a lecture there, speaking of these pictures and their meaning to the Club, and Roy Barkhau came down from Cincinnati particularly to hear it, and said afterward it was the best "steamboat evening" he had put in for many a moon.

Roy, it may be pointed out here, is all up-and-coming sage and prophet of Mississippi Steamboat Lore and someday a score of years hence may be the Old Man of the Mountain who Knows All the Answers. He has a retentive memory, - almost phenomenal. Several years ago I nearly hit the Bellaire, Ohio, bridge with a tow listening to Roy

win hands-down in a Quiz Show over the radio; nobody in Memphis could stop him. We hobbled with Roy while in Cincinnati, although I'm a little slow in mentioning it.

C.W. and Marijane have a new house at 501 Wendover Avenue, as slick as two whistles, with big living-room, fireplace (that works), twin spare beds (rivermen take note), double garage. Fact is, C.W. seems prosperous these days: Woody and I nodded our heads knowingly after viewing these things and put the bee on the young husband; stuck him for a gasoline can. He also would have loaned us the \$5 to fill it had we asked but he said he had left his wallet home. The can advertised Golden Tip Gasoline in exclamatory terms, - and was empty.

Log: June 16

Lv. Louisville on GORDON GREENE 10:00a.m.
Pass through the famous Oxbow Bends during the afternoon and evening (to quote the promo-folder).

We got to the riverfront this morning, something like Mark Twain's arrival in a steamboat pilothouse to stand his first night watch - jerked there by the ears - still wiping Marijane's breakfast off our respective chins, with Capt. Tom Greene's comments having already come over the telephone. We hadn't figured the GORDON would leave at 10:00; we figured 11:00. LADY GRACE II was already stowed on the forecandle.

Before we had time to look at the Colgate clock Cap'n Tom yelled at C.W. to stand by the head line. C.W. and Marijane couldn't go along, and for this we were supremely sorry, so at I the cry of "Let Go!" our host pulled the toggle from the ringbolt and freed the manila line while out there on shore Marijane waved a plaintive goodbye; we had enjoyed our stay in Louisville.

Then came a tap on my shoulder: it was "Doc" Carr, the mate. "That there fancy can got gasoline in it?" he demanded. I told him no, that C.W. had given it to us empty.

"Didn't he put nothing in it at all?"

Doc unscrewed the cap and took a sniff. "I knowed he had enough sense not to load gas on a passenger boat, but it's a sight of a shame he couldn't have put - "

"Hey, old man! Slack off on that guy! Do it right now, like I learned you, and show all those pretty women up there on the b'iler deck what you know! Don't all you generals disappear now; we got a lock to make."



CAPT. HOWARD M. CARR

Capt. Carr grew up in Cave-In-Rock, Illinois. He sold patent medicine for a time, hence the nickname Doc. He worked on packets on the Lower Ohio including the JOE FOWLER, JOHN L. LOWRY and SOUTHLAND. He was a fixture as mate on the GORDON C. GREENE and popular with the single-lady passengers. A great storyteller with colorful expressions, the Fred Way samples here are typical. Doc died, age 93, August 27, 1972.

"Where you goin' in that yawl, Cap? Right pert lookin' little boat - who made it?"

"Where's all the watchmens? Ought to have all the watchmens out to make a lock to give 'em an appetite for dinner!"

We were on the GORDON C. GREENE and no mistake!

This was a good trip to be on, aside from the fact it led to Tennessee River which, incidentally, neither Woody nor I had observed since TVA. Ma Greene was there and Tom. Tom's wife, Letha, was aboard with the four little Peppers: Mary C., Gordon C., Tom R., Jr., and Letha Jane. Miss Vina Cavendish, Letha's sister, was along, too, a most pleasant addition to any party and a poetess of no mean order.

A handsome 16-foot Weaver yawl was slung up down on 'the main deck, a present to Gordie Greene from the Maddy family, and when we got to Cave-in-Rock Cap'n Tom put it in the river, took the kids rowing, let them swim, and I came near forgetting to look at the cave for the pure pleasure of watching them.

L. T. McDaniel, postmaster at Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., was accompanying his wife for a part of the 'tour, Mrs. McDaniel being a part of the regular crew. Mrs. Lena Beyer was aboard in usual good spirits and Esther B. Wohler, temporarily devoid of voice due to a very fine summer cold but never missing a play in her strenuous role as hostess, was quite in evidence. Wilsie Miller and Jesse P. Hughes were doing the circular work down to Tennessee River.

Top-notchers on the passenger list were Mrs. Beckwith Jordan and Mr. and Mrs. Stuart B. Marshall with their aura of family fame, and Miss Meredith A. Scott, talented Eastern writer-artist whose creations have appeared in numerous national journals. Most rivermen know Commodore B. Jordan, either personally or by having admired his youthful, handsome countenance in publications. Mrs. Jordan is an interesting mixture of Brooklyn and Indiana and I was delightfully surprised to learn her family is rooted in the vicinity of Aurora and Lawrenceburg, those unpretentious villages from which other river notables have sprung and - rather incongruously so one would feel - including James B. Eads.

Stuart B. Marshall is an older brother of General George C. Marshall - carries a striking resemblance to the illustrious General - is a retired civil engineer of some reputation. He distinguished himself on this voyage by catching a carp single handed which he sent to the galley, had baked and ate, much to the pop-eyed astonishment of some of the colored kitchen crew.

From some cursory elbow-rubbing I would say this Marshall family is a commanding one. Mr. Stuart Marshall gave me a start one morning in the boat's office by blasting, "I say, young man, when this vessel arrives in Chattanooga how many minutes will it be until there is a telephone connection aboard?" I felt myself leaping over my typewriter to promise a wire would be run down immediately and then caught myself in confusion. I would never make a Marshall.

Log: June 17-22 Aboard the Gordon C. Greene.

This journal, already out of the babbling brook stage and threatening an undue length, must be chopped by the author lest The Editors (The Waterways Journal) go to work with blue pencil. In our visit to Tennessee River on the GORDON C. GREENE, Woody and I went to Chattanooga and returned to Guntersville, Alabama.

Capt. Paul H. and Harris D. Underwood were the pilots and they are an interesting team as brothers and as separate experts in their profession. It is a grand sight to watch two brothers do a job in unity, - and with calm understanding of one another. Were I to write a history of the Tennessee River - and this suggestion is gladly passed on to some ambitious young author - I would do it by telling the lives of these two men and of their father, draping the chapters with the electricity, super-dams, inland lakes and TVA as incidental stage properties. The Underwood family IS the Tennessee River. I studied the two of them and formed my opinion: Good, in the main but rough-shod as a Tennessee hillbilly. And more of this in a moment.

Before we started into the Tennessee, the GORDON obligingly made a stop at Paducah. Woody and I, in a fever to get off on the right foot, took a Roman cue and ordered up a mint julep apiece at the leading Irvin S. Cobb Hotel. Woody took a sip and looked at me in horror. "Is this really the stuff they serve on old plantation verandas?" he asked.

The bar-keep overheard and made answer. "No," he said, "this is a poor imitation of it and I wouldn't be caught dead drinking what you've got right in your hand there - too sweet - too minty - too awful all around. A real julep is a work of creative art which we ain't got any of here." As we knocked at the door of the real south, - if Louisville is the Gateway, Paducah is the door - we got a bad imitation of its nectar. Senator Claghorn please take notice. Our spree ended up with our bare elbows on the cool marble counter of a drug store soda fountain.

Forrest L. Crutchfield, Paducah reporter for The Waterways Journal, was on the forecastle when we got back to the boat. Bob McCann came along, Tom Greene sat down, and before you know it the hurdy-gurdy was grinding some entertaining music. Jesse Hughes and Aunt Telia were there, too. Forrest is as

unassuming as they come, has a real talent for writing (he writes just like he talks, almost a sure-fire proof) and we enjoyed the visit. At 10:10p.m. we backed out, and in another fifteen minutes a great full moon rose ahead of the boat over the waters of the Tennessee - as beautiful a sight as I've ever seen. A full-blown moon over a newly full-blown river and little towns nestling along the shores as we went up the stream.

John Taylor's words sing to the stars:

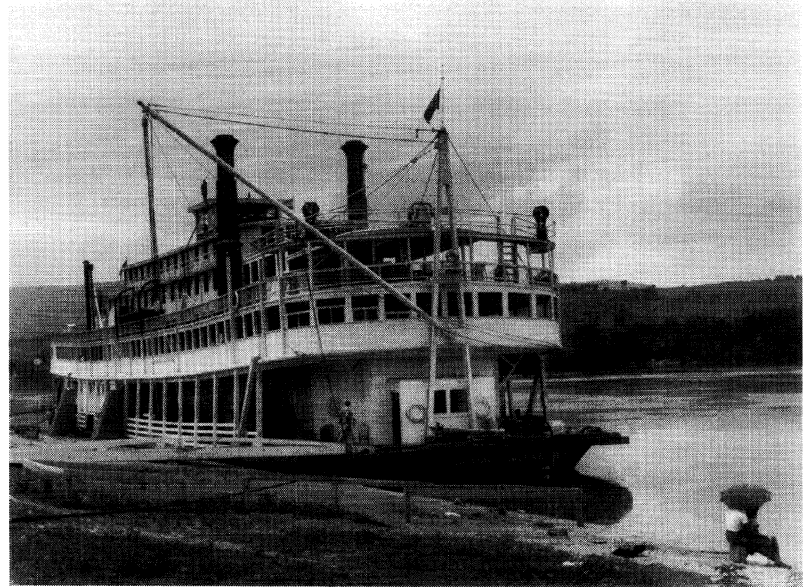
"There is not any one town or city which hath a navigable river at it that is poor, nor scarce any that are rich which want a river with the benefit of boats."

I would emblazon these words on the portals of Kentucky Dam. I think first of all to give its canyon walls a meaning, - an element it now entirely lacks - being too awful for human grasp.

Little use or purpose here to recite the modern conditions of the Tennessee. I felt something like the farmer seeing the giraffe at the circus and muttering, "There ain't no such thing." The valley, in its entirety, is a lonely place, and a person feels a certain pity for the persons who must live there. Where the lakes are widest the desolation is the more pathetic. It is only when the shores pull in and the stream struggles back to some semblance of its former self that the town, the persons, the industry and the landscape seem healthy. One wonders that so much money was spent to produce so complete a devastation. There is more steamboat traffic on the Kanawha River in West Virginia than there is on this misshapen victim of elephantiasis. I didn't consult records to judge: I looked and saw. Always one to automatically pick up pieces after a dish is broken, rather than cry in my apron, it would seem care should be taken that future engineers be weaned on a more natural milk; this is the work of panther juice.

I said the Underwood boys were the Tennessee and so they are. They stand in the pilothouse and trace out the former canals, and speak of packets, of the once-booming cross-tie industry and of boats which nosed far up impossible tributaries. Reserved and polite, they accept their modern charge and do the best they can with it, and do not complain. Piloting a buoyed course over an artificial lake in 1946 is far easier than reckoning with the "Suck" of a generation back. Only occasionally do Paul or Harris point and say: "Surely was a fine farm drowned out over there." Yet, I had a feeling their biographies, collected in a single volume, should be called "Modern Atlantis."

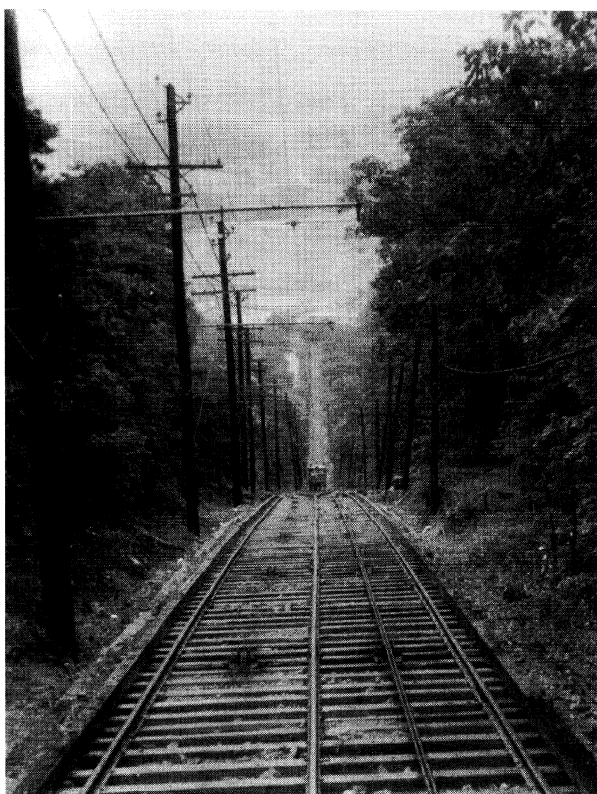
Coming into Chattanooga by boat is a treat and goal well worth the several days' monotony of the lakes. Here the Tennessee is narrow and the mountain gorges are the most spectacular on the Mississippi system. These last 20 or 30 miles, by far, are the Finlandia, a true expression of greatness. If Jupiter and his court live in the region they inhabit Painted Rock or Missionary Ridge.



The GORDON C. GREENE at Chattanooga after arriving the afternoon of June 20, 1946. A light rain shower prompts an angler to raise her umbrella.

Below, looking down on Moccasin Bend and Chattanooga from the overlook atop Lookout Mt. Our travelers had taken in the scene in darkness the night before, - the park being then closed for obvious reason.





THE INCLINE

The top of Lookout Mt. can be reached by funicular or footpath. If one chooses to walk back to town, the shortcut down the stairway of ties can be irresistible.

But, (right) walkers should be alert for the cross traffic when using the trail in these dense woodlands. Photos June 21, 1946.



Woody and I were so excited we resolved to go up Lookout Mountain by night, and did so, hanging our feet over a precipice and looking below at the stars that were a city's lights hundreds of feet straight down. Next day we revisited the cliffs to see where we had been and climbed down the face of the Mountain instead of using the incline.

Our 18-foot yawl and the tent and camping duffel has been riding all this while on the forecastle of Cap'n Tom Greene's tourist boat. At 2:05p.m. on Saturday, June 22, the GORDON C. GREENE blew one long, a short, a long, and two shorts (the Underwood landing signal) and headed for the dock at Guntersville, Alabama. A moment later we were ashore, LADY GRACE II was on a concrete wall and our friends of the big White Charger were waving us a fond goodbye, a salute we returned with enthusiasm for we were off to unknown adventures and in a strange land. Cap'n Tom and Arnold Dickerson were the thoughtful hosts to the last - had packed us a big box of groceries containing potatoes, sugar, a fine cut of bacon and some other choice edibles. Doc Carr said, "You boys take care of yourselves, now." And the big boat backed away. And, there we were at Guntersville.

At the present time there is no all-water connection between the Tennessee River system and the waterways of the state of Alabama which will allow a person to take a boat to Mobile from say, Chattanooga. A portage is required. Inasmuch as our motorboat LADY GRACE II could be portaged from one point about as easy as at another, Woody and I were as free as two hogs on ice about making the selection. If we wanted to descend the Tombigbee River, we could do that.

If we wanted to get into the Black Warrior, fair enough. Or we could launch our vessel near Gadsden, in the Coosa, and come down that way. After a study of these various routes we decided on the Black Warrior. It is a canalized stream, with locks and dams, and the alternatives could not measure up to this requirement. The upper Tombigbee is no river at all in summer and has no commercial use until after the Warrior has joined it at Demopolis, Alabama, although packets formerly went up as high as Columbus, Mississippi in times of freshets. The Coosa, with five locks in its upper reaches, changes into a power-dam stream lower down with three great structures which would have to be portaged and then a precariously rocky stretch to Montgomery, Alabama.

We wasted a great deal of time finding these things out through a misconception that the proposed canal to link the two systems was taking the easy short way, via Pickwick Lake and the upper Tombigbee, but a final analysis shows conclusively there is nothing short or easy about it. If a canal is made using such course it involves improvement of the upper Tombigbee, a matter of a hundred miles or so, in addition to some enterprising ditch digging. The hop-skip-jump route for any proposed canal is via Guntersville, Ala. and Mulberry Fork of Black Warrior although, we understand, this scheme was disapproved because of excessive elevations involved. From an over-all map's-eye view of the relative projects and a first-hand view of the country roundabout, I would say that the entire business is very much in a dream stage.

(Note: The Tenn-Tom project - bigger in scope than building the Panama Canal - was finally completed in December, 1984 following the route from Pickwick Lake, - a canal through the divide to the Tombigbee River and thence, with vast improvement including four locks and dams, to the Black Warrior River at Demopolis. Alabama - 232 miles in all. Ed.)

We Meet Rip Barnett

One thing certain: we needed a couple of wheels under the LADY GRACE II to get her over the divide. Hence, when Cap'n Tom Greene dumped us off at Guntersville our first thought was wheels; a nice, fresh trailer and an automobile.

You can't be in Guntersville very long until you have run into a middle-aged, easy going individual known as "Rip" around there so we hunted up Rip. His real name is D. M. Barnett and he runs a wholesale Chevrolet parts agency some of the time and "rips" around the balance, mixing himself up in a good many of the town's civic activities. If you want to see him in full blossom go down there any time they're staging one of the Annual Motor Boat Races. Start early for last time they brought 50,000 people into that burg which normally has less than one-tenth that population and they tied bridge traffic up for three and a half hours.

"Rip" listened to our story and said, "Hell, yes!" He'd put us in some sort of a river to float to Mobile if he had to carry us under his arm. "We'll pay the-" we started to say, but "Rip" said, "You're not in Yankee country now, lads, so cool off: we folks down

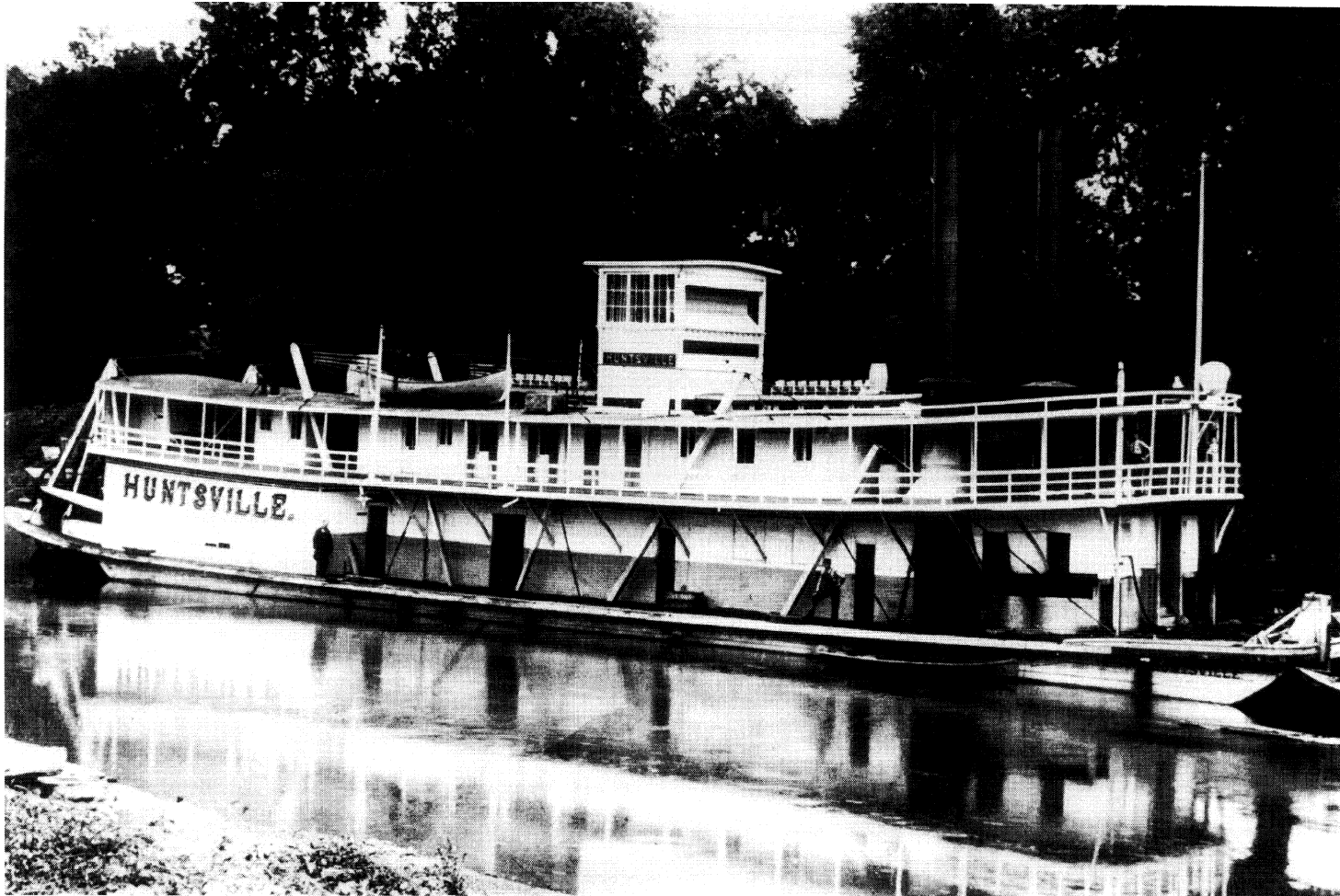
South call it a deal. Now, you two stay with my wife and me tonight - I'm too damned busy to take you down this afternoon - and tomorrow we'll visit around, and maybe by Monday or Tuesday I'll set your boat on a trailer and start you off."

The first thing you learn on the south side of the Tennessee River is to sit down when you're talking to somebody, for it's going to take a lot of time. After a couple of weeks of it Woody was half in a mind to move down there and keep the process up, he had so thoroughly fallen in love with the scheme. Capt. Kelly Morgan of the Alabama State Highway Patrol was in "Rip's" office and they were already planning the big August 4 Boat Races, so Woody and I wandered riverward and went aboard the towboat HUNTSVILLE, and there met Capt. L. D. Keeton who'd been aboard seventeen years. He'd been on her when she had a full-fledged cabin, and remembered the days when passengers on the 10:30 train from Gadsden were served cafeteria meals aboard. The HUNTSVILLE had steam up, but was not working. Her partner steamboat, the GUNTERSVILLE, was due in about supper time with Capt. H. H. Whitaker as manager and pilot, Crawford Carter, pilot, and J. N. Jacobs, engineer. We were sorry we couldn't stay to meet these latter persons. Both these boats, peculiarly, have the same sized engines, 15's-6 ft. stroke.

Guntersville has a good hotel but Rip wouldn't hear to our going there, took us upstairs and introduced us to his attractive Nashville wife, Mary Jane. Presently, their two children came in, 15 months between their ages; the son, called "Ham bone" so consistently I've forgotten his real name - and a chip off the old block - and a cute girl called Sara Glenn.

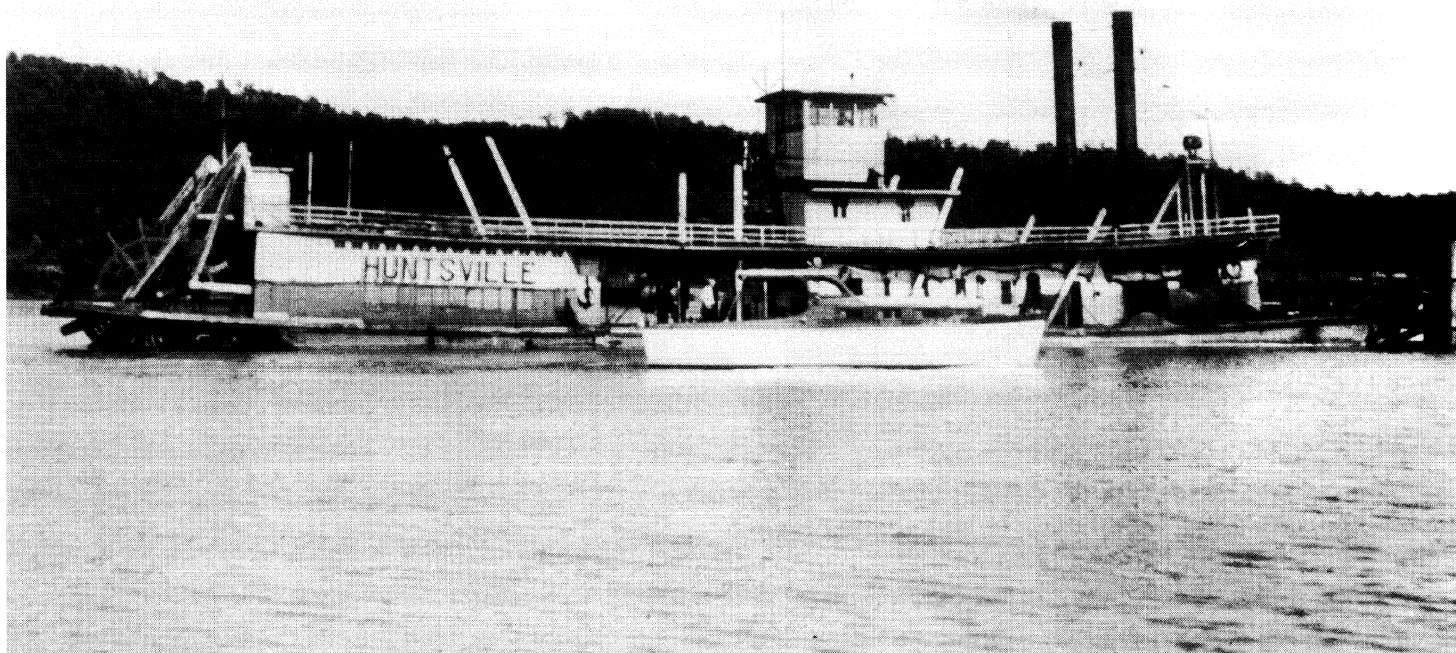
Chicken dinner with all the trimmings with State Trooper Kelly Morgan as an additional guest. Claude Scruggs, head of the Race entertainment committee, was in and a half dozen other Alabama natives, afterwards. The topic of conversation was some candid analysis of state politics upon which everyone was amply informed. By midnight we Yankees knew more about the sovereign state of Alabama than we did about our own Pennsylvania and felt rather ashamed of ourselves.

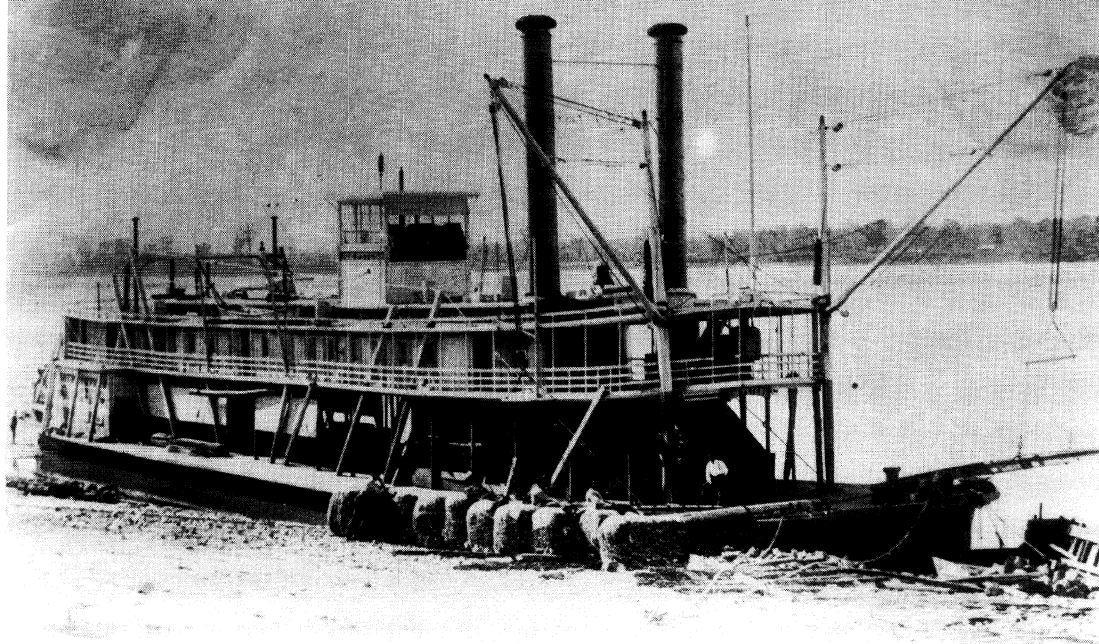
(To be continued.)



This is the second HUNTSVILLE, T1143, as she looked when new at Guntersville about 1903. She was built from the first HUNTSVILLE which had been built by Howard in 1893. The scow-bow hull is new with the cabin and machinery from the first boat. After a fire in 1921 she was rebuilt with the cabin then lacking the skylights.

Owned by the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis RR, HUNTSVILLE and her sister boat GUNTERSVILLE towed railroad car floats between Guntersville and a landing at Huntsville, Alabama. Below, HUNTSVILLE as she looked in 1946, the cabin had been removed and later that year she was dismantled. Murphy Library photos.





NEW MEMPHIS AND ARKANSAS PACKET JOE PETERS

Cincinnati Commercial, November 10, 1883:

"The new stern-wheel steamer JOE PETERS (3035) was built at Pittsburg by James Rees & Sons for the Memphis and Arkansas Packet Company. The hull is 180 feet long, 34 feet beam, 4-1/2 feet hold, 3-1/2 inch plank on the bottom, extra well fastened and chained, 11 feet between decks and has a large deck-room across her hull forward of machinery. In the hold is a water-tight compartment.

The cylinders are 15 inches in diameter, 5 foot stroke with adjustable cut-off and all the modern improvements. Steam plant - five pumps and doctor engine, two steel boilers, 48 inches in diameter, 24 feet long, six flues each with chimneys handsomely ornamented.

Her main cabin has eleven lengths of rooms and in the rear of the cabin, separated by a roomy passageway, a colored cabin which has state-rooms and elegant accommodations for 22 passengers. Aft of the colored cabin, separated by a roomy passageway, are the cook house, chambermaid, cabin boys, storeroom, cook room, closets, lockers etc., all arranged for comfort and convenience. The large, roomy pilot-house is neatly finished. The (main) cabin and all state-rooms are neatly furnished and the floors laid with Brussels carpets.

Her derricks, stages and rigging are all of the most improved pattern. She will have a large electric light of 4,000 candlepower in addition to a hanging lamp for side and wheel convenience. She is complete throughout and intended for the Memphis and Arkansas River trade. In the opinion of Capt. Ed. Nowland, who designed her, she is well adapted to the trade in every particular.

She takes her departure for Memphis this evening. We present her also to our lower river friends as a pattern of room, neatness and adaptation to the lower water tributaries. Miss Birdie Thompson, master Ed. Nowland and Joe Peters, after whom the boat was named, who have been guests of James Rees, Esq. while in Pittsburg, are among the JOE PETER's guests for Memphis."

We thank Jack White, Oxford, Ohio for sending the clipping about the new JOE PETERS (3035). The Packet Directory shows that the hull was built at Brownsville, Pennsylvania at the Wm. McFall yard. The cabin and other upper structure were moved over from the KATIE HOOPER (3246). James Rees & Sons. had the general contract for the new boat, supplying boilers and possibly new machinery,

The provision of a separate colored cabin, as noted on the JOE PETERS, was usual on boats in trades in the deep south, - both before and after the Civil War. It was not a separation only because of race; William Johnson, a Free Negro in Natchez before the war, could well afford the fare and his family traveled in the main cabin. (See William Johnson's Natchez, 1951, LSU Press.)

After the war, the after section of the texas was usually set aside for the colored trade. Rivermen called it The Freedman's Bureau - the federal office assisting ex-slaves after the Emancipation Proclamation of 1863. Such segregated quarters were commonly found on southern packets - and on the Ohio River too - until the 1890s.

JOE PETERS was running in the Memphis and Vicksburg when she was sunk and lost at Memphis in the late fall of 1895.

THE STEAM ENGINE INDICATOR

PART - IV

A few months back we received a call from Bruce E. Babcock, 11155 Stout Rd., Amanda, Ohio with a question about a very old steam gauge. We were unable to help in the identification of the maker or on the history of the bellows-style gauge but Mr. Babcock inquired if we ever ran "technical" articles in the *S&D Reflector*. Our answer was, "Why yes, of course," and mentioned that there was an treatise on steam engine indicators in our last September issue, - thinking that "indicators" would sound impressive enough.

But, we were trumped! It turned out that Bruce Babcock is a collector of indicators - and other items with a smell of steam including a farm traction engine. He has now supplied articles about the history and mysteries of indicators to go with the information earlier furnished by member Conrad Milster, Brooklyn, New York.

The editor's fog of mystery surrounding the steam indicator and what it does is beginning to clear. That beautifully finished device in its polished cherry box is more than an object de art!

Engine indicators have a history dating back to the very early development of steam engines by James Watt, on a par to the Wright brothers designing a wind tunnel before attempting the first powered flight. The following condensation is from "Engine Analyzers for Steam Engines, The Story of the Steam Engine Indicator" and "The Slide Rule and the Steam Engine Indicator," both detailed articles authored by our new member Professor Babcock:

"James Watt's Indicator"

An engineer named John Southern, an employee of James Watt, invented the steam engine indicator in 1796. There does not appear to be any record of this instrument being patented; instead, it was considered such a valuable device that its existence and the details of its construction were a closely guarded industrial secret for at least 20 years. Figure 2 shows the construction of the original indicator. The instrument in the figure is a replica built by the author from detailed information provided by Mr. Ben Russell, then Assistant Curator of Mechanical Engineering and now Curator of Mechanical Engineering at the Science Museum in London, England.

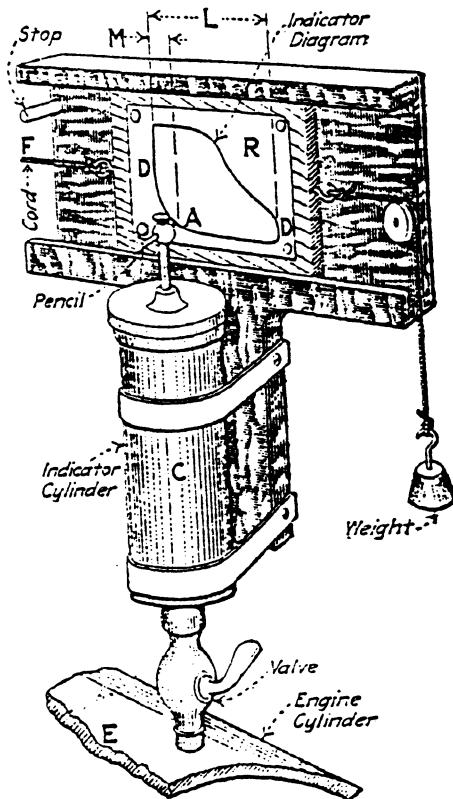


Figure 1: The form of the Watt indicator as assumed by Croft. From *Steam Engine Principles and Practices*, by Terrell Croft.

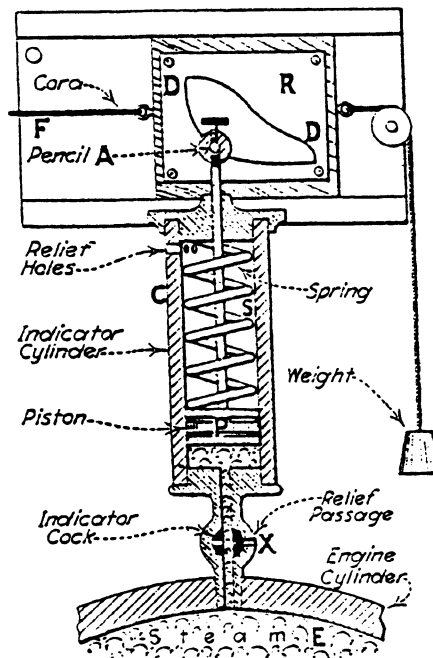
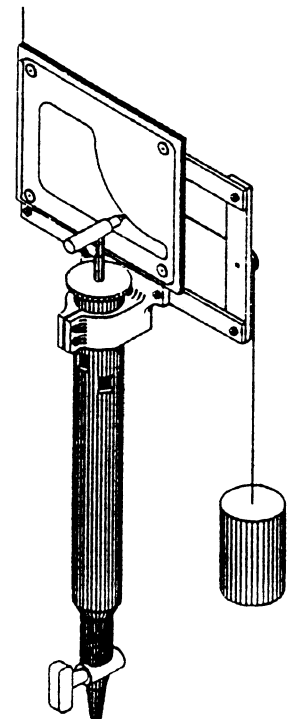


Figure 2: James Watt's indicator drawn by Bruce E. Babcock.



In use, the indicator was attached to the cylinder of the steam engine so that the pressure of the steam in the cylinder acted against a piston and thus against a spring inside the vertical cylinder of the indicator. When the steam valves opened and closed, the pencil moved up and down as the pressure of the steam in the engine's cylinder rose and fell. At the same time that the pencil was moving up and down with the changes in the pressure of the steam, a string attached to the beam of the engine or to a valve rod caused a piece of (heavy) paper attached to the board to move horizontally as the engine's piston moved in the cylinder. The result of the simultaneous movement of the pencil and the paper caused the pencil to record the cylinder pressure at every point in the travel of the piston. All steam engine indicators built over the following 140 or more years functioned on this same principle.

(The resulting trace, on a board, paper or card stock, of the cylinder pressure at various positions of the piston is called the "engine's card," even today. Ed.)

Even though the function of the steam engine indicator remained unchanged, the methods of achieving this function evolved. As the use of the

indicator made possible advances in the speed and efficiency of steam engines these advances made obsolete the very instruments that had made them possible. The early Watt indicator was not effective at speed greater than about twenty revolutions per minute. Above that speed the inertia of the wooden board distorted the shape of the diagrams, making them meaningless.

Macnaught's Indicator

The first major advance in the design of the indicator occurred between 1825 and 1830 and is attributed to John Macnaught from Scotland. Macnaught eliminated the wooden, sliding board and replaced it with a lightweight brass cylinder, known as a paper drum, around which the paper was wrapped. Rather than sliding back and forth, the drum simply oscillated as the engine's piston moved. This design allowed the indicator to be used on engines running as fast as forty revolutions per minute. . . . The pressure of the steam in the early engines was so low that the steam connection on the bottom of the indicator was tapered but not threaded.

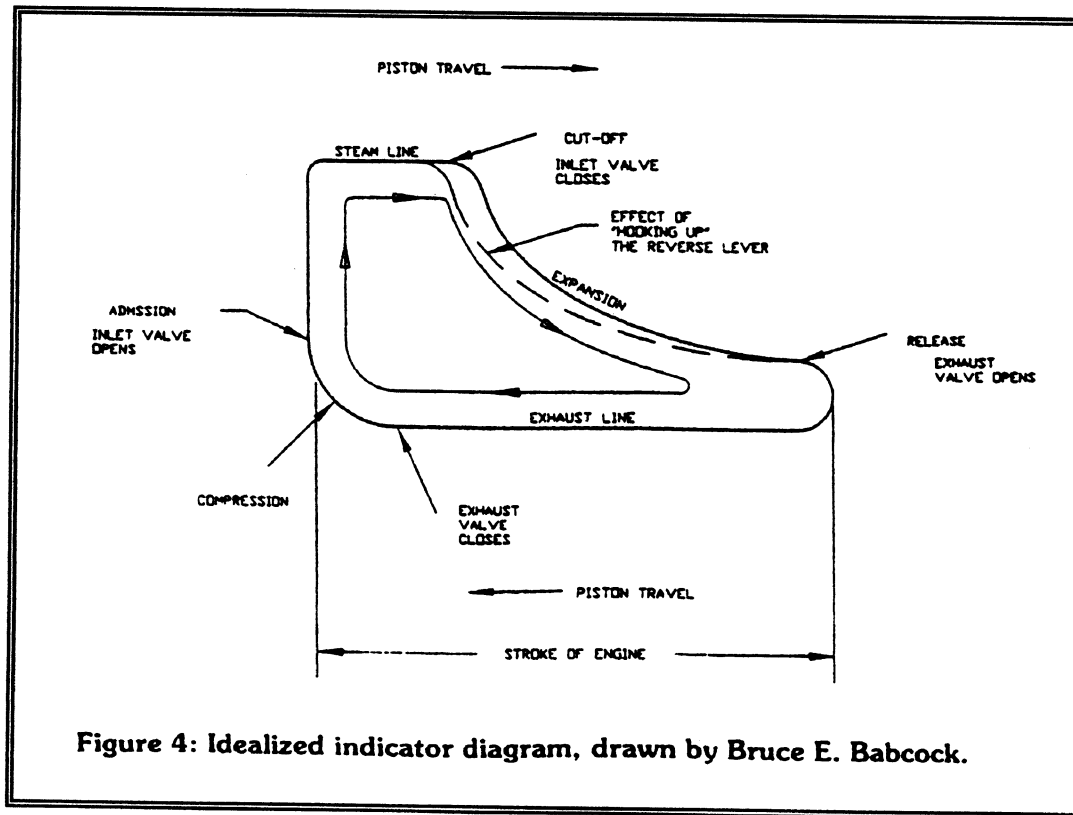


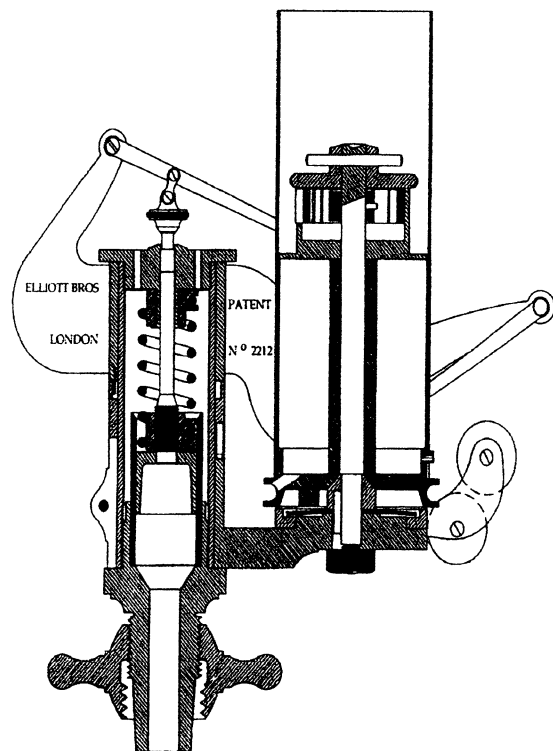
Figure 4: Idealized indicator diagram, drawn by Bruce E. Babcock.

Richards' Indicator

As the speeds of steam engines continued to increase, the practice of connecting the pencil directly to the piston of the indicator became impractical, in that the spring would bounce up and down, drawing lines that were meaningless. This was a major problem for Charles Porter, who was developing his high-speed Porter-Allen steam engines in the 1860s. In 1862, Porter turned to C. Richards of Hartford, Connecticut, and asked that he develop an indicator that could be used at speeds far beyond the capacity of the Macnaught indicator.

Richards' solution was to replace the relatively weak spring in the Macnaught indicator with a much stiffer one and then to multiply the movement of the piston rod so that diagrams of equal height could be obtained with the stiffer spring.

A major problem in amplifying the movement of the piston is that the pencil must move in a straight line, not in an arc. To solve this problem, Richards adapted a design that James Watt had used to achieve linear movement of piston rods at the ends of engine beams. A Richards indicator from the late 1860s or early 1870s is shown in figure 7.



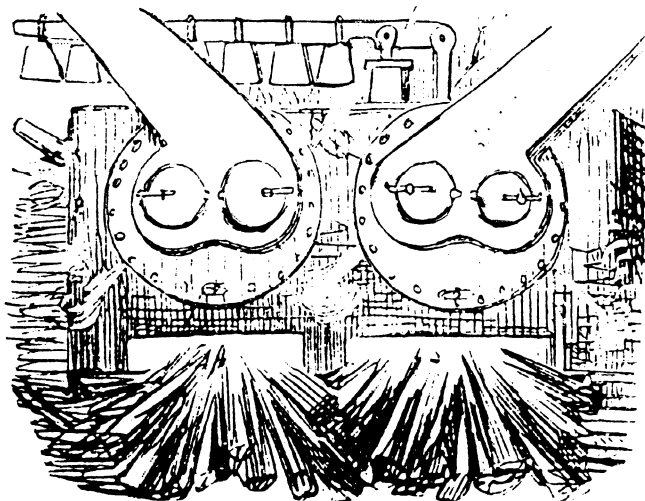
RICHARDS STEAM ENGINE INDICATOR
No. 2212
MADE BY ELLIOTT BROS.

Figure 7. Richards indicator drawing
by Bruce Babcock 11/20/01.

In the winter of 1862-63 Porter arranged a seven year contract with the instrument builder, Elliott Brothers, to manufacture the new indicator. By 1876 they had produced over 10,000. . . . Even though other manufacturers offered improved indicators for use on the newer, faster engines the Victoria and Albert (Museum) catalog stated in 1907 that the Richards indicator, "except for high-speed engines, is still in general use."

Well, here we will close the history of the development of the steam engine indicator; Babcock lists 28 manufacturers of the devices over time. The improvements in indicator designs would continue for use with the high speed engines of railroad locomotives and engines powering factory machinery in the industrial age coming in the mid-19th century. Steamboat machinery for paddlewheels on the western rivers remained long stroke, low-speed and only about the turn of the 20th century, would screw-driven designs bring high-speed engines to the rivers.

As mentioned by more than one writer in our "Letters" columns, engine indicators were adapted for use with internal combustion engines. It has been an ingenious and very necessary tool for the engineers. Our thanks to Conrad Milster and Bruce Babcock for our education: The Steam Engine Indicator of polished nickel plate is much more than just a work of art in its polished wooden case.



A Hot Boat - Ten 56 lb. weights on safety valve.
Arrowsmith's Panorama of Western Travel, from
Harper's Monthly, December 1858.

This and That

NEW CRUISE SCHEDULE FOR TWILIGHT

The popular TWILIGHT has an expanded cruise schedule this season and a new destination. Owner Capt. Dennis Trone announces an extension of about 16 miles up the Mississippi from Chestnut Mountain Landing to Dubuque, Iowa and the new Ice Harbor entertainment complex. Home port remains at Le Claire, Iowa where all trips begin. River distance each way is now about 83 miles

Overnight accommodations are provided at the Grand Harbor Resort hotel overlooking the Mississippi and the city of Dubuque. Attractions within walking distance are the National Mississippi River Museum, the Aquarium, the dredge WILLIAM BLACK, Diamond Jo Casino and downtown Dubuque itself.

All-inclusive fares are \$270 for adults, double occupancy; less for children depending upon age. For information and reservations: 1-800-331-1467

TOWBOAT FESTIVAL, GRAFTON, IL JUNE 25 AND 26

The weekend festival celebrating modern life on the river is becoming a tradition at Grafton, Illinois. This year the dates are June 25 and 26; (an error was made in the printing of the early announcement card). A deckhand's line tossing competition is scheduled for Saturday at 2pm.; free tours of a modern towboat both days and live music by Paul Davis and the Zydeco Crowdaddies. Free admission.

Grafton - junction of the Illinois River and the Mississippi - is upstream from Alton, Illinois.

MIDWEST ARCHIVES CONFERENCE Recognition to Ralph DuPae

Paul Beck of the Murphy Library, University of Wisconsin, LaCrosse has forwarded the news that friend Ralph DuPae has received another prestigious award, the President's Award from the Midwest Archives Conference (MAC). The presentation was made at the society's national conference in Chicago on April 29, 2005.

The awarding citation recalls Ralph's dedication over 35 years in seeking out and helping to build the

"Steamboat Collection" at the Murphy Library to more than 55,000 images. "The collection of steamboat and river-related photographs is nationally recognized for its comprehensiveness, scope and accessibility. This vast collection provides important documentation to several states in the MAC region."

Our congratulations to Ralph.

A MYSTERIOUS COUNTERFEIT

Jennifer Vietz, Chicago, Illinois sends us a backing-sheet found in an old picture frame that is a mystery to her and to the S&D Secretary.

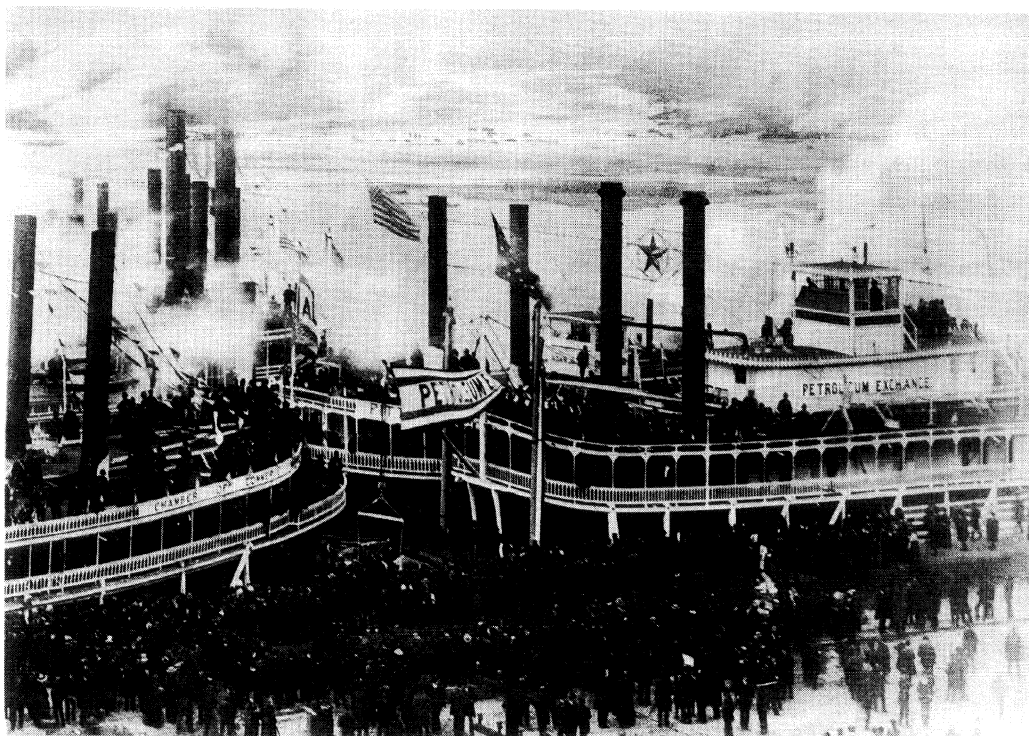
It is an official-appearing certificate on heavy, fake parchment which portends to certify that one "June B. Barekman" is qualified to be a member of Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen. "Membership based upon the services of Peter Barrackman, who operated a ferry service on the Monongahela River near Fort Pitt during the Revolutionary War." The Secretary's name is typed and the S&D logo is reproduced in the upper right corner.

Somebody went to considerable trouble to prepare this fraud, - not understanding that \$20 is enough to qualify anyone except horse thieves as members. How did the picture frame get to Chicago? Who is June Barekman? Was Peter Barrackman a true "pioneer?" Who attempted seduction with this hoax?

ZANESVILLE'S LORENA IN TROUBLE

The sternwheel excursion boat LORENA has been a valued attraction at Zanesville, Ohio since 1976 when she was brought to the "Y Bridge City" by the late S&D members Nelson and Veramae Brown. She was built as the towboat BRYCE M. in 1949 at Dardanelle, Arkansas and since 1987 has been operated by Muskingum County and the city. The LORENA operated below the Zanesville Canal for several seasons before moving up into the pool above Muskingum River Dam No. 10.

The boat has averaged between 18,000 and 20,000 passengers per season but poor weather and river conditions cut down on traffic the past two years, - five weeks were lost last year on account of high water. It costs about \$100,000 per year to operate the LORENA while she brought in only \$60,000 in 2004. At a time of budget cutbacks in Ohio, the city and county are currently searching for funds to operate the boat this season.



We think that the boat the slick New York reporter rode from Pittsburg to Wheeling in the fall of 1883 was C. W. BATCHELOR (0778). Photos of the boat are scarce but here she is, on the right, at the dedication of the new Davis Island Dam on October 7, 1885. The I.C. WOODWARD (2693) is outside of the BATCHELOR which is nosing up to the GENEVA (2289).

THE OHIO RIVER BY NIGHT # # # FROM PITTSBURG TO WHEELING BY BOAT

We are pleased that our Western Ohio correspondent Jack White, Esq., Oxford, Ohio continues to peruse the pages of the New York Times from the period when it printed, "All the News That's Fit to Print." This article is from The Times of November 18, 1883.

We introduce this lively tale with a caution that the writer, at least in one instance, took liberties with the facts in calling the steamboat the STARLIGHT. There were three packets carrying this name at various times but they were not on the Upper Ohio in 1883. A likely candidate by description, date and the trade, for being the packet upon which the author took his overnight trip is the C. W. BATCHELOR (0778). She was built for the Pittsburgh-Wheeling trade by Capts. Nathan Winteringer, John Edie and the O'Neals of Steubenville, Ohio in 1879 and named in honor of their friend C. W. Batchelor, a native of Steubenville. Capt. Winteringer was master until his death in 1886 and John Edie was the clerk.

Her schedule was to leave Pittsburgh Monday, Wednesday and Friday at noon and Wheeling Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 am. The date of this dispatch, Saturday, November 3, 1883 from Steubenville, would fit the BATCHELOR's schedule. Come aboard!

THE ROUSTABOUTS AT WORK - A MIDNIGHT LANDING-CAREFUL SOUNDINGS IN THE MUD- A BED IN THE PANTRY

"Steubenville, Ohio, Nov 3. The grand river steamer STARLIGHT lay in front of the wharf-boat in Pittsburg, sic taking in cargo. We were sitting (you and I and the cat) in the grand saloon, trying to get over the feeling of awe inspired by the grand furniture, and wondering how soon supper would be ready. On the lower deck, as some able person has previously remarked, "all was bustle and confusion." Here was a noble, river, with confessedly 14 inches of water in her, and they were putting enough freight on this poor little boat to load one of our Hudson River steamers down to the water's edge. They were piling her up full of bales and barrels and boxes and wagons drawn by mules were constantly arriving with more.

While this loading was going on there came the first indication that I really was 300 or 400 miles from New York, and approaching what once was the land of cotton. Wafted in through the open doors of the saloon, coming inside by side and end with clouds of fog and smoke and dampness that steamed - along with the sound of rolling barrels and general moving of freight - there came the music of the roustabouts who were singing a Negro song. What the words were I think no live white man could find out. But the tune was lively and musical, as all such tunes are. Some passenger on the upper deck, who had been sitting outside twanging a fiddle, took up the air and played it through. The great resin torch was burning on the lower deck, making a circle of light in the fog. It was raining hard and the darkies were wet as rats. But no matter; they had to work and singing helped the work. It was a scene one was not likely to forget in a hurry - the song, the big torch, the fiddle and the circle of light.

The twenty or more roustabouts came in out of the darkness into the circle of light with boxes on their shoulders or rolling barrels before them. They disappeared in the darkness of the lower deck, deposited their burdens and returned for more. But whether they came loaded or went light they kept up the song. The singing made them happy; and as they went ashore empty-handed they danced, skipped, jumped, slapped each other on the back and shouted. You might go down and watch for such a scene on any of our New York piers till your hairs were gray and you never would see anything like it. It seems to me that those roustabouts have the advantage of our longshoremen for their music makes them jolly and helps them forget how hard their work is. I don't remember ever seeing one of our longshoremen do anything more inspiring or humorous than to engage in a strike.

The romance of this thing was helped wonderfully by the great resin torch. It was a big wire basket hung on the end of a pole like a broom-stick. The end of the pole, being shod with iron, was then hung over the water. The basket was filled with resin from a pail of it that stood handy and in a minute the deck was as bright as day - brighter than the foggy Pittsburg day just ended. Whenever the fire burned low, more resin was shoveled in.

In New York, if you please, an electric light would have done the illuminating and a little donkey engine would have hustled that freight aboard in a jiffy. But it was a pleasure to the passengers (meaning myself) to sit on the upper deck and watch the flare of the

torch and hear the rousters sing, - though I have never been able to extract any pleasure from seeing a lot of longshoremen work under an electric light.

There seemed to be no end to the piles of freight on the wharf-boat waiting to be carried aboard. But there was an end to them, as you may possibly have guessed, and presently the whistle blew and the big bell rang. By the nine little gas stars that twinkled on the suspension bridge (Built 1876 over the Monongahela River at The Point. Ed.) I saw a few thousand working women hurrying home through the rain after their day's labor and sympathized with every one of them for having to live and work in smoky Pittsburg, and wondered whether they ever considered how clear and comfortable the muddy river was compared with the foul stuff they breathed and called air. But another bell rang that was of more importance than the starting-signal; it was, of course, the supper bell.

We will let x divided by y^2-4 represent the supper. Nothing short of an algebraic formula could do justice to it. As x is supposed to stand for an unknown quantity, it shall represent in this case anything on the table fit to put into the human stomach. Y^2 represents the squares of cornbread, any one of which, thrown with sufficient force, would have knocked a man down. Minus four has reference to the four staples that were conspicuously lacking - good bread, good butter, good tea and good coffee. They were all "minus" with a big M. If you are an ostrich, my dear reader, or a hump-backed camel or a browsing goat or any sort of an antediluvian insect, then eat a meal on one of the boats running between Pittsburgh and Wheeling. But if you're not; if you have a wife and family to mourn your loss, keep away from it. Sole-leather soaked in hot, rancid lard was playfully called beefsteak. Boiled and sweetened bilge-water was served out in coffee-cups. An inch and a half of flies reposed in the mustard pot and a wooden spoon to stir them up with.

There were about 15 other passengers and, from the rush they made for the tables as soon as the bell rang, they must have been fasting for a month. They tumbled over chairs, hustled each other, slammed the stateroom doors and skipped down the saloon champing their jaws as if they really were going to find something worth eating. I never saw such a rush for supper, even in Delmonico's when people were going to sit down to a good square meal.

It is a curious thing, and not altogether without its true moral lesson, if you can only find it, that

whereas a leviathan ocean steam-ship is started with no further racket than the single tap of a gong, it requires half an hour of whistling and ringing to get an insignificant little river steamer under way. It was just so with the STARLIGHT. She blew, she rang, she puffed smoke, she blew again, she kept on blowing and at last she was off. We ran past a long line of gas-lights, past two or three electric lights and in 10 minutes the stern end of our stern-wheel boat was making faces at Pittsburg and we were on the mighty Ohio. We were "committed to the deep," as it were - 14 inches deep. There was but a plank, as somebody or other has said, between us and death by fire on the one hand and death by sticking in the mud on the other.

We sailed past a tremendous lot of furnaces, each one with a column of fire rising out of its chimneys. The scenery was composed principally of furnaces as far as I could see, - but then it was very dark. The fiddle on the forward deck caught pneumonia before we were fairly under way and was heard no more. Gentlemen with briar pipes, or baseballs of plug tobacco in their cheeks, and their trousers tucked in their boots (my fellow passengers) sat about the stove - for the air on the river was chilly. Only two of the gentlemen truckled to fashion sufficiently to wear collars and with one of these I tried to open a conversation on the moral affinities of correlative forces but he would not venture further into the subject than to say that if we got through the night without sticking on the mud we would be pretty lucky.

I looked about the saloon for those desperate gamblers who, according to tradition, always travel on the Mississippi and Ohio river boats. But they were not there; I guess they must have taken some other boat. It seems to me that these Ohio and Mississippi boats have been given a bad name without deserving it. I noticed that all the passengers seemed to regard all the others as "toughs," from whom they must protect themselves. They seemed to expect to meet a lot of toughs and were prepared for them. Yet, there never was a more inoffensive lot of people gathered together, and as for gambling, there certainly wasn't a man aboard the boat who could have lost \$30 without pawning his coat.

About 10 o'clock I went to the pantry and went to bed. I think it was the pantry for there were two shelves in it. And, what I at first took for a lot of napkins spread on the shelves I soon discovered were intended for bedclothes and the shelves were designed to be used as bunks. The night by this time

was cold and I was colder than the night. Before retiring I had to wrestle with the problem of wrapping a 6-foot man in a lot of bedclothes 4 feet long and 18 inches wide. There was a lonely sheet that some other gentleman had done me the favor to sleep on the night before: there was a miserable and there was a spread. Maybe you don't know what miserable is; well, some people call them comfortables (comfort) but I can't, - it was so narrow. Some lady passenger had left a pin-cushion on the boat and they had given it to me for a pillow. There was no wash-stand in the stateroom, not even a chair; no furniture whatever. Having entered in my diary an account of all the good deeds done that day, I rolled myself in a napkin and tried to sleep off the effects of an Ohio River supper.

Ten minutes later, as it seemed but really a little after midnight, the slowing of the engine woke me up and I went out on deck and leaned over the rail. There was thick fog on the river and a mysterious man with a lantern on the lower deck was throwing a lump of lead into the water and calling out numbers.

"Four!" he sang out.

A sepulchral voice on the hurricane deck overhead solemnly repeated, "Four!"

Half a minute later he threw his sinker again and called, "Three naif!"

"Three naif!" the solemn voice repeated.

Again the splash of the lead and, "Three feet!" from the lower deck.

"T-h-r-e-e f-e-e-t!" from the hurricane deck.

One more throw with the startling result, "Two naif!"

This time the echo on the upper deck was drowned in a scraping underneath. It was the sound of the boat's bottom sliding over a mud bank and lasted about 10 seconds. There was a slight jar and the boat floated again and the engine bell rang to go ahead. "That was a tight squeeze," said the mate, who had come up from somewhere in the dark. The man below continued his soundings with better results. "Four feet," "Five feet," "Mark one," which means six feet. We were out of the shallows and all right but it seems to me that man wasted his time taking soundings with the lead line. It would have been a surer thing for him to wade ahead with a pole. Whenever the water was above his knees the boat was safe enough.

In a few minutes we met another boat coming up the river. She shed fire from every pore and was soon out of sight. Then we made a landing. The boat drew up to the left-hand shore and swung

around so there her nose pointed up stream. There was not a sign of a wharf or even a wharf-boat. The little steamer went right up to the rocky shore and a deckhand sprang off with a rope and tied her to a tree. There was nobody at this landing and no house. They put a gangplank ashore, lit up the resin torch and the roustabouts began carrying aboard a lot of drain pipes that lay piled on the bank. This work took half an hour and then we were off again.

Being by this time some little distance from the smoky atmosphere of Pittsburg, and the moon having a little chance to show herself, she came out and there was a dim view of both shores of the river, which here was nearly as wide as the East River. On the right shore, low hills, covered with trees and no houses or signs of habitation. Presently another steam-boat coming up and after a while another landing. Constant soundings showing the water to vary in depth between three and eight feet. Other passengers unable to sleep on their shelves coming out to see, "how were getting along." Occasional stopping-her and backing-her when the water grew too shallow. Then, cold with the night air, wet with the fog, weary with broken sleep, to bed again to dream one's self a penholder trying to lie comfortably on the back edge of a book wrapped in a cigarette paper. At the next waking it is 8 o'clock and breakfast is ready - a meal in every way worthy to clasp last night's supper to its breast and call it its long-lost brother.

There was some queer freight on the little STARLIGHT. Old boxes, old trunks and household furniture that might have come over in the MAYFLOWER from its apparent age. a genial speciman of a small farmer, with a squint in his eye and a stream of tobacco juice down his gray beard, called me to the forward rail of the upper deck and, pointing down below, asked:

"Say, Mister, what damn kind of a bedstead do you call that?"

No wonder he took it for a bedstead. It was an antique billiard-table, taken apart and being transported, no doubt, from some unfortunate little country town to some other unfortunate little place. It might have been 200 years old. Its covering, instead of being the traditional green, was a dull lead-color. When I told the old man what it was, he asked: "What's it for?" That I could hardly answer; firewood, I should say.

About 9 o'clock we passed Steubenville, going under a very high railway bridge. At 11 o'clock we were in Wheeling.

At Wheeling another broad inclined plane, paved with cobble-stones; at the top of it a street with brick buildings on one side of it and no buildings at all on the other. Back of this, two more parallel streets with any number of stores and shops. A big suspension bridge leading to an island in the middle of the river. From the island to the Ohio shore is another bridge. Wheeling I found in a great state of excitement over a German parade. The whole town was parading. And if there is anything makes a small city attractive to a stranger it is the presence of a big parade, blocking the streets and ruining the ear-pans with its brass bands. There is a fatality with me, connected with these German parades. I was in Philadelphia the other day and there was a big German parade there. They were celebrating the anniversary of the arrival of one Pastorius in Germantown. Next day I ran across another German parade in Newark. And here was one in Wheeling. They are following me about the country, these German parades; I'm sure of it. If I ever reach Cairo, it will be to find another German parade in full blast.

It did not take me long in Wheeling to learn that my chances of getting through to Cincinnati by water were decidedly slim. The river was uncommon low and falling every minute. I might, they said, make connections from one small boat to another and so reach Cincinnati in a week. So, I went up to the railway station.

Were you ever in some of the Long Island towns that boast about 17 inhabitants? Well, the railway depots in those towns are perfect palaces of delight compared with the Wheeling station. I found that the train leaving there at 2 in the afternoon would land me in Cincinnati at a little after midnight, barring cows on the track. So I determined to take it. Wouldn't you? And it was only this morning I declared I was going all the way by river if it took six months and the train on the way brought me back here to Steubenville and over the high bridge that this morning I had the pleasure of going under. So, with 24 hours of travel and waiting, I have gained 40 or 50 miles. W.D.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS:

The reporter spells "Pittsburgh" both with and without the "h." Without the "h" became fashionable sometime after the Civil War and was used by some until the time of WW-I.

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE -

OVERNIGHT, 1883 CONCLUDED -

We are somewhat surprised at the negative impression of the C. W. BATCHELOR (STARLIGHT) but she was in an overnight trade. There was little percentage in lavish meals and accommodations. The BATCHELOR was not an old boat - four years in 1883 - and one might expect a little better, at least a wash stand and a piece of Brussels carpet. As for the supper menu, it's not unlike the "plain cookin" that was encountered within memory in many small-town restaurants.

The description of the torch baskets used when loading freight is good. Several examples of old torch baskets are in the Ohio River Museum. The big roof bell from the C. W. BATCHELOR is to be found in the lower level open courtyard.

Who was C. W. Batchelor? Charles William Batchelor was born in Steubenville, Ohio in 1823. His father was Joseph S. Batchelor who had moved from Philadelphia in 1810.

Batchelor took an early interest in the river and in 1841 he apprenticed himself to Capt. Henry Mason of Wheeling as a steersman aboard the packet TIOGA (5403). In 1845 he became a pilot and stood his first watch on the FULTON (2167) in the Pittsburgh-Cincinnati trade. In 1849 Batchelor bought the interest of Capt. John Klinefelter in the HIBERNIA NO. 2 (2632) and was master of her in the Pittsburgh-Cincinnati trade as part of the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati Packet Line. In 1853 he became master and part owner of the ALLEGHENY (0172), also of the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati Packet Line.

Capt. Batchelor built the stern-wheel AMERICUS (0248) in 1854 to enter the Pittsburgh-Nashville trade. After only a year, the AMERICUS burned and, perhaps because of his interest in the loss, Batchelor became the active vice-president of the Eureka Insurance Co. of Pittsburgh. He left the river as a working career at this time and was general agent for Eureka in settling marine losses. He continued to retain an interest in a number of boats as investments.

Batchelor was active in a number of enterprises in Pittsburgh during the following years including the Eagle Cotton Mills Co, the Masonic Bank, the Keystone Bank and then President of the Pittsburgh Petroleum Exchange. He served as Master of Ceremonies aboard the flagship GENEVA when the Davis Island Dam was dedicated in 1885. Ye Editor.

More of This and That

AMERICAN QUEEN TO BE SOILED BY SLOTS?

Dale Flick sends not so shocking news from New Orleans, - *The Times-Picayune*, May 3, 2005:

"Two Delta Queen Steamboat Co. vessels would be allowed to have slot machines, table games and racehorse wagering if a bill passes during this session of the Louisiana Legislature.

House Bill 114 would allow vessels with berths for more than 400 passengers on Mississippi River cruises of at least 48 hours to operate 110 seats of slot machines and gaming tables while sailing. The only vessels that fit the description are the 436-passenger AMERICAN QUEEN and the 416-passenger MISSISSIPPI QUEEN. The company's flagship, the historic 174-passenger DELTA QUEEN, would not be eligible under the bill."

There is considerable background in the full story found on *The Times-Picayune* website. It boils down to a need for more income to place the operation safely in the black and perhaps attract some passengers below the current average age (70).

LONE STAR IN NEED OF AN OVERHAUL

For us, the main attraction at the Buffalo Bill Museum in LeClaire, Iowa is the little towboat LONE STAR (T1627). She is a tiny thing - 90x24.5 and all wood - but with twin stacks and sternwheel she was the last operating steam towboat, 1967, truly the last of the breed. She was used in the sand and gravel trade in the Quad-Cities area on the Upper Mississippi but is representative of the small towboats once seen at most river construction sites.

The boat has been sitting on the bank since coming to the museum and is now in need of a complete overhaul. She felt somewhat tender when we last explored her more than ten years ago. An illustrated tour around the LONE STAR appeared in the Sept., 1993 *Reflector*, pages 14 and 15. A fund drive is now underway in the Quad Cities to refurbish and preserve the LONE STAR with the aim of raising \$500,000. Half of the sum will be used to provide a pavilion to protect the boat from the elements and save her for future generations.

Buffalo Bill Museum
P.O. Box 284
LeClaire IA 52753

- S&D CHAPTERS -

- OHIO & KANAWHA RIVERS

Saturday, April 16 was a perfect afternoon for celebrating the life of the late Capt. Bert Shearer in Tu-Endi-We Park, Pt. Pleasant, WV. The sky was a clear blue, the sun was warm and the light breeze balmy. There was traffic on the river - a tow of empties passing down the Ohio and a light boat turned up the Kanawha - and a large group of Bert's friends were gathered.

Jack Fowler of the Pt. Pleasant River Museum welcomed the group shortly after 1 pm. and asked Jim Bupp of the O-K Chapter to give the invocation.

Mayor Jim Wilson of Pt. Pleasant extended greetings on behalf of the city. He commented that Bert and Ann Shearer's interest and support was one of the reasons the town now had the River Museum. The Mayor begged to be excused to attend his daughter's soccer game at Ravenswood and departed with the applause of the happy group.

The president of the River Museum Foundation had an appreciation for Bert's interest in the museum. He announced that it was fitting that the museum library be named in Bert's honor and henceforth it would be, "The Bert Shearer Library." The new name is carved on a piece of plank driftwood including a recognizable likeness of the honoree. Jack Fowler found the piece of drift on the site of the Marietta Manufacturing Co. marine ways, where the towboat OLVER C. SHEARER had been built in 1961.

Bert's sons Ed and Mike shared some remembrances of their father before asking others to step up to the microphone. Mike Shearer had prepared a tribute that pointed out how alike he and his father had

been, - in physical build, interests, temperament and love for fishing and hunting. He aptly titled his remarks, "Just Like Me."

Ed then acted as M.C. and invited friends and several from the Shearer extended family to relate some incidents about Bert. Along with the serious stories were a number with a humorous twist for Bert was well known as a practical joker and man with a keen sense of humor. The stories about boating incidents, fishing in Canada, being arrested by the Mounties, Bert fixing a watch for a friend and then throwing it into the river because, "It wasn't any good anyhow," etc. Charlie Stone took the microphone and offered some chuckles to be followed by Johnny Reynolds who recalled some piloting lessons by Bert.

It was a happy afternoon and it just seemed that Bert was around there in the park somewhere too; a beautiful afternoon close by the two rivers he had known and enjoyed for a very long life. Bert would have been 95 on April 27, 2005.

The party continued inside the museum where the staff had arranged an attractive table of refreshments.

* * *

MIDDLE OHIO RIVER

The MOR Chapter met at the Holiday Inn Riverfront in Covington, Kentucky on the weekend of April 22-24. Because of printing deadlines, the following planned highpoints are taken from the meeting announcement which was sent to the Chapter members in March.

A luncheon was held aboard the Mike Fink steamboat restaurant on Saturday followed by a visit to the Behringer-Crawford Museum, in Devou Park. The evening banquet was at the Holiday Inn Riverfront

with R. Dale Flick, S&D Treasurer, the speaker of the evening.

The summer meeting for MOR will be an overnight cruise aboard the Dennis Trone flagship TWILIGHT, July 17 and 18, from Le Claire, Iowa to Dubuque and return. The TWILIGHT for a number of years has cruised from Le Claire up the river to Chestnut Mountain, overnight in the hilltop lodge and the following morning in Galena, Illinois. BUT, this year the schedule calls for a visit to the new riverfront extravaganza at Dubuque, about 16 miles farther up the river from Galena - 83 miles each way.

Overnight will be in the palatial Grand Harbor Resort Hotel overlooking the Mississippi. After a morning exploring the Riverfront complex the TWILIGHT departs at noon for Le Claire with arrival at 7:00 pm.. Inclusive cost - cruise and hotel - is \$240.

Reservations needed by June 8!
Contact M'Lissa Kesterman, Secty.,
(513) 662-8627.

* * *

MISSISSIPPI RIVER

No report from The Big Muddy. But, without a doubt the group will descend upon Grafton, IL June 25 and 26 for the annual "Towboat Festival." They always do, - in memory of the late Jim Swift.

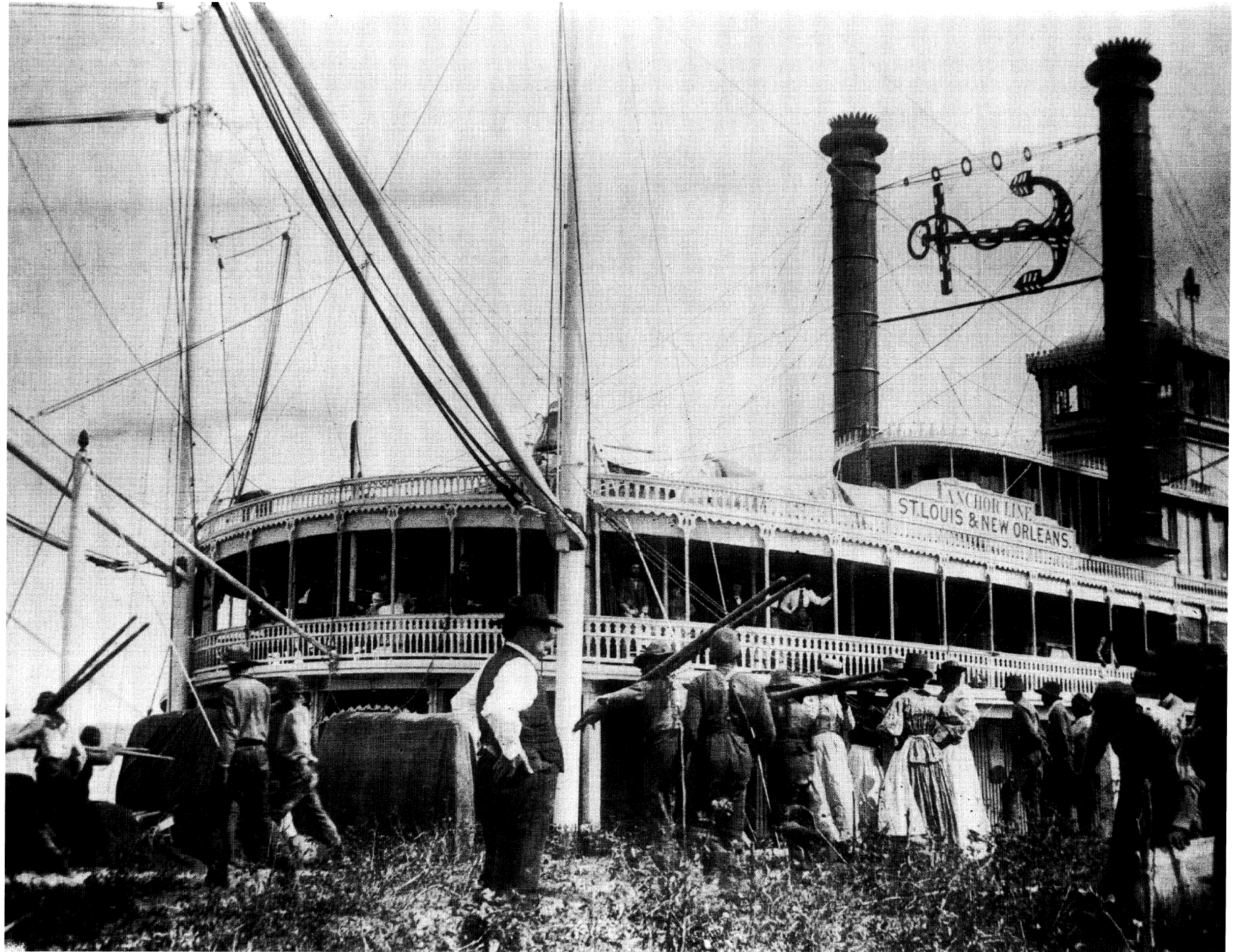
Subsequent reports are anticipated from St. Louis and will appear in the September issue.

* * *

YAZOO RIVER CHAPTER

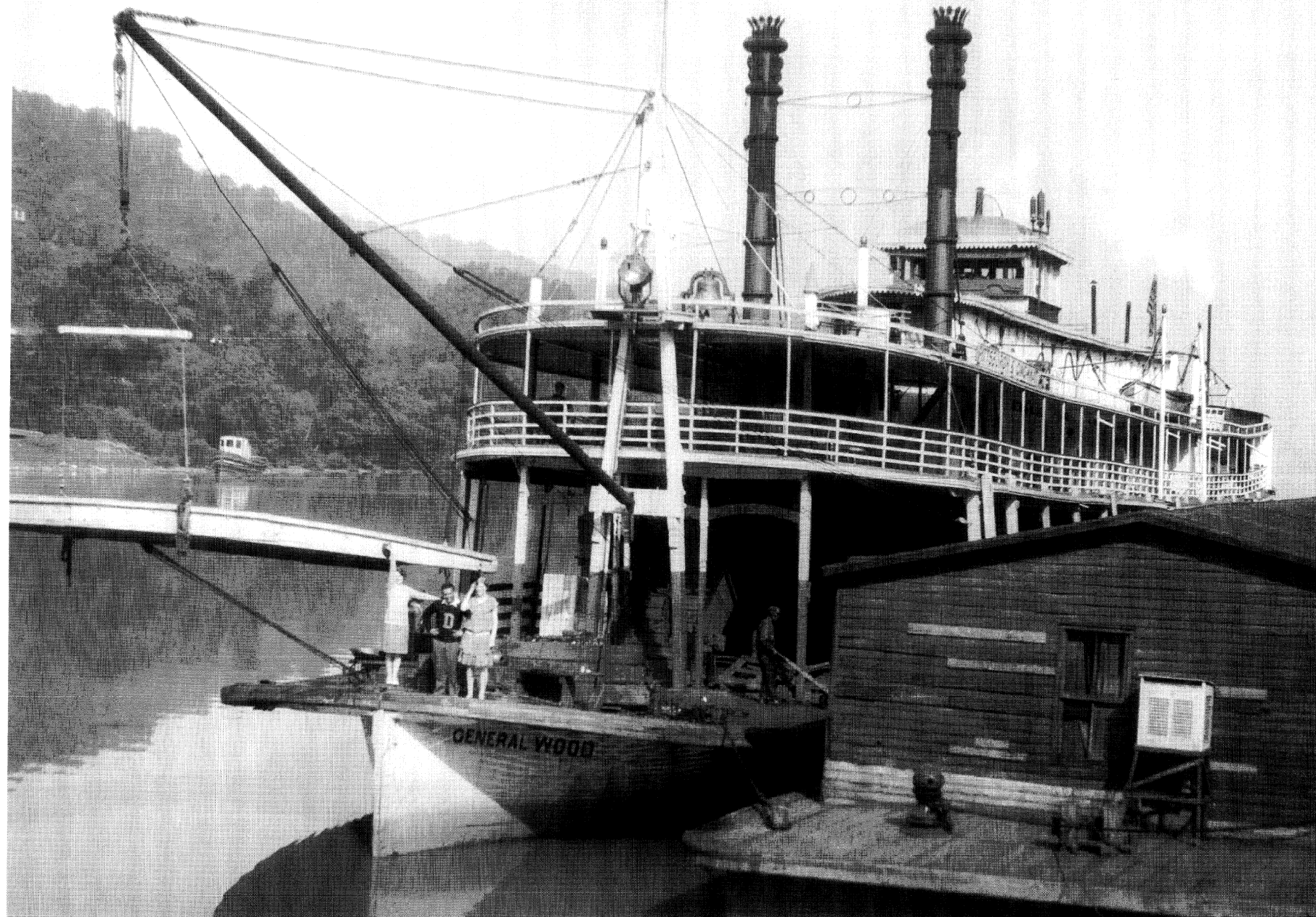
The magnificent mural of the SULTANA on the Vicksburg, MS floodwall was dedicated on April 9. This painting was completed with assistance by S&D and Chapter President Lamar Roberts participated in the proceedings as S&D's representative.

* * *



Somewhere along the lower Mississippi the Anchor Liner CITY OF ST. LOUIS (1130) has paused at a plantation landing. Possibly on a Sunday as a goodly crowd of the locals are out to watch the action. It would seem freight is being unloaded, the

rousters returning to the boat for more, but what do they carry with those sets of poles? The gentleman in the foreground looks like an overseer. CITY OF ST. LOUIS was built in 1883, 300 feet long, and she has a new look. Murphy Library photo.



This photo of the GENERAL WOOD (2283) was taken in 1929, her last season of operation. She is at Charleston, WV while filling in for the LIBERTY (3454), the regular Pittsburgh-Charleston boat. The WOOD was built IN 1913 as S. L. ELAM

(4897), a cotton boat. Bought by the Liberty Transit Co. in 1918 she was rebuilt at Clarington, OH as was the GENERAL PERSHING (front cover). After lay-up at Pittsburgh, the WOOD was sold for less than \$1,000. W. S. Pollock photo.

- BOOK REVIEW -

TWISTED RAILS, SUNKEN SHIPS

Twisted Rails, Sunken Ships, The Rhetoric of Nineteenth Century Steamboat and Railroad Accident Investigations Reports, 1833-1879" by R. John Brockman is the subject book of this review.

Mr. Brockman has written an interesting book illustrating the change over time in the "rhetoric" describing major steamboat and railroad accidents in the 19th century. His accompanying study points out the gradual increase in public outrage concerning corporate malfeasance in the operation of these major means of transportation of the time.

In our day and age of great emphasis on transportation safety, it is difficult to believe that it was far different in the mid-1800s. We of today have the Occupation Safety and Health Act, the National Transportation Safety Board, the Federal Aviation Administration Agency and others, all protecting us as we travel about the country and the world. Even so there are still over 40,000 fatalities due to automobiles per year.

But, none of this existed a century and a half ago. The means of propulsion was the steam engine, not the internal combustion engine of our day. The steam engine was still more or less in its infancy but by the mid-1800s, it was powering steamboats and railroad locomotives throughout Europe and North America and boiler explosions had become all too common.

The hazards of steam generation, although known, had not been yet quantified by testing laboratories and safety rules had not been legislated. Then as now, there was a demand for speed. The fastest steamboat was the one most desired

by the paying passenger just as the most powerful automobile is today. Moreover, whatever boat was the first one at the wharf got the freight and that was where most of the profit was in steamboat operations. If a captain could get a few more revolutions per minute by holding down a safety valve and thereby beat another boat to the next landing, that boat would get a favorable review in the local papers. It was all the better to attract the paying passenger. Not only was it profitable - at least until the boiler blew - but also was a laurel in the hats of captain and crew to lay claim to "the fastest boat on the river" or the fastest train on the line.

The first disaster covered in this book, the destruction of the steamboat, "New England" in 1833 followed by that of the "Moselle" in 1838. But this book is not about the accidents per se, - it is about the "rhetoric," the publicity, that followed the disaster and how at times outside interests affected the conclusions of the subsequent investigation. "Coroner juries" investigated all of these early accidents and the author points out again and again how incompetent these investigations were.

The early juries tended to put all the blame for the accident on the lowest level of the organization. The steamboat captain or railroad engineer manning the controls was held responsible. Often these men had already perished and were unable to defend themselves by testimony. Seldom was the management of the organization blamed for allowing - even encouraging - unsafe practices.

As the frequency and the magnitude of transportation disasters mounted, and the bad publicity engendered by them spread, this began to change. One of the main instigators of such

change was Charles Francis Adams, Jr. (1835-1915). Adams was intelligent, well educated (Harvard), and powerfully connected, the great-grandson of John Adams, the second president of the United States.

In 1870, the State of Massachusetts created the Massachusetts Railroad Commission and Charles Adams was made the chairman of the commission. The annual reports of the commission were of such high quality that they were widely requested from across the United States. Newspapers throughout the country not only published summaries of the reports but the "Chicago Tribune" carried the entire report and reprinted and distributed 10,000 copies on its own initiative.

Further publicity on these accidents was had when Adams began to lecture at the Lowell Institute (Boston, Massachusetts) and to write articles on the subject for "The Atlantic Monthly." In 1879, Adams collected the reports into a book called "Notes on Railroad Accidents."

The following is an example of Adams "rhetoric" concerning the Eastern Railroad at Revere Accident (1871): "I think we should try to get rid in the public mind of any real distinction between the individual who, in a moment of passion or in a moment of heedlessness, take the life of on fellow-man, and the corporation that in a moment of greed, of little trouble, of little expense, of little care, of little diligence, takes lives by wholesale. I think the first requisite of the public mind is to say that there is no accident in the case, properly speaking. It is murder; the guilt of murder rests somewhere."

One result of the publication of Adams' book was the establishment of the Interstate Commerce

Commission in 1887, which directed subsequent investigations.

Author Brockmann has chosen seven notable accidents of the 19th century as his examples: (1)Steamboat New England, - 1833; (2)Railroad Locomotive "Richmond," - 1844; (3)Steamboat MOSELLE - 1838; (4)Camden & Amboy Railroad Accident - 1856; (5)Gasconade Bridge Accident - 1855; (6)Eastern Railroad Accident, Revere, Mass. - 1871; (7)Ashtabula, Ohio Bridge Collapse - 1876. Our readers will find the MOSELLE story of considerable interest as the event propelled through Congress the first federal regulations for improved safety on the Western Rivers. In this instance, the report by Professor John Locke of the Cincinnati Medical College and Mechanics Institute was published only two months after the explosion and did not bow to the special interests.

We owe a debt of gratitude to Charles Adams and others who led these early, thorough investigations. The committees that have investigated modern disasters such as the failures of the space shuttles "Columbia" and "Challenger" are the children of Charles Adams' early work.

Twisted Rails, Sunken Ships, hardbound, 6x9 inch format, 288 pages, glossary, indexed and with copious endnotes following each chapter is well illustrated from contemporary sources and the author's exhibits and tables. This is primarily a reference work, - but interestingly written too - by the author of Exploding Steamboats, Senate Debates, and Technical Reports, reviewed in the June 2002 issue of S&D Reflector.

Published by Baywood Publishing Co., Inc. P.O. Box 337, Amityville, NY 11701. Priced \$58.95 plus \$5.50 postage.

Review by Doug McGrew,

CINCINNATI LOCOMOTIVE BUILDERS

This book by John H. White, Jr, Oxford, Ohio has been out of print for almost forty years and is now available in a new, expanded paperback edition. The original was published in 1965 as Bulletin 245, U.S. National Museum, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, DC. The new edition is sponsored by the Cincinnati Museum Center, Union Terminal, Cincinnati.

From the 1840s until almost the turn of the 19th century there was a sizeable production of railroad rolling stock, accessory equipment and locomotives in Cincinnati. This was a revelation to us when the first edition of CINCINNATI LOCOMOTIVE BUILDERS appeared in 1965. That book was passed along years ago to railroad buff S. Durward Hoag but we never forgot this story of another industry that helped make the Queen City queen. The reissue of the expanded book in softbound form is a surprise and most welcome; the additional information takes up about forty pages.

Jack White has written a new introduction to the revised, expanded edition (on page 123). There are a number of references to the steamboat machinery that was also built by several of the locomotive builders. After all, there was a market for boat machinery a bit earlier than for the later developing railroads. Much of the technology, at least in the beginning, was the same for each mode of travel. The Ohio River was also an available transportation link to bring raw materials to the iron makers and to ship finished locomotives to remote locations.

One of the early locomotive builders was A. Harkness & Son.

Their foundry shows up in Plate #4 of the 1848 daguerreotype of Cincinnati - just behind the JOHN HANCOCK (3071). This operation later became Moore & Richardson, builders of a number of sets of steamboat machinery including that on the 1863 SULTANA (5216). This new edition of "Locomotive Builders" contains several paragraphs on steamboat machinery by M&R and other local foundries.

This book is a good read, - for rail and river fans alike.

Cincinnati Locomotive Builders by John H. White, Jr. Softbound, 200 pages, 80 illustrations seven appendices, index. Order from Cincinnati Museum Center at Union Terminal, 1301 Western Ave., Cincinnati, OH 45203, \$18.95 plus \$3.00 shipping and handling.

Reviewed by JWR

- OBITUARIES -

WILLIAM R. PRUDENT

Steamboat engineer Bill Prudent died in Cincinnati on February 23, 2005, age 79.

He was a long-time member of S&D but we first met him aboard the GORDON C. GREENE in 1946 going to Chattanooga on the river safari chapter in this issue. Bill Prudent and Fred E. Taylor, Newport, KY were the striker engineers with Calvin Benefiel, Chief and William A. Shahan, Second. Earlier, Bill had started as a striker on the ISLAND QUEEN and, later, he served as engineer on the JULIUS FLEISCHMAN, E. D. KENNA, OMAR, CHARLES T. CAMPBELL, RENOUN, DELTA QUEEN and the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE.

Mr. Prudent is survived by his wife Ellen, daughter Christine (Ken) Brabender, sons Frank X. and John W. (Mayville) Prudent. He is also survived by his brother George H. Prudent and grandchildren.

Burial was from St. Jude's Catholic Church, Bridgetown Road, Cincinnati.

Thanks to Dale Flick for alerting us to Bill Prudent's passing.

- PASSAGES -

MARION G. PATSCH

1916-2005

Marion Patsch, 89, mother of Judy Patsch of Rock Island, Illinois died March 15, 2005 at St. Anthony's Continuing Care Center.

Her husband Walter Lee Patsch died June 16, 1990. Mrs. Patsch is survived by her two daughters, Judy of Rock Island and Carol (Tom) Rydbom of Eugene, Oregon and her beloved feline, PM.

PATRICIA GARDNER STRANGE

The last of the prominent Gardner family of New Albany, Indiana died on February 16, 2005 at age 93. Mrs. Strange was the widow of Dr. Martin B. Strange, a local realtor.

The S. J. Gardner Foundry & Machine Co. was noted in steamboat circles for the Gardner steam steering gear. This was an improvement on the power-assisted invention developed in the early 1890s by William T. Johnston and built by Crawley & Johnston, Cincinnati. The Gardner Steering Gear, with its familiar two levers, was installed on the QUEEN CITY (4615) in 1918 and soon became a standard. The Gardner ads for years featured the Q.C. pilothouse with Capt. Harry English at the steering levers. (S&D Reflector, September '67, page 10)

Thanks to Keith Norrington for the information.

MABEL ELOISE BENEFIEL

Mabel Eloise Elledge Benefiel, 82, died at Madison, Indiana May 4, 2005. She was the widow of engineer Cal Benefiel, for years of the DELTA QUEEN and the Greene Line boats including the GORDON C. GREENE in 1946.

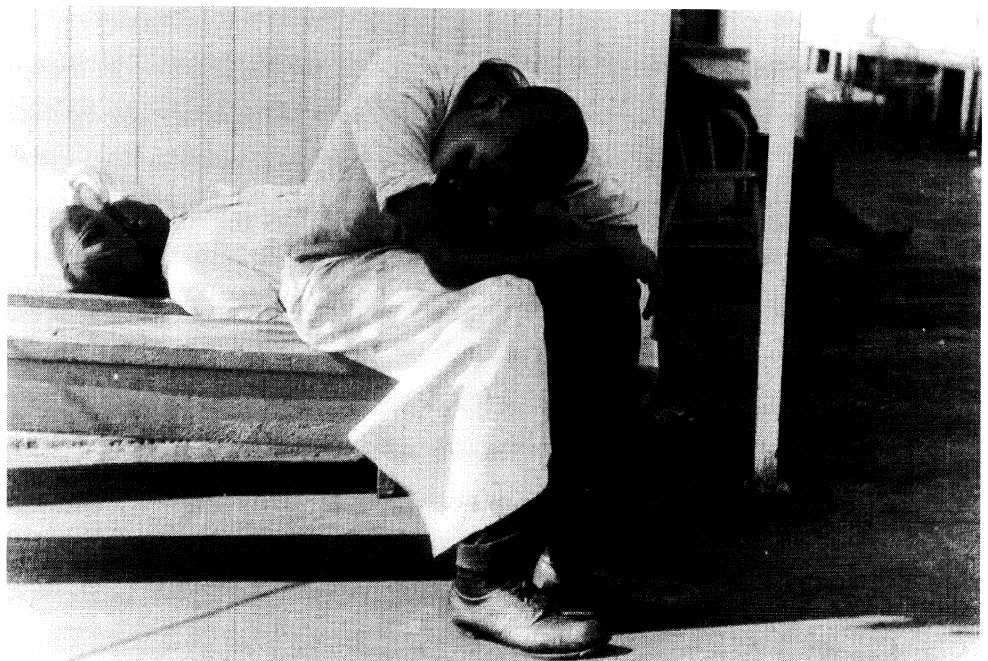
Mrs. Benefiel was born in Brinkley, Arkansas. She had resided in Madison since 1953 and employed as switchboard operator at the State Hospital, 1978-1992, and with the local school system.

She is survived by two daughters, two sons, a stepson and two sisters. She was preceded in death by her husband James Calvin Benefiel and son John W. Benefiel. Burial was in Grandview Memorial Gardens, Madison, Indiana.

Thanks to Louie DeCar for the alert.



Photos of boat crews - working or relaxing - are few compared to the boats themselves and we couldn't resist these two prints. They date about 1920 but no identification. Deckhands bring a plank from the end of the stage aboard before backing out from some unknown town on the Upper Mississippi. The pantrymen take a break after lunch cleanup.





A summer scene at the Pittsburgh landing in 1919. The view is from the Smithfield Street Bridge, still spanning the Monongahela River in 2005, but other aspects of the scene are largely changed.

The sloping, cobblestone wharf has long been replaced by the concrete parking deck and elevated Fort Pitt Boulevard. The post WW-II cleanup has replaced the row of buildings facing Water Street with largely glass high-rise boxes of office buildings set farther back from the river.

The GENERAL PERSHING is drifting up to the old wooden wharfboat, arriving from Charleston with a light trip. Below the wharfboat is the excursion steamer SUNSHINE (5235) owned by William McNally; the texas was added in 1918. Farther down toward the Wabash Railroad Bridge, also long gone, is the HOMER SMITH (2658). She ran regular afternoon trips 12 miles down to Walnut Beach at Sewickley, a service which ended when the PRR moved its tracks to the river bank, circa 1926. Fred Way, Jr. photo.