

## **MEMORIES OF BOGGS RUN**

**by Herbert E. Steinman.**

**2010**



**Heinrich Karl Andreas Steinmann**

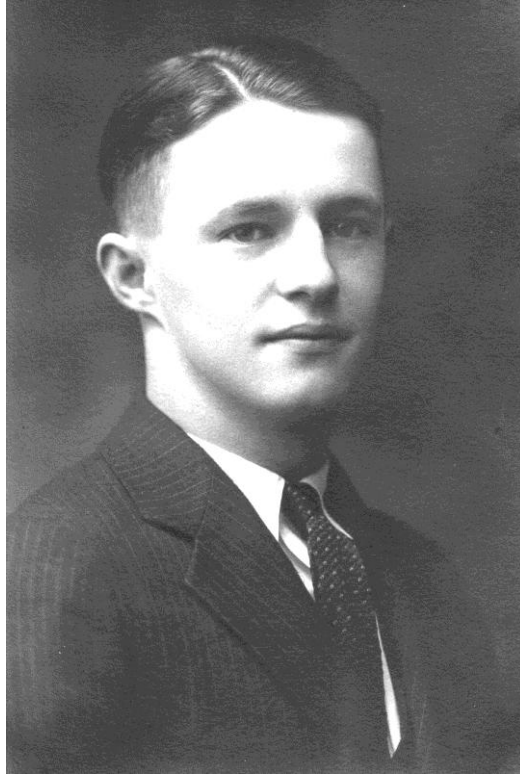
**"Henry Steinman, Sr." - September 4, 1851 - May 2, 1933**

My father, Herbert Charles Steinman, was born to August Steinman and Luella Mae Stackhouse in 1906 at 4806 Water Street in North Benwood. It was the home of my great-grandparents, Henry Carl Andreas Steinman and Elise Melusine Friedericke Nolte. That house is still in the family and is occupied by a Kelly. Marie Kelly (married to Ray Sr.) was my Dad's cousin and the daughter of Henry Steinman, my grandfather's brother.



**August & Lulu (Stackhouse) Steinman's wedding picture, 1905.**

My grandparents, August and Luella "Lulu," lived in a house across the street from North Benwood School; the address was 4834 Eoff Street. Marie's family lived next door, at 4832 Eoff. My Dad went to the old North Benwood school and graduated from the eighth grade there. He went on to Union High and graduated in 1925.



**Herbert Charles Steinman, son of August & Luella Mae (Stackhouse) Steinman**

My grandfather, August Steinman, died in 1930. My grandmother and my father's three sisters lived in the house on Eoff Street for a number of years afterward. My father had married in 1929, so he and my mother lived in several locations for the following few years. They lived on Wheeling Island for a while, but soon moved back to Benwood, as my father was looking at working for Wheeling Steel and street car fare was a consideration. His father, who had just died, was employed at the old "riverside" and was a veteran of the Spanish-American War.

By the way, my grandfather, August, as well as Marie Kelly's father, Henry, were both born in Germany, as was their sister, Amelia (Greer). Aunt "Mel" (pronounced "Meal") lived at the mouth of Brown's Run for many years. My great-grandfather still lived at 4806 Water Street at that time. His wife, my great grandmother, died in 1926. My great grandfather died in 1933. The house at 4806 then passed to my father's uncle, Henry, and from him to Marie (Steinman) Kelly.

My grandmother Lulu Stackhouse Steinman continued to work and live in North Benwood for a number of years. My "old maid" Aunt Grace, lived with her. Aunt Grace worked at Bloch Brothers for her entire working life. My grandmother worked ( I think it was just part time) at St. Catherine's school. I think she was a housekeeper/janitor for the nuns who lived there. She finally sold the house in North Benwood and moved to a smaller place in McMechen. A side note on that is that the house in McMechen was on Sixth Street, right

adjacent to Padlow's Bar. I think it has now been acquired by the Padlows and somehow incorporated into one structure with the bar. I am not sure about that, but it has changed quite a bit since my grandmother's death in the early sixties. I had a brief chat with Joan Padlow-Canestra at our high school reunion in 2004 (shortly before her death) and she mentioned both my grandmother and aunt.

When my parents moved to Center Benwood they remained there until 1936, and they were wiped out by the flood of that year. They then moved to Boggs Run, and there I was born, as was my younger brother, Jack.



**I was born in the small white house (right); we moved to the white 2-story when I was about three. It was just up from the Sinclair Station that is now the Fire Dept.**



**My mother near our Boggs Run house. Sinclair Station Sign in the background.**

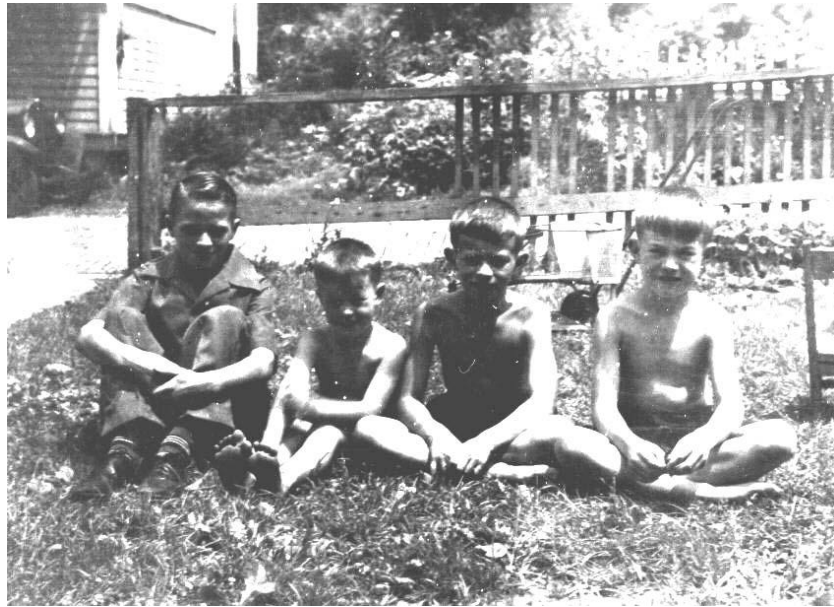


#### **Four generations.**

This picture is of "four generations". On the left is my grandmother, Clara Belle Brown Faulstick. In the center is her mother, Barbara Jane Fryman Brown Baker; the baby she is holding is the author of this at the only time in his life when he was "cute". Next is my mother, Eleanor Anna Faulstick Steinman. This is one of the few times I can recall my great grandmother not wearing a bonnet. It should also be of interest that the mode of transportation the two older ladies used to get to this site (three houses down from the school) from Wheeling was to ride the street car to the tunnel, and then walk.



In the picture above, my mother is holding my younger brother, Jack. In front of her is my brother, Fred. I am in front of my father, and oldest brother, Charles, is to the right.



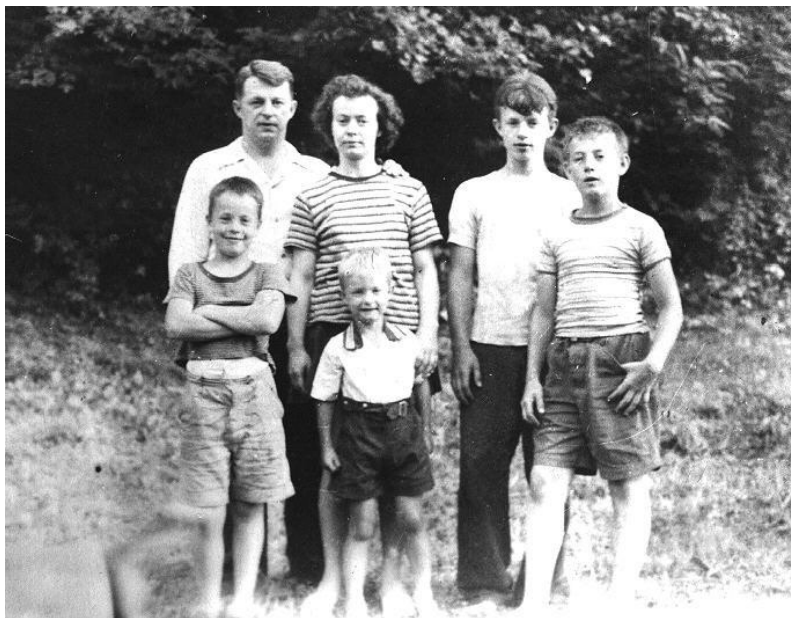
**Taken at our house two doors up from the Sinclair Station.  
L-R: Jack Zearott, Herb Steinman, Charles Steinman & Fred Steinman**

We moved in 1944 to a little house down the run. This house was referred to as the "Whites house", and I think that referred to the owner at that time. To place it, as you travel down the run, past the coal mine (Browns Run outlet) then past the tunnel. You then will come to a bridge across the creek, as it flowed on your left coming down this far, and then crossed to flow on your right as you travel to the mouth of the run. That was the last bridge over the creek. Just before you cross that bridge traveling down the run, the little house was next to last on the right side. A playground has replaced the houses there.



**2009 - Playground near the "first wagon bridge."**

We lived there until April of 1945. At that time, we moved to South Wheeling (36th & Eoff), as we had family connections around there through the Nolte clan. My great-grandmother Steinman was Elise Nolte and the motivation that brought them to this country. I remember the move exactly as it fell between the death of FDR and VE day. We only lived there until October of 45 when we moved back to Center Benwood as my Dad didn't like to pay street car fare as I mentioned before.



**My parents with me, Jack, Charles and Fred.**



**Seated: Mother & Father - Standing: Jack, Charles, Fred, Herb**

My life on Boggs Run ended as I finished my third grade year. My memories of life there are those of a very young boy, and what is important to a boy of that age is quite different than real life. I was more impressed by the tadpoles in the creek than with who was living and dying in Europe and Asia. Therefore, my recollections don't give any insight into what was really important, other than those things important to a young boy.

I am often astonished when something that I put into the recesses of my mind with great care back then, and brought back up in the presence of my older brothers, cannot even be remembered by them. How can they not remember the day I kicked the duck in the back yard??

I had a lot of old memories flash back to me. When I lived there, I played quite often across the creek from that store - Morris' store. They were very quiet people, and I knew little about them personally. They were ancient people at that time, maybe 60 or so. I sometimes would take my penny, or if I was lucky, a nickel, and buy candy there. We didn't buy our groceries from them, as we did business with Deegan's in Center Benwood, forever. I do recall years later, I would put the time about 1965-70, I was back in the area and at a function of some sort that now escapes me. I ran into a lady who found out that I was from Boggs Run, and asked if I knew the store. When I affirmed that I indeed did, she told me those people were her parents. I did deliver mail (as a substitute carrier) in the summer and around Christmas, for a couple years, and delivered mail there.

I just thought about this, but when I was a youngster there, the creek at that point was so polluted that no one went near it, even an adventurous seven/eight year old. It ran copper colored and no fish or anything else lived in it. Above the mine, it was a different creek, but down there, we were not allowed to go near it.

I played around the old tar tank up there on the hill, that was even then, overgrown with weeds. There was the hulk of an old truck that sat there. There was no longer a cab or truck bed, but we kids would climb behind the wheel and pretend we were delivering a load of coal.

I have some stories about the Boggs Run tunnel. I don't know how many times I have walked through there, but every step of the way through is etched in my mind. Even some of the side passages were explored. Some people didn't know that from the tunnel, if you were adventurous enough, you could find your way into the old Benwood Mine that was the scene of the disaster of 1924. My Dad was in the rescue/recovery group who went in there and helped pull out the dead. What a great trip it was to walk down the "Run" to the tunnel, walk to the other side and catch a street car to go to Wheeling. It cost a nickel for grownups to ride, but I don't think my mother paid for us kids.

After the war started, as I recall, my two older brothers and I would, from time to time, be given money to walk to center Benwood and watch the movie at the old "Roxie." Our most popular fare was any of the Frankenstein or Dracula movies that were available then. We favored them to the point of going to extremes at times. One such Saturday, we found out that "Frakenstein Meets Wolfman" was playing in McMechen, while the old Roxie had more mundane fare. We had just enough money for the movie and popcorn, and to get to McMechen the street car fare was a nickel. By a unanimous vote we walked to McMechen

instead of going to the Roxie. What a night as when we left the movie, it was dark and there was a full moon. When we got to the tunnel, we were all so scared that we debated not using the tunnel, but instead walking to the mouth of the run and taking the long trek up the run. Alas, we would have done that, but the time was already quite late, and we knew we were in enough trouble already. I still remember how we all three crept through the tunnel checking behind each and every hiding place to assure ourselves that no midnight beast was about to pounce. I will always remember wave of euphoria that swept over me as I exited the tunnel!