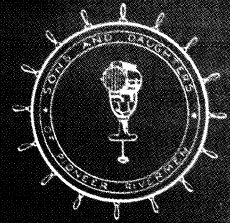


# S&D

# REFLECTOR

Published by Sons and Daughters  
of Pioneer Rivermen



Vol. 42, No. 3

Marietta, Ohio

September 2005



- FRONT COVER -

The IRON CITY of the Iron City Sand Co. is in a big hurry to get up the river in the summer of 1919. She is passing the upper end of Leetsdale, PA, just below Deadman's Island, about mile 14 Ohio River. IRON CITY (T1199) was built at the Pope Docks, Parkersburg in 1912 and was a fixture in the Pittsburgh area as she tended the sand diggers and delivered barges of sand and gravel to job sites. She was dismantled by Crain Brothers in 1948 after a long and useful life.

Photographer Fred Way was in a canoe when he pointed his postcard-size folding Kodak to catch the IRON CITY with the sun and smoke just right to make an artistic, action scene.

- LETTERS -

Sirs: I have recently received my second - June - issue of the *S&D Reflector* and so much enjoy the articles. It was William V. Torner who introduced me to the publication and am sorry to admit that only recently have I discovered our family's river roots. My great uncle, Norris Torner, lived in Newport, OH and my father told me that he had worked on the river.

We are also related to the Greenes of Newport and in 1908 and in a 1908 Greene Family Reunion booklet is a photo of my grandmother and her mother in the yard of the Junius Greenwood house, site of the gathering. A repeat reunion is planned for 2008, tentatively July 18-20. A web site with the 1908 booklet posted is: [geocities.com/newportohiohistory](http://geocities.com/newportohiohistory). Submissions that tell the story of Newport are welcome.

Marlene A. Morris  
9555Heather Ct.  
Cincinnati, OH 45242

- THE FREIGHT BOOK -

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Sirs: Thanks for publishing my note regarding my search of information on the steam gauge manufactured by W. Kirkup & Son. (June issue, page 2)

Your may be receiving one last installment of the story on the engine indicator: A group of nine of us recently took cards from the starboard engine of the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE and will return on July 8 to do the same on the port engine.

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

= No word as of July 17 as to the success of the diagnostic analysis of the port engine. Ed.

\* \* \*

Madam Secretary: I am neither a son nor a daughter of a pioneer or a riverman but submit my experience riding the BobLo boats to the Detroit amusement park some years ago. I'll probably never attend an annual meeting nor explore the decks of the W. P. SNYDER JR. so will be a cheap member! I enjoy the 1946 adventures of Way and Woody so enclose my check for membership.

Fred Willmer  
20209 Shady Lane  
St. Clair Shores, MI 48080

= Experience riding the STE. CLAIRE (1910) or COLUMBIA

(1902) down the Detroit river to Boblo Island and return is a pro-forma qualification for S&D membership. Other Wolverines always welcome, - an interest in boats is all it takes. Bee.

\* \* \*

Sirs: Recently I received the cassette tape WHISTLE ECHOES, VOL 1 with narration by Fred Way, Jr. and enjoy it so much. It takes me back to my childhood on the banks of the Ohio and, in fact, I get a little too sentimental when I listen to it. But, I enjoy it so much!

Edith O'Donnell  
2000 Canyon Dr.  
Fullerton, CA 92833

= The 1965 Whistle Blow at Long Reach, WV was once-in-a-lifetime! The tapes are available at several river museums; may be ordered by phone from the Campus Martius Museum, Marietta for \$9, postpaid.

(740) 373-3750

\* \* \*

Sirs: Were it not that I know there are 1,500 other members, I would think issue of the *Reflector* was made just for me. The June issue is mine, cover to cover, because the GENERAL PERSHING is on each. Grandpa Smith was her last owner as stated and I have an eagle from the boat: from the jackstaff or bell?

In my younger days I did a lot of hitchhiking but cannot claim to match thumbing a ride on the GORDON C. GREENE with all that baggage.

Bill Smith  
1240 Warbler Ridge  
Springfield, IL 45503

= Maybe Tom Greene had a motive: It was on this trip that Tom and Fred first huddled to dream about the DELTA QUEEN and KING and Fred became intrigued too. Ed

\* \* \*

## LETTERS CONTINUED -

## - OBITUARIES -

Madam Secretary: After years of procrastinating I'm enclosing my check for dues beginning 2005.

My Dad, Thomas A. Butler, rarely allows me to even read his *S&D Reflector*, a great irritation as I have an avid interest. As his eldest child, I'm the one who remembers some riverboat history.

Do you have any back issues for sale?

Maureen A. Waala  
806 W. Fourth St.  
Appleton, WI 54914

= Back issues? You betcha! The vault has most issues back to Volume 9, 1972. See page 4 this issue for prices and ordering. Ed.

\*\*\*

Sirs: Just to let you and my friends know that I'm still around, - but no longer taking pictures. I'm not very frisky - 99 on Feb. 17, 1905.

Noble G. Beheler  
6801 19th St. N.  
Saint Petersburg, FL 33702

\*\*\*

## REFLECTOR BINDERS

WE STILL HAVE A SMALL STOCK OF THE POPULAR RED, PLASTIC BINDERS HOLDING 12 ISSUES OF THE *S&D REFLECTOR*. EACH BINDER IS EMBOSSED WITH THE S&D LOGO AND HAS A CONTENTS CARD HOLDER.

AVAILABLE WHILE THEY LAST AT \$15 EACH, POSTPAID FROM:

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1099 U.S. RT. 52  
NEW RICHMOND, OH 45157

## DIANA V. McMAHAN

Diana McMahan, 70, of New Matamoras, Ohio died July 9, 2005 at Charlotte, NC as a result of an automobile accident.

She was born June 13, 1935, a daughter of the late Harold Theodore and Virginia Cochran Weeter. She was a 1953 graduate of New Matamoras High School and of Ohio University in 1957 with a degree in English literature. For a number of years she was a teacher at the Newport, OH Elementary School.

Diana was very interested in the history of Washington County, Ohio and particularly of the northeastern section bordering on the Ohio River. She was a great source of information on the history and genealogy of the town of New Matamoras and the surrounding Grandview Township. This led to her writing a Sunday feature column in the *Parkersburg News* and *The Marietta A.M.* for a period of twenty-one years. In 1990 Diana and Mrs. Blanche Y. Brown co-authored, Grandview Township's First Trustees Journal, 1803-1843, Washington County, Ohio under the auspices of the Matamoras Area Historical Society.

She married Charles Deshler McMahan on July 29, 1975 who survives in New Matamoras. Diana was a long-time member of Sons & Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen and, with Charlie, a regular attendee at the annual meetings.

She is also survived by two sons, Wynn C. Hott and his wife, Leesa, of Rhonda, NC and Vachel McMahan and his wife, Wendi, of Salisbury, NC, two grandsons and two granddaughters, a brother Harold J. Weeter and wife Jane of Melbourne, FL and her mother-in-law Helen McMahan of Wade, OH.

She was preceded in death by her parents and one son, Frederick E. Hott (1966).

Burial was in the New Matamoras Cemetery.

\*\*\*

## CAPT. THOMAS CRAMER

Capt. Thomas Jarvis Cramer, 92, of Williamstown, West Virginia died at his home on July 2, 2005. He was born December 16, 1912 in Clarington, Ohio, a son of the late Herbert E. and Mary Grace Davis Cramer.

It was foreordained that Capt. Cramer would follow the river in his life's work, - the Cramer family of Clarington has been involved with the river trades for two generations before him. His grandfather, Jacob Cramer, had at one time owned the packet-towboat HOPE (T1127) while his father Bert was master of the U.S.E. GENERAL CRAIGHILL (T890) operating on the Upper Ohio. Thomas Cramer was a pilot with Ohio Barge Line from 1947 until 1975.

Capt. Cramer attended Ohio Wesleyan University and Ohio State and was a 70 year member of Lodge No. 129, A.F. & A.M. He served on the Williamstown city council for four years and was a long-time member of S&D.

He is survived by his wife Martha Zinser Cramer of Williamstown - they were married January 11, 1944. He is also survived by three sons; Thomas Lee of Fleming, OH, Farther Harry Nye of Bridgeport, WV and Herbert Jan of Orlando, FL. and three daughters; Donna Kay Politrno of Kisdsmee, FL, Maqrtha Ann Bledsoe of Culloden, WV and Tamara Sue Ragalyi of Hurricane, WV.

Burial was at Riverview Cemetery, Williamston, West Virginia.

\*\*\*

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

**S&D REFLECTOR**

Marietta, Ohio



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

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

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

J. W. Rutter, Editor

126 Seneca Dr.

Marietta, OH 45750

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

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

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

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

Direct correspondence to:

Mrs. J. W. Rutter, Secretary

126 Seneca Dr.

Marietta, OH 45750

**REFLECTOR BACK ISSUES**

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

**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!**

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## JUNE BAREKMAN FOUND

In the "This and That" section of the June issue, page 24, we asked the question, "Who is June Barekman?" Her name is inscribed on a certificate-suitable-for-framing which Ms. Jennifer Viets uncovered in an old picture frame. Madame Secretary had no record of June Barekman ever having been a member of S&D, - and the certificate wasn't familiar.

No sooner had the postman delivered the *Reflector* to the Washington County Public Library than our phone rang. Genealogist sleuth Ernie Thode of the library reported: "June Barekman was a well respected genealogist living in Chicago with whom we had correspondence in the 1970s. She was born in 1915 and died Sept. 9, 1994."

Then by the next mail came a note from S&D member Edith D. Williams, 2511 5th Ave., Fort Worth, TX 78110. "I do not know about the hoax (the certificate) but Miss Barekman was a very respected genealogist and former president of the Chicago Genealogical Society. I am offended that someone would use your logo in this manner!"

Our thanks to Ernie and Edith. We take it as a compliment that someone recognized the prestige of the name Sons & Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen, - Ms Barekman wouldn't have been fooled!

\* \* \*

### WHISTLE ECHOES, VOLUME 1 CASSETTES AVAILABLE

PROFESSIONALLY DUPLICATED FROM THE ORIGINAL "1965 WHISTLE BLOW" RECORDED AT LONG REACH, WV.

AVAILABLE FROM CAMPUS MARTIUS MUSEUM, \$9.00 EACH MAILING INCLUDED. CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED.  
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## ANNUAL MEETING

SONS & DAUGHTERS OF PIONEER RIVERMEN  
SEPTEMBER 16 AND 17, 2005  
LAFAYETTE HOTEL, MARIETTA, OHIO

Friday, September 16 is the 50th anniversary of the arrival in Marietta of the steamer W. P. SNYDER JR. The Ohio Historical Society plans a commemoration party with refreshments beginning at 2:30 p.m. at the Ohio River Museum. **ALL ARE WELCOM!**

The Friday evening mixer and reception at the hotel at 8:00 p.m. is the opening official S&D event. **BE SURE AND PICK UP A HANDOUT SHEET AT THE HOTEL FRONT DESK FOR DETAILS OF THE ANNUAL MEETING SCHEDULE WITH ANY LAST MINUTE CHANGES.**

The business meeting takes place in the hotel ballroom Saturday morning. Reports will be rendered and the official election held; the Nominating Committee signals some spirited contests!

A group light luncheon is planned for Saturday noon with a presentation by Madison Coal & Supply Co. on modern river navigation. The company promises to have one of its modern towboats at the Public Landing for a follow-up, walk-on inspection.

The evening banquet at the hotel will feature Rick and M'Lissa Kesterman with a slide presentation, "Cincinnati, 1848 and 2005."

**WE DON'T ANTICIPATE ANOTHER WASHOUT BUT WHO KNOWS!**

Bee Rutter Secretary (740) 373-7829  
Lafayette Hotel 1-800-331-9336

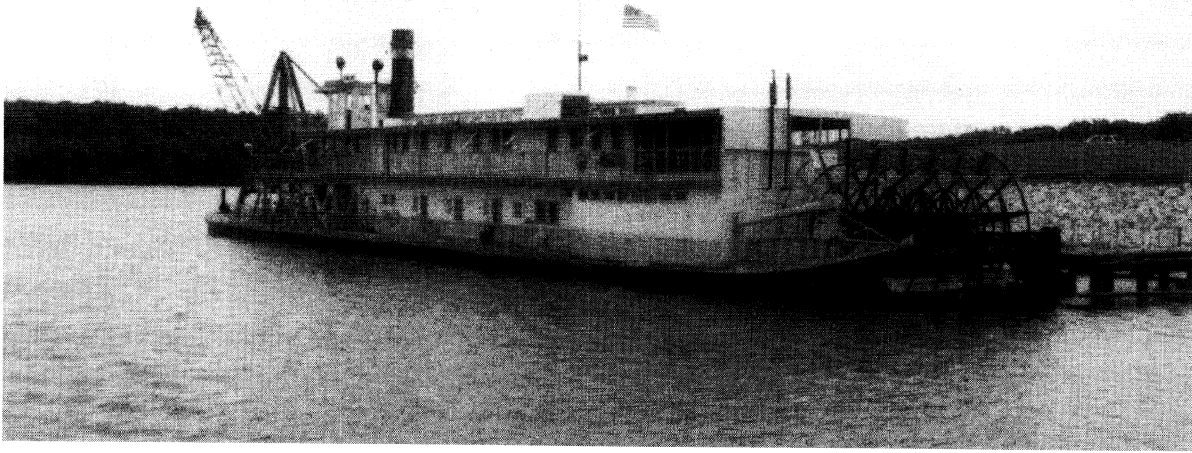
### SONS & DAUGHTERS OF PIONEER RIVERMEN BOARD OF GOVERNORS MEETING

The Board of Governors of S&D will meet the afternoon of Friday, September 16 at Marietta, Ohio. Members having questions or concerns to be considered on the agenda should contact Chairman Bill Judd, (513) 553-6604 or BOG member.

### NOW AVAILABLE!

**INDEX No. 8, VOLUMES 36 THRU 40  
1999 - 2003**

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



The U.S. Snagboat MONTGOMERY in the Tombigbee River at the Tom Bevell Visitors Center awaits her move to an on-shore berth and salvation.

## THE SNAGBOAT MONTGOMERY

Should you read Chapter III of, *Cottonmouths and Cotton* in this issue you will find that the innocent travelers from Pennsylvania run across a strange, unknown fleet of steamboats at Tuscaloosa, Alabama. These had largely spent their working lives on the rivers of the deep south and seldom, if ever, appeared on the pages of *The Waterways Journal* so the ignorance of our heroes can be excused.

One - and perhaps the largest - of the mystery fleet was the sternwheel snagboat MONTGOMERY (T1866). Wonder of wonders, she worked on from that first sighting by the LADY GRACE crew in 1946 until retired in 1982. She eventually became a floating exhibit at the Tom Bevell Visitors Center, just above the Aliceville Lock & Dam on the Tombigbee River near Pickensville, Alabama. The MONTGOMERY, a star attraction at the visitors center, had a well-marked, self-guided tour with many historical photographs. She was maintained by the Corps of Engineers and seemingly in apple pie shape when we visited her six years past, - only lacking the smell of hot oil, steam and the clunk-clunk of the hoisting engine to recreate her working days.

But the star attraction - and a National Historic Landmark (NHL) to boot - was deemed too valuable to remain afloat in her natural element. The solution is told in the story which follows, mostly, extracts from the report, *The U.S. Snagboat Montgomery* by Brockington & Associates, Inc. This firm had a contract to cover the Historic American Engineering Record (HAER) documentation for the boat and her later restoration. Our gratitude to the US Army C.O.E., Mobile District for a copy of the report.

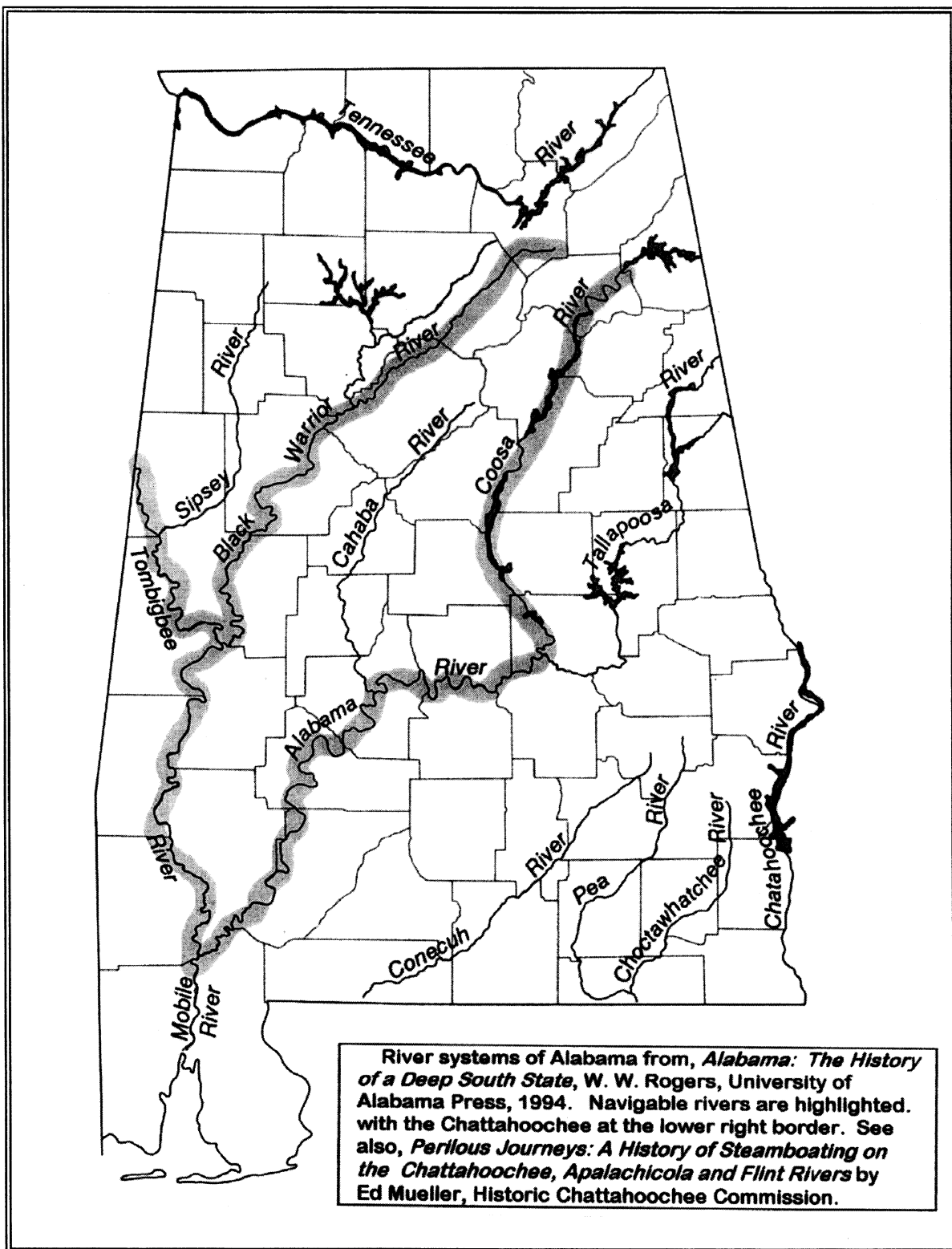
## A PROBLEM OF PRESERVATION

### INTRODUCTION

On November 8, 1982, after over fifty years of service, the U.S. Snagboat MONTGOMERY (T1866) retired from service. Since that time, she has served as a floating exhibit at the Tom Bevell Visitor Center, near Pickensville, Alabama. On October 2, 2003, the MONTGOMERY reached her final berth after being lifted from the Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway and placed in a mooring basin alongside the visitor center, an impressive replica of an antebellum mansion. Her restoration and preservation continues so that her legacy to the southeastern rivers she patrolled can be told for many years to come.

The U.S. Snagboat MONTGOMERY is a National Historic Landmark (NHL) having been so designated by the National Park Service in June of 1989. Serving as the last steam-powered sternwheeler to ply the inland waterways of the South, the MONTGOMERY's impressive history involved seven of the South's navigable, rivers. Beginning on the Coosa and the Alabama from 1926 to 1933, crews used her derrick and grapple to remove snags and debris from the river channels. In 1933, she was transferred to the Black Warrior and Tombigbee rivers. Her final work stations were the Apalachicola, Chattahoochee and Flint rivers in Florida, Alabama and Georgia, where she served until her retirement.

The southeastern states of Louisiana, Alabama and Mississippi developed the way that they did in large part because of the man rivers that flow through the region. While overland routes existed to this region in the early 19th century, the rivers provided the principal access. In 1798 the American



government established the Mississippi Territory north of the 31st parallel, including what is now Alabama and Mississippi, under the provisions of the Northwest Ordinance of 1787. The Louisiana Purchase of 1803 added the port of New Orleans and the vast Louisiana Territory to the far west to the United States

The Mississippi River was the main conduit to settlement of these new regions to the west. Settlers came from the north to the south along the river and

also along the Natchez Trace from Tennessee. Consequently, Mississippi was admitted to the Union in 1817 while Alabama was established as a territory. Navigation on the several south-flowing rivers through Alabama became increasingly important as settlers spread out. The snagboat MONTGOMERY represents a last example of the Age of Steam and the technology which was so necessary in keeping the southern rivers navigable into the 20th century.

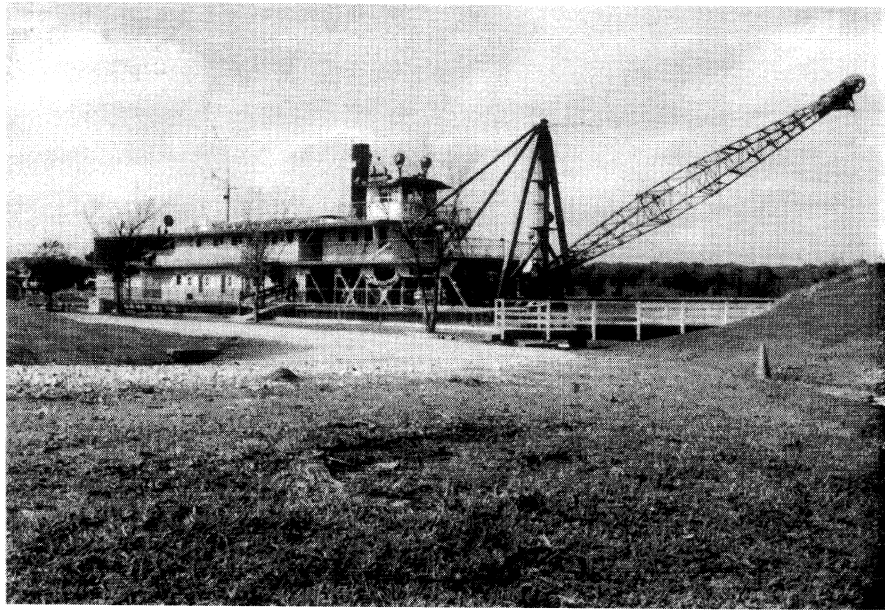
## HISTORY OF THE MONTGOMERY

The MONTGOMERY was built in 1926 by the Charleston Dry Dock and Machine Company of Charleston, South Carolina. While the origins of the company are not known, the Charleston Dry Dock and Machine Company was in operation by 1882, according to City Directories for the City of Charleston. At that time the Valk and Murdoch Company was listed as "founders, machinists, engine and boiler makers," and was located at the east end of Hasell Street near the city's docks on the Cooper River (City Directory 1882). The company, which was known as Valk & Murdoch Iron Works by 1891, expanded its facilities on Hasell Street and eventually occupied much of the block. By 1918 the company relocated to Concord Street, a main thoroughfare close to the city docks. By 1922 the company had changed its name again, to the Charleston Dry Dock and Machine Company and again in 1938, when it was listed as the Charleston Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company. It remained at its plant on Concord Street until the late 1950s, when its offices were relocated in downtown Charleston. The company no longer had a listing by 1961.

The Montgomery District of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers had the MONTGOMERY built and the boat was based in Montgomery, Alabama until 1933. When the Montgomery District became a part of the Mobile District, the boat was moved to her new home port of Tuscaloosa on the Black Warrior River. However, she continued to work on the waters of the Coosa River system, just adding the Black Warrior-Tombigbee Rivers to her responsibilities.

The MONTGOMERY pulled snags from these river systems until 1959, when she was transferred to Panama City, Florida. She then worked on the Apalachicola, Chattahoochee and Flint rivers for the rest of her career although her home port was transferred from Panama City to White City, Florida in 1979.

(The history of river transportation in this area is well told in: Perilous Journeys: A History of Steamboating on the Chattahoochee, Apalachicola, and Flint Rivers, 1828-1928 by Edward A. Mueller. Published in 1990 by: HISTORIC CHATTAHOOCHEE COMMISSION, P.O. BOX 33, EUFAULA, AL 36072. PHONE: (205) 687-9733. Ed.)

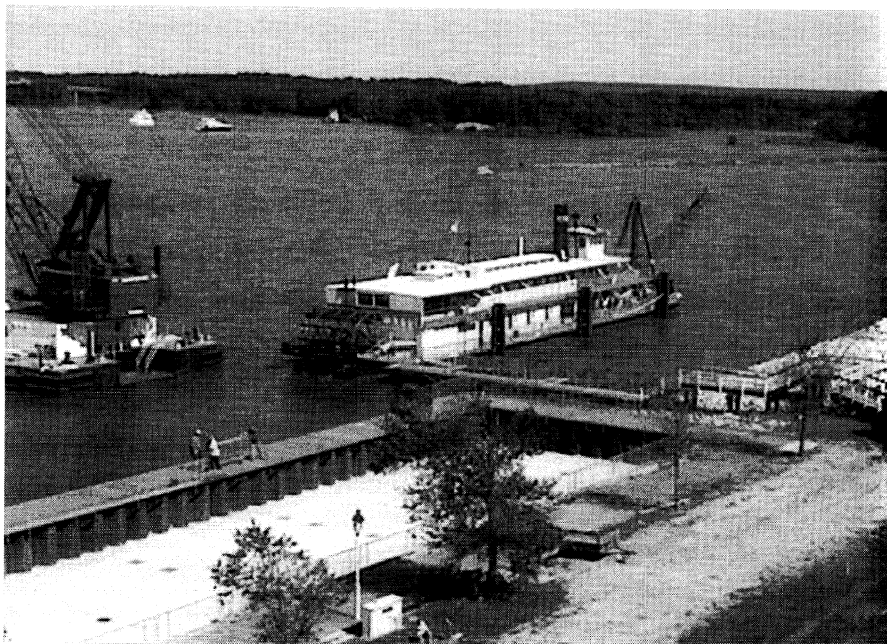


Top, the MONTGOMERY (T1866) at her water berth before the big move. This is near the spot she occupied when open for visitors at the Tom Beville Visitors Center. We estimate the boom to be 80+feet and it has a rated capacity of 45 tons.

In 1984 MONTGOMERY was taken to the Mississippi River for a movie titled *Louisiana* filmed. Disguising the snagboat to pass as an antebellum packet took some imagination and the result was less than memorable!

Below: A view looking upstream from the top floor of the visitor center building. When open to visitors, entrance to the boat was by a long elevated ramp to the aft end of the boiler deck. Exit was from the main deck after viewing the engine room, etc.

The prepared dry berth - ready to receive the cradle and boat - is in the lower left corner of the photo.





When the Corps of Engineers retired the MONTGOMERY on November 8, 1982, she was "the last sternwheeler operating on any southern river and the one of only two remaining steam powered snagboats in the United States." The other surviving example of the type, we are told, is the W. T. PRESTON in Anacortes, Washington.

### CONSTRUCTION & DESIGN

The MONTGOMERY is a riveted steel hull snagboat designed to clear obstructions from river channels. The superstructure is also constructed of steel. The sternwheel is powered by a high-pressure, non-condensing engines, 14s-6 foot stroke, supplied by a single Scotch marine boiler.

The hull is 178 by 34 by 6 feet, scow bow with a flat bottom and a tucked-up run to the stern with rounded indentations to accommodate the balanced rudders. Two rows of vertical I-beams rise from side keelsons parallel to the center keelson to support the superstructure and reinforce the heavy fittings such as the dredging boom. The paddlewheel is of steel construction, 18 ft. diameter by 20 ft. wide, 14 buckets.

The superstructure of the MONTGOMERY consists of three decks. The main deck carries the propelling and snagging machinery and boiler. Rooms for the deck crew are midships on the main deck; three cabins on each side of a central passage and each containing two bunks.

The boiler deck (second) is primarily living space for officers, three staterooms on each side with a pantry and kitchen plus a room for the cook and mess boy. The officers' mess occupies the full width of the forward end of the boiler deck.

### HISTORIC AMERICAN ENGINEERING RECORD DOCUMENTATION

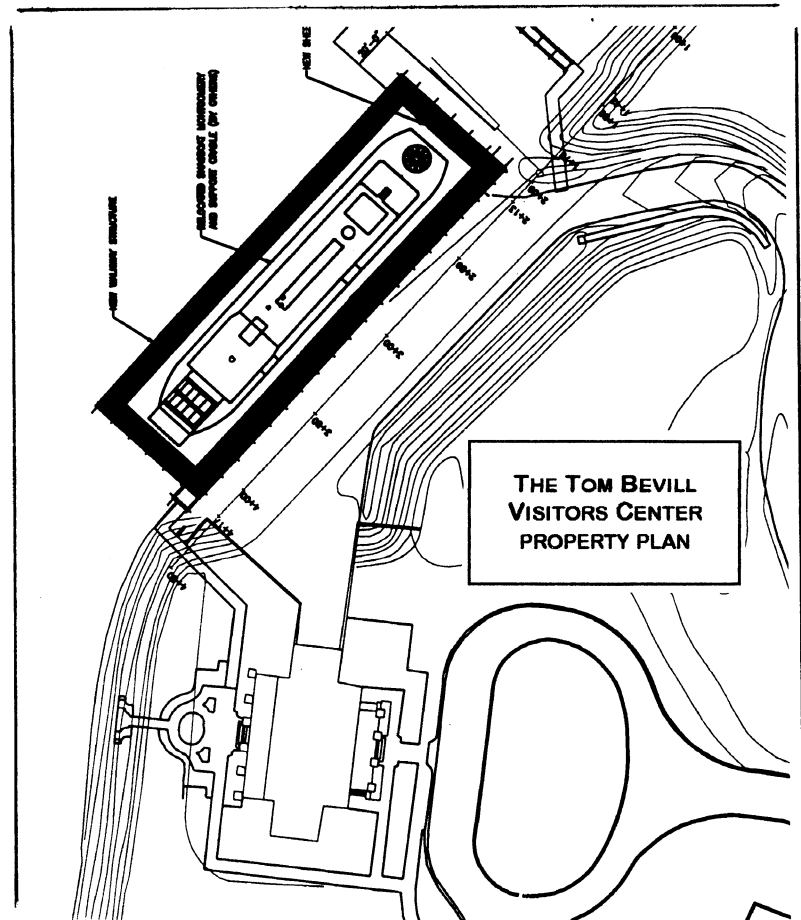
In 1992, Dr. Ellen Segan and Vincent Hook of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers Construction Engineering Research Laboratory (CERL) prepared a Memorandum for Record: "Preliminary Corrosion Assessment of the U.S. Montgomery Snagboat." In July 2001, Segan, formerly of CERL, conducted a second survey/assessment of the MONTGOMERY. Segan's 2002 assessment report details numerous problems of corrosion and disrepair on the boat and recommends:

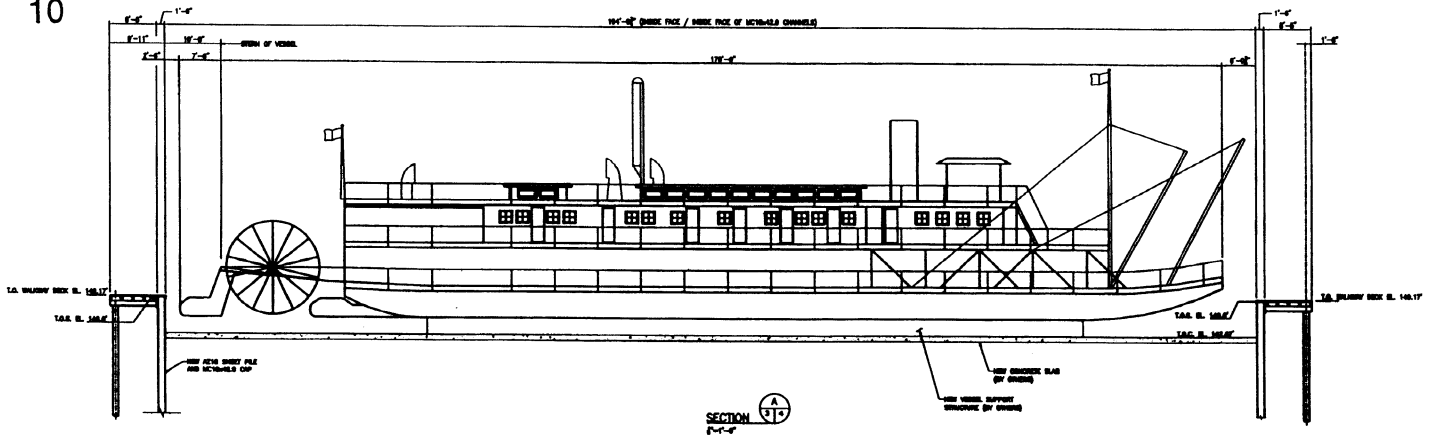
(Option 1) Removing the boat from the water to a dry berth for assessment and repair;

(Option 2) Permanently removing the snagboat to a dry mooring basin at the Tom Beville Visitor Center for long-term preservation and display.

Although, the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, Mobile District, discussed many different options for the boat's future, in early 2002 the Mobile District chose to adopt Segan's second option and lift the MONTGOMERY from the Tombigbee and place her in a permanent dry berth at the Tom Beville Visitor Center for restoration and display. Planning and carrying out this project was no small feat but losing the unique and historic vessel to corrosion and dry rot was not an option at all.

The new dry mooring basin site is just upstream from the Visitors Center building and immediately adjacent to the location where the boat had floated since 1982. The boat is visible whether approached by river or the road and MONTGOMERY, at first glance, appears to be still in the river. This location is close above the controlling Aliceville Dam so the water level is relatively stable. The mooring basin - basically a sheet steel box with the bottom leveled by cut and fill from the existing terrain gradient - was designed by Sherlock Smith & Adams, Inc., Montgomery and Gottlieb, Barnett & Bridges, LLC, Mobile. (See drawings from Brockington Report.)



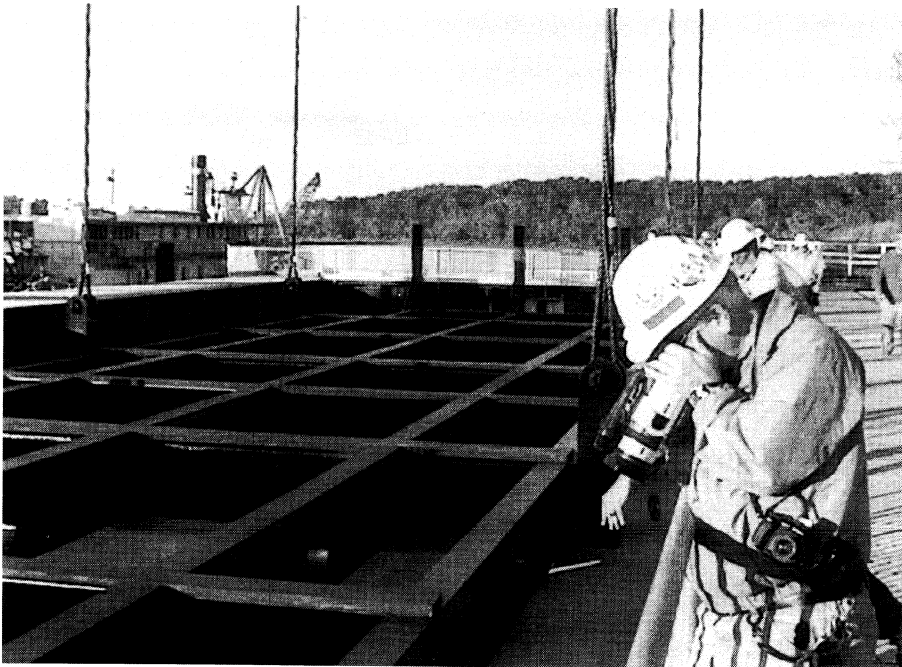


### THE CRADLE

Designing a cradle to lift a 1920s era boat is a challenge that few firms will ever encounter. Nevertheless, Versabuild, Inc., of Belle Chasse, Louisiana, carried out their assignment by creating a cradle that would not only support the MONTGOMERY during the lift but would cradle her in the mooring basin and provide protection for her hull. Versabuild has experience in lifting old sea vessels having created and built the cradle that lifted the turret of the USS MONITOR from 240 feet of water off Cape Hatteras, NC. The Neoprene cushioning on top of the cradle provides stability and support for the snagboat's hull.

**TOP:** The cradle being lowered into the basin the day before the big lift. Note the MONTGOMERY in the river.

**LOWER:** The cradle in place on concrete slab in the new berth; steel piling walls visible. Photos by Brockington.



## PUBLIC INTEREST HIGH

The U.S. Army C.O.E. Mobile District, Office of Public Affairs, issued the following press release as the date (2003) for moving the boat approached:

### U.S. SNAGBOAT MONTGOMERY

Around October 1st, the 600-ton, 78-year-old MONTGOMERY will be lifted from the waters of the Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway and permanently placed on dry ground at Pickensville, Alabama.

The 178-foot long vessel was built for the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers in 1925. It was a steam powered, stern wheel workboat able to house and feed a crew of 12-14 men around the clock. It is one of the last remaining vestiges of the steam powered riverboat era. Until the vessel was retired in 1982, the Corps of Engineers used its derrick to remove trees, sunken logs and other debris (called snags) that obstructed river traffic in the Apalachicola, Black Warrior, Tombigbee, Chattahoochee, Coosa, and Flint Rivers.

In 1985, the Corps converted the vessel to a floating interpretive visitor center adjacent to the Tom Bevill Visitor Center in Pickensville, Alabama. On June 30, 1989, the Secretary of the Interior designated the MONTGOMERY a National Historic Landmark. Formal landmark dedication ceremonies were held at the Tom Bevill Visitor Center on August 20, 1991.

In 2001, primarily due to deterioration of the vessel's hull, the Corps of Engineers made the decision to permanently move the vessel to dry ground where it could be better maintained for future generations to visit and learn about a bygone era. Preparation of site next to the Tom Bevill Visitor Center began in 2002.

At the time of the lift, the vessel will be floated over the top of a massive steel cradle and then two large, barge mounted cranes will lift the cradle and vessel out of the water and place them on top of a concrete slab on the banks of the Tenn-Tom Waterway. A wooden walkway and deck will surround the restored vessel to provide public access and viewing. The vessel has been closed to the public for the past year and will continue to be closed until additional site work and repairs can be accomplished.

The morning of October 1, 2003 dawned foggy and cool, but the day quickly cleared to bright blue skies and beautiful fall weather. Proceeding up the Tennessee-Tombigbee from Mobile Bay came the cradle on its barge and the Bisso Marine derrick barges, CAPPY BISSO, pushed by the JEFFERSON, and LILI BISSO, pushed by the BEAU BISSO. It took a little over two hours for the fleet to transit the lock and join the Engineer's derrick that was already in place. Their journey began in New Orleans on September 26 but slowed by nighttime fog, they arrived one day later than anticipated. They had traveled approximately 450 miles to river marker 306.8 at Pickensville, on the Tenn-Tom.

The boom on the LILI BISSO is 155 feet and she is rated for a lift of 600 tons. The CAPPY BISSO has a slightly larger hull with a 155 foot boom and is rated at 700 tons. Capt. Ralph Diaz, General Manager Operations for Bisso, arrived with the CAPPY BISSO to direct the lift operation.

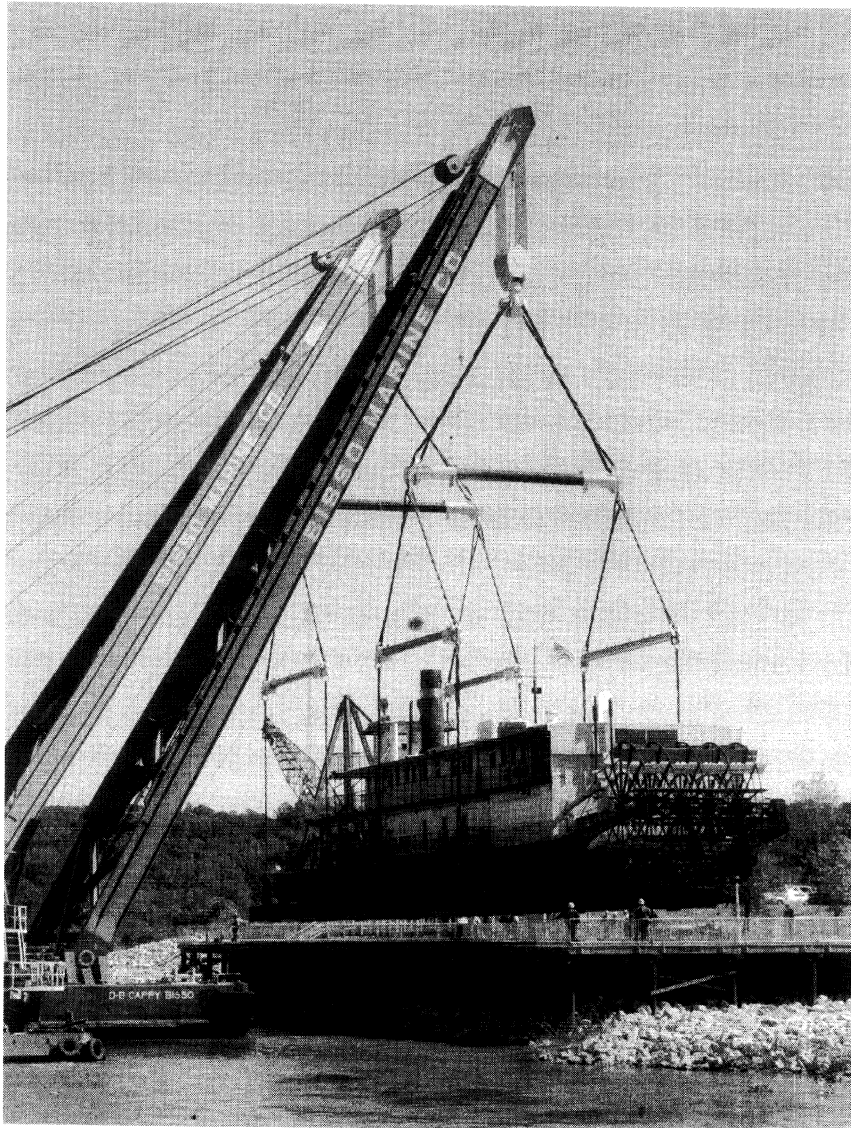
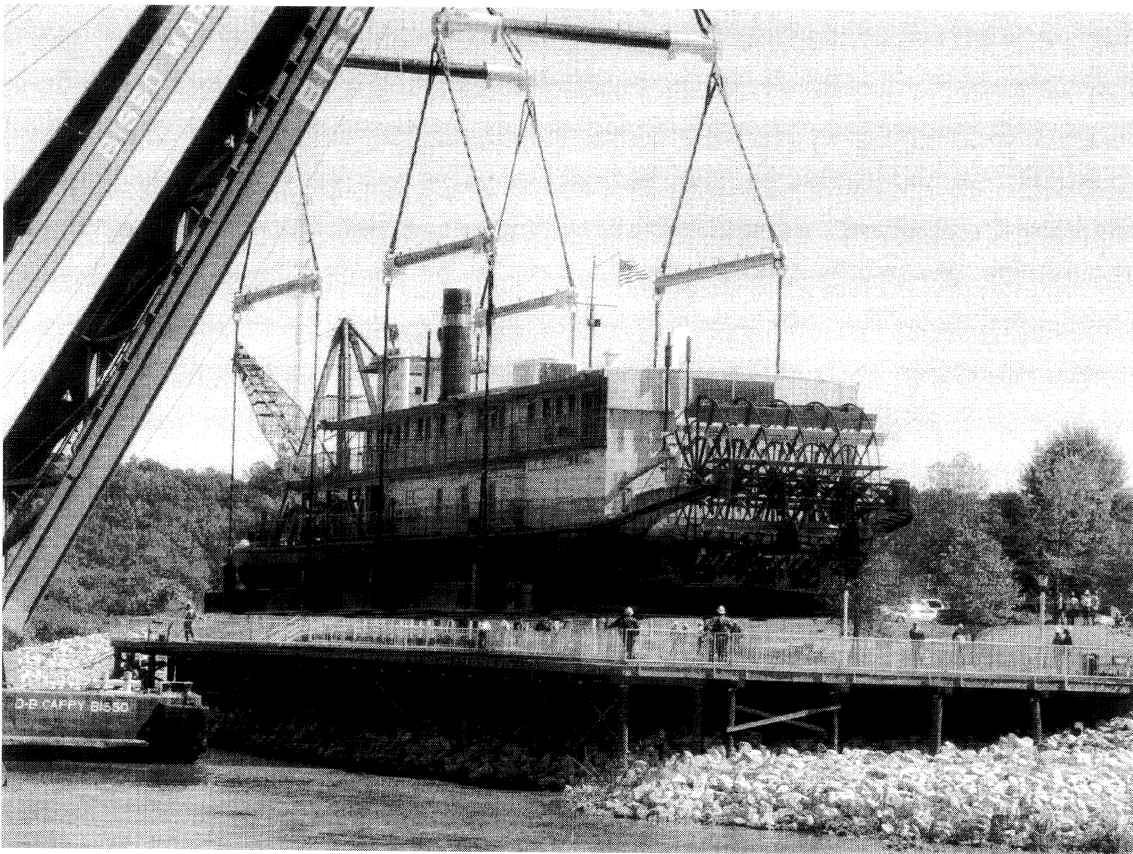
The first day was taken up with rigging the cradle to the derricks and then practicing by lifting the empty cradle and placing it in the prepared mooring basin. It was a long day but everyone was satisfied with the practice exercise. The cradle stayed in place overnight to be raised up the next morning in anticipation of the actual lift of the MONTGOMERY.

### THE LIFT

Another clear, cool day on October 2 greeted workers and members of the local community and visitors to the campground who arrived to watch the proceedings. Work began early; the cradle was lifted from the dry basin berth and placed in the water directly in front of the boat's mooring. The MONTGOMERY was pushed over to the cradle by three tugs, - her last journey in water was short.

All preparations completed to the satisfaction of Capt. Diaz, the derricks began the task of lifting the MONTGOMERY (and cradle) up and into the new mooring basin. The snagboat is estimated to have a weight of close to 500 tons and the weight of the cradle is 160 tons, - 660 tons total plus about 30 tons of rigging.

The visitors enjoyed the show of a steamboat rising from the water and hanging on the two slings suspended from the derricks. The MONTGOMERY descended into the mooring basin - one man served to guide the boat to her final resting place - as she came to rest within a fraction of an inch of the pre-set markers.



### IT MADE SENSE TO BEACH THE BOAT!

The following observations are from Al Wise, Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway Operations Manager:

"I've been on the project here for about 23 years now, and have been involved in the snagboat very closely for the last four years as operations manager.

We had some problems with the boat a few years ago where it started taking on some additional water. We knew we had some leaks in the boat there, - we went through a pretty good process before that of putting cathodic protection on the boat - but still, any steel hulled vessel that's in the water is gonna rust. So we felt like we were at a point where the boat was in danger of sinking; we had to make a decision on what to do with the vessel.

We looked at several options. The first one we looked at was scrapping the boat. Cut it up for scrap iron. And thought that might be the best long-term solution as far as the Tenn-Tom Waterway goes because of considerable maintenance cost of the vessel. Since the vessel was listed on the National Register, we found that it would not be practical to do that.

We had a lot of local opposition against doing that."

## INTERPRETATION

Brockington and Associates' "The History Workshop" received a task order to provide new interpretation for the MONTGOMERY. The History Workshop designed an interpretive program that includes the following items:

1. 24 interpretive panels.
2. An interpretive brochure.
3. Website; <http://montgomery.sam.usac.army.mil/>.
4. DVD presentation for visitor center.
5. A full color card brochure.
6. Interactive kiosk.
7. Educational programs on two grade levels.
8. Maritime tours including the MONTGOMERY.

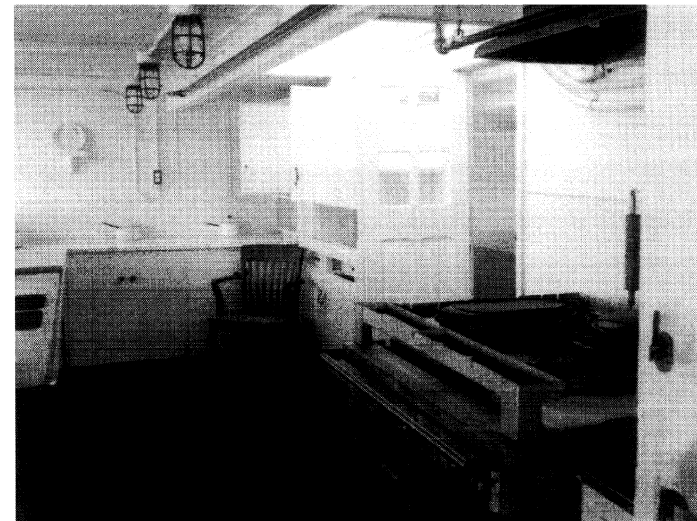
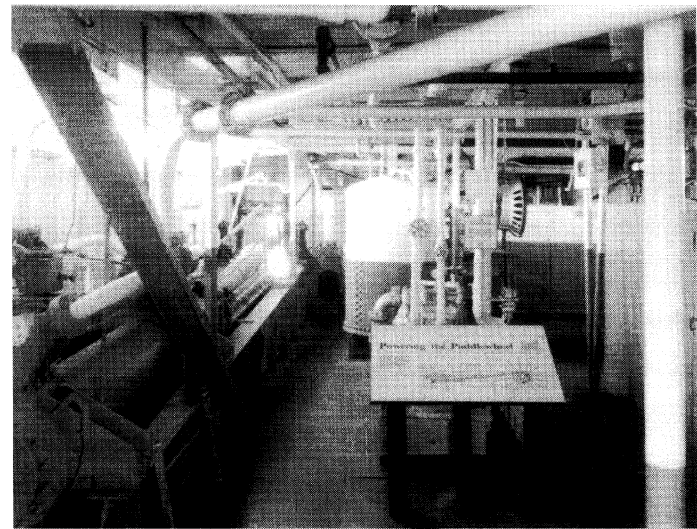
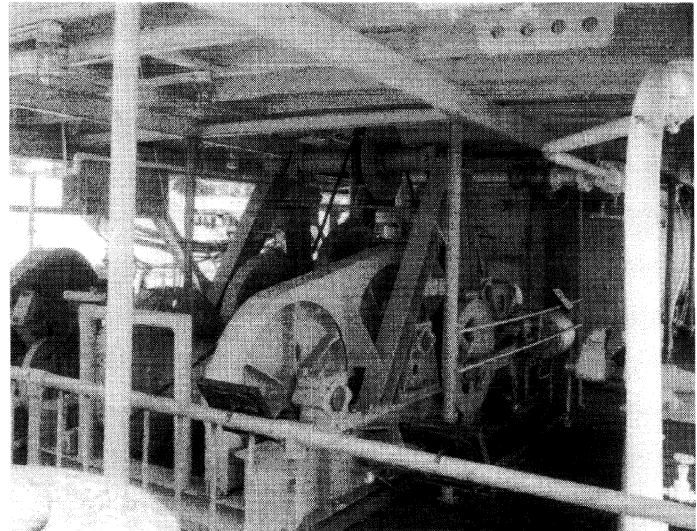
The interpretive panels, - one each for the cabins on the second deck as well as panels about the history, restoration, and use of the snagboat. Other panels discuss the Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway project, daily operations, and the Corps of Engineers role in keeping America's waterways navigable. While most of the panels are located on the boat itself, four are placed on the walkway surrounding the boat's dry berth.

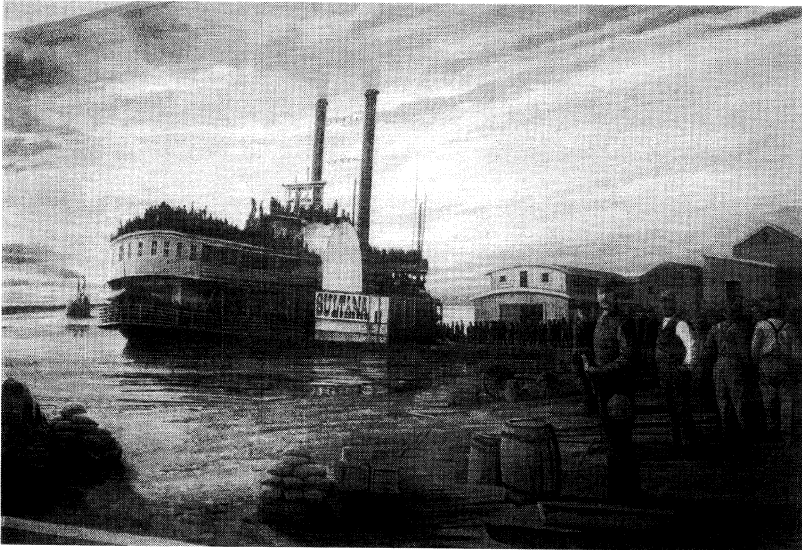
Within the Tom Beville Visitor Center, guests can view several videos about the MONTGOMERY, either on the interactive kiosk or in the audio/visual room. The kiosk provides a virtual tour for visitors who cannot physically tour the boat.

The full color card brochure is also available at welcome and visitor centers across the region, designed to draw visitors to the MONTGOMERY.

Restoration of the MONTGOMERY into a first-class exhibit after relocation to her permanent dry berth required approximately a year. It culminated with a Grand Reopening and Restoration Celebration on October 28, 2004 when the boat's last master, Capt. Cleve Fleming, cut the traditional ribbon. Today, the Snagboat MONTGOMERY, a National Historic Landmark, is again open for visitors to enjoy.

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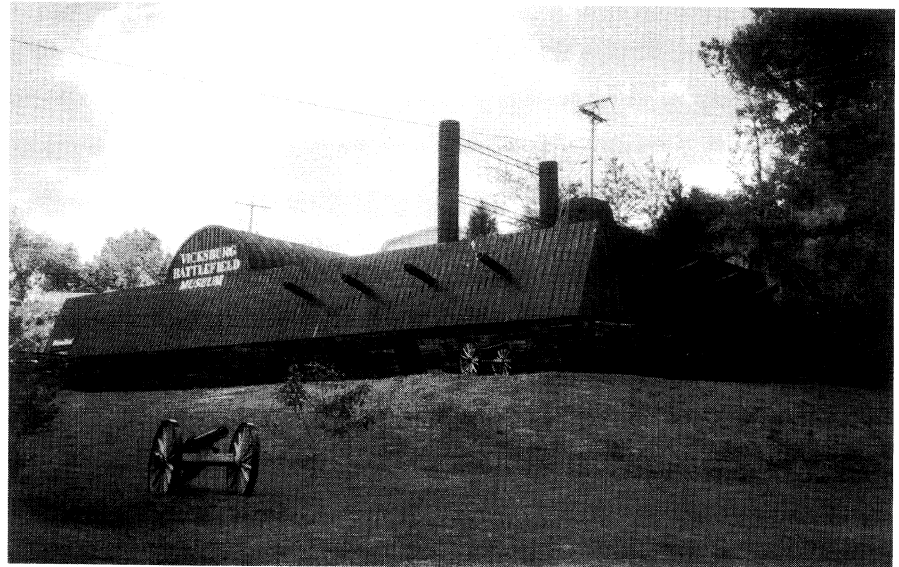




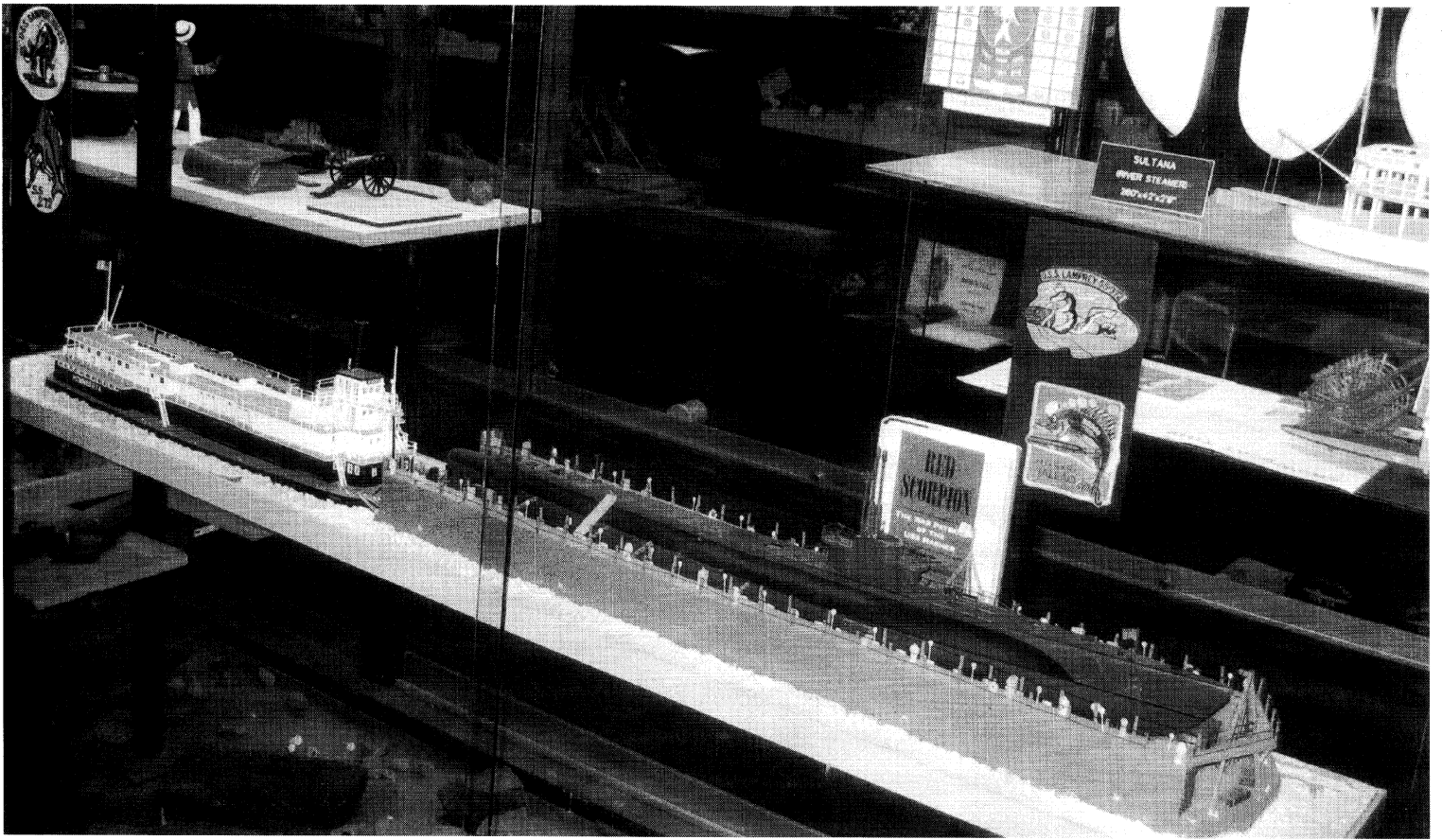
Reader Keith Norrington took a trip south last spring and favored us with some interesting photos.

Left: S&D assisted with a grant for this mural of the SULTANA on the Vicksburg floodwall. Robert Dafford is the artist of this and a number of other murals. The scene shows the boat loading Union P.O.Ws in 1865, ready to begin the fated voyage north. It ended in an explosion a short distance above Memphis, - a loss of life that exceeded the TITANIC .

Right: Look closely and it might seem to be a beached Civil War gunboat. It is the new home of the Grey & Blue Naval Museum near the east entrance to the Battlefield Park. The name is "Vicksburg Battlefield Museum" which seems more inclusive. Lamar Roberts of the Yazoo River Chapter says that the original collection was a hobby that got out of hand. An S&D grant assisted with the diorama of the submarine being moved from Manitowac, WI to New Orleans on the following page and other displays.



Left: The MAMIE S. BARRETT on the bank near Deer Park, LA just gets worse and worse. See Keith's photos of three years ago in the issue of June 2002, page 16 for comparison. Keith makes a pilgrimage every year and current report is, "Her decks are caving and the scene just gets sadder. "



The varied assortment of displays at Vicksburg Battlefield Museum!



## CHAPTER III

**COTTONMOUTHS AND COTTON**

by Frederick Way, Jr.

At the conclusion of Chapter II, the Sewickley Wanderers had found sanctuary at the apartment of Rip and Mary Jane Barnett in Guntersville, Alabama. Rip had been recommended by Capt. Tom Greene as the local Guntersville promoter of river events including the Annual Motorboat Races and he would know the way over the divide into the navigable waters of the Warrior River. The reader will recall that our fearless twosome aimed to descend the rivers of Alabama south to Mobile and thence - by routes unknown - on to New Orleans.

There hadn't been a formal introduction to this Rip character before the GORDON C. GREENE backed out into the Tennessee to continue her return trip to Cincinnati. "Ask around. Everybody knows Rip," yelled Capt. Tom with a grand wave of his big, black Havana cigar.

If ever there was an example of Southern hospitality it was the acceptance by Rip and Mary Jane of two slightly scruffy strangers into the Barnett home. We were shown the guest room, wined and dined and entertained in the evening until the clock struck twelve. Several Guntersville citizens dropped by to visit and we were both amused and amazed by the candid conversation about local politics and a wide variety of rascals, only a few of whom we had heard about. It was an eye-opening education on attitudes and customs in the deep South of 1946.

The story continues:

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**Log: June 23.**

**Portage, Guntersville to the Black Warrior**

Sunday, June 23 was a good, hot, sizzling summer day even for Alabama. Rip and Mary Jane decided to make a picnic of it and take us to Black Warrior River, - so off we went shortly before noon. An inspection of state maps resolved us to go from Guntersville to Cullman (35 miles) and thence to Garden City (20 miles) on Mulberry Fork of the Black Warrior. LADY GRACE II bounced along easily on Rip's trailer and in a surprisingly short time we rolled on to the highway bridge - looked down and our hearts sank - for at Garden City there wasn't enough water to float a catfish. Nothing daunted, we

**TOMBIGBEE, WARRIOR & BLACK WARRIOR  
CANALIZED SYSTEM  
1946**

The canalized system comprises the Mobile River, 45 miles, to the junction of the Tombigbee and Alabama Rivers, the Tombigbee River from it's mouth to the mouth of the Warrior River at Demopolis, Alabama, a distance of 175.6 miles, the Warrior River to Tuscaloosa, 128.7 miles, the Black Warrior River to the Forks 42.85 miles and up the Mulberry and Locust Forks 22 and 47 miles respectively to the head of 9-foot navigation.

The Tombigbee River rises in northeastern Mississippi, flows south and southeast through eastern Mississippi and southeastern Alabama. 399.6 miles, and unites with the Alabama River about 45 miles north of Mobile to form the Mobile River. The Warrior River, its principal tributary, is formed by the confluence of the Locust and Mulberry Forks in north central Alabama, about 20 miles west of Birmingham, flows southwest 176.3 miles and joins the Tombigbee River at Demopolis, Alabama, 175.6 miles above the mouth of the Tombigbee. From the Forks to Tuscaloosa, Alabama, 48.25 miles, it is usually known as the "Black Warrior river".

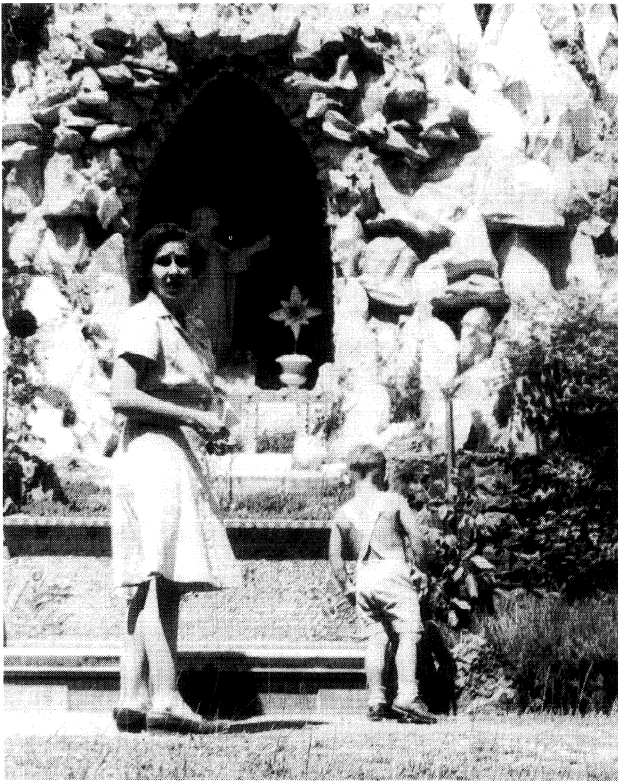
The basin of the Black Warrior River north of Tuscaloosa is rough and mountainous and contains mineral resources of coal, iron ore and limestone, which are processed in the Birmingham industrial region. South of Tuscaloosa the basin of the Warrior lies in the coastal plain and is a productive agricultural region. Below the junction of the Tombigbee and Warrior at Demopolis the basin is generally covered by pine forests and swamps. The average annual rainfall in the entire basin is 52 inches, well distributed throughout the year.

rolled on 30 more miles to Warrior, on Locust Fork: found plenty of water but no possible means of lowering the boat into it: banks too precipitous and no road to either shore within miles.

"We're too high up on the mountain," Rip kept saying. Inquiry from natives of the region did little good until Mary Jane fell to talking with a likely looking lad who fished the streams. He advised us to get over on Route 78, head for Jasper, Ala., and put the boat in Mulberry Fork when we crossed it.

And we did so, wheeling off the bridge and alongside a little slough called Blackwater Creek.





**En route to find the Black Warrior River where it was deep enough to launch LADY GRACE, the Barnetts exposed our navigators to some local folk art. Mary Jane and Hambone pause in front of the Ave Maria Grotto on the grounds of St. Bernard Abbey at Cullman, AL.**

What has taken but five sentences to tell required all afternoon to accomplish - it now was after 6 p. m. To my utter surprise we were in slackwater which led 435 miles to Mobile, less than 45 miles as a crow flies from the Tennessee River slackwater at Guntersville.

Rip helped us launch LADY GRACE; she slipped easily into this new element and promptly sank. Her week of idleness on the GORDON C. GREENE had dried her seams. No matter, tonight let her sink; Woody and I were established in a sycamore grove with a sandy floor, an excellent camp.

"South" is an illuminated initial full of surprises. Rip wouldn't leave us until he had supplied us with his pet rifle and the shells to go with it ("Woods are full of deer down Tombigbee - get you some meat."), and a Pyrene fire extinguisher ("Want to burn your fool selves up?") and Mary Jane produced a box of groceries and candy she had packed ("Men cavort around and don't think of these things until they right near starve") - and then, after a final visit, and three rounds of handshakes, they took off with the kids for home and left us to our devices.

It was dark; Woody lit our trusty oil lantern and we cooked ourselves up some supper. Solitude of the woods was good after eight or nine days of constant excitement and we basked in it, - and marveled at the coolness of the air where we had expected to bake. Not one mosquito or fly appeared, in a country where we expected to be tortured. Presently, an old man "stopped by" (everyone "stops by" down here) and after some cautious prodding as to our identity he got warmed up telling us how to make a living in Alabama without working and we had a great old time.

Alabama has local option and a thriving industry in bootlegging. You get a "contact" with someone who works in a State Liquor Store; your contact sells you case lots out the back door (while the unfortunate customers are denied out front at the counter) and the contact rings up the register at about \$2.50 a quart (all legitimate) and then sells to the bootlegger at about \$3.50, and the bootlegger sells at \$6. There's a little paying off to local law enforcement, but not a whole lot, and on the whole it's profitable and easy, and nobody's harmed a great deal. Ever so often a dry county will go wet, and vice versa and the picture keeps changing around and, to quote our informant, "It's an interesting sort of occupation." He struck up his carbide light after a while and went away and we lost little time getting bedded down.

A mocking bird, enchanted with the moonlight filtering through the sycamores, sang both sides of his record over and over. We both fell asleep while he still was going strong.

#### **Log: June 24.**

Lv. Black Water Creek	10:00a.m.
Cordova	11:30a.m.
Big Shoal Creek	7:00p.m.

When Woody got awake this morning he declared he had come awake during the middle of the night and heard a steamboat go up the river. "It was an old sternwheeler and 'scaped in her stacks," said he. I discounted all of this as a dream, and anyhow the boat needed repairs.

After some two hours of bailing and calking, LADY GRACE II was again riding prettily. We loaded up the duffle. And now, gather around, my children, and you shall hear: we pushed off, two innocent Yankees into the land of cottonmouths and cotton. First of all, the Black Warrior was not black nor was it brown nor mud, - it was green and placid

as the Cumberland in mid-summer and about as wide. We didn't know exactly where we were, having no navigation charts. The road map identified Cordova when we got there and, to my dying day, I'll never know how a pilot with a tow out in front of him ever runs the Cordova bridges in a current without hitting all the piers at once and taking the paddle-wheel off as he goes by. In the main, Mulberry Fork is fairly straight, but when it takes a notion to curve, boy! she sure goes to town about it. Our baby river grew up fast, getting wider and wider, and every bend we thought we would come to Birmingham, Ala., and we planned how we were going to stop there to get ice cream. Ice cream becomes an Alabama obsession in an open boat in the month of June.

We went and went and still no Birmingham. Rip had told us, "Those boys at the Birmingham terminal are a fine bunch - you go see 'em - hear?"

By mid-afternoon our river had graduated into a lake, and a beautiful lake, too with summer cottages dotted along the rolling hills, bluffs, motorboat harbors, - very like the modern Tennessee River. We lunched along the shore and heard noon factory whistles blow in distance and said, "That's Birmingham." We turned on the radio and a station in Birmingham blasted forth. At 5:30 p. m. we still had not come to Birmingham and Woody, delirious for ice cream, resolved to stop by and ask the first human we saw something about the geography of this man's river. He turned out to be a fisherman in a good humor and with a nice string of bass.

"Birmingham!" he chortled. "Good godfrey, that's 25 miles behind you!" Locust Fork of the Black Warrior is the fork that we were not on - and had not been on.

"That's funny," I said, still gasping at the magnitude of our delusion.

"Ain't nothing funny about not passing Birmingham on Mulberry Fork," said our fisherman. "Nobody ever does, not that I heard of: you come by Cordova, didn't you? And the power plant? And the Forks?" We had him there, - we had not seen any "forks" and later we were to discover we are not the only ones who have missed the boat at the "Forks." I talked to a New Orleans pilot who took a \$250,000 tow up there looking for Birmingham and spent two days fooling around in Alabama going up "bayous" as he called them, and finally lowered a yawl and asked a man in a cotton field, "Where the hell am I at?"



**Morning, June 24, 1946: Fred has "corked" the boat and preparations are underway to leave the campsite on Blackwater Creek, Mulberry Fork. The camping stuff has to be stowed before LADY GRACE II sets off on her Black Warrior River adventure, - from a vague location, somewhere in slackwater, a highway map for a chart.**

The great lake we, found ourselves in is backed up by Lock 17, a gigantic structure worthy of Tennessee River, and upon further inquiry we found we were within seven miles of it. Next, we asked about gasoline and, with typical beginner's luck, found we were fairly close to a filling station - the last filling station between our present location and Tuscaloosa (35 miles below). The fisherman showed us the mouth of Big Shoal Creek, a handsome estuary with a stone summer house expensively built on the lower point of it. He directed us to head up there, wriggle around for three miles, and when our boat hit bottom there would be a gas station right in front of us. A half-hour later we knew he was on the beam, and we were filling gas cans and buying groceries. The sun went down, and inasmuch as we had noticed a good camping place about half-way up the estuary, we returned and parked there.

It was a clear, starlight night and for the first time I appreciated that the North Star had dropped way down in the sky. The bull frogs in Big Shoal Creek sounded like mountain lions; no mosquito bites; heard the first katydid of summer. In the darkness and calm on Big Shoal Creek it seemed a very long way from Sewickley, Pennsylvania.

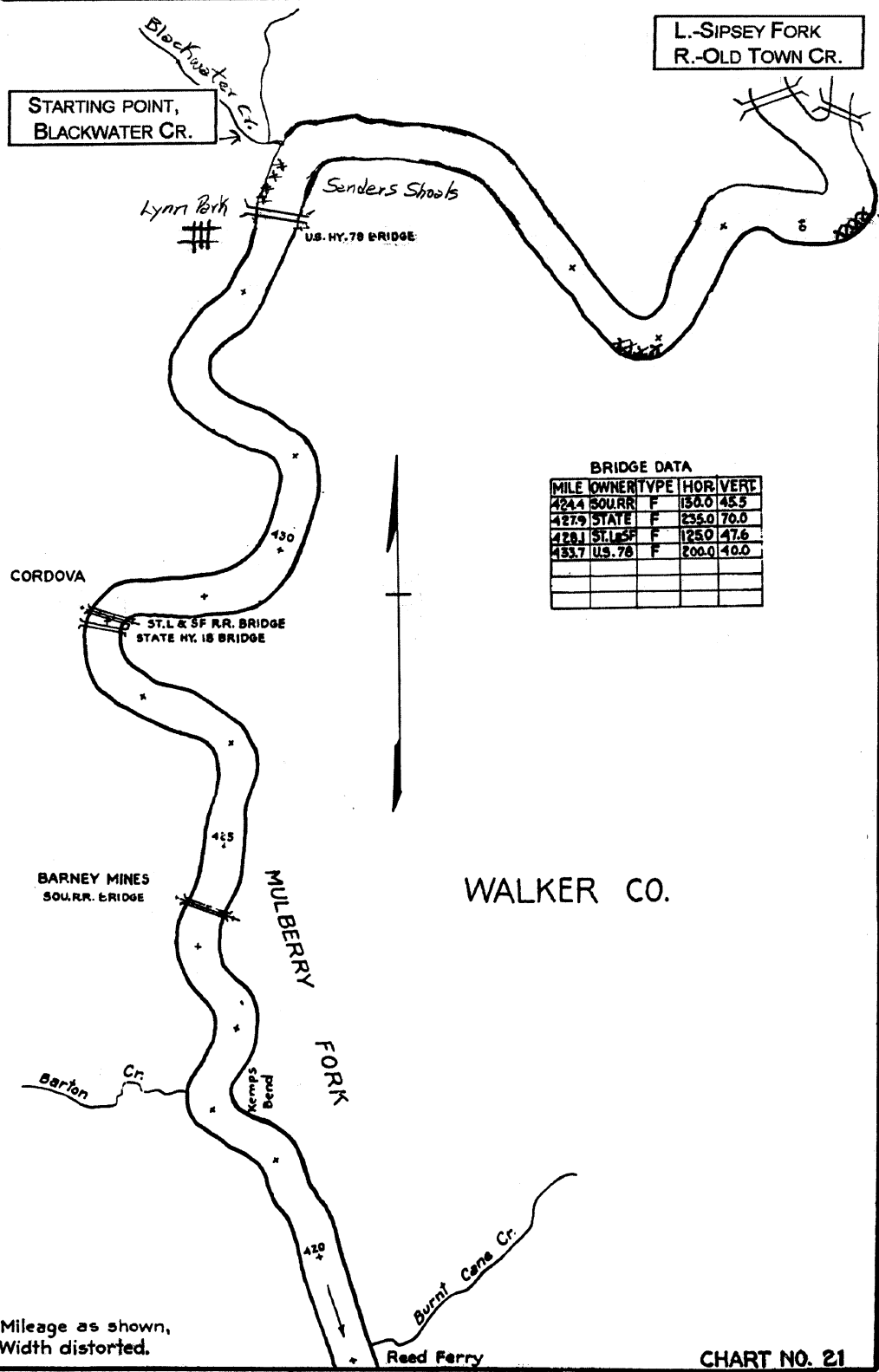


CHART NO. 21

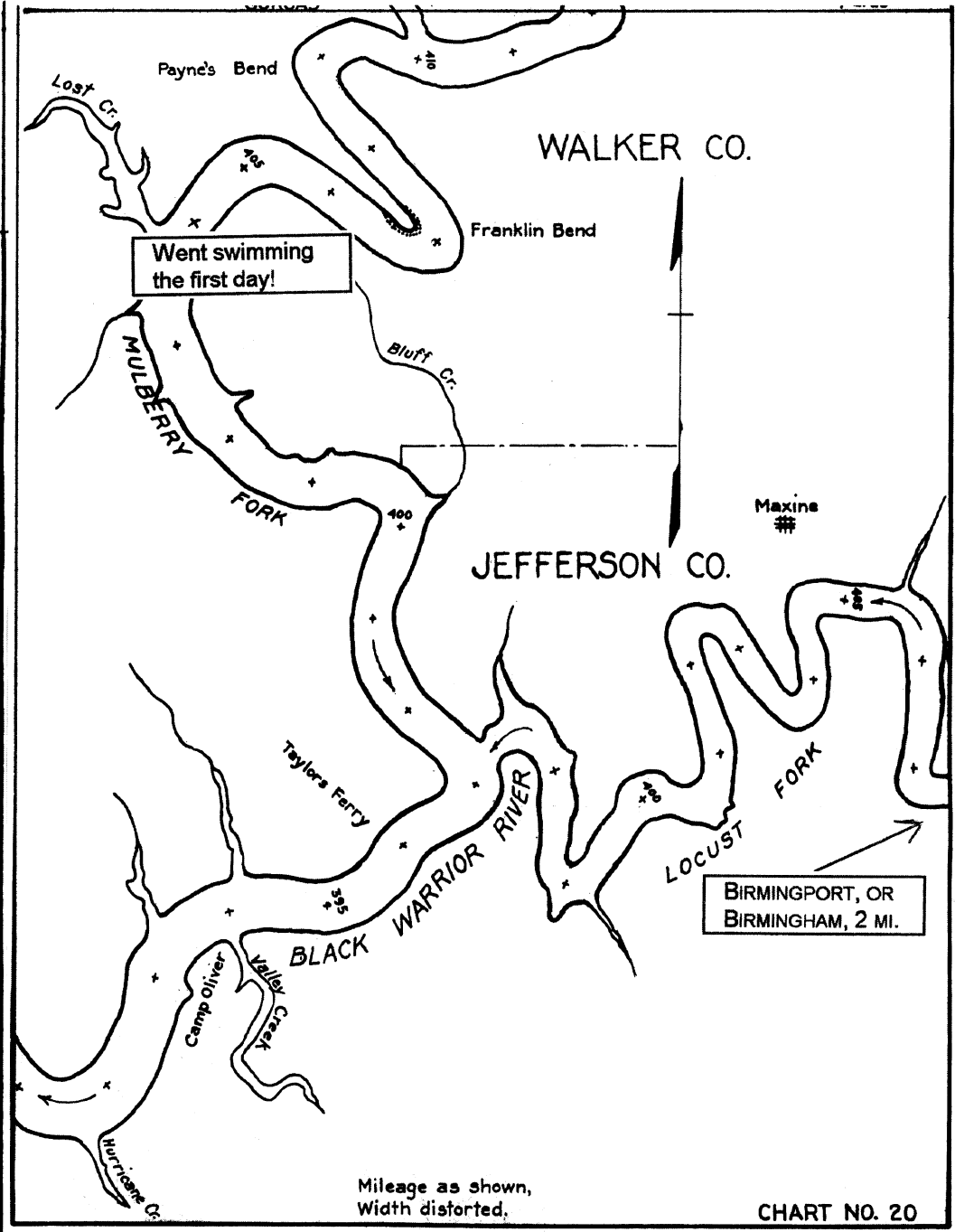


CHART NO. 20

Charts No. 21 and 20 better describe the reason for missing Birmingham. After navigating the bewildering channels and numerous sharp bends from Blackwater Creek, The Fork at Locust Fork was overlooked. Big Shoal Creek is 27 miles beyond Chart 20, at mile 364.

**Log: June 25**

Lv. Big Shoal Creek	9:30a.m.
Lock 17, Bankhead Lake	11:30a.m.
Lock 16	12:15p.m.
Lock 15	3:30p.m.
Lock 14	4:40p.m.
Lock 13	5:30p.m.
Ar. Camp, below lock	5:45p.m.

This morning I was whistling, "Down in Alabama wid' a banjo on mah' knee" when we spluttered out of Big Shoal Creek to head on down the lake of Pool 17 - and never underestimate this as being a pond - it's a lake, - when, "What ho!" There was a handsome sternwheeler with a tow of coal plowing along a half mile below us! Woody yelled (we always yelled when the motor was going), "What boat, Doc?" and for once I was stumped, - never saw the likes of it. We caught up presently and read the name, HELOISE, circled around and took some pictures and then climbed aboard.

I made a bee-line for the pilothouse and found a tall, youngish, likeable chap up there who - before I could get my mouth open - said, "I thought the LADY GRACE was sunk up the Allegheny River?" Now, it was my turn to look surprised, and I looked the pilot over again and made double-sure I didn't know him.

"How did you know about the LADY GRACE?" I asked. "Oh, I read The Waterways Journal, and the minute I saw that name it struck me you must be Fred Way." Our host was none other than Capt. Tim Parker of the Parker Towing Company, Tuscaloosa, Ala. We were aboard the one and only sternwheel, privately, owned steam towboat on the entire Alabama, Tombigbee, Warrior river system. Only one in operation, that is, in the month of June, 1946.

At lunch we met Roy Herman, pilot; Jimmy Durie, chief engineer and Spurgeon Taylor, second engineer. This boat, built pool-style with pilothouse forward of the cabin, tows from Sipsey Fork to Tuscaloosa, one round trip a week, sometimes two, for the DeBardeleben Coal Corporation. It was this same HELOISE which Woody had heard in the middle of the night when we first camped on Blackwater Creek - she had been up-bound with her empties, then, and had gone seven miles above where we first put LADY GRACE into the waterway.

Being close down on Lock 17 by now, we tagged alongside and went through with the HELOISE and her barges, climbed out on the wall to meet Assistant Lockmaster H. C. Edwards and to view the double-lift gates with twin chambers, 52 by 285 feet which raise and lower a total of somewhere near 72 feet. Mr. Edwards told us the big pool above is locally called Bankhead Lake for William Bankhead, Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives (1936-1940).

Curiously, before a boat leaves Lock 17 she already has whistled for Lock 16 which is a bare one mile below and so we extended our visit while passing through this one and then cast off with the ambition searing our vitals to get to Tuscaloosa before night. The distance to Lock 15 is seven miles and we hustled along but when we got there Lockmaster Fred E. Austin decided we had better wait for the HELOISE. So, we stretched out under a shade tree and cooled our heels for 45 minutes - again getting a lesson in this country of no hurry. Pilot Roy Herman was sort of surprised to see us again, but we got through with his first cut of barges and took off for Lock 14, another seven miles and there we were boosted through in record speed and a hearty parting of, "Hurry back!" as we departed. "Hurry back!" is "Goodbye" in Alabama, a heart-warming custom.

Now we commenced to meet river traffic. In the pool of Lock 15 we met a trim Diesel sternwheeler named SYLPH towing an empty barge and at Lock 14 we met the tug ANITA B. HOPE with gasoline. Below Lock 13 the sky commenced to look doubtful, so we circled into the mouth of North River and camped in about the prettiest location yet, - on a bluff, sandy bank with a grove elevated above and big trees all about, one of which had a sign tacked on it stating, M.S. WARRIOR, RISE, FEB. 10, 1946. Some rise, if it went as high as that sign, about 40 feet above normal pool. Our conclusions about the weather were right: as night settled, and as we settled in our tent, rain drops beat down, and kept up all night and until about 8:30 the next morning. The tent didn't leak and we slept soundly.



The HELOISE (T1081), shoving loaded coal barges down Bankhead Lake, Black Warrior River in 1946 took Fred Way by surprise. The official photographer was also surprised and managed a double exposure. The boat was built in 1922 as the CLARA BOND (T0433) for the Bond Bros. Tie Co., Decatur, AL. Sold to TVA in May, 1935 she was renamed ELK (T0712).

Sold again in October, 1935 to C. E. Davis, Dyersburg, TN, the ELK was renamed for Heloise, TN on the Mississippi River west of Dyersburg and towed for Shell Oil Co. Rebuilt in 1941 she was acquired by Capt. Tim Parker, Tuscaloosa, AL for Warrior River service. Here she is sometime after 1935; note Shell logo between the stacks. Photo by Murphy Library.

#### Log: June 26

Lv. North River	9:30a.m.
Tuscaloosa	2:00p.m.
Arv. 21-Mile Bar	6:00p.m.

First thing, coming into Tuscaloosa you run smack-dab into the big fleet of the Baker Towboat Company. We stepped aboard the sternwheeler BALDWIN about 10:30a.m. today, to find she had been laid up some time and was about as unusual a looking sternwheeler as I ever saw: wood hull, one stack aft of the pilothouse, two boilers set fore and aft and planted down in the hold, Gillet & Eaton engines, 12's-6 ft. stroke, and a big steam whistle something like the one the packet GENERAL WOOD used to own. Sure would like to hear that whistle blow!

The sternwheeler CYPRESS, moored just below, looked in operating condition, boiler also in the hold; wonder, - did these boats ever tow in Mississippi Sound? Three sternwheeler Diesels, JAMES R., MIDGET and MARY next in line. (Horrors! The MARY is listed as a propeller in the 1946 Inland River Record.) Not a soul around this flotilla to talk to and then somebody shot a gun and we heard a bullet sing. "Howdy, stranger!" exclaimed Woody, and we left.

Now, the U. S. Engineer fleet at Tuscaloosa is something to write the folks about. They've got a big steel snagboat named MONTGOMERY with an iron paddlewheel and single stack that looks about four blocks long; a snagboat named R. C. MCCALLA with two stacks and a wood scow bow and, finally, we saw a steel hull towboat named MIXSON, steam, single stack.



**The U.S. Engineer fleet at Tuscaloosa was a peek into a candy store! Above is the snagboat MONTGOMERY and ahead of her is the MIXSON. MONTGOMERY (T1866) in 2005 is an exhibit at the Tom Beville Visitors Center at Aliceville Lake, Pickensville, AL.**

The Black Warrior River from Lock 17 out to Tuscaloosa looks a whole lot like a person might see starting in the Big Kanawha at the Falls and coming out to Point Pleasant; a good navigable stream, hills along, some bluffs, outcroppings of rock occasionally and (like Kanawha used to be) hand operated locks, all save No. 17, which is modernized. There are no locks numbered 12, 11, or 10: these were built, but were removed when a new, modernized dam was placed immediately below Tuscaloosa not so long ago. The rivermen around there call it "Lock 10" but it goes officially as "Tuscaloosa Lock." The towboat CYPRESS which we just were aboard was the last packet to operate up in this neck of the woods, towing a barge some years ago. We saw the hog chains of the towboat ROBERT GORDON, now a complete wreck and were told she lies in a graveyard which also holds the bones of the old Ohio River towboats DARLING, NUGENT and VOLCANO. In addition to the boats already listed, the Gulf tug SENTELL NO.1 was in port tending the unloading of gasoline.

Tuscaloosa itself is a man-sized town, something like Ashland, Ky., and it shuts up shop on Wednesday noon, as we found to our grief when we started looking for groceries. A kindly policeman in a squad car loaded us aboard and hunted some twenty blocks until we found a small store doing business where we stocked up. We returned to LADY GRACE II well supplied, went under the impressive Route 43 highway bridge, with lift span, and "blew for the lock" immediately below. This one, with gates, has a lift of 30 feet, and we talked with Lockmaster L. A. Wells who sent his hearty regards to Allegheny River Lockmaster Conway - whom he knew and for whom he has high regard.



**Above, the laidup BALDWIN with two boilers, fore and aft in the hold, Gillett & Eaton engines. Below, snagboat R. C. McCALLA, steel hull.**



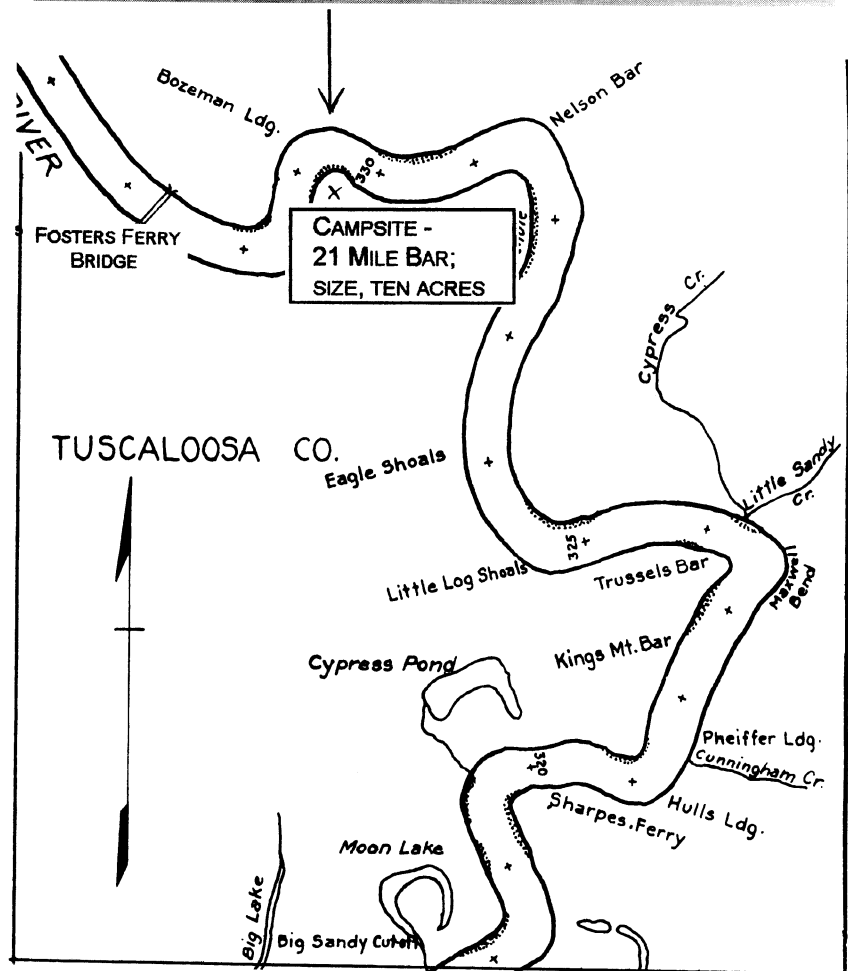
The Black Warrior now gives way to the plain Warrior River and there is an immediate change in the width and looks of the river. Instead, as a person might suppose, of a broadening stream, it now gets much smaller than above, - a creek worthy of little more than the Monongahela between Morgantown and Fairmont, W. Va., and Woody and I commenced to feel we had let ourselves in for a bad bargain. The shores were growths of jungle, tangles of weed and vine, the water sluggish and turbid.

Twenty-one miles further down, at Foster's Ferry highway bridge, were signs of some improvement and then we rounded a sharp bend to discover we had arrived at Atlantic City without the boardwalk - a glistening white sandbar extending near as far as the eye could reach - a camp site unparalleled. Sea sand, if you please, packed firm and solid, and when we jumped out of the boat we could hardly believe such luck and noticed deer tracks all around. Capt'n Tom Greene had wrapped up a package for me at Chattanooga and when he presented it he said, "Don't open this until you feel like celebrating somewhere." The time had come. Blessed be the name of Tom Greene! We toasted him with our toes in ocean sand transplanted by some miracle a couple of hundred miles inland.

#### Log: June 27

Lv. 21-Mile Bar	10:00a.m.
Lock 9	2:00p.m.
Lock 8	4:30p.m.
Ar. Long Bend Shoal	6:15p.m.

Today, we learned that the Allegheny River is a first-class navigable stream all the way to Olean, N.Y., even though we had to come to Alabama to find it out. The Warrior River is narrow and crooked beyond imagination yet it serves regularly scheduled barge lines and commercial traffic. I do not suppose any other "improved" river in the U. S. can beat this one for pretzel curves. It's as wriggly as a barrel of snakes, - with huge rock outcroppings in the foot of each bend. Plenty of places, it is so narrow, I doubt if we could have safely turned 18-foot LADY GRACE around in it under full headway with safety and we had to lean on the bends to make her come around the corners. The big, white sand bar we found last night was merely the first of a crop of them - they abound and seem to get larger all day - and tonight we got very pickish and passed up a couple which only measured seven or eight acres in order to locate one that just suited us.



Oh men who call yourselves pilots on the Ohio River, you've never seen the Warrior! Is the Allegheny navigable to Olean? Well, hell's kahoopshin yes! It would be tame as a bath tub after a look at this Alabama abracadabra. There are white birds that flop' all around us, looking at a distance like newspapers picked up in a March wind. There is a sleepy turtle perched on every snag.

Lock 8 Lockmaster Lloyd Fleming loaded us into his automobile and took us out to Akron, Ala., for gas and supplies. Somehow, the grapevine got spread around we were held up at Lock 15 and now everyone's falling all over themselves to push us along. More evidence of the friendly south.

**Log: June 28**

Lv Long Bend Shoal Bar	8:30a.m.
Lock 7	11:00a.m.
Lock 6	2:00p.m.
Lock 5	5:00p.m.
Mouth of Warrior River	6:15p.m.
Lock 4	6:30p.m.
Ar. Demopolis. Ala.	7:00p.m.

Today we're down in steamboat country where big packets formerly plied. Such tall-stacked beauties as the JOHN QUILL and HELEN BURKE have been up Warrior at least to the vicinity of Lock 8, although they regularly went to Demopolis only. We don't see such sights now, of course, and must be content with watching the tug THREE BROS. go by. Above Lock 5 was a good looking snagboat named DENISON, steel hull, stern-wheel, two stacks.

Today we forged onward with a grim purpose, - we wanted very much to get to Demopolis and eat some real meat for supper, an item of fare which our camp cookery has had to do without, largely, due to shortages. So we swung around the bends - many as sharp as yesterday - and even though the evening sky looked threatening we passed up a good stopping place below Lock 5 and in the late twilight and in a gorgeous sunset, we came out the mouth of the Warrior into the "big river" - into the Tombigbee.

There isn't much time to speculate or look back upon while leaving the Warrior for across the river - the Tombigbee, now - is a lock, Lock 4. Yes, Locks 4, 3, 2, and 1 are in the "big river." The others are up the "little river." The colored lock attendant (first I ever saw and among the most obliging) at Lock 4 told us we had been wise to select the route we did. "Dat old Tombigbee above here is sure tough," he said. "Snags would have tore de bottom off your boat."

Demopolis, Ala., at 7p.m. is a letdown when reached by river. A curious chalky-white cliff causes the town to perch high in the air, and we groped around in the dark and finally resolved to come alongside a small sternwheeler and ask some questions. This turned out to be the mv. JAMES L.



**Above Lock 5 we found the U.S. snagboat DENISON at work. This boat was built in 1915 at Dubuque, IA, 136.8x32x4.5, steel hull. She worked on the Red River, Louisiana for a time and belongs in Way's Steam Towboat Directory**

HALE, owned by Webb & Son, and a colored watchman, lantern in hand, came to see what we wanted. "Suah, this is Demopolis, right in de heart of town. Tie youh boat up heah and she won't come to no harm." This was somewhat reassuring.

Woody said, "We're glad to be here; been thinking of a good juicy steak all day." The watchman drank it in, and then he stuttered, "What's you'all talkin' about, nice juicy steak? Meat ain't passed my lips in so long I forgets what it smells like, and I'm not foolin'. Dey's a shortage on, gentlemen, 'deed day is, but we got a hotel up in town dat will feed you something."

Sure enough, once up the white cliffs of Dover, we were plunk in Demopolis, all five blocks of it. A neon sign led us to the Demopolis Inn, and to their cafeteria. A freckle-faced blonde waitress, seeing hunger written in our eyes, said, "Ah'm sorry, but dinnah is ovah an' all we got left is sirloin steaks and French fries an' chocolate pie an' watermelon an' peaches with ice cream an'--"

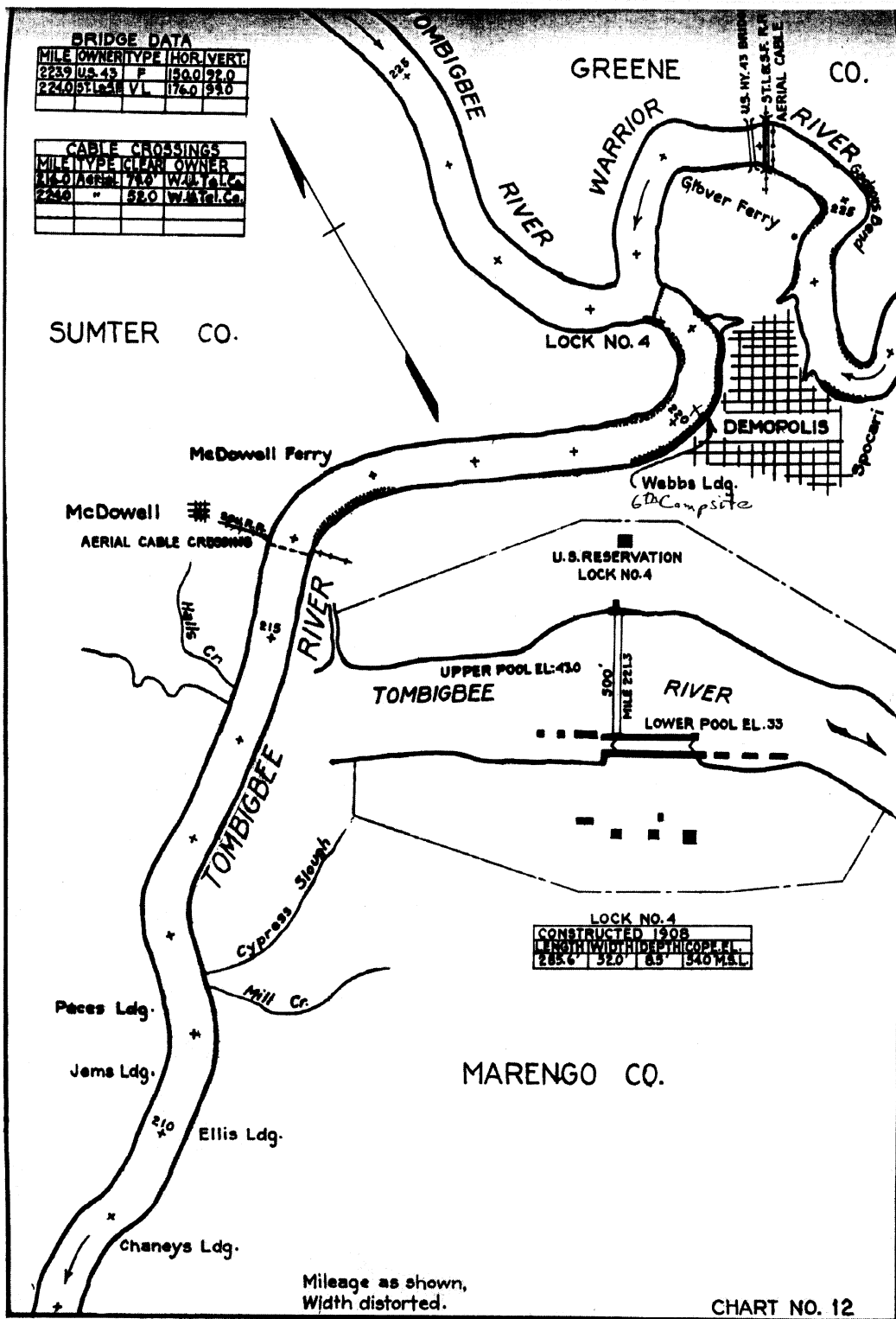
When Woody came to, he said, "Bring it all!"

"But you can't do that!" she said.

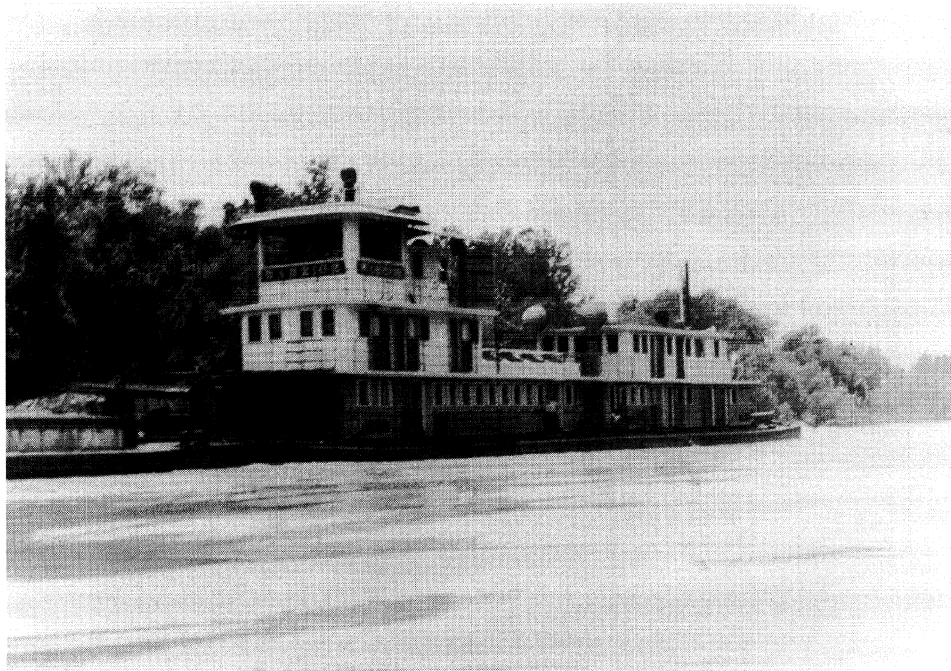
"You've misjudged your man," said Woody.

We sat at the still open counter in the front of the dining room and worked through the whole menu, as promised. This was the best dinner of the whole trip, barring the evening with Rip and Mary Jane in Guntersville.





The Warrior River and Tombigbee join to become the Tombigbee at Demopolis, 220 miles above Mobile. The Tenn-Tom Waterway was built in the 1980s and the new Demopolis Lock and Dam is below town at mile 213.4, - about at the "B" in "Tombigbee River." Lock No. 4 is gone.



The WARRIOR with loads, up-bound below Lock 5. She was built at Ambridge, PA - five miles from LADY GRACE's home at Sewickley - in 1928 for the Warrior & Gulf Navigation Co.. She was 140x25x8.7, twin props, 1100 hp., diesel-electric drive.

**Log: June 29.**

Lv. Demopolis, Ala.	9:25a.m.
U. S. 80 Bridge	2:00p.m.
Lock 3	5:00p.m.
Ar. Lock 2	6:30p.m.

We stayed in the hotel overnight at the Demopolis Inn because the colored watchman on the HALE told us, "the mosquitoes sure is tough down there along the river front." On another occasion, inquiring about snakes, an informant said the cottonmouths, "was tough below Jackson." The word "tough" used this way is a neat understatement.

The hotel room we selected also was "tough." But, not bad for the looks of Demopolis, and we readily excused it because of the good dining room they operated. The Alabama weather got tough, this morning, too; started in at 90 and by the time we got down to U. S. Highway 80 Bridge the sun ran us clear off the river and we had to sit under a tree for a couple of hours.

The Tombigbee is a real river, much broader than the Warrior, and something like the lower end of the Cumberland. Any middle-aged person you meet remembers the PEERLESS, the JOHN QUILL, the HELEN BURKE, the NETTIE QUILL and other fancy packets of yore. The firm of Webb & Son is an outgrowth of an original steamboat agency, now graduated to handling lumber and cotton.

Down here, with even so short an experience, I could tab any southern town by looking for a Coca Cola plant as pretentious as a Post Office. Coca Cola is the great pastime of the South and a daily requirement - almost hourly - just as rainstorms are. It rains every hour on the hour. "Showers," they call them and they come down in drenching avalanches of 80-degree water and the individual drops are as big as marbles. A rain-cloud can form before you can say "Jack Robinson" out of a clear blue sky, - and does so daily, hourly. Between rain squalls the sun turns on a carbon-arc glare with enough actinic fury to melt lead. So, as a usual summer thing, you are alternately burned up and drenched between 5a.m. and 6p.m.

The nights, though, are serene and beautiful and maybe that's why Carl Carmer was inspired to call his book, "Stars Fell on Alabama." I don't know, - never read it. Everywhere in the state one is impressed with the violence of Nature; everything is done in a big way. Today we ran the gauntlet of three storms with rain water over the floorboards in the boat, despite continual bailing. The wind seldom blows down here unless it blows a tornado; yes, we ran into one of those, too, but that's later in the story.

After coming through rainstorm Number 3 today we just had time to pull on a few clothes when we

arrived at Lock 2 and this was about quitting time. Lockmaster Gale H. Smith came down and invited us to remain on the premises, on a clean, close-cropped grassy space. We took him up on that. L. S. Shemberger, W. H. Wilcox, and Jos. Burton, lockmen, came down and when it got dark (which happens as soon as the sun goes down) they obligingly turned on a floodlight and let us set up the tent. We talked for an hour or so, and learned we now are in the alligator region and numerous large ones have been caught hereabouts. Woody says his swimming days are over until we get to Mobile.

**Log: June. 30.**

Lv. Lock 2	8:00a.m.
Lock 1	6:00p.m.
Ar. Jackson, Ala. Ferry Ldg.	6:45p.m.

We are up and going early this morning for we want to make a run of over 80 miles today through country devoid of towns, ice cream, gasoline or what-have-you. We will be fairly at the mercy of the sun, and of the alligators. Lockmaster Gale Smith brought us a half-dozen luscious ripe tomatoes as a going-away present and we departed reluctantly after having been treated so royally. All in all, the lockmen on these rivers are good scouts.

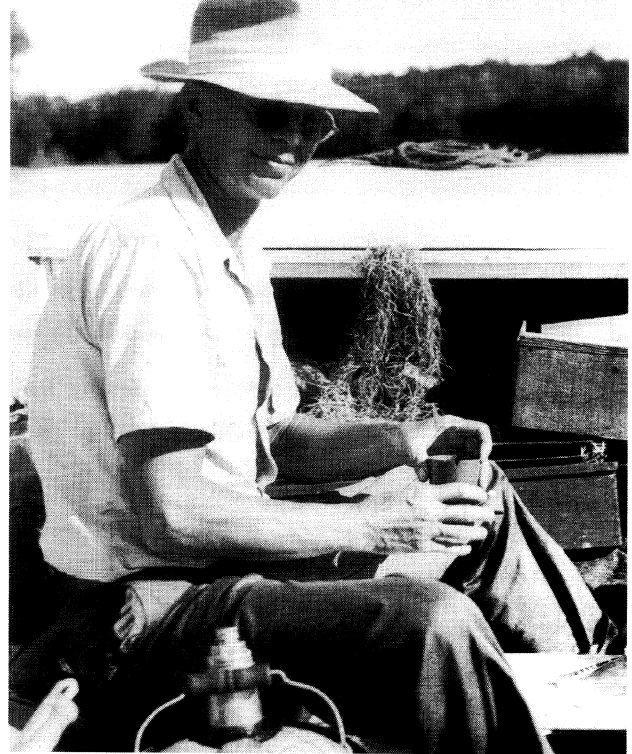
Yes, man, we are in the south. Spanish or hanging moss first appeared on the Warrior about six miles above Demopolis and now it festoons on trees everywhere. Woody says even the cows moo with a Southern drawl. And while speculating these things I glance shoreward and there, slap me down, was a big, black alligator sunning himself. I screamed "Look!" but like trying to make someone see a shooting star, before Woody could turn his head it had slithered into the river. He thought I was fooling. The daily thunder storm parade commenced at one p.m. and continued until 6:30 - four of them and all major ones. At Lock 1 it was raining so hard I couldn't make out the usual manifest. Not much than 20 minutes later the sky was clear again and we were having a sunset of riotous color with a crescent moon centered over it. The mosquito problem is a joke: there are more summer mosquitoes in a square inch at Sewickley, Pa. this time of year than we have seen in two weeks.

A big sand bar was our camping spot tonight, a matter of yards above the public landing at the lumber town of Jackson, Ala.

(To be continued.)



**A short distance below Lock 2 we came upon the U.S.E. FAYETTEVILLE pausing at the bank with no crew members in sight. She was built in 1924 (place not shown in the 1925 LMR), steel hull and listed as a snagboat. First assigned to the Cape Fear River, NC she had gravitated into the Mobile Engineer District by 1946.**



**Fred, freshly attired after a night in the Demopolis Inn, is about to slake his Alabama thirst.**

## - S&D CHAPTERS -

### - OHIO & KANAWHA RIVERS

The summer meeting of the O-K Chapter convened at 2 pm., Sunday June 12 at the Mason County Library, Pt. Pleasant, WV. It was a typical hot afternoon in the Kanawha Valley, - the usual Mason County Library chiller was hard at work and welcome, too.

Capt. Charles Stone and wife Jean had the meeting room set up and the coffee and lemonade ready for about 30 attendees. Clerk-Treasurer Jim Bupp opened the meeting promptly at two o'clock - in the tradition of the late Bert Shearer - and announced there would be no need to pass the cigar box; when last viewed, there was \$82.60 on hand, sans stamps.

Attention was called to the recent announcement that the Marietta excursion boat VALLEY GEM was scheduling an all-day trip up the Muskingum to Stockport in October. A number of those in the audience had taken the trip in years past and expressed interest. The VALLEY GEM departs Marietta at 9:00 the morning of October 17 and arrives Lock 6 at Stockport by 4:30 pm. A buffet lunch will be served on board while the Stockport Inn is the scene of the included evening meal. Busses will return passengers to Marietta, arriving at 7:30 pm. Inclusive cost is \$109 for first-timers; \$105 for repeaters.

**FOR VALLEY GEM  
RESERVATIONS OR INFORMATION  
YOU MAY CALL (740) 373-7862.**

Jack Fowler, President of the Pt. Pleasant River Museum, was called upon for the latest news. The staff is still setup over the success of a two-day visit by the ORSANCO traveling aquarium this spring. The large aquarium was brought by

truck from Cincinnati, then stocked with fish native to the Ohio and Kanawha Rivers that were captured around The Point. The only species not captured was the common gar and there was some disappointment that no giant (60# and up) catfish were agreeable to participate.

Over the two-day run about 2,300 visitors went through the museum, viewed the fish and were entertained by ORSANCO speakers. The Pt. Pleasant School Board assisted in sponsoring the program even though the scheduling of West Virginia state testing caused some limitation in student attendance.

The museum has received several fine donations recently including a model of the local packet HELEN E. built by the late Capt. Tom Kenny. Walter Carpenter, St. Marys, WV donated a set of *The Waterways Journal* from 1929 to date for the Capt. Bert Shearer Library. The museum is working with Marshall University, Huntington to provide river-related events which utilize the museum's exhibits and attractive facilities.

The entertainment for the afternoon was a video titled, "Panama Canal Enlargement." This was from the TV program Extreme Engineering. Freighters and tankers are being built wider and longer and many of the newer ones exceed the 110'x1,000' capacity of the Panama Canal Locks. The answer is to build a new set of lock chambers alongside the existing 1914 locks,

The video was a good study of the engineering problems involved including water supply, rock slides. Mountains of earth to be excavated to install the larger locks required but it will be a more economical project than other alternatives which have been considered, - entirely new route, a transporter railroad instead of a canal, etc.

Later, visiting the museum, we were startled to learn that the big, whistle frequently heard by visitors came from the HUNTSVILLE, pictured in our June issue. Mike Giglio acquired the whistle on a visit to Guntersville, Alabama a number of years ago and donated it along with engines and other steamboat jewelry. Good for Mike!

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### MIDDLE OHIO RIVER

The MOR Chapter safari to the Mississippi for a cruise aboard the mv. TWILIGHT from Le Claire to Dubuque on July 17-18 was a great success. There were 24 bonafide members plus two guests who enjoyed the cruise up to Dubuque and return. Facilities at the new hotel and are spectacular although the attached "Water Park" doesn't have a swimming pool!

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### MISSISSIPPI RIVER CHAPTER

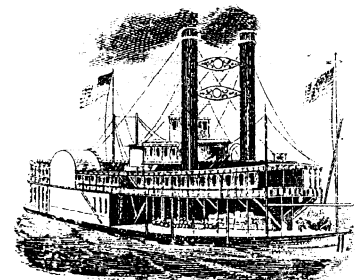
Mails delayed by low water.

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### YAZOO RIVER CHAPTER

Lamar Roberts, Chapter President has forwarded photos of the interior of the Grey & Blue Museum, Vicksburg, MS. S&D assisted with several of the new exhibits through a grant by the J. Mack Gamble Fund.

No chapter catfish fries or rib roasts to report.



## **LOW WATER WOES!**

Does Jack White, Oxford, Ohio only read newspapers that have aged at least 100 years? We suspect that such is the case since he sends us such aged clippings at great frequency. We enjoy reading Jack's selections - windows into the past - and often pass them along to our readers.

Jack sends us the following description of low-water times on the Ohio from the *New York Times*, November 24, 1895, page 10. The paper evidently had a number of roaming reporters a hundred years ago and they wrote some perceptive accounts of life west of the Allegheny Mountains where the world was so different from that in sophisticated Gotham.

The account which follows is a single day of Ohio River travel when a low stage of water found only shallow-draft Sandy River batwings able to run. The regular boat in the Chilo-Cincinnati daily trade was the TACOMA (5292) - a real packet with boiler deck, texas, fancy-topped stacks and a swinging stage - but the lowly batwings from Big Sandy trumped her when the sand bars came out for air.

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## **VAGARIES OF THE OHIO**

### **Unable to Maintain a Happy Mean Between Low Water and Flood**

#### **RESULTS OF THE PRESENT DROUGHT**

##### **Great Loss to River Shippers - One Tiny Steamer the Only Trading Boat Now Running from Cincinnati**

Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 23, 1895. According to most authorities, the Ohio River is a steady-going, reputable stream, free from many of the perversities which distinguish the Mississippi or the Missouri. Its one great weakness, these authorities remark, is the inability to maintain the happy mean between low water and flood. Each of these extremes is disastrous. Floods destroy property in a direct, swift, thorough-going fashion of their own; low water operates less directly and more slowly yet contrives to put a very considerable amount on the wrong side of the profit-and-loss account. For instance, it was estimated recently that Cincinnati's river shipments and receipts of freight had fallen to about fourteen tons a day.

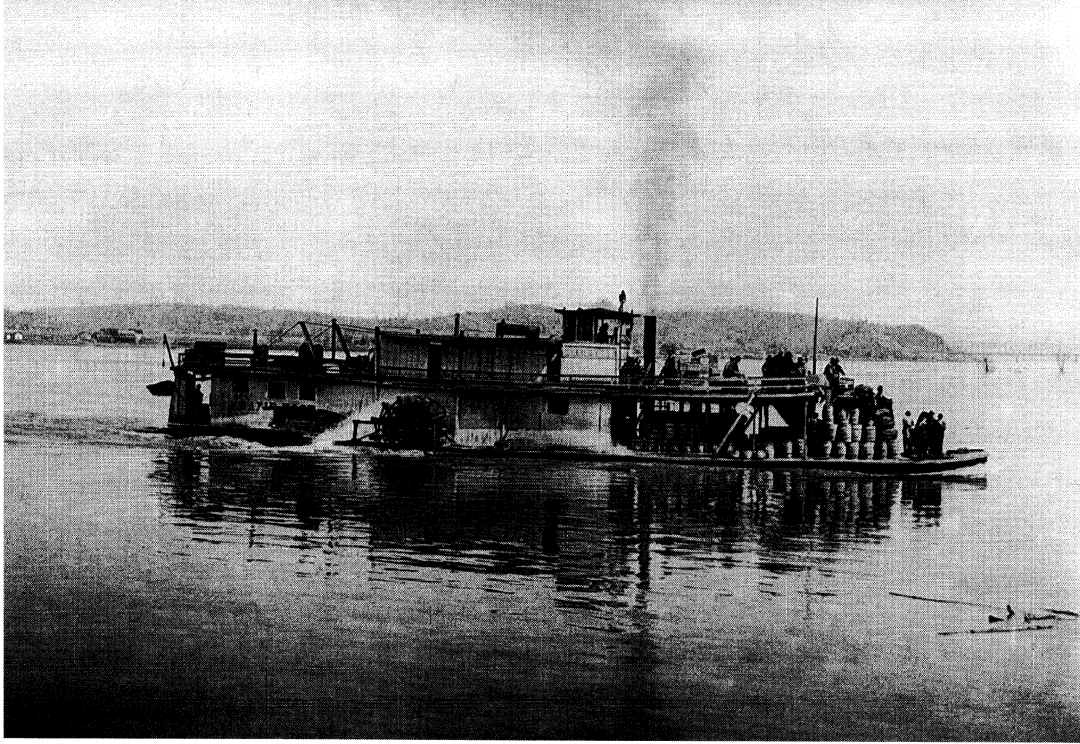
The long drought through the Summer and Fall resulted in a steadily dwindling stream until in the latter part of October a stage was reached which seemed to be close to the limit. Since then the river has shown little change, the "mark" at Cincinnati varying only within a very narrow range from 2.4 feet. Just for the sake of comparison, it may be worth while to add that in the great flood of 1884 this record was exceeded by about seventy feet. The water then climbed the bank and invaded the lower terrace upon which the city is built. Now, to one looking from this terrace, the stream appears to be flowing by at the bottom of a hill.

A fringe of steamboats along the bank next attracts attention. There seem to be a great many of them, and no wonder, for all the regular packets are out of service, tied up and waiting for the rise which shall permit them to resume navigation. They look spick and span, the season of enforced idleness having given opportunity for painting and repairs but they are not helping their owners to dividends. Indeed, some of the larger craft have not earned a penny for months.

One tiny steamer brought from the Big Sandy River is the only boat now running from Cincinnati in a regular "trade." And her run is not ambitious. She is scheduled to leave the city at 5 o'clock each afternoon. If she can reach Chilo, a town about thirty-five miles up stream, and return in time to start out again at 5 o'clock the next day, she is doing very well. The boat is the J. C. HOPKINS NO. 2. She is 120 feet long and has an eighteen foot beam. She registers about sixty tons. Running light, she draws 14 inches.

Local reports have had it that this little steamer is the only one attempting to do business in any Ohio River trade and that no other packet is in service in the 950 miles between Pittsburg and Cairo. Such a statement is not quite correct. The SANDY VALLEY is operating between two up-river towns. But the SANDY VALLEY is even smaller than the J. C. HOPKINS NO. 2. Therefore, the latter is fairly entitled to wear the crown of the reigning Queen of the Ohio.

Half a dozen miles below Chilo the town of Moscow dozes on the Ohio bank and there the other morning a correspondent of THE NEW YORK TIMES went aboard the HOPKINS with laudable purpose of observing the places where the bottom of the river stuck up through the water. This phenomenon was to be observed frequently during the six or seven hours required to pick a way among the obstacles to



The available photo of the J. C. HOPKINS NO. 2 (2819) is poor so we give you the MAXIE YOST (3869). She was the same size as the HOPKINS and has the classic (!) design of the "batwings." These boats dominated traffic on the Big Sandy River (the West Virginia-Kentucky border for 27 miles), successfully navigating the shallow, crooked stream between Catlettsburg, KY and Pikeville until the railroad was completed in 1904. MAXIE is turning into the Big Sandy on her way to Pikeville, 105 miles. The top of the smokestack (behind the pilot-house) has been removed to get under the C&O RR bridge. The passengers are going home after bringing log-rafts out to the Ohio River. Jesse Hughes photo, 1901.

navigation between Moscow and Cincinnati. At first, though, it was hard for one unacquainted with the peculiarities of the river to appreciate the extent of the stream's shrinkage, there being a stretch of several miles throughout which there is always plenty of water. In fact, the riverbed has many such pools but between them lie shallows where the lot of the pilot becomes one of woe and anxiety.

For a time, as has been said, there was little to surprise the novice. Indeed, the effects of the drought seemed to show more plainly on the banks than in the stream. The slopes from the level of the bottom lands to the water's edge were dry and yellow; the thickets were all of a dull hue, neither yellow nor brown, while the lines of hills bounding the valley looked as parched as if they had been thoroughly baked. These hills, - high, often steep but never rugged - were nearly all cleared of woods.

Now and then a clump of trees was to be seen but failed to add variety to the monotony of browns and yellows in the landscape. The glory of Autumn coloring was conspicuously absent. Talk in the pilot house turning to the matter, the explanation was offered that, while the season was too far advanced

for the Fall foliage to be seen at its best, the dry weather had served to lessen greatly its usual beauty. The surface of the water was unruffled by a breeze and there was Summer-like warmth in the November sunshine. Over hills and river was a haze dulling the outlines and perhaps thereby doing the picture no harm.

The haze, moreover, led to reminiscences and the pilots recalled a certain "smoky Fall" back in the early seventies when the sun shone darkly and steamers groped their way as through a fog. One packet had great trouble covering 300 miles in seven days.

"Sometimes it was clearer at night than in the daytime," the narrator went on.

"We had to run when we could see most."

The freight collected at the beginning of this trip was piled on a barge lashed to the steamer's bow and a half a dozen roustabouts lounged on the barrels and boxes. Presently they had to bestir themselves. A woman standing on the bank waved a handkerchief. The HOPKINS' course was changed

and in a moment or two the square nose of the barge was pushed up to the shore.

"Perry Flannagan's landing," the pilot at the wheel explained.

To the untrained eye there was nothing to distinguish the landing from any other part of the bank. The roustabouts jumped to the land and hoisted some barrels to the barge. Then, as the steamer backed out into the channel, they settled themselves for repose and meditation. Very shortly, however, they were roused again to interest in their surroundings. The HOPKINS was approaching one of the tight places - Richmond Bar.

A broad sandbar claimed the middle of the river, with a narrow passage on either side. Into that on the right hand - it seemed the narrowest of the two - barge and steamboat turned, working gradually closer and closer to the shore. A Negro on the bow of the barge took sounding. He used a long pole, painted in green and white. There was no difficulty in finding the bottom, - first at three feet, then at two. Presently, the steamboat found it, touched, and rubbed over. Shallow as the narrow channel was, the stream on either side was still shallower. The side wheels were splashing in water which appeared to be but a few inches in depth. The starboard paddle slapped the pebbles so close to the bank that a boy could have jumped from the skeleton framework of beams protecting the wheel to the shore. It may be said too that the same boy could have waded from Ohio to Kentucky with a minimum of trouble. In five minutes, however, steamer and tender were past the shoals and plowing ahead, none the worse for their experience.

Richmond Bar, as a point of interest, succeeded to New Richmond, Ohio, a pleasant town of 2,500 people, with a reputation for comfort as a dwelling place and, from the river at least, an appearance of trimness and tidiness. While the HOPKINS lay at the wharfboat, once the hull of a steamer, her officers pointed out some of the notable buildings of the place, among them being a brick structure seemingly far above the danger of inundation. Yet, in the great flood of 1884 water had invaded it. The occupant, a man of resources, had a piano in a lower room and a drenching was not likely to improve the tone. So, he cut a hole in the ceiling and hoisted the piano as far from the floor as circumstances permitted. But, sad to say, the flood reached it in spite of his ingenious efforts.

There was some delay at New Richmond involving the transfer of the freight on the barge to the steamer and when the HOPKINS started down the stream again her tender was left behind. With her cargo aboard she drew a foot and a half but, of course, made greater speed than had been possible with the square-bowed craft in front of her.

Soon one of the most significant sights of the trip was beheld: a steamboat stuck in the middle of the river with her bow to the Ohio shore.

"She's the M. P. WELLS," said the pilot. "She's on the head of Nine Mile Bar."

"Has she been there long?" was asked.

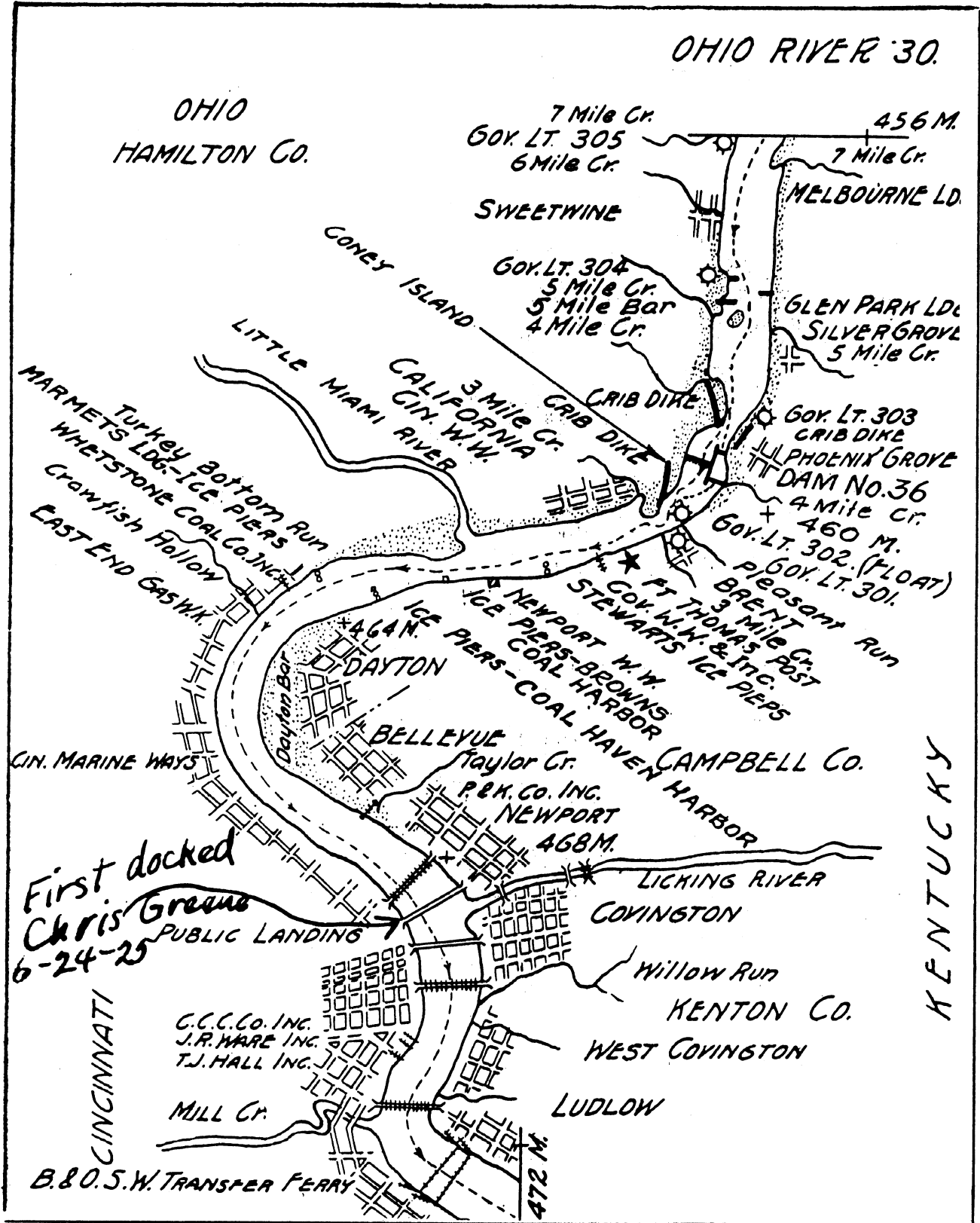
"Oh, five or six weeks."

And she looked it. In fact, she looked the picture of loneliness. A watchman, squatted on the forward deck, appeared to have the vessel to himself.

A little further down the river a dike, or curving dam, designed to confine the stream to a narrower space and thereby increase the depth of water, stretched out from the Kentucky shore. It has a couple of straight spurs, the lips of which the HOPKINS passed at a distance of a few yards, as she edged away toward Ohio. There she found more room and for a mile or more steamed ahead very comfortably.

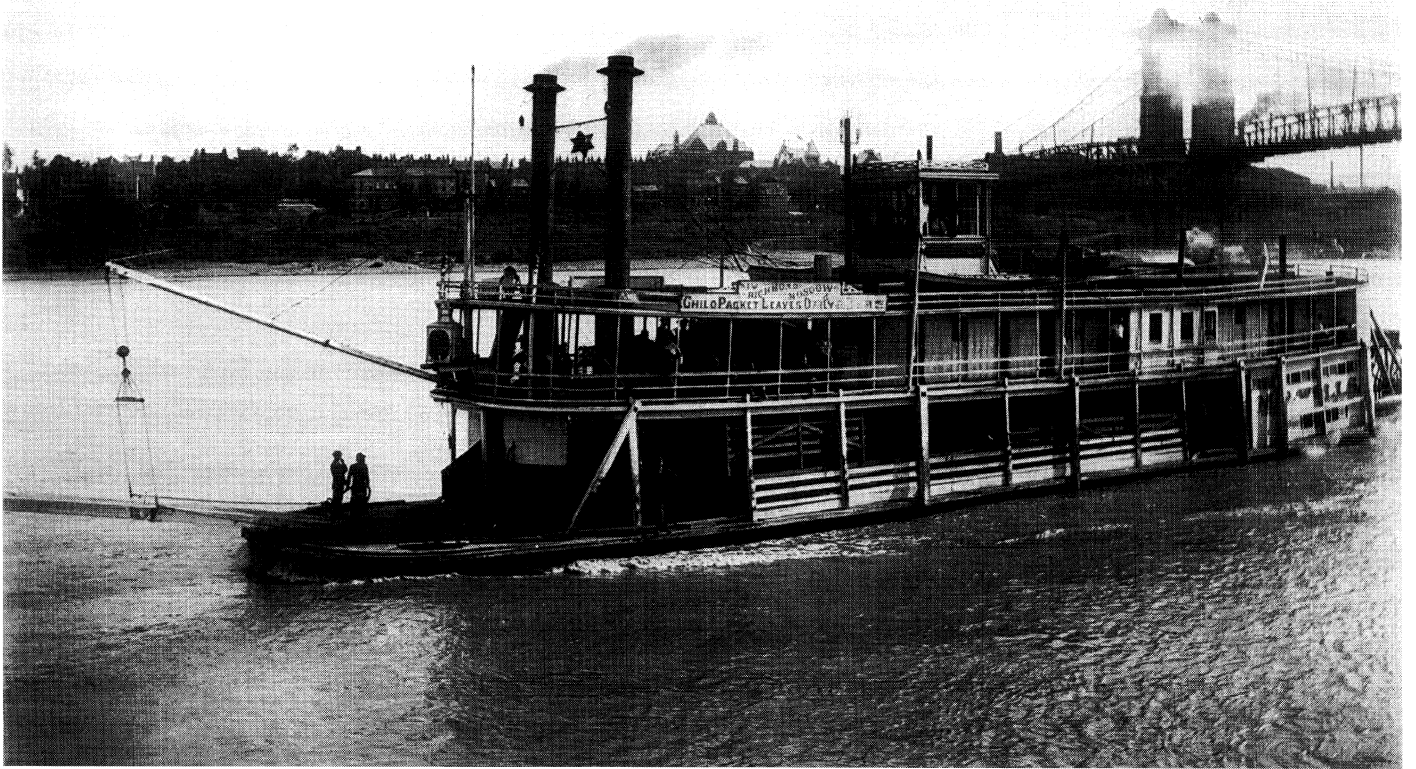
Government improvements are going on at what is known as "Five Mile," and they are needed. At any rate, the HOPKINS with her ability to navigate on a heavy dew, got into difficulties. She slipped by the first of the Government boats - it looked like a big floating machine shop - and by a dredge and then, dodging a short spur-dike, headed for Kentucky. In two minutes more she was aground, and though she was twisted about until her bow pointed upstream, she couldn't pull herself from the grasp of the sand.

Officers and crew took the mishap philosophically. The roustabouts woke up, and put a long, stout timber over the side. The end, pointed with a huge iron spike, caught firmly in the bottom of the river. Then a rope fastened to the other end of the beam was passed through a heavy ring on the deck and carried to the capstan, round which half a dozen men, bending to the bars, began to circle. As the rope came in the steamer moved a little but not quite to freedom. Whereupon, the operation, which in principle was the same as that performed by the boatman who uses an oar to pole his skiff into deep water, was repeated with more success. The HOPKINS glided from the obstruction, and began to drift stern-first with the current, until after a little there was room enough to turn and resume the voyage in orthodox fashion.



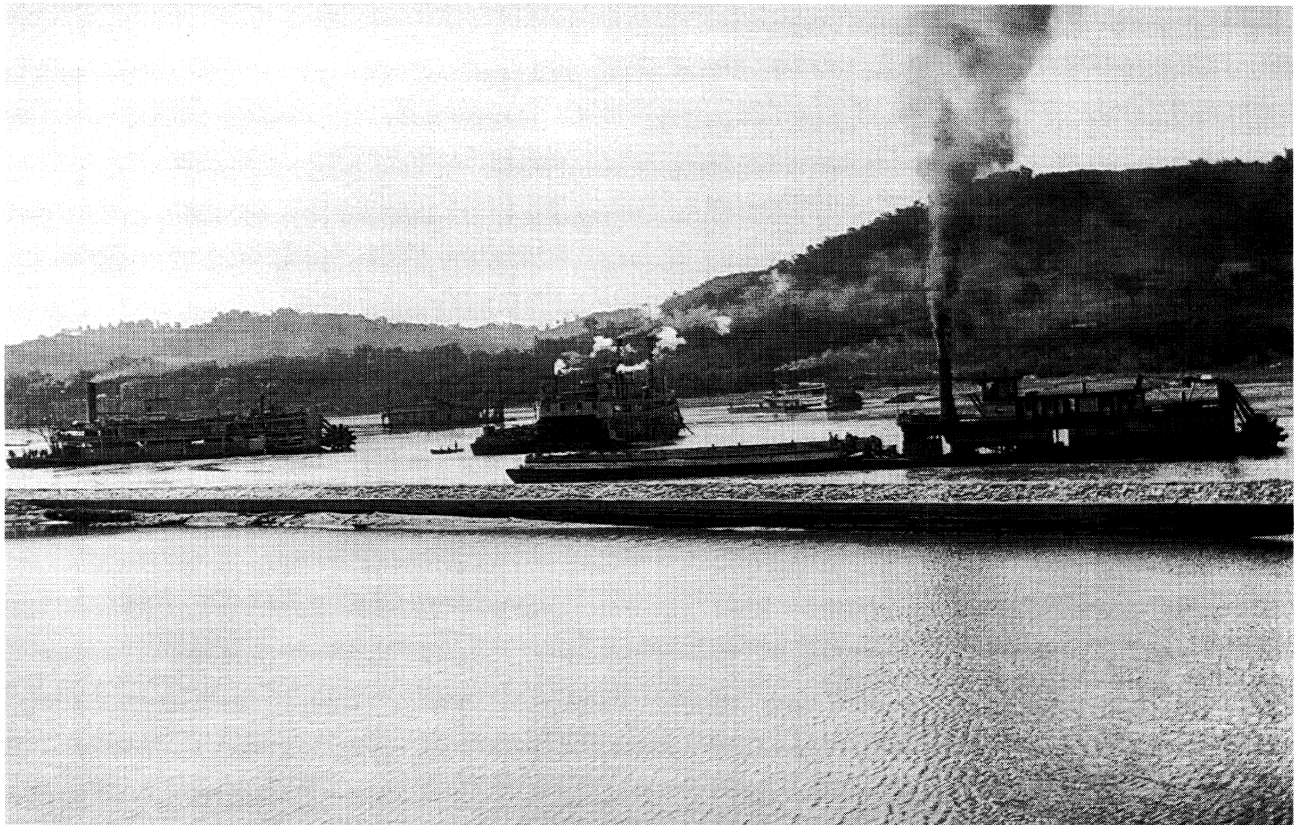
The chart is from the 1920, 2nd Edition, of The Ohio River by R. R. Jones, U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, Cincinnati District. Lock and Dam 36 at Brent, KY was not completed until 1925, - which would eliminate the hazards of Five Mile Bar described in the story. This book belonged to Wyatt Williams who rode the CHRIS GREENE on her maiden trip from Huntington, June 23, 1925, and noted arrival above.





**THE M. P. WELLS (3664) SPENT "FIVE OR SIX WEEKS" STRANDED ON NINE MILE BAR, BELOW NEW RICHMOND, IN 1895. HERE SHE IS ARRIVING AT CINCINNATI ON SCHEDULE, AUGUST 19, 1915. SHE WAS BUILT IN 1888, NAMED FOR**

**A MARIETTA, OH OIL MAN, AND WAS ACQUIRED BY GEORGE EDGINGTON, AUGUSTA, KY IN 1889. RAN DAILY CHILO-CINCINNATI. SOLD IN 1905 TO CAPT. GORDON C. GREENE TO BE REBUILT INTO THE CHILO (1017). JESSE HUGHES PHOTO.**



**FOUR MILE BAR OPPOSITE CONEY ISLAND COULD BE A PROBLEM AS WITNESS THIS VIEW TAKEN FROM INSIDE THE CONEY ISLAND DIKE IN 1915.**

**L. TO R.: COURIER, HARD AGROUND; U.S. DREDGE DIGGING; GREENWOOD WITH BARGE ALONGSIDE AND YAWL SOUNDING WATER; TOWBOAT M. D. WAYMAN ACROSS THE RIVER; TOWBOAT MARLAN RIGGS NEAR THE DIKE. J. P. HUGHES**

**CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 -**

Below Five Mile no serious difficulties were encountered. In one or two stretches there were sandbars galore. From the bank the stream appeared to be choked with them, but a channel was to be found nevertheless. Indeed, the intricacies disappeared on nearer acquaintance. Now and then the boat skirted one of the flats, but there was no occasion to wish that the bottom of the craft had been greased; there was no more scraping over sand and gravel and for the last half-dozen miles it was all plain sailing, or steaming. To be sure, on the Kentucky side not far above Cincinnati, was the biggest bar observed in the course of the day, a great level waste, almost a half-mile in breadth. It used to be called "Jimtown Bar," but now the town back of it has a prettier and more pretentious name, and consequently the sand flat is known to all rivermen and all water-loving, truant-playing boys in this region as Dayton Bar. The channel hugs the Ohio shore at this point and has considerable depth.

There was much of interest to be seen in this closing lap of the run into Cincinnati - dikes, of which the steamboat men hold varying and vigorously phrased opinions; the gaily painted structures of the local Coney Island, where in the season may be heard music and the rattle of the roller coaster; coal harbors, where hundreds or barges are awaiting the rise which will make it possible to tow them up or down stream; towboats, also idle until the coming of the same good time; here and there the bones of some old steamer wrecked and dismantled years ago.

Handsome houses, perched on the crest of a high hill on the Kentucky shore, showed the site of Fort Thomas, where the Sixth Regiment of Infantry is quartered. The Regulars have one of the finest views to be obtained in the Ohio Valley. A break in the bank on the Ohio side, nearly opposite the fort, testifies to the existence of the Little Miami River, which there finds its way into the Ohio. It is usually a fine little watercourse, highly esteemed for the excellent camping grounds along its banks, but observed from the HOPKINS' deck it was not impressive. There was a gully, perhaps ten feet wide, through which ran a shallow stream. And that was the outlet of the Little Miami.

"Anti-Populist," was the pilothouse verdict.

"Why? Oh, because it's small in the mouth."

Then came lines of curious craft called shanty-boats, houseboats in which dwell people who do not know what rent means. The boats are to be found all along the river but most of them are moored near the cities and larger towns. When the owner of one tires of a neighborhood he simply throws off his lines and drifts down to another. The reputation of this floating population is not of the best. Some of its members are traders and fishermen, others are too lazy to pretend to work. There has been much discussion of methods of lessening the evil - for evil it is - but practical results of the talk are not very evident. Kentucky has attempted to enforce a system of licenses but whether the shanty-boat folks have been greatly troubled thereby is an open question.

And so the J. C. HOPKINS NO. 2 arrived at the Cincinnati Landing from Chilo, in the golden haze of a deceptively warm Autumn afternoon in 1895.

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## CITY OF LOUISVILLE

### CAPT. ED. MAURER REMEMBERS

In January 1951 Capt. Edward Maurer of Louisville wrote the following letter to the editor of *The Work Boat* magazine in New Orleans about his days on the race horse CITY OF LOUISVILLE. Capt. Ed. even at that time was one of the few crewmen of the famed boat still around.

Ed Maurer was born July 24, 1877 in Grant, Kentucky, son of Rebecca Cook Maurer, a native of Indiana, and Joseph Maurer of Germany. He held a master's and pilot's license, all gross tons, from 1900 until 1917 when he was appointed U.S. Inspector of Hulls at Pittsburgh. He transferred to the Louisville in 1922 and was later in charge of the office in the U.S. Coast Guard until after WW-II. And, as a regular attendee at early S&D meetings, he enjoyed recounting stories of his days on the river.

Capt. Maurer died in the early 1960s.

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Louisville 11, Ky.

The Work Boat,  
New Orleans, La.

Gentlemen:

Your article in December issue, "The Rivers of Yesterday" with a picture of the CITY OF LOUISVILLE (1095) brings back many happy

memories to me, - I was Cub Pilot on it in 1898 and '99. I was a regular pilot on her from 1908 till 1917, - and made the last trip that she ever ran, leaving Louisville May 16, 1917. She laid up at Newport, Ky. and later was moved to the Cincinnati wharf and sank in ice on January 30, 1918.

Some points that may be of interest: The CITY OF LOUISVILLE was built by Howards and made her trial trip April 2, 1894. This vessel came out with a very large walking beam doctor - weighed more than 15 tons - and was located in the engine room near all other machinery and boilers. This caused the vessel to go down amidship and so the doctor was removed before she was a year old. That weight - instead of her power - caused her to swag down, contrary to a popular story heard on the river at the time.

It is noted that the article mentions the Pay Roll. This vessel's crew consisted of approximately 85 persons, viz: 1 master, 2 pilots, 2 mates, 2 engineers, 2 striker engineers, 4 clerks, 2 stewards, 2 cooks, 2 bakers, 3 pantry men, twenty to twenty-five cabin boys serving eleven tables seating ten persons each. There were: 3 watchmen, 8 firemen, 1 sailorman, thirty deck hands and 3 chambermaids. Usually, there were also one or two cub pilots and an oiler in the engine room serving at no salary.

From the above, it's easy to see the cost to operate such a boat, - even though we had no CIO or Teamster's union on the river in those days. The last two or three years she ran, many times I have left both Cincinnati and Louisville without a passenger. She also burned five to seven thousand bushels of coal a week in the Louisville and Cincinnati trade.

The only persons that I know of now living that at sometime in her life ran regular on the CITY OF LOUISVILLE are: pilots James E. Brasher and myself, W. C. Lepper, L. M. Dupraz, and N. E. Abbott, clerks. For short periods, Sam Carlisle was engineer and Clarence McElfresh, mate. John T. Beard was engineer for awhile when she was near a new boat.

While I was not on this vessel when it made either of its record runs, - from Louisville to Cincinnati in 9 hours 42 minutes and down in 5 hours 58 minutes - I did leave Louisville on the 18th day of April 1899 at 5:10 p.m. and landed at Cincinnati 3:20 a.m. next morning making, six regular landings en route. The CITY OF PITTSBURG was leaving about the same time but we never saw her after we had gotten fifteen miles up the river. But, we met her the next day on our return trip.

While the LOUISVILLE was a fine, very fast and much talked of boat, I really liked the CITY OF CINCINNATI, of which I was pilot five years. She was a much better boat for all practical purposes. Many interesting experiences have I had on these and other old timers, in Louisville and Cincinnati trade.

With best wishes and a Merry Christmas to all,  
Very truly yours,  
Edward Maurer, Commander  
Retired, Officer in Charge U.S.C.G.,  
Marine Inspection.

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- THE BACK COVER -

**CITY OF LOUISVILLE**  
A PORTRAIT BY HUBERT M. FLORA

Hubert M. Flora was a noted portrait photographer who operated for many years in Madison, Indiana. He was also attracted to the elegant packets which stopped daily at the Madison wharf and early in his career used the boats as subjects, one of his 8x10 plates being of the EMMA GRAHAM (1834), at Cincinnati, circa 1877 (See Reflector 73d30-31). Mr. Flora was retired when he took several well-known photos of the BETSY ANN in 1930 after she was refurbished at the Madison marine ways.

This photo of the CITY OF LOUISVILLE was probably taken on a Sunday when the Mail Line customarily ran "Meet the Boat" trips. The sister CITY OF CINCINNATI was captured in the same position and under similar light conditions.

The date is after April 5, 1896 when she made her fastest trip from Cincinnati to Louisville. (Note sign on pilothouse: "UP 9HR. 40; DOWN 5HR. 58.") The ferry TRIMBLE (5451) is in the distance, about to land at Milton, Kentucky.

The contact print was made by William E. Reed, in April, 1972, from the 8x10 glass negative, then in the collection of W. Hurley Ashby, Indianapolis, IN. Bill made six or seven prints from the negative before being satisfied with the contrast. A number of the Flora boat negatives are in the collection of The Filson Club, Louisville, contributed by Mr. Ashby and the late Arthur E. Hopkins.

