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CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY WATERWAYS  
PAST AND PRESENT.

By Ernest D. Leet

Presented at Meeting of Chautauqua County  
Historical Society, Inc., April 14, 1962.

Nestled among the gently rolling hills of Chautauqua County lie six lakes which are the very ~~northernmost~~ <sup>northernmost</sup> headwaters of the Ohio Valley Drainage Basin. The largest of these is Chautauqua Lake, from which the County and Chautauqua Institution derive their names. Our Chautauqua Lake muskallunge are called "Muskallunge Ohiensis". Cassadaga and Bear Lake, in the Town of Stockton, are relatively smaller. Mud Lake and East Mud Lake in the Town of Villenova are the sources of the Conewango River, and Findley Lake in the western edge of the County flows into the west branch of French Creek and finally into the Allegheny at Franklin, below Oil City. The highest of these lakes is Findley Lake on our western border with a Sea Level Elevation of 1420; West Mud Lake and East Mud Lake are 1369' and 1342' respectively; Chautauqua 1308; and Cassadaga and Bear Lake about 1303'.

At least four plans have been proposed over the years to reverse the flow of various of these lakes and empty them into Lake Erie. In 18 a few individuals dug a ditch almost overnight which would have emptied Cassadaga Lake into the Canadaway Creek if they had not been stopped by irate citizens affected and by injunction. (see History of Chautauqua County & Its People 1921 Vol. 1, page 2.) In 1934 an Army Engineer's plan proposed the draining of Findley Lake, the French Creek and the Big Brokenstraw into Lake Erie, as a part of the French Creek Diversion Plan, with a possible power development at Freeport. Within the past three years we have been inundated with the plans of Dr. Arthur Morgan to drain the Conewango and the Allegheny River <sup>once</sup> ~~more~~ more to the North- first through Perrysburg and the Silver Creek and more lately he proposed a route through Gowanda and the Cattaraugus Creek - all as an alternate to the Allegheny

River Reservoir, now under construction at Kinzua. And finally we have the proposed weir endorsed by the Board of Supervisors just this past year to release flood waters from Chautauqua Lake into Lake Erie via the Little Inlet and the Gorge.

All of these plans were engineeringly possible because of the slight difference in the elevation of these headwaters and the ridge piled up by the Glaciers which ~~marks~~ marks the watershed between the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence.

Chautauqua County is indeed richly endowed with water resources. While many areas are facing a critical problem of water supply we enjoy a priceless heritage of abundance. Our only problem is that at the rate we are wasting, abusing and polluting this great treasure provided by nature, we and our coming generations, even of the immediate future, will not be able to enjoy it.

Eighty to a hundred years ago and except for the few centers of population around Chautauqua Lake, pollution was not a problem. Year round occupancy of cottages around the lake was unheard of. For the most part, the lake was deep enough, and sufficiently supplied with scavengers and oxygenating weeds to take care of a reasonable amount of sewage wastes, especially in the deeper upper end.

In 1923, Robert H. Jackson, as a young lawyer representing the Forbes Family, successfully sued the City of Jamestown for damages because the City discharged its raw sewage into the ~~Chadakoin~~ Chadakoin River, in which his dairy cows waded, and which allegedly produced a typhoid epidemic through the pollution of a part of the City's milk supply. The City accused Jackson of "absurd and fantastic fancies" (App. Brief page 191.) Jackson accused the City of setting up "a series of fantastic defences." (Brief for Respondent, p. 2) As result of this litigation and the liability established by it, the City of Jamestown built its first sewage treatment plant in 1926-1928). At least 40 years ago the Spirituakist Assembly at Lily Dale established a sewage treatment plant on Cassadaga Lake.

We have reason to be proud of these early steps to arrest and correct our own pollution problems at their source. We are still lucky to be at the headwaters of these wonderful lakes and streams fed largely by sparkling springs and relatively

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At this point, I want to say to the members of this CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY THAT THE APATHY, THE INDIFFERENCE, THE DEPRECATING COMMENTS AND AT TIMES EVEN THE STUBBORN OPPOSITION OF CERTAIN OF OUR TOWN, VILLAGE AND COUNTY OFFICIALS TOWARDS ALL EFFORTS TO REMEDY OR SOLVE THIS PROBLEM OF POLLUTION IN CHAUTAUQUA LAKE IS A P P A L L I N G .

I urge each and every one of you in your own communities to use your influence and powers of persuasion TO HELP TO OVERCOME THIS LETHARGY, AND THESE COMPLACENT ATTITUDES OF DRAGGING-THE-FEET, DO-NOTHING-ITIS, ON THE PART OF YOUR ELECTED PUBLIC OFFICIALS.

April 14, 1962.

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Ernest D. Leet

unsullied by man's industrial and domestic waste. The Indians didn't worry much about this problem. In the first place, there weren't so many of them, and in the second place when the water became bad, they up and moved to better camping grounds.

We are pouring tons of nitrogen into our lakes every year, with increased year round populations around their borders, and with the erosion from fertilized farm lands, all of which nourish weed growth. The weeds decay and help produce more organic fertilizer and sooner or later lower Chautauqua Lake will become a marsh, then a swamp, then a plain and the lake will disappear. This won't happen in our lifetimes or even in that of our grandchildren. Perhaps not within a thousand years. If, realizing the nature and extent of this problem, we do nothing, however, to reverse this trend, we will be unfaithful to our trust and unworthy of our heritage. We are also emptying industrial wastes into the Chadakoin river within the limits of the City of Jamestown and Village of Falconer in such quantity as to arrest the oxygen necessary for fish survival from Falconer to the Pennsylvania Lake, a condition which the City and Village have been ordered by the Water Pollution and Control board to correct.

For twenty-five years Chautauqua Regions, Inc., inspired by the late Dr. DeForest Buckmaster and by Dr. George M. Shearer, and more recently, and on a broader basis, the Chautauqua Lake Association, Inc., and other organizations have been endeavoring to bring this problem home to the citizens of our County and persuade them to do something about it. The pictures you have seen are but a slight indication of why we are justified in considering Chautauqua Lake our County's greatest asset. Is it not worth saving?

In <sup>the</sup> earlier days of Chautauqua County, say 100 to 150 years ago, water was primarily important for transportation purposes and for running machinery. Running water and navigable rivers determined the location of cities in the development of our urban frontier. (See The Urban Frontier - The Rise of Western Cities - by Richard C. Wade 1959, page 2 and 9.) The mills have long since converted to steam and electricity. Water for the boilers; for laundry and other industrial uses is now more important than water for transportation. When the Erie Canal was built there was a suggestion that Dunkirk should be its western terminus. Now even the Barge Canal is being turned over to the Federal Government for maintenance but is still vitally important as a conduit or aqueduct

for the disposal of domestic sewage while at the same time being used as a water supply for many of the villages along its route. So too, our rivers and even our Lakes, are no longer important for transportation - but are increasingly being used for recreation and water supply or water flow, as a conduit for and depository of sewage and industrial wastes.

Chautauqua Lake was known to the French as "Tchadakoin." It was supposed to have been discovered by LaSalle in the late 1600's. Traveling westward from Onondaga County, in about 1682, to the headwaters of the Ohio, his biographers say that

"After fifteen days' travel, he came to a little lake six or seven miles south of Lake Erie, the mouth of which opens southeastward."

(See History of Chautauqua County and Its People, 1921, pg. 12)

Very likely this was Chautauqua Lake since it is drained south and eastward through the City of Jamestown and the Village of Falconer. Obed Edson, Chautauqua County Historian writing in 1904 says

"There is little doubt that this was Chautauqua Lake and that LaSalle and his companions were its first European visitors".

Centennial History of Chautauqua County Vol. I, pg. 23, (1904)

Helen G. McMahon, author of "Chautauqua County-a History" 1958 doubts if Europeans visited Chautauqua Lake until 1739. See pg. 5.

See also Walter H. Edson in "Historic Annals of Southwestern, N.Y." Volume I, page 272.

No one can dispute the fact that Chautauqua Lake and its Outlet, the Chadakoin River, and also the Cassadaga, Conewango and Allegheny were navigable in their "original state" and have been considered navigable waters for over 150 years. Chautauqua County, being included in the lands west of the preemption line, the title to the lands under the waters of Chautauqua Lake and its navigable outlet became vested in the State of New York "in trust for all the people thereof" by reason of the Treaty of Hartford between Massachusetts and New York negotiated in 1786.

The portage from Barcelona to Mayville was the route taken by the early French explorers. Salt from Onondaga later came up the Canal to Lake Erie, thence to Barcelona to be transported to Mayville by the road built by the French in 1753; and then down the lake and the Outlet known as the Chadakoin to the Cassadaga, thence down the

Conewango to Warren to join the "Belle Riviere", as the Frenchmen originally named the Allegheny.

The late Marion H. Fisher representing the Erie Railroad Company in 1920 then in litigation with the State Tax Commission, briefed the navigable status of the Chautauqua Lake outlet as follows:

Hazeltine, in his history of the Town of Ellicott, states that Chautauqua Lake and the Outlet, the Conewango and Alleghany Rivers were "prominent highways of travel and commerce between the Great Lakes and the Ohio" prior to the settlement of the county (p.68). The territory was settled in 1811. In the early days logs, produce, lumber on flat boats, etc. were sent down the river and even after the dams were built supplies from Pittsburgh were brought up the river to Chautauqua Lake in keel boats (p. 69), and for the use of this traffic an expensive canal with locks was built at the site of the Prendergast Dam (p. 70). In 1824 a scow or horse boat for navigation of the lake was built on the site of the present Erie passenger station and taken up the outlet to the lake (p. 73). The first steam boat was built in 1827 near the old freight station at West Second Street, and poled up to the present boatlanding (p. 74, 75). Before that the scows and flat boats used on the lake landed opposite the present Erie passenger station (p. 71) and some of these original lake boats were later run down the river. (p. 74)

Such navigation was sufficient to constitute the outlet generally a navigable stream in fact, for it has been held that streams which in their natural and ordinary state are capable of navigation by skiffs or even single logs are to that extent navigable in fact.

Morgan vs. King, 35 N.Y. p. 459  
TenEyck vs. Warwick, 75 Hun. 566  
Fulton L.H. & P. Co. vs State, 65 Misc. 277.

However, lake boats have not navigated the outlet below the present boatlanding

since 1830. Navigation has been limited to skiffs and shallow craft and the floating of logs. A few booms of logs were taken down to the saw mills at the Warner Dam and at Winsor Street perhaps as late as 1900 ~~but~~ none since then. While navigation between the boatlanding bridge and the Warner Dam by reason of the recent dredging done by the state is now feasible for launches and small boats it has not in fact been resumed. The stream between these points has for many years been dangerous because of sunken logs and other obstructions.

Since 1880 a number of buildings have been built over the outlet with very little clearance and navigation below Main Street for a considerable distance is now impossible and the stream has gradually filled up both below and above Main Street. Even logs could not be floated except in high water and all the timber has long since been removed from the lake shores.

Furthermore, it is doubtful if the stream in its natural state was ever navigable between the boatlanding bridge and the Steele Street Bridge. Prendergast built his first dam in 1811 just above the Steele Street Bridge (See Hazeltine p. 16). Obviously this was below the end of the Rapids. His second dam was constructed in 1812 and was located west of Main Street where the Warner Dam now stands (p. 17). Hazeltine says the town was first known as "The Rapids" taking its name from the natural dam which extends from the boatlanding bridge to the present bridge connection West Second Street with Steele Street, without which the LOWER portion of the lake would be too shallow to navigate. That in 1822 an attempt was made to deepen the water at this point by plowing but abandoned, and that there was then found a row of piles driven according to Cornplanter by a British Expedition at the time of the Revolution to raise the water so they could cross the Rapids in flat boats (pp. 40, 41). The Schooner Minx which briefly preceded the first steam boat could navigate no farther than the boatlanding at the "head of the rapids", which was then first used (p. 11). If these facts are correct, and Hazeltine's history is considered authentic, the portion of the outlet where the railroad bridge stands was not navigable in its natural state. Mr. George Malby who had the contract for the recent improvement of the outlet

states that this natural gravel dam was encountered and that the state profile maps showed the highest point in the bed just above the Erie bridge."

For many years Marion H. Fisher was considered our foremost authority on legal questions pertaining to the Lake and its Outlet. I take this opportunity to pay tribute to his memory and to his learning.

In the Jamestown Journal of 1828 appeared an advertisement announcing the first steamboat to be operated on Chautauqua Lake. This was a side-wheeler known as the "Chautauqua" fitted up for passengers and freight and stating that she has "commenced her regular trips between Jamestown and Mayville, leaving Jamestown every day at 7 o'clock A.M. and arriving at Mayville at 10 o'clock."

On April 15th, 1846, there was an advertisement for the "Improved Chautauqua Lake Tiger, Bloomer and Wallace, Masters. Will sail between Jamestown and Mayville this season. She is in good repair and will carry about 40 tons - goods, groceries and all kinds of freight carried by them at low prices. \* \* \* \* Parties accommodated at all times." Signed D. E. Wallace; J. Bloomer."

As one who has spent many hours fishing, camping, hunting and boating on Chautauqua Lake and along the Conewango and Allegheny Rivers, I have long had the urge to follow the trail of the early explorers down the river from the largest of its sources, Chautauqua Lake. In fact, within a few hundred feet of my place of residence are the corporate limits of the Village of Celoron, named after Captain Celoron, who was sent by the French Governor of Canada in 1749 to take formal possession of the Allegheny ~~watershed~~ River Valley in the name of France. The Historic events that have occurred in this watershed are a part of the record of the French and Indian War, and pre-staged the American Revolution. The control of this valley by the French, or by the British, determined the destiny of America.

Except for aerial photographs and topographical maps prepared by the U. S. Geological Survey of 1953 and the U. S. Department of Agriculture aerial survey of 1956; there are no maps or charts available of the Chadakoin, Cassadaga or Conewango Creeks.

Through the courtesy of George Yeats, of Emlenton, Pennsylvania, we obtained two excellent charts of the Allegheny River from Warren to East Brady, and also a booklet entitled "The Allegheny River, Its Islands, Eddies, Riffles and Winding Distances of Scenic Beauty." This booklet contained detailed navigation instructions and charts from Warren to Pittsburgh, taken from the "Allegheny Pilot" published in 1855. Distances and major land marks were most accurate. Islands and river conditions had changed substantially in some places within the past hundred years.

### I. THE EXPEDITION BEGINS

Equipped with these charts and maps, and with a full load of camping equipment, including tent, cooking utensils, food for 5 days, sleeping bags and air mattresses, my daughter Rosemary, a 1958 graduate of Chatham College, <sup>Pittsburg</sup> who majored in Biology, ~~Pittsburgh~~, her cousin John Bailey and I launched our expedition at Cheney's Point on Chautauqua Lake Wednesday afternoon, July 9th, 1958. It was immediately apparent that we would be forced to lighten the load if two people were to make the trip.

Our boat was an old fifteen foot Chautauqua Lake "double-ender" constructed for live bait muskellunge fishing, with 7 foot oars placed in outriggers, and with a bracket thrown over the left stern to take a 3 H.P. outboard motor. When loaded it had about 3 to 4 inches of freeboard at the beam. Unless the load was balanced quite well forward, the bracket holding the motor would scoop up water and pour it over into the back seat.

From Cheney's Point to the Boatlanding, and with the load adjusted accordingly, I made the trip alone. There was a bright sunshine and the Lake was nearly like glass. The late afternoon ~~off~~ light afforded an opportunity for some colored pictures of the trip down through the lower Lake and Outlet to the boatlanding bridge, where the last of the Chautauqua Lake fleet of steamboats, now named "The City of Jamestown", was tied up. A half a dozen little colored boys were diving off her stern.

There are three dams in the City of Jamestown, In addition to the Warner Dam, which was reconstructed in 1916 by the State of New York, and the control of which was

delegated to the Warner Dam Association (now largely taken over by the City of Jamestown), there is one at the site of the old Wilson Mills, just up the river from the Winsor Street Bridge, and the other is under the railroad bridge just up the stream from Buffalo Street. It is, therefore, necessary to portage around these dams, and it would also be difficult to float any sort of a small boat under the buildings constructed over the Outlet at Brooklyn Square.

We pulled the boat out above the "boatlanding" and hauled it home on its light trailer, built to fit its shape and keel.

## II. JAMESTOWN TO NORTH WARREN

Rosemary and I started out bright and early the next morning, July 10th, 1958, to negotiate the Chadakoin, Cassadaga and Conewango to Warren. We had already lightened our load considerably. Since we did not intend to continue beyond Warren that day in view of the necessity of portaging around the two dams in the Conewango Creek at North Warren and Warren, we left behind the tent and sleeping bags, and we fueled out permanently the gasoline stove and gallon of gas to help reduce weight.

We proceeded to Falconer and launched our boat into the Outlet at the Prosser Street pedestrian bridge. We brought along the family dog, our Brittany Spaniel Marke just to help make up a normal load.

Little did we realize as we waved <sup>goodbye</sup> to Ray Stark, Rosemary's (then) fiance, what was in store for us around the first ~~had~~ bend of the Outlet. Rosemary, in the bow, had only an oar to use as a paddle and it was impossible to avoid the snags that stuck out from both sides of the Outlet. The first major curve we managed to negotiate, but seconds later the currents pushed us up against a fallen tree which hung out over the Outlet and which held us firmly with all its protruding branches. It was necessary for us to pile out of the boat, and, with a line on each end, pull it up out of its predicament, and wade across the stream about waist deep, pushing the boat ahead to the other bank, from which it could be let down around this protruding snag.

\*\* Rosemary and Marque, in the meantime, proceeded down the right bank of the stream while I was undertaking this wading process. Hopping on and coasting through another riffle, I was forced up against the upturned roots of another tree, so that Rosemary had to come and again pull the boat out of that position. We both then waded, with the boat, down beyond some shallow riffles and finally came to a place where the banks were steep on both sides, and there was nothing to do but hop in and try to shoot it through. Marque had a difficult time catching up with us, and was well out of breath by the time he overtook us about a quarter of a mile further down the stream. Suddenly the rapids ended and we were in a beautiful tree-covered spot, with the sunlight "spotting" through. We stopped and picked up Marque, and for the first time turned on our motor.

It must have been about 9 o'clock by the time we arrived at Levant and passed under the bridge just above which the Cassadaga Creek joins the Chadakoin. From there down the stream is known historically as the Cassadaga. A short distance beyond the bridge we saw the remains of an old dam. The current was too swift to stop, so we pulled up the motor and shot through the lowest portion without a scrape. From there down we would use the motor, with no danger of rapids or riffles. We were continually watching for spikes or logs, but the channel was quite clear though overhung with trees and many times we had to part the branches of the trees as we came along in order to scoot under them.

As we passed under the main line of the Erie Railroad we kept a little to the left of the center of the channel. We noticed an old spile about 5 feet to the right of our course in the middle of the bridge. On both sides of the railroad bridge the river is straight and well channeled. The motor was now running nicely and we thought that from here we would have clear sailing. Rounding the next curve, however, we came to a complete log jam. A power saw and a team of horses or tractor on the bank could eliminate it in a short order. All we could do was to unload our boat and transport our stuff across a bend and pull the boat physically over the log which had obstructed the Creek. I was out on the log lifting and Rosemary was pulling on the bow line from the shore, when all of a sudden the slip knot in the Nylon line came loose and she went over backwards in the mud.

(See Appellants Brief p. 118 as to whether Forbes' Cattle ever got into the Cassadaga Creek.)

After re-loading, Rosemary got in the boat while I held the line on shore and let her down through another narrow spot which was just about wide enough for the boat to go through and which was running too rapidly to negotiate or attempt to steer for fear of again becoming snagged. Once more we were able to turn on the motor and it was just twelve o'clock when we arrived at the junction of the Cassadaga with the old channel of the Conewango River. It had taken us four hours to negotiate the distance from Falconer. Soon after we passed the new channel of the Conewango cut through in 1900 to help drain the Conewango swamp "for the protection of the public health."

When we hit the Conewango, the river widened out and we had plenty of depth so we could use the motor without fear of shearing a pin. Only once did we ease up over some logs and once or twice we saw spikes which we were able to avoid.

About one o'clock it began to threaten us with a little rain. We were looking for a spot to land for lunch. On the left side we found a place where we could tie up by some bushes and climb up the bank, and we stopped for lunch.

Rosemary suggested we build a fire. It rained for a short while and I rigged up a rack to dry out our parkas, before the fire. We were pretty tired and we wrested there for about an hour.

Continuing on our way, we passed the remains of the old Warren-Jamestown Traction line bridge and soon, on our right, the Stillwater Creek. This used to be considered a good spot in the river for fishing, and I undertook to troll a small pikey minnow but nothing happened. It was about 2:15 o'clock when we passed the State Highway bridge at Frewsburg, about five miles by state road from where we had started. We saw fish jumping along the banks and many turtles slithering into the river from the banks as we would approach. A big blue heron had been preceding us down the river, and at one point we saw a large owl which was being chased by a hawk, when it went out of sight in the distance.

There are three gravel bars or riffles between Frewsburg and Russell, the first where Frew Run enters the Conewango just below the highway bridge at Frewsburg. We decided to hop out and ease the boat over the shallow water. The second is just below the

Kiantone bridge where the Kiantone Creek enters from the right bank, and the third was at Fentonville where Wiltsie Creek enters from the left. The rest of the way to Russell, the river was wide and still, with plenty of water to float even larger craft than ours. This stretch of the river from Frewsburg to Russell runs quite straight, and through a low area which is in the main uncultivated, with the trees growing right to the banks. We watched for deer but saw none. Many turtles along the bank and birds flying ahead of us. I tried the fishing again but with no success.

We arrived at Russell at about 4 o'clock and telephoned home collect from one of the cottages along the right bank. We inquired about the river further down and were told that there was a dam at North Warren that we would have to portage around, and that the best place to take out was at the highway bridge above the dam. We were also warned of an old dam at Russell which we would have to watch out for.

Proceeding on our way, we soon came to this old dam but were able to go around the right end of it, although we did pull up the motor and get out to make sure we didn't strike too hard. From there to North Warren we were going through riffles nearly all the way and were in and out of the boat constantly. With even the load we had, we needed 8 to 10 inches of water to avoid scraping. We hit bottom several times and left paint here and there, but no damage to speak of occurred, as we later found on examining the bottom of the boat. At one point it was so shallow that we really had to drag the boat over the rocks. Perhaps we had chosen the shallowest of the riffles, but we exerted all our ingenuity to guess where the deepest water would be and on which side to pass the islands which have been formed in that portion of the river.

It was this stretch of the Conewango River from Akeley to North Warren that was once proposed as a flood control reservoir, long before Dr. Morgan came up with his alternate plans to flood the Conewango Valley from Randolph to South Dayton.

The Pittsburg Flood Commission Report for 1911 States:

"- - - The Conewango valley narrows considerably along the lower 13 miles and near the upper end of this reach a dam of considerable impounding capacity seems feasible; but the spread of the water flats above, even with a low dam, would involve a Railroad of the New York Central System, a trolley road, a

portion of the village of Frewsburg, a number of miles of highway and much land, some of which is under a fair state of cultivation. A general examination of the lower valley and a study of the U. S. Geological Survey maps resulted in the conclusion that conditions did not warrant the expense of making surveys on this stream or encouraging serious consideration at this time of a reservoir project."

Only once or twice were we able to use the motor on this stretch and it was 6 o'clock when we arrived at our portage station and pulled up on the left bank, tired and hungry. Rosemary went up and across the bridge to find a telephone so as to call home for our trailer while I unloaded the boat and began to get out some beans and something to eat. About an hour later, our car and trailer arrived. We loaded up and returned to Jamestown. Our boat and part of its contents were plastered here and there with the yellow mud of the Conewango and Cassadaga. ~~XXXXXX~~ I pulled off some slivers of paint here and there that had been shaved up by the rocks along the way, but found no break or dent in the bottom of the boat.

### III. WARREN TO OIL CITY

Friday and Saturday nights, July 11th and 12th, it rained hard. When we started out again Sunday morning, July 13th, the weather was clear. Picking up Rosemary's cousin, John Bailey, at his house at about 8:30 A.M., we drove to Warren where we put the boat in the water opposite the hospital on the left bank. When John got in the bow, and in spite of our lightening the load, we were too heavily weighted down. We came back to the landing place and took out both oars, my rubber boots, one fish pole, 4 cans of soup and 2 cans of peaches. We were going to leave the gallon of water behind, but John wisely insisted that that was necessary. Despite the fact that we had permanently decided against the gasoline stove and the gallon of gasoline, we now had the tent and sleeping bags and two duffle bags in addition to our food and cooking equipment.

As result of the rains of the last two days, the river was high. As we came past North Warren we had stopped to photograph and take a look at the dam. The Conewango was a roaring torrent. No one could have negotiated that stretch nor could you have taken out a boat immediately above the dam unless we had portaged where we did two days before. The other dam down the river at Warren was about in the same condition.

Having tried unsuccessfully to obtain a non-resident fishing license at Warren and at Clarendon, which delayed our departure, we finally took off from Warren at about 11:30 A.M. The river reflected a deep blue sky with white clouds and soon we were scooting along with the current at a pace we estimated to be from 6 to 8 miles an hour, our motor only about half opened up.

About three miles below Warren we approached Mead Island. In the right channel there was a dredge and we could see white water. Our charts which we had received from Emlenton indicated the channel to the left. The Allegheny Pilot instructions of 1855 said "Channel to the right or left; but the right side is most feasible." We took one look and went to the left. We scraped over so slightly at the beginning of the riffle and used our paddles with the motor pulled up. The Allegheny Pilot instructions of 1855 said that this island was 3-1/4 miles below Warren and that it "Is by far the largest and most valuable of any on the river below Warren and contains about three hundred acres."

We kept to the right of the next islands, Jacksons and Grass Flat Islands. The river was running swift and plenty deep so we used our motor almost all the way from there on. As we approached any riffles, John in the bow tested with his paddle. Sometimes we pulled the motor up and coasted through, but never struck nor did we have to get out of the boat.

A few ~~several~~ miles below Warren on the right we saw a beautiful old ~~white~~ <sup>white</sup> ~~which~~ house and which is somewhat of a show-place and which I am told is probably the Newbold Mansion. ~~figured that this must be the home of~~ General Calendar Irvine of the Revolutionary War, We also passed Irvine, Pa. named after

just above where the Brokenstraw Creek flows in from the right. Here the Allegheny Pilot of 1855 says:

"Dr. William A. Irvine inherited this land from his father, the late Commissary General Calendar Irvine, who came to this place in 1795, erected a cabin, and placed it in charge of a faithful negro servant, by way of perfecting an actual settlement \*\*\* On the flats near the eddy once stood an Indian village called Buckaloon, which was destroyed by a detachment under Colonel Broadhead from Pittsburgh in 1781."

About one o'clock we pulled up on an island for lunch, consisting of cold ham sandwiches and home made bread. Continuing, we passed Cobhams on the right about 16 miles below Warren. By 2:30 we were in Tidioute, 21 miles from our starting point.

Here we got out and again tried to obtain a Pennsylvania non-resident fishing license but with no success. We got two little cartons of ice for our thermos bag and pushed off again for Tionesta, where we arrived at about 4:30. Again no luck with the fishing license. The man who had them could not be located and, of course, the Court House would not be open until Monday.

Leaving Tionesta we saw where some gravel operations had been in progress in the middle of the river and a stone crib was visible. We crossed well above it but struck another gravel bar which was about 6 inches under the surface, and sheared a pin. Paddling back to Tionesta we repaired the pin and pushed off again. Having inquired for a place where we might camp on the river, we were told to avoid the right bank because three miles down the river was Copperhead country and that perhaps President, Pennsylvania, seven miles down on the left would be our best bet.

We pulled into the mouth of Hemlock Creek at about 6:30 or 7 o'clock and camped on a beautiful little camp site on the left side of the Hemlock, one of the best Rainbow Trout streams along the river. In fact, a little boy caught one right over our boat while we were getting dinner. I gave him some Salamanca crabs and worms to see if he could catch another. We had made 44 miles our first day on the Allegheny.

John had a fire going while I put up the two-man tent. We feasted on stewed tomatoes, fried potatoes with onions and a 4 pound sirloin which I had found in the freezer and chucked in the thermos bag just to help keep things cool. Soon we were joined at our camp site by three boys from near Pittsburgh who had been out fishing and who had caught a baby coon. They had their dinner in the light of a gasoline lantern and a Coleman 4-burner stove. John went over and made their acquaintance. They were about to take off for a trip to Maine, and they were interested in our tent and sleeping equipment.

During the night it rained but not very hard. John slept outside in his sleeping bag and came under the tent when the drops began to fall. It was all clear when we woke up in the morning.

We had pancakes and syrup, bacon, sausage and lots of coffee for breakfast. After findingsome spring water to replenish our water jug and canteen, I hitchhiked a ride back to Tionesta, 7 miles up the river, to obtain a non-resident fishing license. The driver of the car that gave me a ride to Tionesta, invited us to stay on Hemlock Creek and fish for Rainbow and told us where his cabin was and his favorite fishing holes. By the time I returned, John had things about ready to move. We tried fishing with crabs and worms in Hemlock Creek and ~~at the mouth~~ where it enters the river, but with no success, so finally at about 10:30 or 11 we took off down the river, trolling with a Junebug spinner and a worm. The river was still high and we made good time.

At Henry's Bend we stopped and bought some bread and replenished our gasoline for the motor. It was a beautiful sunny day and about opposite Oleopolis we saw some large rocks on the left bank which looked like an inviting place to stop and have our lunch. There was also a little eddy which permitted us to fish, and we had a couple of strikes, but no luck. John dove off the rocks and tried swimming against the current. I finally climbed up the bank and found a beautiful little amphitheater surrounded with Mountain Laurel in blossom and a well beaten path running along the top of the bank. A large buck bounded up the slope through the Mountain Laurels. We took pictures of the blossoms. Our sunburns showed up on the color slides like war paint and we looked like a couple of Indians. Soon after, our motor conked out as we continued our journey down river.

In a long straight stretch about 2 to 5 miles above Oil City formerly called Complanter, after the old Seneca Chief, we were paddling against a strong headwind which rolled whitecaps up the river. Finally we came to a cluster of boats and a club house, which we later found was the Oil City Boat Club at Rockmere, and we pulled into the mouth of Horse Creek to see if we could find someone who could fix our motor. Fortunately, a mechanic from the Sportsmens Den at Oil City was parked there in his station wagon, and he drove us to the Sportsmens Den in Oil City, about 5 miles by road but 2 miles by river, and worked overtime to get our motor running again. By the time he finished, it was nearly 6:30 and he most courtesously drove us back to Rockmere.

By that time it was beginning to rain and Judd Bannon, the caretaker of the Boat Club, generously invited us to bring our gear right into the clubhouse, gave us the key to the kitchen, and told us we could spread our air mattresses and sleeping bags on the floor. The rain storm, practically a cloudburst, continued for several hours.

#### IV. OIL CITY TO EAST BRADY

During the night the river rose nearly 5 feet. There were many roads washed out. Our boat was half full of water and some of our food supplies left in the boat were water soaked. Nevertheless, we had bacon and eggs, toast and coffee for breakfast, and took off again at about 20 minutes of 10.

The river was really rolling. Our only hazards were driftwood and debris of all sorts which was being carried along with the muddy current. Judd had given us instructions to keep to the right bank under the State Street Bridge at Oil City. Following his expert advice we floated into the mouth of Oil Creek, and followed its current under the lower bridge and were swept along at a rapid pace.

It took us about an hour to get to Franklin where French Creek joins the Allegheny. Below Franklin were some of the most beautiful stretches of the river. We passed the remains of an old bridge. The pilot instructions say

"There are three piers to the bridge and the rafts that go down to the left of McDowell's Island should always take the third space from the right 'shore'".

That is what we did without checking the book. The trees came down to the bank. Our motor ran well until about the time we stopped for lunch at Applegate's Riffle, 77 miles down the river from Warren, or 12 miles below Franklin.

We climbed up the bank to stretch our legs. John caught a fish with his hands that had been caught in the bushes. We had passed a camp where some people told us that the river had gone down about a foot within the past hour, so we knew we had been close to riding the crest of the flood. The fish apparently had been caught out of

water as the river receded. Proceeding by paddle power, we arrived at Kennerdell. Again we were lucky to find a mechanic who knew about outboard motors and he got our engine running again for us. We parked under the bridge for a while to let a shower pass.

Beyond Scrub Grass and Jacob's Falling Springs, we decided to look for a camp site on Everett's Defeat Island, but all the islands, even though heavily wooded with trees, were under water. Having made more than 40 miles, despite our paddling, we found a cleared spot to camp on the left bank near Black's, a few miles below Rockland, and pitched camp early as it was threatening another rain that night.

Sure enough, it rained hard during the night and was still raining at 6 o'clock when I woke up. With some kindling wood which we had kept under cover, I finally succeeded in getting a good fire going, but the rain threatened to put it out. It suddenly occurred to me that putting the frying pan on the fire would help to protect the fire. The next thing I knew the bacon was boiling in water. We had fried potatoes, bacon, sausage, toast and strawberry jam for breakfast. John augmented this with a grilled cheese sandwich.

We started out early, about 9 o'clock, paddling again as our motor refused to budge. The Eddie Imgrund family from Pittsburgh, who had a camp there, gave us some drinking water. The roads were washed out on both sides of their camp site and they expected it would be about 3 days before they could get out. We offered to leave them the rest of our food, but they declined. We paddled on to Emlenton, about 6 miles down the river. Arriving there about 11:30 A.M., we called home for Rosemary to start driving and meet us in East Brady with the trailer. Another mechanic, Ken Mains, at the Pontiac garage, was an expert on motors, and when we resumed our journey, the outboard motor was in fine shape.

Below Emlenton, the river straightens out into about a 10 or 12 mile stretch. Passed Foxburg, the Clarion River enters from the left. Below Monterey we saw Hogsback Rock on the right shore, and eased into Miller's Eddy, about 3 miles below Rattlesnake Falls.

Miller's Eddy is described in the "Allegheny Pilot of 1855" as being 115 miles below

Warren, and as the site of a fire brick industry. It is also stated: "In high water it s two days' run from Warren." It had taken us three.

Below Bald Eagle Island and Catfish Falls we saw a railroad tunnel on the left and topped to inspect and photograph it. It is the tunnel which cuts through the narrow part of Brady's Bend. Resuming, we arrived at East Brady at 4 P.M. My wife and daughter Rosemary arrived with the car and trailer in time for dinner two hours later.

The name given to Brady's Bend, according to the pamphlet entitled "The Allegheny River," prepared by the Emlenton Chamber of Commerce, was derived from Capt. Samuel Brady, one of the most intrepid of the Indian fighters of the frontier in the Revolutionary War.

"He was born in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania in 1758, but soon after moved to the West Branch of the Susquehanna, a few miles above Northumberland. He was at the siege of Boston; a Lieutenant at the massacre of Paoli; and in 1779 was ordered to Fort Pitt with the regiment under Gen. Broadhead. A short time previous to this, both his father and his brother had fallen by the hands of Indians; and from that moment Brady took a solemn oath of vengeance against all Indians. \* \* \* While Gen. Broadhead held command of Fort Pitt, (1780-81) Brady was often selected to command small scouting parties sent into the Indian Country north and west of the Fort, to watch the movements of the savages; \* \* \* \*"

Thus ends the story of an interesting and pleasant trip from Chautauqua Lake down the Chadakoin, Cassadaga, Conewango and Allegheny Rivers to East Brady, Pennsylvania. From there the dams and locks begin; the time waiting for the locks to open might run into many hours delay, and we returned home pulling our boat. We had seen some beautiful country and were inspired by the history and traditions of the river. We had been treated with utmost hospitality by the Pennsylvania people we met along the river. We were much indebted to George Yeats of the Emlenton Chamber of Commerce, who sent us charts and navigation instructions for the river. We also appreciated the information given us by Roger Latham, Outdoor Editor of the Pittsburgh Press.

Whether it may be the Allegheny, the Conewango, or even the Chadakoin, I can see how "Old Man River" can get in one's blood. When it does, nothing can ever take it away. As for the Beautiful Allegheny River, let us hope that what is being done at Kin<sup>so</sup>qua will not/destroy the grandeur or affect the flow of its waters, that future generations will be denied the opportunity of making such a trip.

APPENDIX A

ACTS OF THE NEW YORK STATE LEGISLATURE  
AFFECTING STREAMS AND WATERWAYS OF CHAUTAUQUA AND CATTARAUGUS COUNTIES.

1. Laws of 1807 Chapter 78 page 93.

Declared as public highways the portions of Allegheny (spelled Allegany) and the Chautauqua Outlet lying in Allegheny and Genesee Counties. Chautauqua and Cattaraugus Counties were then a part of Genesee.

2. Laws of 1815 Chapter 140 page 140.

Conequango et al, Chautauqua et al

3. Laws of 1816 Chapter gave the Court of Common Pleas jurisdiction to issue permits for docks, extending into Chautauqua Lake.

4. Laws of 1826 Chapter 255 page 291 - Conewango

5. Laws of 1827 Chapter 306

An act incorporating a company to improve the navigation of the Cassadaga, Conewango and Chautauqua Lake outlet and giving powers of condemnation.

6. Laws of 1829 Chapter 167 (67?)

Authorized certain trustees to improve Chautauqua Lake outlet for navigation purposes and for that purpose to construct necessary locks and a basin for boats near the Prendergast mills.

8. Laws of 1845 Chapter 281 page 306

Big Brokenstraw, Chautauqua County - an act declaring part of the Big Brokenstraw in the Town of Clymer from Jaquins saw mill to the Pennsylvania line a public highway.

~~was a public highway~~

9. Laws of 1869 Chapter 281 page 1066

Big Brokenstraw and Brownell Creek - an act declaring Brownell Creek from the north line of Lot 49 to its juncture with the Big Brokenstraw and the Big Brokenstraw upstream to the Pennsylvania Line public highways.

10. Laws of 1876 Chapter 391 =

The first Chautauqua Lake Navigation Act - providing for licensing of pilots and inspection of steam boats.

11. Laws of 1880 Chapter 553 -

General Navigation Act protecting the floating of logs.  
(A substitute act repealing the act of 1880 - provided that the restrictions on dams which obstructed the floating of logs did not apply to the

12. Laws of 1884 Chapter 339 -

The Second Chautauqua Lake Navigation Act. Section 18 of this act provided in part, "Nothing in these provisions shall be construed as granting to any party, or steam vessel, the right to the use of any wharf or wharves which said party and vessel, or either, did not otherwise possess or own.

13. Laws of 1897 Chapter 790 -

Providing an appropriation for dredging and removal of obstructions in Findley Lake.

14. Laws of 1898 Chapter 563 -

Providing an appropriation of \$25,000.00 for dredging the Conewango River.

15. Laws of 1900 Chapter 448 -

Providing an appropriation of \$35,000.00 for the purpose of draining the Conewango Creek in the Towns of Rland, Carroll and Kiantone and for removing obstructions "For the protections of the public health".

16. Laws of 1913 Chapter 758 provided an appropriation of \$100,000.00 to dredge the Chautauqua Lake Outlet, expressing its purpose to "relieve high water conditions.

(In the 50 year column of the Jamestown Post Journal for April 7, 1962 - it was reported that the flood waters in April 1912 had reached 1312.59 feet.)

17. Laws of 1940 Chapter 285 -

The Third Chautauqua Lake Navigation Act.

18. Navigation Law of the State of New York, Laws of 1941 Chapter 941  
See Section

19. Laws of 1950 Chapter 780 -

The Chautauqua County Navigation Law

20. Local Law No. 1 of 1952 adopted by Board of Supervisors of Chautauqua County amending laws of 1950 Chapter 780.

21. Laws of 1954 Chapter 689 - an amendment to the Public Lands Law, Section 3 which would permit removal of gravel deposits in Chautauqua Lake under appropriate license.

22. Laws of 1955 Chapter 811 the Chautauqua Lake Improvement bill providing an appropriation of \$250,000.00 for survey and improvement, weed control and dredging. c

23. Local Law No. 2 of 1960 -

adopted ~~by~~ by Board of Supervisors of Chautauqua County abolishing the Chautauqua County Navigation Commission and transferring licensing

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of boats to State authorities

24. Local Law No. 1 of 1961 -

Adopted by the Chautauqua County Board of Supervisors assuming to itself the powers to make rules affecting navigation of Chautauqua County Lakes and continuing in effect all regulations previously adopted.

25. Laws of 1961 Chapter 575 -

adopting certain navigation rules applicable only to Chautauqua Lake.

APPENDIX B.

CASES AND DECISIONS AFFECTING CHAUTAUQUA LAKE

1. Village of Mayville vs Wilcox  
61 Hun 223, 1886; 16 N.Y.S. 15, 1891
2. Granger vs City of Canandaigua  
257 N.Y. 126, 1931 affirming 230 AD 774, 243 N.Y.S. 912 an opinion by the late Harley N. Crosby, of Falconer former Presiding Justice of the Appellate Division.
3. Forbes vs City of Jamestown  
212 AD 332, 209 NYS 99
4. J.A. Jacobson vs State of New York  
140 Misc. 306, 250 N.Y.S. 562, 1931

DEEDS OF STATE OF NEW YORK TO CHAUTAUQUA INSTITUTION.

1. State of New York to Chautauqua Lake Camp Meeting Association dated May 11, 1875 recorded in the Chautauqua County Clerk's office July 21, 1880 in Liber 187 of Deeds page 4.
2. State of New York to Chautauqua Assembly dated February 25, 1897 recorded in the Chautauqua County Clerk's Office March 26, 1897 in Liber 256 page 170.