

A STROLL THROUGH TIME DOWN OLD LOCUST STREET

By Carl R. Bogardus, Sr., M.D.

As I sit here in my living room gazing out over the Ohio River, I see the clear green waters, the tree bordered shores, the wooded 400 foot Indiana bluff forming a back drop. Our house here is of New Orleans colonial style with a wrought iron balcony overlooking the Ohio River. But this scene is not always as tranquil as it seems. There have been periods, as when the ice gorge of 1978 broke up, or at the time of the disastrous 1937 flood, when things are quite different and the beautiful river then becomes a terrifying, rampaging monster.

This would be the proper time to review some of our pre-glacial history. At that time, roughly 200,000 years ago, the terrain here was quite different, in fact, totally different. There were ten large rivers flowing up from the south namely the "Mongahela," "Guyandot," "Kanawha," "Big Sandy," "Licking," "Kentucky," "Salt," "Green," "Cumberland," and the "Tennessee." All of these rivers flowed northward and emptied into a large east/west river which geologists called the "Teays."

This river emptied into the ancient Gulf of Mexico which, at that time, extended as far north as St. Louis. The "Kentucky," being the closest one to us here, is notable for the fact that it runs through the Blue Grass Region through a deep gorge with palisaded sides rising 300 feet above the river. The reason for this canyon is that the land where the central Blue Grass region of Kentucky is situated, rose slowly through the ages. As it rose, the river dug deeper until it resulted in the beautiful palisaded gorge of the Kentucky river we see today. The Kentucky River is millions of years old but the Ohio, with which we are concerned here, is a young river, relatively speaking, younger than all the others mentioned before. The others ages run in the millions,

with the Kentucky River as probably the oldest and the Ohio as the youngest. Visualize, if you will, the Kentucky River coming north, and at about the present day Carrollton, Kentucky, it swings northeast and flows in that direction through the present valley of the Ohio, past where we are today, on up the river and up the valley of the great Miami River to empty into the Teays. At that time, going back down between Carrollton and Madison, there was a divide and on one side of the divide, flowing into the ancient Kentucky River, was a stream. On the other side of the divide, another stream ran west down approximately the present valley of the Ohio.

We don't know exactly why the climatic changes took place, but through the ages, approximately 150,000 years ago, the climate changed in the entire northern hemisphere, so that there were heavy snows that fell in northeast Canada. Year after year, the snows fell and compacted, did not melt, and more snows fell and accumulated until it was over a mile thick and by sheer weight of this fallen snow, it was turned to ice. Ice being elastic, it then began, under pressure, flowing to the south and over the centuries this vast sheet of ice continued its southern progress until it came to the valley of the Teays River. It flowed right across the valley filling it with glacial detritus and continued on towards the south. Eventually it came to a stop in northern Kentucky through a line almost straight east and west. The leading edge in Gallatin County came to a halt on the ridge between Eagle Creek and the Ohio River.

Now while all of this was going on, naturally the water from these rivers, before mentioned, couldn't find their way to the gulf so they had to find new channels to run through, so there was much ponding and lake formation. A huge lake formed and finally spilled over the divide between Carrollton and Madison and there broke through and dug the divide out, forming a channel to the sea,

which is now the Ohio River, roughly, so then the water had a way to go.

While this was taking place, the ice was undergoing gradual melting through warmer summers and less winter snow fall. With the melting of the ice, a tremendous amount of runoff water flowed from the leading edge of the glacier. That, plus the heavy rains which must have occurred, plus the natural flow of the rivers, created a tremendous volume of water and this water carved out a valley which, from the Indiana hills south to the Kentucky hills, is two miles wide. This valley was probably filled almost level with glacial detritus; sand, gravel, boulders, rock dust, clay, and through this valley ran, in divided channels, the tremendous amount of water. Where Warsaw stands today was an island with a huge volume of water flowing around the island. The island was about two miles long and a half mile wide. We know this to be true because here is a depressed channel coming in from about a mile above town, crossing U.S. 42, extending roughly westward through ponds and swamps and emptied into Dry Creek. This island is where Warsaw today is situated. During the 1937 flood, it became an island again when flood waters ran down this channel or chute, as river men call the smaller channel on one side of an island.

Now going back to this tremendous valley filled with sand, gravel, etc., let's mention that as the flow of water lessened there was less need for the runoff to create such a tremendous sheet of water. The runoff diminished and the river started dropping, so Warsaw became a river bottom instead of an island. Down the slope of the hill there is a terrace approximately 200 feet wide, where Locust Street is located today. As the river dropped even lower, it left another bottom which is only about one hundred feet wide. As this bottom was subject to annual flooding, the people farmed in the rich soil, raising corn and tobacco. Below this bottom was a fringe of willow trees in the sand. Below the willows

was a gravel beach used for swimming and picnics.

Over the centuries, the river gradually entrenched itself into the bed where it flows today, as it has been flowing for probably a good many thousand years. It remains unchanging, with the exception of a few islands and one island in particular, Big Bone Island, which was completely eroded away during the breakup of the ice gorge of 1978.

It is not known definitely how long humans have lived on the American Continent, but the estimates range from 15,000 to 30,000 years. It is known that man lived along the Ohio River and used it for traveling for thousands of years. Evidence of his being here is found in the many arrowheads, axe heads, spear heads, and other primitive tools used by the Indians. The two Indian mounds (now islands) located in Craig's Creek Lake were made by man, a basket full at a time. So we know that Indians lived and camped along the banks of the river and utilized these terraces which were usually out of the range of flood water.

The first ^{European} ~~white man~~ to visit this part of the North American Continent was the Frenchman Robert La Salle. La Salle, in 1670, with a party of Indian guides, descended the Allegheny River coming out of Canada to its confluence with the Monongahela, at what is now Pittsburgh. They continued their descent down river, exploring the countryside and keeping peace with the Indians until they came to what is now Louisville, where La Salle was deserted by his Indian guides, who said they could go no further. La Salle returned to Canada overland, but he was the first white man to set foot in Gallatin County. No further exploration took place until 1749 when another Frenchman, de Celeron, descended the Allegheny and the Ohio, taking possession of all that he set foot on, in the name of the

king of France. [The French did this because they were becoming very apprehensive of the English, who were gradually moving westward.] In 1750, the first explorer of English descent, Christopher Gist, descended the Ohio on an expedition. He was in the employ of the "Ohio Land Company," a Virginia company whose purpose for the expedition was to claim land. [Following Gist, a great many explorers descended the Ohio, including George Washington, who did not travel as far as Warsaw.]

WARSAW

Wally
Schultz

Thirty years before the town of Fredericksburg was founded, the Indians in Kentucky were very troublesome. Bands of Indians would come down out of Ohio and attack and massacre the settlers, burn their cabins and destroy the fort where people would go for safety and shelter. (These Indians were Shawnees from southern Ohio, under the command of British Officers.) The settlers of this part of Virginia became alarmed and indignant because of these raids by the Shawnee and petitioned the Governor of Virginia to allow them to form a regiment to move against the Indians. This was accordingly done and General George Rogers Clark was empowered to raise a regiment of 800 militia men. These 800 mounted militia men were organized into a regiment in 1780 at Fort Nelson, now Louisville. They marched up the river and crossed the Ohio at Fort Washington, now Cincinnati. From there, they marched northward and destroyed the Indian towns and villages and their crops at Piqua and Chillicothe, but there were no battles fought with the Indians. The theory was that if the militia created a sufficient hardship for the Indians by destroying their villages, storehouses and crops, the Indians would cease attacking the white settlers of Virginia. This apparently worked very well. The road that Clark marched upon was shown on one of the earliest maps of Kentucky as "Clark's War Road." The same road was used as the basis for other roads that were laid off up the river and until U.S. 42 was built in 1929, it was the main road between Louisville

and Cincinnati.

In 1784, John Hawkins Craig, son of John Craig, eventually settled in Boone County. John Hawkins Craig served in the American Revolution and for this service he was awarded a grant of 1,000 acres, beginning at the mouth of Craig's Creek and extending in a rather narrow band up the Ohio, including the present site of Warsaw. We can say that John Hawkins Craig was the first landowner here. He never settled here nor lived here. He lived at a place we now call Rabbit Wash, up the river about twenty miles above here. John Hawkins Craig was actually a speculator ^{whom} so he sold off his 1,000 acre grant in various tracts. One 400 acre tract he sold to Colonel Robert Johnson of Great Crossing, Scott County. In 1796, Robert Johnson came here to settle upon his land. He built a house, in what is now called High School Court, on the upper edge of Warsaw, where he lived. Colonel Johnson then laid off a village which he called Great Landing, at the present site of the Warsaw Ferry Landing. This village was the northern Ohio River terminus of a road called Johnson Road, which ran from Georgetown to the river in Gallatin County. The village of Great Landing was later named Fredericksburg, after Adolphus Frederick, who owned and operated a boat yard there. Flat boats were built and loaded for shipping produce to the south, principally New Orleans. When the citizens petitioned for a post office, it was discovered that there was already a town named Fredericksburg, Kentucky. In 1831, the state legislature changed the name to Warsaw, after Warsaw, Poland, because so many Polish patriots aided the colonists during the revolution.

Gallatin County, Kentucky was established in 1798 from Franklin and Shelby Counties. At the time of its formation, the county was a large one. It consisted of all of Gallatin, all of Carroll, the east half of Trimble and the north half of Owen Counties. Then, before any deductions were made from this territory,

a part of Boone County was added to the east end of Gallatin. Among the first actions of the new county court was the laying off of highways throughout the county. One of the very oldest was known by the court as the "River Road," which ran directly up the Ohio River to Boone County, ending at Big Bone Creek, which formed the eastern border Gallatin County. [This order of the court laid off the road by appointing commissioners for this purpose. The road ran directly up the river through the new settlement of Great Landing where it crossed the State Road and continued on up the river, crossed at Sugar Creek and went directly up to the Boone County line.] This new road which was ordered to be laid off in 1799, accordingly traversed Locust Street, through the second terrace, or bottom, and running on up river directly in front of the residence of this writer.

In 1814, Colonel Robert Johnson and Henry Yates, who had come here from Fayette County, formed a partnership and on 200 acres of Johnson's purchase, they laid off a town, which they called Fredericksburg and it is part of this town that we are dealing with here. [In this town site it was agreed that Johnson would sell the lots on the down river side and Yates would sell the lots on the upper river side of the town. Henry Yates took as his partner, Henry Ellis, a kinsman by marriage.

The plat of the town, by Colonel Johnson and Henry Yates, was probably made in 1814, but they recorded it in 1815. The plat consisted of 72 city lots, 82½' x 99'. [The first row of lots, 1-24, extended along the river side facing water Street, the second row, paralleling this row of another 24 lots, faced Locust Street. The third row of lots, with which we are here concerned, ran along the south side of Locust Street, facing the street and ending at lot 72 down the river.] The city lots were divided in half by the State Road which led from Georgetown to the river at this point, the State Road now being known

as Main Cross Street. The lots on the west side were to be sold by Johnson, but he died in 1815, not many months after the town was laid off. John T. Johnson, his son, acted as agent for the heirs and sold the lots on the west side. Henry Yates, his wife Millicent, Henry Ellis and his wife, Martha, sold the lots on the east side of Main Cross Street.

There were two numbered streets crossing Locust on the east side, these were First and Second Streets. On the west side of Main Cross were three more numbered streets, Third, Fourth, and Fifth. All of these streets lead to the water's edge and therefore figuring from the size of the lots and the widths of these streets, which was 50 feet, we know that Locust Street itself was approximately 2,000 feet long. Before the town trustees named it Locust Street in 1834, it had been known merely as the River Road.

On the first of these lots facing Water Street was Louis Gutting's Slaughter House where he, a German immigrant, slaughtered the cattle and hogs he sold in his butcher shop on Main Street. This slaughter house was a source of great interest to boys and we would go down there and watch the slaughtering process. The blood and other cast off materials in connection with the slaughtering ran over the hill, down towards the river and was usually cleaned up by buzzards.

Next to this, and along First Street, was my father's coal elevator. My father, Oren A. Bogardus, came to Warsaw in 1902 to build a furniture factory. In the ~~first~~ early years, ~~we~~^{he} bought coal from a regular dealer, whose coal yard was down the street several blocks. Later he built his own coal elevator where the coal for the factory was unloaded from barges. Another interesting thing for boys to observe was the unloading of the coal from the barges. The barges were tied up at the shore to trees. A ~~steam~~ driven coal digger was on a separate barge. This digger used a clam shell bucket arrangement to dip

the coal out of the barge and swung it over and dumped it into a hopper, which let it run into a small, steel, four wheeled car. This car was pulled by machinery up the hill, up the elevator where it was dumped into a huge pile under the elevator. The empty car was then run back down to the digger to be refilled.

Across Locust Street from the Gutting Slaughter House and the factory coal elevator was a large tobacco warehouse owned by a man named David Orr, an immigrant from Scotland. Mr. Orr would range out through the countryside buying farmer's crops. The farmer would have the tobacco stripped, graded and ready to be ~~seen~~ ^{inspected} by him. After the crops were purchased, the farmer would haul it to the warehouse. At the warehouse the tobacco was loaded into huge wooden barrels called "Hogsheads." It was loaded into these hogsheads and machinery then compressed it down tightly, a process called "prizing." After the tobacco was pressed into the hogsheads, the head was put on and the filled hogsheads were rolled onto a waiting dray. A dray was a large flat bedded wagon, the bed of which sloped to the rear. When the wagon was filled it was hauled to the river, to the wharf boat down at the foot of Main Cross Street and driven onto the wharf boat, where the hogsheads were rolled off the dray, ready to be shipped by steamboat to Cincinnati or Louisville to the tobacco manufacturing factories.

Later, on the south side of Locust, the city fathers built a school for black children which was always called the "Colored School." After the close of the Civil War, with the freeing of the slaves, the children had to be educated and this was done in a separate school because of segregation. So the little school was built for them on Locust Street. This continued until a newer and better "colored school" was built up on the hill on Third Street, where the

one room school building still stands today. Then, at the time of the great desegregation activities, the little "colored school" was closed and the black children attended school with the white children as they do today.

Across First Street from the coal elevator stood the blacksmith shop of Jim Greene. Jim Greene was a short, plump, black man with a big mustache and bald head. He was noted for his laugh which could be heard on top of the hill from his shop. The laughter was interspersed with the peals of his hammer on his anvil. This was another favorite gathering spot for the boys who enjoyed watching him shoe horses and listening to his stories. This is also where we went to swim, which was known as "Bill Francke's Beach," a nice slanting, gravel beach.

A distillery on East Locust Street was operated by Jacob Fortner, a native of Prussia. Workers in the distillery with him were Joseph White, Thomas J. Simpson and Frank Turner. In connection with this distillery was a malt house. In the malt house barley was sprouted and then dried and ground into malt which was combined with corn mash in a fermenting process for being distilled into whiskey.

Another business on East Locust Street was the "Steam Flouring Mill," which was operated by N. H. Sinclair. Later, the mill was taken over by George F. J. Hildebrand. Also there was a tannery which was operated by Joel Kirtley. Saddlers and harness makers were John C. Richards, Whitfield Hawkins, Thomas Lineback and Horace McJelly.

Another industry on East Locust Street, of over a hundred years ago, was the carriage and buggy shop operated by Michael Herrick. We have a photograph

Photo

showing the front of this shop. Seated on a new spring wagon are an older man and a younger man, probably Michael Herrick and his son. To one side, mounted on a grotesque bicycle with a huge front wheel, is a boy. Michael Herrick came here from Indiana and was a blacksmith at this location, but later he began the building of wagons, buggies and carriages, at which he was very successful. His son Charles carried on the business until, in later years, these vehicles became out of favor.

Further down Locust Street and across Second Street was the coal yard operated by Samuel B. Grubbs until his death in 1931, when the business was taken over by Mrs. Sue Beall Williams. She operated the coal business until her death in 1935. Finally, Joseph Bell took over and operated it until people ceased using coal in the heating of their homes. I well remember that the brand of coal sold here was Raymond City, which was a large coal mining operation from West Virginia. They brought their coal in on barges and operated their own coal diggers. The barges were delivered by their own Raymond City tow boats.

Second Street ran to the river as all streets did and it was known as the Upper Grade. The Upper Grade was a widened landing arrangement of the street whereby it was graded and surfaced with gravel or crushed stone, calling it a grade. It was at this grade that other cargoes were unloaded that could not be unloaded on the wharf boat such as it was in the days before the coal elevators. The coal from barges was unloaded entirely by hand. Men in the barges loaded it into wheelbarrows and it was wheeled up on slanting planks and dumped into the wagons which would be driven right up beside the barge, usually out in the water a bit. The coal was unloaded this way, a laborious process, but the only way to unload it until the days of elevators which were a great labor saving device. The coal was shoveled in, as I said, into

wheelbarrows, wheeled up to the side of the barge and dumped into the wagons. Other cargos also unloaded here were possibly lumber, brick, and other building materials and anything else that didn't need to go through the wharf boat.

The intersection of Locust Street and Main Cross Street has been an important part of the village from the very earliest days: from the time Colonel Robert Johnson established Great Landing in 1786; from 1814 when Colonel Johnson and Henry Yates platted the town of Edwardsburg; and from 1831 when the name was changed to Warsaw. In the southeast corner of this intersection was a large, two story building which was built by Henry W. Hampton in the 1830's and named the Warsaw Hotel. The proprietor of the hotel during the 1880's was Richard Wilson, who also owned the Brown Hotel, diagonally across the street. A humorous story has been told about the time a drummer (traveling salesman) came to Richard Wilson's to complain about the swarms of flies in the privy. Richard said to the drummer, "Well, why don't you visit the privy at noon, the flies are all in the dining room then!" The hotel was later named the Lindell and in 1918, owner Jeff Webb changed the name to Argonne. His brother-in-law, William Hill, had been wounded during the battle of Argonne Forest in France during World War I. This building, although ravaged by several high floods, withstood the flooding and was always renovated or remodeled. It was a nice two story brick building with many upstairs rooms for patrons. Downstairs was the dining room and a lobby with a big fireplace, which became a favorite loafing place for the young people. The boys and girls would congregate there on Sundays when an old man, Robert Payne, played the piano and sang risque songs, which were enjoyed without the knowledge of our parents. It was a very busy place until the time it was purchased by John G. Wright, a Warsaw attorney. It stood in a neglected condition until Wright had it demolished about fifteen years ago, thus ending the story of the Argonne.

WARSAW
HOTEL
(SE COR
LOCUST
STREET)

Eagle
Hotel

toward the river were two more hotels. On the west corner stood Mason's Eagle Hotel. This was a large two story frame building, set right on the corner above the river. This was a favorite loafing place for the people of the town, especially on Sundays and the days they gathered there to watch the boats come in for landing, loading and unloading. This was a favorite place with benches for the men to sit on. It was operated by a man named William B. Mason, however Mason probably didn't build it. The history of it is unknown but we would guess that it dates from the time of the Civil War since it was a frame building. Most buildings before that time were made of brick, or log

MANSION

MASON
HOUSE

Across the street from the Eagle Hotel stood the Mason House which was another large two story brick building, which was never occupied during my memory and always stood as a shell with the windows out and a roof on it. On the end facing the river was a large tobacco sign advertising Bull Durham smoking tobacco. Bull Durham was a favorite tobacco at that time. Being very visible to the steamboats and other craft that passed by here, it was a great advertising gimmick for the Bull Durham Company.

Brown
Hotel
(1 W. High)

Pic

Behind the building on Main Cross Street (now known as One West High Street) was the Brown Hotel, which stood behind the Warsaw Deposit Bank. The Brown was a well constructed, three story, brick building owned, built and operated by Walter Brown, who came here from the New Liberty area of Owen County. It became the Union Hall Hotel [operator unknown] prior to being purchased by the redoubtable Richard Weldon who operated it as the well patronized Commercial Hotel. As I recall, there were separate rooms for the bar and the drummer's display on the side as well as the dining room and lobby. This hotel burned about 1920, along with Jeff Webb's grocery and the livery stable of J.D. Pulliam, both on the north side of the hotel. The livery stable had been operated by

many people and was a big business in those days. People could rent horses, buggies, and carriages or board their horses there. After the fire, only a vacant lot remained, *now it goes to the city*

In those days, Warsaw had many characters, one of whom was Mollix Kemper, an aged and feeble black man. Mollix was a man who begged for food and other necessities at peoples homes and scrounged for pennies from the patrons in the bar room of the Brown Hotel. Mollix had a little mongrel dog who, like his master, was also a character. The bartender would throw beer slop and the dregs from the glasses into a keeler under the bar. "Aunt Flora Brown," who recounted this story, explained that a keeler was a small, brass-bound, wooden tub or bucket with a ball. Mollix's cur had a habit of slipping behind the bar and lapping up the contents of the keeler. As a consequence, he became a very intoxicated doggie and his antics, when in his cups, created quite a sensation among the bar flies.

In 1838, A.L. Morrison operated a silversmith business in W.H. Lillard's Mansion House. A.G. Sanders advertised that he had furniture, wagons and a good fiat boat for sale. Directly across the street was the business of Wilson and Calton, hatters, who had a goodly selection of silk, fur and wool hats for sale. T.S. and J.W. Leonard were tailors who moved their business to Warsaw in the same year, 1838. As payment for services rendered, they would accept produce of all kinds. Also located at the Mansion House was C.W. Graham, a buyer of rags, which were used in the making of paper.

In 1871, Emory Hobbs operated his store in the two story brick building in the northwest corner of Main Cross and Locust. At one time, the Warsaw College had classes in the upstairs rooms, which were known as Rangers Hall. Also in

*with
Cousin
and his family
Morrison*

business on Main Cross was Andrew Beyer, a baker, grocer and confectioner. J.T. Furnish was a locksmith and gunsmith at the shop of M.S. Herrick, carriage maker. At this time, John Wood was the hotel keeper at the Lindell Hotel. His son, Charles, was barkeeper at the same establishment.

Continuing on down Locust Street, we come to the sawmill of James A. Howard. Before this time, the timber of Gallatin County had mostly been cut, so the saw logs had to be floated here by river as huge rafts which came down out of the Big Sandy River. Earlier, rafts of white pine came down the river from the forests of Pennsylvania.

Continuing to the west from the intersection of Locust and Main Cross Streets, ~~we find~~ on the right, a small house which is still ^{standing} occupied as a residence today, P the only house on the north side of Locust Street. This little house apparently is very sturdily built and firmly anchored to a concrete foundation, for it survived the Great Flood of 1937, and, at that time, must ^{have} been totally under the water, even the roof. Adjoining this little house on the west side is the Warsaw City Park, which the city fathers very appropriately named Fredericksburg Landing. This park was donated to the city of Warsaw by the Weldon and Niles families. Howard's sawmill, mentioned above was probably located on the grounds of the present day city park. Directly across Locust Street from the shelter house of Fredericksburg Landing, is a very well built house with a Gothic gable facing the river. This house is known as the Krutz House. Krutz House Although the history isn't definitely known, it is thought to have been built by Oliver Perry Krutz who came here from Florence, Indiana, the little town across the river. This house was also very sturdily built. In the Great Flood of 1937, it also was entirely under water, but it survived and is also lived in today.

In the southwest corner of Third and Locust was located the tobacco warehouse of Daniel B. Daily, who ran it before the memory of this writer, which goes back seventy-five years. Daniel B. Daily lived in a brick house on High Street, now occupied as the Christian Church parsonage. He was the predecessor of David Orr who was mentioned above as a tobacco warehouse operator. Mr. Daily bought the farmer's crops in the same way David Orr did. Just west of the former location of Daily's Tobacco Warehouse are today two very small houses, which, I do not know for sure if they survived the 1937 flood, but they are still lived in today, making three houses on the south side of Locust Street which are still lived in today. As mentioned before, all city streets, First to Fifth, ran directly to the river and could have been and probably were, used as public landing sites.

Now let us continue north along Main Cross Street, crossing Water Street to the place where it meets the river. This was known as the Grade and it was here that the first industry in the little village was located. This was the shipyard of Adolphus Frederick, who immigrated here from Pennsylvania, probably soon after Colonel Robert Johnson acquired the land and began his pioneer village of Great Landing. This was intended to be the terminus of a road which lead from his home at Great Crossing in Scott County, leading to the river to be a shipping point. As the status of Great Landing improved, Colonel Johnson named the village which grew up here after Adolphus Frederick, the builder of flat boats and other crafts. Frederick built the boats from timber harvested in the forest near here, using a framework of strong oak plus the more easily worked poplar. He also built keel boats and smaller crafts such as dugout canoes, which were called pirogues by the French, which were made from the hollowed out trunks of poplar trees. He also built skiffs and probably early john boats, as well as smaller boats which were useful on the river at that time. Flat

boating on the river was a big industry before the arrival of steamboats. The farmers produce was loaded on these boats and floated down the river to markets in the south, as far as New Orleans. It is not known how long this industry flourished here on the banks of the river but is thought that as long as flat boats were in demand as a vehicle of commerce on the river. It is known that at one time a steamboat was built here in 1827 which was called the "Crusader." It is not known who built it or owned it. This little town, with which we are concerned, has had a long and interesting history.

Going back through time, over two hundred years, the story of Warsaw has been closely intertwined with the history of the Ohio River, which flows along this northern border bound for the sea. During many of these years its history was closely related to that of the steamboat, so we will give a few historical notes regarding steamboats. The very first steamboat was the "New Orleans," which had been built at Pittsburg in 1811 by Nicholas Roosevelt who was an ancestor of both President Theodore Roosevelt and Mrs. Eleanor (nee Roosevelt) Roosevelt. This pioneer steamboat company was prosperous and in 1813 they built another steamboat called the "Vesuvius." In 1814, they built three more steamboats, the "Buffalo," "Enterprise," and "Dispatch." Then in 1815, they built the "Aetna." All of these early steamboats were deep hulled and deep draft, patterned after the ships of the Eastern Seaboard. They were unable to land at shores, so in order to transfer passengers they had to be taken out to the boat in midstream, in yawls. Then in 1818 along came Captain Henry M. Shreve (for whom Shreveport, Louisiana was named). At Wheeling, West Virginia, he built a flat hull quite unlike all the others and on this hull he had a flat deck, a main deck. Here he installed his boilers and machinery. A second deck held the cabins, offices and other necessary rooms. Henry M. Shreve was a pioneer river man and with his innovative ideas, he changed the entire course of history

on the Mississippi River system, and all boats built hereafter were built along these lines. His innovative boat was called the "Washington." The only surviving example of a steamboat built along these traditional lines is the present day steamer, "Belle of Louisville" which was built in 1914. In 1818, a company with a very cumbersome name, "The Louisville & Cincinnati U.S. Mail Line Company," was organized by two experienced river men, Captains John B. Summons and Jacob Strader. At Big Bone, Kentucky, twelve miles above Warsaw, they built the hull for their first steamboat. This hull, upon completion, was towed to Cincinnati where it was fitted with machinery and super structure. It was named the "General Pike." This was the beginning of hundreds of fine steamboats built and operated by this company. Then about 1890, they were no longer permitted to carry the U.S. mail. Each boat had a post office on board but since they were no longer permitted to carry the U.S. mail, it was necessary to change the name of the company so it was changed to the "Louisville & Cincinnati Packet Company." This company operated until the very early 1930's when, because of the Great Depression, it was forced to go out of existence, thereby ending the life of what they always claimed was the oldest steamship company in the world. During all these years, Warsaw furnished many crewman for these fine steamboats; captains, pilots, clerks, engineers, maids and so forth.

The last of these many crewman that I know of was Captain Charles Kirby who was pilot on the companies boats until the day of its demise. He was a son of Samuel Kirby, who had worked on steamboats, and a grandson of Captain's Charles Williams and William H. Kirby, both of whom were noted pilots on the steamers.

The steamboats that I remember seeing or riding on during my early days were the powerful and fast "City of Louisville," the gracefully beautiful "City of Cincinnati," the "Queen City," the "Kentucky," the "John W. Hubbard," and

others. I think my favorite of all was the single deck stern-wheeler "Hattie Brown." She was built in 1884 at Belle Vernon, Pennsylvania and ran in the Warsaw and Madison trade for a great many years until 1915 when she was damaged in a wind storm at Craig's Bar. The "Hattie Brown" was little but she was also fast. It is said she often beat the bigger boats in contests of speed.

Quite a large percentage of the population of the little town of Warsaw lived in what we then called the "Under-the-Hill." Living there were men of many professions, businesses and avocations, but the most colorful of all were the fishermen. The Ohio River with its myriad of fish has always been an important source of food since the time of the Indians. The professional fishermen had three methods of catching fish. The first and simplest was by trotline which consists of a long line of hooks, with an anchor on one end and a float on the other end, which had to be traced by boat. The second method was by wing nets, which were long hook nets with wings on the down stream end to deflect the fish into the net. The hook net could be baited with chicken guts, rotted corn, or what fishermen claimed was the best of all for a hook net; a ripe dead cat. The third way of catching fish was by seine. The great long seines were loaded on the back end of a john boat, rowed swiftly out into the river, dropping the net as they went, then turning down stream and rapidly rowing back into shore. On shore, with two men on each side of the net, they pulled it into shore, usually full of flopping fish, frantic to escape. They always made excellent hauls using this method. The fish that were caught were stored in live boxes which were large, slatted wooden boxes. They were placed in the water and the fish were kept alive until needed. Then the fish were pressed and peddled along the streets of Warsaw. When we boys were swimming at Rocky Beach on the upper edge of town, we often had our swims interrupted by the seining operations, which we always observed with great interest.

Over the years there were many professional fishermen, most of whom were unknown to me, but the ones that I do bring to mind were Slick Martin, Hawes Martin, Jim Cox, and John Webb. Hawes Martin had a son, Dilver, who was one of my cronies and only a few years older than me. I vividly recall one day seeing Johnny Webb trudging up the hill from the landing with a huge catfish slung on his back. The head of the fish was even with his head and the tail was dragging the ground. It must have weighed a hundred pounds or more. According to the 1870 census, there were two professional fishermen in Warsaw named David Ward and Allen Lyons. Ward was fifty years old and Lyons was eighteen years old, of course neither of these do I remember. A professional fisherman I do recall and often saw on the streets of Warsaw was "Moots Biddle." He would walk the streets of Warsaw loudly crying, "fresh fish, moots, fresh fish, moots!" Moot was the fishermen's name for the sturgeon, usually referred to as shovel-nose. This is a very primitive fish closely related to sharks because it has no bony skeleton, but the flesh is delicious. Moots Biddle was also the mail carrier between Warsaw and Florence, Indiana. When mail delivery by steamboat was discontinued, the mail came by train to Sparta and on to Warsaw by Mitch Carver's bus. Moots Biddle then delivered the mail, by boat, to Florence, Indiana.

For many decades, the Warsaw river front was a beehive of various kinds of activities. The oldest of all these activities was the Warsaw Ferry founded in 1814, when the county court granted a ferry license to Henry W. Hampton of Fredericksburg^(Spencer). The early ferries were operated by hand across the river. Some of them had ropes which were laid across the bed of the river to pull the ferry back and forth. Later, horse drawn ferries were devised in which the horse, walking on a treadmill, operated the side-wheels of the ferry. At a later time, the ferry was steam driven. The Wiley family operated the ferry

in the late 1890's and early 1900's. Their first mechanically driven ferry, named the "Kentucky Home," was powered by a gasoline engine. The Wileys lived directly across the river in a house which is still standing today and has always been called the "Ferry House." The Wileys sold the ferry business and the "Kentucky Home" to Jeff Webb in the early 1900's and he operated this ferry for many years. The main ferry boat operator was Jeff's brother, Matt Webb, and he was assisted by another brother, Jerome Webb. The boat was last operated by Captain Russell Hall of Warsaw. Captain Hall operated this ferry for many years, until the Markland Bridge was built and opened in 1979. The state bought out the ferry business, which ended 165 years of ferry boat transportation here. In recent years the ferry boat landing has been used to launch pleasure boats.

Outstanding among the many summer events were the Christian Church Sunday School picnics. I well remember the day the church chartered the Warsaw Ferry and all the people and their supplies were loaded on board and we cruised the eight miles up the river to Big Bone Island. There, a wonderful day was spent, with the boys swimming along the sandy beaches and people lounging under the shade of cottonwoods and willows. Then, at the end of the day, they enjoyed the cruise back to Warsaw. By law, established ferries were required to maintain a skiff with oars for the benefit of passengers and people wishing to cross the river when the ferry wasn't running. On summer nights, two or three of the boys would take the ferry skiff and row the three miles up the river to the Indiana side known as "Egypt's Bottom." Here they acquired a boat load of watermelons (whether it was legal or illegal, I am not sure today how they got those melons). They came back to the wharf boat with their load of watermelons and all the boys, most of the men and probably all of the dogs of the town, gathered together for a bountiful watermelon feast.

During the early years of Fredericksburg ~~and~~ Warsaw, all types of river craft were allowed to land along the river front of the towns as they wished. From the still existing Minute Book of the town trustees (1833 - 1847) we find under the date of December 29, 1834 that it was ordered that Robert Fowler be allowed to build and keep a floating wharf at the landing place at the foot of Main Cross Street, with the privilege of charging steamboats, keel boats, flat boats, etc., landing and receiving freight on said wharf, reasonable wharfage not to exceed \$1.00. On April 8, 1835 Robert Fowler relinquished his wharf privileges to Moses P. Johnson. July 22, 1835 permission was granted to John M. Bacon and Andrew J. Beyer to build and keep a floating wharf at the foot of Main Cross Street. Those privileges were the same as those granted to Robert Fowler and Moses P. Johnson. By September of 1838, we find that W. K. Lillard was operating the wharf boat and in December of the same year, Lillard was also granted a license to operate a tavern. In 1840, Jefferson Peak asked to be allowed to raise wharfage rates. Other people maintaining wharf boats at the foot of the other streets were E.A. Turpin, Francis Hardesty and James J. Spencer. On Monday, April 29, 1844, the wharf boat privileges were licensed to Henry W. Hampton.

We do not know for sure when the use of flat boats for wharf boats was discontinued, but we do know that previous to the Civil War, they began using the hulls of dismantled steamboats as wharf boats. When a steamboat outlived its usefulness and its superstructure was removed, the hull always had some years of usefulness left in it, so they were used as wharf boats all up and down the river in the various river towns. I have an excellent photograph showing the steamer "C.T. Dumont" at the Warsaw Wharf Boat. Its superstructure was wrecked by a tornado. The wharf boat was obviously made from the hull of an old steamer because the fore-castle is still in place and it had a fine pointed

bow. The date of this photograph was 1867. A photograph made in 1890 shows a wharf boat at Warsaw with the lettering on the side advertising the steamer "Fannie Freese." This wharf boat was also built on the hull of a steamboat. In 1899, an unknown owner bought the hull of the dismantled steamer "General Barnard." This had been a former U.S. snag boat.

In 1910, my father, in partnership with William B. Graham, bought at the shipyards at Madison, a new wharf boat, which was towed up the river to Warsaw and put in place. The remains of the old "General Barnard" were shoved on shore to a mud flat, where it disintegrated over the years. As a boy, I used to play among the rotting timbers of this old wharf boat. First wharf master of this boat was Judson A. Edwards, for many years and the night watchman that I can remember was James Cox, an old river rat fisherman who spent the night on board. This wharf boat had one rather serious adventure during the ice breakup of 1918. The ice tore the boat loose from her moorings and carried her down the river where she was deposited on shore at Allen's Landing with very little damage done to her. After the ice melted she was brought back up to her usual place. It continued in operation until the demise of the "Louisville & Cincinnati Packet Company" in the early 1930's, which spelled the end of this steamboat line, which had been in operation since 1818 when the "General Pike," mentioned above, had been built. After the packet company ceased operating, the old wharf boat was shoved over on shore and the top was dismantled and probably some of the other timbers as well. She was then allowed to disintegrate on the shore, thus ending about a hundred years of wharf boats at Warsaw.

I think that one of the most pleasant sounds of my boyhood on the river was when the showboats came down the river early in the morning with the calliope playing. They would tie up at the bank above the wharf boat and the ferry boat.

Then they would stage the Grand Parade, led by the musicians and followed by the actors. This was a thrilling sight for the children and grown-ups alike. In the evening, there was another concert given by the band on the roof of the showboat, followed by a calliope serenade. Then the crowd on shore bought tickets and filed on board for a delightful evenings entertainment.

The very earliest, and probably the first, showboat was bought at Nashville by Noah Ludlow. It was a keel boat named "Noah's Ark," which gave performances on board. It floated down the Cumberland, Ohio and Mississippi Rivers giving performances along the way. It wasn't until 1831 that William Chapman, Sr. designed and built the first deliberately planned showboat, which he named the "Floating Theater." It floated down the river, giving performances at all the river towns and eventually arriving in New Orleans, where the boat was sold. The Troupe returned to Pittsburgh and a new boat was built. This was repeated for several years, until, in 1836, at Pittsburgh, they acquired a small steamboat which was outfitted as a theater and named the "Steamboat Theater." Now they were able to travel upstream as well as down. William Chapman, Sr. died on board his boat near Cincinnati in 1841. The next year his widow, Sarah, completed a new showboat at Pittsburgh named "Chapman's Floating Palace." She operated this boat until 1847, when she sold it to Solomon Smith.

Up until the time of the Civil War, there were less successful showboat ventures. Then in 1878, Augustus B. French built at Cincinnati, his first "French's New Sensation," which he operated with his wife Callie. By 1894, Augustus and Callie were the proud owners of two showboats named "French's New Sensation Number I," and "Number II." A.B. French died before his "New Sensation Number IV" was completed at Higgins Port, Ohio. Widow Callie French became captain, pilot and owner. It was on this "New Sensation Number IV," that I

remember attending shows. Other noted showboats that I recall were the "Cotton Blossom," "Princess," "Water Queen," and "Columbia," renamed "Hollywood." The "Goldenrod" built in 1909 is still showing at St. Louis and the "Majestic," built in 1923, is still showing at Cincinnati. These last two may be all that remains of a long line of showboats, but they are still "packing them in."

There are still among us a few old timers who can vividly recall the trading boats of our early days. Although trading boat is the proper term for them, they are also variously called junk boats, which is what we usually called them in Warsaw or glass or dish boats. Two that I remember having sold junk to, along with most of the other boys in Warsaw, were L.W. Moore's "Ivory Wood," whose home port was at Rocky Branch, also known as Baxter's Landing about four miles above Warsaw and B.D. Raik's trading boat from Point Pleasant, West Virginia. These boats traveled up and down the river buying scrap iron, copper, brass, lead, tin foil and rags, which would be paid for in cash or trade, trade being dishes. When the junk boats were here, the boys of Warsaw were busy scrounging junk. I have a spoon holder which one of us boys traded junk for and gave to our mother.

In my early days there were always one or more shanty boats tied up along the river front. Shanty boats were a direct descendant of the flat boat. The shanty boat consisted of an unpainted cabin made of rough clapboard earlier, and tongue and groove board later, set on a flat bottomed wooden hull with rake fore and aft which always seemed to require caulking to stay afloat. There was an open space on the bow as well as the stern and overall extended a low way backed roof through which projected, at a crazy angle, a crooked, rusty stovepipe. Tied onto the stern was the ever present square-ended john boat without which conveyance a shanty boater simply could not exist. As the name

of the simple craft clearly indicates, it is a shanty on a boat and it is not to be confused with nor compared to the more modern houseboat. Shanty boaters, as a whole, embody the very acme of independent social existence. They pay no rent and they pay no taxes. They come and go as they please and are beholden to no man for anything. Their sort of aimless existence suits them perfectly, however, their particular type of wanderlust gives them no real peace or social stability. Most of the shanty boaters who tied up at the Warsaw river front were here for a definite purpose. Some were scissors grinders and knife sharpeners, umbrella menders, sellers of patent medicines; but one I can think of was David B. Wallace who had left Cincinnati in a shanty boat equipped with a printing press and font of type and paper. He had stopped at towns and villages along the river doing job printing. His arrival at the Warsaw landing in 1880 coincided with the demise of "The Warsaw News." Businessmen in the town persuaded Wallace to remain here and start a new newspaper, which he did and named the "Independent."

In April 1889, a deplorable but unavoidable tragedy occurred aboard a shanty boat tied up at the lower end of the Warsaw river front. Senator James H. McDaniel rode into town and announced he had been robbed of valuable articles from his stable and said he suspected some shanty boaters that were tied up below his house the night before. He identified two shanty boats as the ones that had been tied up at his house. With Town Marshall Harry B. Clore, Deputy Sheriff Nicholas W. Nelson, and Dr. George F. Gaines, they went to the shanty boats. They knocked on the door of the white shanty boat and found on board two women, Linnie West and her half sister Carrie Ashcraft and a man who claimed to be J.W. Jones. When they attempted to arrest Jones, he resisted and, opening a satchel, produced a .45 caliber revolver. A struggle ensued, in which Clore was wounded and Jones killed. The missing articles were found on the other

shanty boat along with a saw and an axe belonging to Upton Lampkin.

The river front shanty boaters followed several occupations, such as fishing with tröllines, nets and seines and peddling the fish on the town streets. They also gathered coal from the river in the summer time. When the river was low they waded through shallow water, finding rounded lumps of coal, called "river coal," used for heating in the winter or they sold it to blacksmiths who valued it for use in their forges. During periods of high water, they "drifted," that is they salvaged usable floating lumber and saw logs, they also waded for the shells, which were used in making pearl buttons.

I well remember one of Warsaw's characters, of which there were a great many. Who she was, whence she came or where she went, no one seems to know. Anyway, early one summer, a weather beaten old shanty boat came floating with the current down the Ohio, drifted into shore above the landing and remained there for the rest of the summer. Upon it lived a woman about forty years of age, a most eccentric female known only by the humorous appellation of "Ticklebritches." She was so-called because of the voluminous pair of bloomers which she always wore instead of the usual feminine attire. Her obsession was dogs, of which she had at least twenty-five or thirty of all kinds, colors, sizes, breeds and mixtures. She would climb up the hill leading to the main part of town with her entire pack of curs trailing at her heels. Her daily excursions to town always created a sensation among the townspeople and a gang of curious boys, including the writer, usually trailed along after her and her mongrels. Tragedy however, finally came to Ticklebritches and her brood. One day one of her curs bit one of the boys. The irate townspeople rose up in arms, descended upon the puzzled Ticklebritches and slaughtered every last one of her howling hoard. Then the disconsolate and grief stricken Ticklebritches

Ticklebritches

shook the mud of Warsaw from her feet, boarding her shanty boat and drifting out of sight around the bend, never to be heard of again. Ticklebritches was just another one of those small town characters which helped to make life in a river town a little more interesting.

etc

Walking down Locust Street today, one sees a broad expanse of grass interspersed with only a few trees. There is little left to suggest that this was once a busy and prosperous business and residential part of the town with the river front crowded with many activities, but all of this is gone forever. It is hoped that what we have said on these few pages will bring back to life, if only briefly in our memories, the story of these bygone days.

Note: This story could not have been written without the help of many people, principally my son, Carl R. Bogardus, Jr., M.D., who furnished me with a dictating machine and inspired me to write my memoirs of my early years in Warsaw, and Carol Gravlee who transcribed the tapes and typed the manuscript. Others of valuable assistance were my wife Sue M. Bogardus, my daughter Jane Bogardus (Cornell) and Maureen Williamson.