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Yeatman Anderson Memoir

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STEAMBOATS AND INLAND RIVERS

Yeatman Anderson recalls his work as a deputy inspector with the U.S. Corps of Engineers, river boats, dam construction at New Richmond, Ohio and problems prior to the dam's construction. He also discusses towboat experiences, supervising a dredge crew, and conditions for crew members on packetboats.

Interview by John Knoepfle, 1957

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Yeatman Anderson Memoir

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Preface

This manuscript is the product of a tape recorded interview conducted by John Knoepfle on August 10, 1957. Margaret Reeder transcribed the tape and Dr. Knoepfle edited and reviewed the transcript. This and other interviews in a series on steamboats and inland rivers were produced under the auspices of the Public Library of Cincinnati and Hamilton County, Ohio and Sangamon State University, Springfield, Illinois.

Yeatman Anderson worked on the dam at New Richmond as a deputy inspector. In this memoir he discusses his job at the dam, various river boats and river workers.

John Knoepfle was born in Cincinnati in 1923. He obtained his Ph.D. in literature from Saint Louis University in 1967. Dr. Knoepfle is presently a professor of English at Sangamon State University. He was named Illinois Author of the Year in October, 1986. John and his wife Peg have one daughter and three sons.

During 1953-1955 while working as producer-director of an educational television station, WCET-TV, Cincinnati, Dr. Knoepfle proposed a project on steamboats and inland rivers. These river memoirs are a result of the research collected during 1954-1960.

Readers of the oral history memoir should bear in mind that it is a transcript of the spoken word, and that the interviewer, narrator and editor sought to preserve the informal, conversational style that is inherent in such historical sources. Sangamon State University and the Public Library of Cincinnati and Hamilton County, Ohio are not responsible for the factual accuracy of the memoir, nor for views expressed therein; these are for the reader to judge.

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Yeatman Anderson, August 10, 1957.

Interviewer, John Knoepfle.

Q: I have come to the home of Mr. Yeatman Anderson who worked on the dam at New Richmond during the period of its construction. Mr. Anderson, maybe you can begin by giving us just a little resume of your work on that dam.

A: The work on the dam actually occurred in the second year of my association with the engineers on the river which occurred in the summertime between the school years at the University of Cincinnati. I was employed by the U.S. Engineers as a deputy inspector and as such did all the little dirty jobs that happened on a big construction project of this kind. However, it was exceedingly fascinating and interesting to watch the dam grow as additional piles, additional concrete, additional forms were erected and taken care of. Many, many engineering problems but that has very little to do with the actual construction of the dam or had very little to do with the history of the river excepting as dam 35 at New Richmond became a part of the channelization program for the entire river. I don't believe that there are many of the fellows that worked on that project that are still alive. Because most of the other people there were considerably older than I. At least I have lost complete track of them. When I joined the group they had just erected the cofferdam for the lock chamber which of course is on the Kentucky side of the river and were just starting construction. Perhaps many people don't know that at least this dam and I believe most of the others were actually built on piles and that we drove piles day and night, twenty-four hours a day for seemingly months on end in order to provide a firm foundation for the super structure, namely the part that people see as today they ride up and down the river. All of us lived over at New Richmond and our only method of getting across the river was a little outboard motor driven rowboat which like all outboard motors often refused to work at the most inopportune moments and on several occasions we got caught in the current and we drifted far down stream and finally had to get out and walk back to our homes. I don't mean to walk in the river but we had to get over to the shore and just leave the boat and send a steamer down after it. I don't know whether you are interested in the engineering stages of this thing and how it grew and all the parts of the dam? I could probably identify them from the photographs I have here but again that would be probably of secondary interest.

Q: I know this that, at least Evan Bone mentioned that each of those dams was a kind of unprecedented experience and a lot of it was pretty much trial and error. Because what was good for a dam upriver wouldn't be good for a dam downriver.

A: Well that's very true, of course that is true of any building project. Even within the confines of a given city you will find entirely different soil structures. For example very few people know that the downtown portion of the city of Cleveland is built on quicksand.

Q: It is?

A: But still they have the big buildings and one of the first projects of that sort for a building was what was originally called the Rockefeller Building in Cleveland where it was actually built on quicksand. But there again strangely enough that is related to not the Ohio River Valley but the Mississippi River Valley because the Eads Bridge at St. Louis is also built on quicksand, that is the foundations are on quicksand, and Mr. Eads was the man that discovered or decided that if he could confine the quicksand so that it couldn't run away from him, by building a cofferdam around it, and then put his foundation on the confined quicksand, why he could get a perfectly firm foundation and the fact that the bridge is still standing is certainly an indication that he knew what he was doing. So even going as far away as Cleveland, which you would certainly not definitely associate in your mind with a river, there is at least the precedent, that move to Cleveland. So that it's kind of hard to get away from this old thing you call the Ohio.

Q: Were there any particular problems associated with that dam that you know of?

A: Not that I know of, you see there had been a number of other dams completed and while as you said there a minute ago there is always problems, special problems, but they're not generally major. Past experience makes you anticipate the trouble you are going to get in. And while you may not solve the problem a hundred percent and there is a certain amount of trial and error involved, nevertheless it's not anything that you complain about or worry about. You just take it in you stride. And as far as my one summer's association at that dam, I can recall nothing of any importance that occurred. My recollection is that at the time it was built, and this I can be quite wrong in, that the six hundred foot lock chamber was the largest lock chamber that had been built on the river up to that time. Now as I say I could be very wrong in making that statement and I would hate to be quoted without having it checked out.

Q: Maybe you could go in to some particulars about your own job? You said it involved a lot of the nasty little things, well could you explain that?

A: As a deputy inspector, for which I was paid a tremendous salary of sixty dollars a month, I had to inspect the driving of piles, I had to count the number of bags of cement that went into every batch that was made to see that the mixture was correct. We did a little bit of surveying, we used to play around a little bit with explosives, not great quantities, nothing spectacular at all, but we ran into rock that had to be blasted out and had to see that it was properly cleared out and that we didn't have any loose rock underneath or shattered

rock underneath. Everything that was loose or that could give way was taken care of. I think the most interesting part of building that dam occurred after I left when they got to installing the machinery and the gates and that sort of thing, but after all, the main portion of the dam was just big blocks of concrete and there is nothing very fascinating about pouring concrete.

Q: They already had its cofferdams when you got there?

A: Yes, the main cofferdam for the lock chambers. They built the lock chambers first and got it established so the traffic could continue, before they started the dam across the river which would block off the main channel. In other words they had to complete the lock chamber itself and tear down that cofferdam and then build a new cofferdam across the main channel.

Q: I see, well you were there in the summer I suppose?

A: That's right.

Q: Do you remember in that particular summer if the low water cut out the navigation?

A: That's another story. Not insofar as New Richmond was concerned but the previous year I had also worked for the engineers and in an entirely different area of the river, entirely different part, and at that time they sent me down to do two jobs. One after the other. One was down at Golconda just below Golconda, Illinois where we were building some what were then known as loose stone dikes, actually in present parlance they would be called jetties, simply to try to divert the river into a definite channel on the Kentucky side rather than on the Illinois side. These jetties simply consisted of rock laid in a definite pattern so that the current in sweeping down on it would carry the sand and drop it out and the water would tend to go the other way. It happens that there was a big bend in the river at that point so we were able to divert the water in the direction we wanted it by carefully planning the layout of these dikes. As part of that particular experience there was one man who was the contractor who was quite a well known character on the river; unfortunately his name escapes me at the moment. I took a trip on the Delta Queen last summer and got acquainted with the officers on that ship who are all of them oldtimers and mentioned this man and they all remembered him and could call him by name. The man must have been in his sixties I guess when I was down there in the summer of 1913 and he was known for his very violent temper and very masterful way with dealing with people and he had only the little finger left on his right hand and the story of how this accident occurred is what I am leading up to; like all river contractors building structures on the river he knew all about driving piles and the work wasn't going the way he wanted to so he went out to personally supervise it and in doing so he put his hand out on top of the pile which had a steel plate fastened to it and then hollered at the engineer to drop the hammer. The engineer refused and refused because of his hand and tried to tell him to get his hand out of the way and this contractor being the adamant soul that he was, unmistakably said, "Drop the hammer you so and so," and

he dropped the hammer and cut his hand off, everything except his little finger.

Q: Is that so?

A: They were peculiar characters in those days. (chuckles)

Q: That reminds me, I understand upriver the labor crews often were made up of teams of Italians under a foreman. Do you remember anything about that?

A: No, I don't recall anything of that sort at all. Because all of the deckhands that we had were mostly people from the southern hills. Many of them came from around the Kanawha and in fact the Kanawha people were preferred. They were a rough and tough lot but they were good workers and given their heads more or less on a job, once they understood what had to be done, why they did a very, very excellent job and it's my recollection that a man from the Kanawha was always given preference, up in this area of the country anyhow.

Q: Up around New Richmond and in there?

A: You were speaking awhile ago about whether or not the low water bothered us at New Richmond. Well I don't recall that it did, particularly at the dam site, and that may have been because the dam at, oh what is the one that is downstream?

Q: 37.

A: 37 I think 37 had been completed before the New Richmond Dam was started which was 35, and the Coney Island dam #36 had not been started, and that may have accounted for the fact that we had no difficulty since there was some pool, not a great deal, but some, and then of course those riverboats drew very, oh, only three or four feet.

Q: What month did you get out there on the dam proper?

A: Oh it was probably around the 1st of June and I worked until school started again late in September or early October.

Q: I asked that because I know that a lot of the commerce on the river in those days was made up of, there was a lot of logging coming out of West Virginia and the coalboats were coming down from the Kanawha and Pittsburgh.

A: As I say I don't recall that we had any difficulty with low water at the dam itself, but we did have great deal of difficulty the previous year after I had finished my stint on building those jetties, or as we called them, loose stone dikes. I was transferred to Henderson, Kentucky and put in charge of a dredge crew on the Henderson Island Pass and our job was to try to cut a path through the bar, the Henderson Island bar, rather, had to keep a path open there for traffic and the water was so absolutely low that, and the sand so soft, that the dipper off the dredge would just build up a roll in

front of it so we couldn't even get our barges in to haul the sand away and we were just picking up sand on this side and moving it over here and picking up the same sand tomorrow. Part of our job on that assignment was to keep traffic moving on the river and towboat after towboat, mostly packetboats, not the big tows, but mostly packets would get stuck out there and we had a shallow draft steamer and we'd go out and there and try to pull them over. I've seen them break three and four inch lines without any difficulty at all trying to pull them over.

Q: Do you remember offhand the name of the steamer?

A: Yes, here's a picture of it. Here is the crew. That's the dredge.

Q: That's the Hoosier?

A: That's the dredge, yes. Here are the barges, and that was a packet, this is the bridge at Henderson. (pause)

Q: Now let's get back if you will.

A: The towboat that I had under my jurisdiction was the R. J. Armstrong and again in making the trip on the Delta Queen last summer I inquired from the officers of that boat if they remembered the Armstrong and they said, "Yes, if you'll watch as we go upstream from Evansville you will see what's left of it being used there as a small boat harbor," and sure enough there was enough of it left so I could recognize it with the picture you have in your hand there. I gave you a picture of it, didn't I?

Q: Yes sir, I have it. It was an old beauty.

A: There is a picture of their engine room where they painted it any color just so it was red. Red and yellow are the two colors they used in there. That was the engineer and his younger brother who was the fireman.

Q: You don't know their names do you?

A: I don't remember their names at all anymore, I don't remember the captain's name even. However, again this is the captain of the boat, this fellow here, and there again the oldtimers down on the Delta Queen called him by name but I didn't make a note of it at the time.

Q: So you broke those big lines trying to haul those packets over?

A: It's surprising the amount of strength or force that can be exerted by a sternwheel steamer coupled with what we used to call a niggerhead which is no longer a polite term but it's actually the capstan is what it was, a steam driven capstan on the front deck there. You can see it right there. One of the most interesting things to me is the part of all of this, the story of low water and so on in the river, was the fact that this Armstrong when I took over had just been reconditioned and they had not completed all the insulation

on the steampipes and that sort of thing in the engine room and the boiler room. So one day this shantyboat appeared on the scene and they pulled in and tied up there at Henderson Island and the old man in the rowboat came out to the boat and was greeted like a long lost friend and it turned out that he was an expert insulator. Probably the dirtiest human being I ever saw. Living on the water you would think at least he would wash his hands but I bet his hands hadn't been washed, hadn't even been wet except for pulling catfish out of the river, in years. The top of his head, he was bald, was just as black as this table. I never saw anything like it, it wasn't tan, it was just plain dirt. But he did a beautiful job, so I inquired about that, and the story was at that time many of the shantyboat people were marvelous artisans and had definite trades and could really do a beautiful job of work when they felt like working and this family, a man and his wife, and remember one possibly two children and a dog. You can see the little boy in the picture here, no, there's two little boys, and actually they were so well known that the towboat captains would haul them upstream and then they would coast down the river, or drift down.

Q: It must have been an arduous summer you put in down there on all that shoal water?

A: Well it didn't bother me any, the other fellows had to do the work. (chuckles) I just went along almost for the ride, I was there to see what they were doing and to tell them what to do but beyond that they operated almost by themselves. It was a fascinating experience. I thoroughly enjoyed and met a lot of very interesting people in that way that I never would have met in any other way. I'm sitting here trying to remember, I remember one night a showboat got stuck on the bar and we went out and we tried to pull it over and in so doing got stuck ourselves and had to spend the night out there and it was really quite an interesting time to get to know the showboat people and we did, we had dinner together and they entertained us on the boat. We had a very, very enjoyable evening and the next day by proper manipulation with our wheel we were able to dig ourselves out and we did get them loose and they went on downstream.

Q: I wonder who they were?

A: I wouldn't know. I thought I had a picture of them but I don't seem to have anymore. Thought I had taken a picture. Here is a typical old, the Lowry, the typical old packetboat and if I am not mistaken this is a boat that I made a trip on to Cincinnati and that was a fascinating experience because the packetboats in those days were literally the packetboats, the freight people, and they would put in where anybody would wave a handkerchief at them and take on two hogs or five sacks of wheat or something of that kind. Another interesting custom that I ran into on that boat was, and I've told a lot of people and they've never heard of it before was how the stevadors or the deckhands were paid for handling wheat and other freight on and off. The one time I have in mind particularly, we were loading on a lot of grain in sacks and when the gangplank went down the purser went out about halfway on the gangway and the deckhands went ashore and would grab or pick up a hundred pound sack

of wheat on their back and as they walked up the gangplank the purser would hand them a penny and that was their pay for bringing that sack of grain on.

Q: A penny a sack?

A: A penny a sack transporting it from the shore over on to the boat and the same thing was done when they took the grain off.

Q: They were part of the ships crew, but apparently I don't know that this was true, but apparently if they were paid anything it was very, very little. They slept on deck, or in the boiler room on the floor. There was no accommodations at all.

Q: What part of the country was this where you picked up the wheat?

A: I don't know exactly, it was somewhere downstream from here, somewhere between here and Paducah, I'm sure of that, but just where I don't remember.

Q: I am always curious when somebody tells about those men whether they remember a scrap of song they might have sung?

A: No, I don't in that connection; later on in life I lived down south for about fourteen years and I lived in the deep south and was in both the building business and several other businesses down there and the singing darkie, the singing nigger he was called, was always paid a premium because he led the gang and they always worked in rhythm. While I don't recall it in connection with the wheat incident at all, I am certain there must have been a leader of the group who did sing because as I think back now, it seems that they didn't actually run, but they sort of jogged up the gangway there. Incidentally this penny a sack deal was open to anybody that wanted to do it, and on that particular occasion several of the passengers went out and got a sack and came in and picked up their pennys and of course gave it to one of the boys afterwards. The one thing that these darkies did do in addition was to entertain the passengers and in the evening down on the fore deck they would sing and dance and the passengers would toss them coins and that sort of thing. A trip on that sort of a boat was really a very, very interesting experience to a landlubber like me. Another thing that was so characteristic was that no packetboat ever came in shore or left shore without music.

End of Side One, Tape One

A: Even if it was just nothing but one single person playing the mandolin. He played you in and played you out and he was always there. Don't know whether you had ever run into that before.

Q: That was a delightful custom I think.

A: Yes, the music wasn't very much but nevertheless they were fulfilling a tradition.

Q: Wonder now if we can go back to New Richmond and you can tell me about some of the other men who were working with you, if you remember them.

A: As I say the only name that I remember at New Richmond, incidentally that's a picture of the Evansville then. (someone enters the room) Hey Bud, this is my son Guy, John Knoepfle.

Q: A pleasure to meet you. We are making your father immortal.

G: [Guy] Oh, good, good.

A: The only name that I remember was this man Prell. P-R-E-L-L. He was a resident engineer up on the New Richmond dam. Unfortunately I don't remember any of the other people. Prell himself was a man at that time in his 40s and had been with the engineers for a good many years and was very highly thought of and he was quite a driver. But in a very decent sort of a way. Actually I roomed in his home while I was there. I understand, I think back now, I remember hearing after having completed that dam he went on and they put him on another one. What one I don't know. Where is that engineering group? Let's see if I can remember any other names out of this bunch at all. I'm quite sure that this man here became one of the senior engineers stationed here.

Q: This is the man on the right end as you look at the picture.

A: Yes, this fellow with his hat in his hand here. And this man I have seen once or twice; I think he is a Cincinnati man.

Q: He's the second from the left with the watch fob?

A: Yes. The other fellows, I can't put a name to any of them at all. So I can't help you on personnel. Incidentally, again thinking of the low water, did you ever hear of them walking a boat over a bar?

Q: Well I've never had anyone describe it.

A: That's a very interesting thing and perhaps I can find it, well, here's a picture of Prell here, not a very good one.

Q: You were all happy in the group?

A: Oh well we had to be. Let me see where the close-up of the Hoosier is, maybe I can show you. Yes, you see these spiles as they were called standing up here in the air, well they were hooked up in such a way that they could be raised and lowered and also they were pivoted. Now they served two purposes: when the dredge was actually digging they were dropped down, or spuds they were called, not spiles but spuds, and they dropped down into the bottom to give stability to the boat while the dipper was working, but on the other hand, when they got stuck on a bar they would drive this one down, they could not

only drop it but they could actually drive it into the ground, the one on the stern, pick up the two in the bow, swing them forward maybe four or five feet and drive them into the bed and then force this back one to swing out from it a little bit and force this back one to push. The result was that the front end of the boat would rise up and go over. Actually they could put enough force on here to raise the bow of the boat virtually out of the water and just by its own weight it would fall forward. I saw some boats down there, instead of having this single one on the stern had a pair near the back of the stern and it was sort of like the old poling idea that they used to use on the some of the shantyboats.

Q: I bet those were Missouri boats they had those on, they used to run into that shoal problem all the time?

A: Yes, well, I saw it on the Ohio and a good many of the government boats were equipped at that time, they had snag pullers and stump pullers and what not, and they were all shallow water boats and they were set up that way and they could actually walk themselves over a bar. It was a long slow tedious job but nevertheless they could do it. Those are things that, well I wish that I would have had a movie camera at the time. This old gal used to sit out her on the side deck peeling potatoes and chewing snuff. Sometimes we wondered whether we got snuff or whether we got potatoes.

Q: She must have been a mountain woman?

A: She was. Typical.

Q: I see you got her with a spittoon in front of her.

A: Oh yes, she carried that with her wherever she went.

Q: She was a cook on the dredge?

A: She cooked for all of us. Well I don't know whether I am saying anything that has any meaning to you or not or any interest but . . .

Q: There are all kinds of little details that are interesting.

A: I haven't given any great thought to this whole picture for a long, long time. But there is Henderson, Kentucky in the background, which was Henderson Island, now the river goes around the other side of the island than it did when I was down so they don't have that trouble. They have cut a new channel through. Here is another view of the dam down at Evansville. We went down there one day on a special trip.

Q: It was a big dam too, wasn't it?

A: Yes, the farther downriver you went the bigger they became. That's when I grew my mustache for the first time, trying to look older. I was about nineteen at that time. Don't remember whether I took that picture for the boat or for the bridge because I am a civil engineer by education and was interested in bridges of that sort at

that time. I took this bunch of photographs with me on that Delta Queen and showed them to all these fellows and gee, even if they couldn't recognize a boat they were willing to bet money it was such and such a boat and I said you can't prove it by me. They got to arguing among themselves on the details that they could see as poor a picture as that which is indicative of how they learned their boats and how well they knew them.

Q: Looks like, I see, a Missouri boat, has a domed pilot house.

A: It could very well be.

Q: They didn't like domed pilot houses on the Ohio; they thought it was bad luck.

A: Was that so? I had never heard that, but I do know one thing, this boat is going upstream because I remember the lay of the land. This picture was taken from the old wharf boat at Henderson, on the outer side of it. This railroad bridge had just recently been completed and it lay downstream from the wharf boat.

Q: Well you worked on the dams on the river here, maybe two or three summers while you were still in school?

A: Yes, two summers. I wasn't actually a co-op. I went out and got these jobs myself, but it is essentially the same thing.

Q: Then you went in the service when the war came out?

A: Not until 1918, by that time I had drifted far away from Cincinnati and had come back again. Not here, I went in the Army from Cleveland.

Q: Are you professionally a civil engineer?

A: Let's just say I'm an engineer. Because it doesn't take but a very few years to break away from the thing you studied, at least in my life, so I've been a salesman all my life, selling technical equipment or building equipment, but I can't say that I ever was an engineer as such professionally.

Q: Well there are lot of interesting things in that tape, Mr. Anderson.

A: Sure, sure I'm just talking at random here and we are jumping around, whether there is anything of interest there, I don't know, but what there is you are more than welcome to it and I am very glad to do it. One thing that I just thought of in connection with this recording, I don't know what you are going to get out of this thing.

Q: Well let's see. (pause) Come again on that jazz thing.

A: Well that happened on the fourth of July while I was down working on the loose stone jetties. We'd all gone up to Golconda, at least I always went up to Golconda and stayed at the hotel over the weekend,

and they were giving a public dance. I suppose we would call it a subscription dance now, at some park oh maybe five or ten miles from Golconda, so we all went over to this dance. They had a negro band supplying music and that was the first occasion that I had ever heard what we now call jazz. Typical jazz rhythm or at least again I must say this that what we call jazz today may not be what I am referring to because there has been so much change in the rhythmic setup over the years, but nevertheless the clarinet player particularly did things with a clarinet that I had never seen done before. He could almost make it sound like a slide trombone by eliding the sounds; it didn't have the tone quality of a trombone but I'm trying to express or describe the way in which he treated this instrument of his. It certainly was rousing music and it had that whole crowd in good humor almost as soon as they played their first tune. They played all day long, and late that evening, why, we drove back.

Q: Wasn't what they call gutbucket, was it?

A: I never heard of that expression, but it might have been. Another one of the interesting things, actually during the week while I was down there, we stayed at a little town called Bay Village and I roomed with the wealthiest woman in town. Her wealth consisted of the house that she lived in and a little plot of ground and some four or five hundred bushels of corn in the crib. She was quite typical of that area in that she cooked once a week over an open fire when she did her washing and she would cook enough to last us all week. That is in the way of vegetables and that sort of thing. She did fry eggs. But I never will forget the first morning when I woke up in her house. I was wakened by a rooster perched on the foot of my bed welcoming the dawn which was not a very happy situation but nevertheless there it was. Every evening we would wait for the upriver packet and gather on the little porch of one of the two stores. The one that overlooked the river and we had only one subject of conversation and that was the size of the village. There were two schools of thought: one said that the town consisted of two stores and three houses and the other group said that it consisted of two stores and five houses. The latter group insisted that by some right that nobody could discover the town limits were a mile square and these two houses were just about out from the center of town and as soon as the boat would come in and discharge whatever it had to discharge at this little wayside stop, why we would all go to bed, probably about eight o'clock and the roosters would wake us the next morning. Again, that has nothing to do with the history of the river but it was a rather interesting recollection that comes back to me. Oh yes, and the payoff on that was at the end of the first week that I stayed there I asked her how much I owed her and, I have forgotten the exact amount, but in addition to providing me with a room, the bed and my breakfast and my supper she also had done some washing for me and I expressed surprise at the smallness of the bill and she explained it, "Well I charge fifteen cents a night per room and five cents a meal and you only have breakfast with me, no, you have two meals a day so that's twenty-five cents a day." I says, "What about the washing?" She says, "I just threw that in cause you are living with me." Which has interest only in the difference and tremendous contrast between the cost of things then and the cost of things today. I think some of my interesting

recollections while associated with the river or not of the river themselves but of going in over the weekends to this little hotel in Golconda. Well naturally at this woman's house where I spent all week there was no chance to take a bath so late Friday afternoon I would row out or have somebody row out and catch the up packet and we'd simply throw a line to the packet and one of the deckhands would catch it and I would clamber aboard and ride up to it and then the rowboat would go back in to Bay Village again. But as I walked up to the street to the hotel they had negro porter and he would see me coming and just as I would walk in the door I would say, I've forgotten his name, but I would call by name and he says, "Yes, Mr. Anderson, which room are you going to have tonight?" I said, "I don't know." Well he says, "I'll have your bath ready for you by the time you get upstairs." Well that was somewhat of an exaggeration but within a half hour he came up with a tin washtub and put it down in the middle of the room and then two buckets of reasonably warm water and that was my bath for which I paid them tremendous sum of twenty-five cents in addition to the cost of my room for fifty cents a night. The hotel was operated by a man named Chin and I think he had been a shoe salesman, and retired and bought this little hotel and he used to go to bed every night about eight o'clock or eight thirty and would leave a note on the desk: "I've gone to bed. If you want a room go upstairs and try the doors until you find one that's unlocked and I'll see you in the morning."

Q: Where was this?

A: At Golconda. It was just a typical little country town, unpaved streets and all that sort of things, dinky little old town. The other thing, at this Bay Village, the principal store was also the telephone exchange. Strangely enough they had telephones there but the telephone exchange consisted of three switches and a wire connected to the trunk line coming in, the one trunk line, and when anybody wanted to use the telephone they turned the crank and the bell rang and he would go over and answer it. He would pick up this piece of wire and connect it to the proper switch to get the proper combination that he wanted. I don't know you have kind of pumped me dry I think. I have wandered far away from the things that you really want probably.

Q: Well it's all right, there's a lot of fine material on there and I thank you for taking the trouble.

A: I was glad to do it.

End of Side Two, Tape One