

Stover Family History

As Recorded by Glenn Stover
(1977-78)¹

The following dissertation is a history of the development of the Stovers (and related families) in the U.S. to the best of my knowledge and information.

This branch of the family was founded by two brothers who spelled their name *Stauffer*. Some of the family still maintain that original spelling, if my information is correct. All the people using the name, however spelled, are the descendants of these two brothers, Hollanders, who settled in Virginia in Albemarle's time.

One stayed in Virginia and his family is found in Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, and Georgia – a rather prolific lot. The other [brother] landed in Pennsylvania, from where they spread out pretty well over the west. I belong to the Pennsylvania tribe.

I, Glenn Stover, was born in Wingate, Indiana, in the northwest part of Montgomery County [Indiana] in a little brick house on October 1, 1889. Father's name was George Henry Stover, born on the family farm on Potato Creek, same county.

Mother's name was Anna Powell, born near Spencer, Owen County, Ind. February 15, 1865. Mother had a sister, two years older than she – Ella Powell (Wade) Kennedy. Mother also had a half-brother 11 years younger than she, named Fred B. Sawyer.

My maternal grandmother was Emeline Dryden (Powell) Sawyer. She was of full-blooded English descent, as was my mother, Powell also being English. Grandmother was born near the headwaters of Lake Champlain on __, 1840 of a family of 10 sisters and one brother, Captain Billy Dryden, who, at the outset of the Civil War (I remember that the participants always called it the "War Between the States"), being unable to wait on developments in his own state, stepped over the state line into Massachusetts as a volunteer into the 1st Regiment. Recruited because an infantry Captain, and never returned, giving up his life to his country, thus ending the family name of Dryden, as far as that branch of the family is concerned.²

Of her parents [his grandmother's] I can tell you nothing except that her father was named William (Sr.). This comes by way of an anecdote. In the pioneer days the roads were slashes cut through the timber. The buildings were located on them against the building of the roads [sic.] – if and when--. [Perhaps he means that pioneers, in selecting building sites,

¹ Born Wingate, Indiana 1889; died Marion, Indiana, 1980. Handwritten notes transcribed by his grandson, Richard I. Hofferbert in 2010. The text is as written in Glenn Stover's handwriting, with the exception of bracketed [] insertions by myself. Most of this reminiscence was written in the last two years of his life. Rih

² This account of William Dryden's Civil War service conflicts with officially reported records or earlier versions related to me by my Grandfather. While trying not to be patronizing, it may be that Grandpa's memory was getting a bit uneven. At the time he wrote these records, he was in his late 80s.

speculated on where the roads would later be built (?).] So that the passing of any neighbor became the event of the day.

The story has it that one of the kids at play at the neighbors would poke his head in the open door and sing out “Here comes Bill Dryden?” The response would come, “Is it young Bill or is it old Bill.” The answer as the case might be. Then the whole family presented themselves to pass the time of day in “Howdy” then inquiries into the general state of health, etc. always expecting a bit of scandal, if any was loose.

Grandma Dryden [AKA “Grandma Sawyer] became a Christian convert at age eight and lived the life of a saint thereafter. Her sisters (and some of them were pretty rough characters) testified to her lifestyle, saying “Emmy was always just like that”; beloved by everybody. At her funeral, seven ministers of the gospel each got up and spoke of the wonderful influence she had on people.

Also, a young man, an orphan with very little resources and studying for the ministry, who had a very rough time of it, used to come to see Grandmother about once a week to get his faith renewed, got up [at the funeral] to speak, broke down, and was helped to his seat by two ministers.

She lived a wonderful life, and patched up many a broken home (that seemed to be her specialty) and raised me from age 16 until I was married. She had a very good Civil War pension from Grandfather Sawyer and preferred to live independently, dying at age 91.

I can attribute almost all of any good characteristics in my life to her wonderful influence. She did not attempt to teach by word of mouth, but rather by precept and example. Of her parents, I know nothing except the name of her father, as previously related. They must have died about the year 1852.

Several of the family went down Lake Champlain and were caught in a terrific storm, so bad that the captain despaired of saving the ship; however, they managed to disembark near Baltimore, Md., where they were met by their aunt Lydia McJimpsey, who took them via oxcart to a relative near Chillicothe, Ohio, where they stayed through the winter. Moving on in the spring, they settled at about the same locality (and time) in southern Indiana. Grandmother met and married a local resident of Spencer, Owen County, Indiana, Henry Powell [sic.³] by name, who only lived a few years, dying of nephritis.

She rarely spoke of him, and one time I asked her point blank “What kind of man was my grandfather?” She hesitated several moments (I could see she was pondering the question) and, feeling that I was entitled to an answer, she said, “Not to speak ill of the dead, but he was the meanest man I ever knew. He used to beat me.”

So my maternal grandfather was subject to my intense hatred from that moment on: I never heard of any circumstances that caused me to change my opinion.

³ Local marriage records indicate his name was “William” Powell.

He [Powell] died when my mother was two years old; Grandmother related what a battle she had to raise two infant girls, shocking grain, picking potatoes, shucking corn, doing any work she could get to eke out a living. A few years of this and she went to Casey, Illinois (she always pronounced it “Cazy”), where a railroad was being built. (Near Robinson, Illinois). There she met and married a returned Union soldier, Samuel Sawyer, who had grown up in that neighborhood. They soon moved to Marion, Ind., where the natural gas boom was just getting under way.

Now Grandmother was a wonderful cook and soon found herself proprietor of a railroad restaurant at 12th and Branson in Marion, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, two blocks from the station. My first acquaintance with this restaurant must have been about 1894; at that time she had a crew of about a dozen people and was very successful and paying for the business location as well as a 2-story home at 1711 So. Branson (now 1713), Marion.

My parents moved to Marion in 1894, living with Grandma for about a year and a half; my brothers (twins) Ansel and Eric, were born November 29th, 1895. My Grandfather Sawyer died ... [December 17, 1901 and] is buried in the IOOF Cemetery in Marion with a minie ball in his skeleton; he was shot in the right shoulder in the battle of Chickamauga. As the ball seemed to give him little trouble, he never bothered to have it removed.⁴ Grandfather saw considerable service and several battles – Lookout Mountain (usually referred to as Chattanooga), the Wilderness, and marched with Sherman to the sea and was mustered out at Macon, Georgia.

Although he [Samuel Sawyer] was only my step-grandfather, he could not have been any better to me had I been his own flesh and blood. War veterans usually avoid talking about their service, but he would talk to me by the hour, telling me the various phases of army life, marches, engagements, etc. So I gained a remarkable perspective of what the boys in the Civil War (they used to refer to it as the “War Between the States) went through as they were in great measure only boys. From 16 to 21-22, occasionally a 13-year-old drummer boy (I knew one in the old Home for Disabled Veteran Soldiers in Marion – it was built to care for Civil War vets.

⁴ Samuel D. Sawyer served in the 119th Illinois Regiment of the Union Army. He entered as a private and mustered out as a lieutenant. <http://www.itd.nps.gov/cwss/soldiers.cfm> This record does not give the dates of induction or release from service. While engaging the Confederates in many battles, this unit did not fight at Chickamauga. This source lists three Wm Drydens in the Union Army from Indiana, but none from Massachusetts. One Hoosier was in the 15th Indiana Regiment, one in the 57th, and one in the 50th. As the latter was formed at Seymour, Indiana I am assuming this was Uncle Billy’s unit. The others mustered in at Lafayette and at Richmond. However, the 50th also did not see battle at Chickamauga. In other contexts, Grandpa Stover had indicated (consistent with the Census record) that Billy Dryden accompanied his sister Emeline and Aunt Lydia on the oxcart trip to Owen County, Indiana. Also on earlier occasions, Grandpa had indicated that it was “Captain” Billy Dryden who had the minie ball in his knee to the time of his death, long after the end of the Civil War. Wm, Dryden, of the Indiana 50th, entered and left service as a private. Neither of the other two William Drydens rose above the rank of sergeant.

“The **Minié ball** (or **minie ball**) is a type of muzzle-loading spin-stabilizing rifle bullet named after co-developer, Claude Etienne Minié, inventor of the Minié rifle. It came to prominence in the Crimean War and American Civil War.” http://www.ask.com/wiki/Minié_ball

Grandpa and I would sit on the benches in the company of crowds of veterans in the plaza of the Home. Their usual topic of conversation was their service and the odd incidents they encountered.

He and Grandmother had one son, Fred B., who was eleven years younger than my mother. Fred went directly from grade school to employment with the F.M. Dilling Candy Co., and soon became Dilling's right hand man in the manufacturing end of the business (sales were as important as manufacturing in this business).

He had the ability to duplicate any piece of candy you gave him, whether hard goods, creams, marshmallows, or jelly beans, coated peanuts, gum drops, etc. And [the manufacturing] was referred to as "pan work", because they were made in a very large kettle, round, but with an opening at the top big enough that a man could stick his arm and shoulder inside, set an angle of about 45 degrees and rotated with a large 50 to 100 pounds of the article to be coated. [It was] heated outside by a steam coil to dry the coating liquid applied with a dipper. The batch was spread with a wooden paddle and spread to avoid spotty coating, a very interesting operation.

The Dilling Co., soon fell apart after the death of Dilling. Fred was 60 then and went into semi-retirement. He was married to Maude Myers, daughter of the 13 year-old drummer boy previously referred to. To this union was born Frank, Rachel, Emeline, Fred Jr., Charlotte, [and] Margaret.

My mother's older sister, Ella, was married to Ben Wade, who only lived for a few years after. She remained a widow for a considerable time. Then she married Simon Barton Kennedy (always called 'Bart'). My first recollection of him was during the summer of 1894 (their courtship). [Glenn would have been five at the time] We attended an old-fashioned circus – Barnum and Bailey, in its hey-day.

Now Bart was no miser, and we had third row seats, jammed up against the orchestra (the choicest). I sat between them and Bart bought me all the goodies I could eat. And he kept me full of circus lemonade, and I kept him busy handing me down to dispose of the used lemonade. He would hold me by the wrists and I could just touch the ground with my toes. In spite of a poor start, he always treated me like I was his own son.

He [Bart] and Aunt Ella were soon married, pooled their resources and bought the sawmill and grounds, including a residence, at Conner Mill, eight miles down river from Marion. At the same time, his brother Mike bought the gristmill and grounds with a residence. Their father was also a miller. They were quite well versed in the venture. All my spare time until I was 16 was spent at their house and the river and mill, mostly fishing. I have always bragged that I caught more fish before I was 16 than I have caught altogether since (and I am no slouch fisherman).

The river⁵ in all its pristine loveliness, was teeming with bass, goggle eye, sunfish, punkin seed, bull-heads, channel cat, as well as a few red-horse (a wonderful fish, and big), all just begging for the bait. You could well ask what happened to all this good fishing? At that

⁵ The Mississinewa River, which flows through Marion and joins the Wabash further north in Peru.

time, about a third of the land was covered with timber. The heavy fall of leaves each year held the ground water effectively, letting it leach into the river slowly, so that we had no abnormally high or low water. There was always plenty of water to run the mills.

When the leaves finally did go into the river, they would be black, imparting a brackish color to the water. Also they brought down an awful lot of food for the finny denizens. But all that changed in a few years. There came an awful demand for wood, building homes, etc. A lot of it was burned as cheap fuel, so that the river no longer had that brackish look, but was a muddy brownish yellow color, washing a terrific lot of good top-soil away with accompanying high and low water levels, so that the mills could not operate about 1/3 of the time and were no longer a paying venture.

Bart had improved the residence, adding several other buildings. He sold the home, abandoned the mill, and moved to Marion. He and Aunt had no children; however, they adopted a 15 year-old girl, Lola Juanita Kennedy, who married Donald McCarter of Logansport, Ind.

Donald was a musician who could play almost any musical instrument (he owned about 3 dozen), giving lessons on most instruments. He was a virtuoso on the slide trombone. In his teenage he had travelled with Ringling Bros. Circus in the Kilties band. He also was a linotype operator, working at both occupations, so that they did quite well.

He and I became fast buddies, and we have spent many happy hours together, he being as avid a fisherman as I was. H [Donald McCarter] died about 1950, leaving 4 lovely daughters and grandchildren. Lola outlived him by about 20 years. The daughters were named ... [Virginia, Anita, Martha, and Wildarose].

My parents traded the property they built at 517 E. Grant St., Marion in 1908 for a worn out 75 acre farm in Ripley County, Indiana, 3 miles east of Versailles. The only county seat in Indiana not boasting a railroad. They moved there in the very early spring of 1912. During that time, they added 15 acres of small timber, which gave them an ample supply of firewood.

At the extreme southern edge of this 15 acres lay a meadow of about 3 acres, enclosed on 3 sides by hills. In it grew the finest and best blackberries I have ever seen. A large spring at the upper end fed it continually so that it never lacked for water or humus. My brothers would pick in a 12 qt pail, wearing it in front of them at picking height by a piece of worn out harness leather, ending with a couple of snaps which crossed behind the neck and over the shoulders. They could always pick a pail heaping full in 45 minutes, of the sweetest blackberries you ever tasted, and as large as your thumb and as long. Mother would put up about 200 quarts, slightly sweetened, for pies and cobblers and about a hundred gallons, unsweetened mostly in Cocoa Cola syrup kets [?]. They were ideal for this purpose and required no preparation other than keeping them clean.

About a gallon of this juice in a cold pitcher, plus a dishpan (a big one) about 1 or ½ times full of popcorn made the grandest evening meal you could ever imagine. After getting it down, you could rear back in your chair, pat your belly and truthfully say, "I ain't mad at no body!"

Father lost all but the thumb and first finger of his right hand in a corn shredder during the fall of 1916; however, he continued farming until 1936.

The happiest years of their lives were spent on this old worn out farm, with its 100 year old buildings, etc.

Mother always raised a big garden and a considerable flock of chickens (Mother had the best luck raising chicks of anyone I ever knew.). Dad's contribution to the cause would be 3 or 4 butcher hogs, plus the milk from an equal number of Jerseys, plus the forage from all this. [It provided] the foundation for a very good living.

They kept the farm in 1934 after Dad had a bad round of angina, moving back to Marion where we 3 sons were operating a garage. However, they moved back to the farm in 1938 until dad died [in 1943, at 79] from shingles, coupled with a long-standing case of asthma (his angina never bothered him the last 5 years of his life). Mother died aged 92 [in 1959] from the result of a broken hip and old age.

By brothers were not identical twins, but you could never find identical twins who were any closer than they. They stuck together like glue. After finishing grade school they went to work at the old Rutenber Engine works in Marion. It was just getting started building auto engines.⁶

George Rutenber, the moving spirit in the venture, was a very successful designer and proved to be as good a businessman as well. They soon employed 750 people and built engines for many of the leading manufacturers of the day, building about 65 engines per day.

Came the 1st World War in 1914 and they [his brothers Ansel and Eric], leaving the local station together.⁷ Both answered a call for mechanics to form a truck division – were accepted and sent (together) to a station in the south. Eric was placed in a unit in the south, while Ansel was sent to the Philadelphia Reclamation Center, both for the duration – the only time in their lives they were ever separated.

If one of them looked for a job, and the answer seemed favorable, he would explain that he had a twin brother and that they always worked together, and that the “other brotgher” would be around to see about work. The result was always that you never hired one person but two.

When the Depression hit, we three got together and started a repair service, and very successfully. I did all the accounting and book work, collecting, etc., and being the eldest it seemed to be my lot to initiate any change. I would talk it over, the 3 of us. When it came time for a decision, they would step aside, talk it over only a few minutes, come back, and announce their decision, or ask for more time for consideration. This did not seem odd to me, as I had never seen any other method used by them. But it used to irk their wives terribly, as they never could get between them.

⁶ See http://www.ask.com/wiki/Rutenber_Motor_Company

⁷ Some question about timing here, as the US did not enter the war until 1917.

Eric married first, shortly after the war, to Mae Taylor, a Ripley County girl. They had five children: Ralph, Dorothy (Dottie), Robert, Mary Jane, and Donald. Now Ralph was a born organizer; he could always enlist aid in any project he undertook. He had a paper route before he was out of grade school, for a few sodas and candy. Bob and Dottie seemed to think it a privilege to help deliver.

Ralph enlisted in the navy in WW 2; he seemed to display his usual talent, and found himself as captain of a PT boat in the Philippines. In chasing around the islands, he became intrigued with the immense stands of Philippine mahogany. Now this is not a true mahogany, but approaches it as nearly as possible (the true mahogany is Honduras). From his time around Bart's mill, he [Ralph] saw the possibilities of cutting this timber. He soon formed a coalition to take care of the matter.

For his first partner, he chose Carlos Romulo, Jr. son of the Philippine President⁸, to iron out and expedite the matter; next a son of a wealthy NY man, already in the lumber shipping business, for finance and shipping connections; [they added] a legal mind, necessary to complex legal situations involved; next a man already skilled in mill operation.

All these proved to be excellent choices, and the company got off to a flying start, but soon became entangled with the Philippine temperament. Your ordinary Philippine workman will not work as long as there is enough food about the place for a day; so he [Ralph?] goes back in the hills, makes the acquaintance of the chief of the Hukbalahap, the local rebels, enlists his sympathy (and help) and out comes the timber.⁹

Now it was impossible to cut up the timber with local help. So they set up a mill in Okinawa, where the natives were reliable and skilled help. [They floated] the timber to Okinawa in chain bound booms. This operation was so successful that when a disastrous fire occurred in the mill, the insurance totaled half a million dollars. They soon were in such control that they used to ship any cut timber only as plywood.

However, the operation met with disaster. One morning at just day break, the entire group started out in the company plane to look over a prospective stand of timber. Their pilot (in their regular employ) was Pappy Gunn of Flying Tiger fame.¹⁰ The engine had a "sweaty cylinder" which had withstood idling okay, while warming up, but when Pappy gave her the gun, the accumulated moisture cut out this cylinder at a time when total power was needed. The

⁸ Mr. Romulo the elder was not President, but he was a famous and widely respected Filipino diplomat, politician, soldier, journalist and author.

⁹ See <http://www.ask.com/wiki/Hukbalahap>. Keep in mind that this is being written by an 87/88-year-old man, entirely from memory. I know as a fact that he had no notes or references, and in 1977 or 8, he sure did not have Ask.com. Ok, so he makes a mistake here and there; nonetheless, I find his memory awesome, not to mention his frequently elegant use of the language.. That memory and his narrative skill were in large part what made it so interesting to be in his company as much as my family and I were during his later years. Who among us can remember the "Hukbalahap?"

¹⁰ http://www.ask.com/wiki/Paul_Gunn : "Gunn died when his plane crashed in a storm over the Philippines on October 11, 1957 killing all aboard."

plane did not clear the timber, and struck a big banyan tree, killing all occupants and totally destroying the plane.

My nephew, Ralph, was a big man (6'3"), but his body came back to the States in a 4 ½ foot cast iron coffin, with the word not to attempt to open it under any circumstances.

Philippine law stipulates that any money made in business in the Philippines must be spent there and cannot be taken out of the country as money. They sold the timber to themselves, as another company, so all that was necessary was to make the Philippine operation sound financially.

Among Ralph's effects were found agreements with the other 5 partners to turn over the total management of the company to him, the total effective profit to be divided ½ to Ralph and ½ to them (equally), they to retain their interest and assist as usual, from the States (they wanted to get back home). Romulo's father wanted him in the government.

Ralph's father and mother went to the Philippines, Okinawa, and Japan shortly after the debacle, and the company assigned one of their top men as their guide and interpreter. He took them to most of the operation. Eric said what impressed him most was the intense loyalty that the ordinary workmen exhibited for Ralph. They would come up and tell how he was interested in them and their welfare. Even the warlike Huks were no exception to this.

Dorothy, next after Ralph, married Art Topham, an American Airline pilot, who will shortly be up for retirement [written in 1978]. Robert is a successful insurance (partnership) in Marion, Indiana; Mary Jane lives in ...[Cape Vincent, NY]. Donald is the premier salesman for Oshkosh B'Gosh men's work wear.

None of the heirs [of Ralph], parents mostly, as [the victims of the plane crash]... were comparatively young men, desired to continue the business connection, so they sold it completely to a New York woman who had the money and the necessary business connections to operate – among them, a resident manager living in the Philippines, who is operating it precisely as Ralph had set it up.

Ralph's mother is still living in Van Wert, O., mostly travelling about with a group of women living in the same community, visiting with her children.¹¹

Eric's twin brother, Ansel, while stationed at the Philadelphia Reclamation Center [during World War I] met an Irish girl, Elizabeth Hallahan, who came to the US aged 8, making her home with an older brother in Philadelphia, Mike Hallahan, who was a police captain.

Ansel and Elizabeth] were married shortly after Eric and Mae. Both boys worked for Howard Hooper, Ford sales agent, in the shop until the Depression.

¹¹ Edith Mae [Aunt Mae] died in 1987 and is buried next to Uncle Eric in Grant Memorial Park, Grant County, Indiana.

After a few lean years, they started their own shop in 1933, and I joined the venture the next year. We soon had the best repair shop in town, specializing in commercial accounts in Marion, Ind. These accounts had to keep their equipment running and they would bring a truck in on Friday in order to have it for use on Monday morning. We only hired the best mechanics in town, and often worked 18 or 20 hours a day on the weekend, in order to get it all done. This kind of treatment made us friends with all of our customers, and we soon had the biggest repair service in town. People soon learned that you cannot live alone; you must help one another.

Of course, through necessity, we broke the Sabbath pretty badly. There just seemed to be no other way to do it. At least the Good Lord forgave us enough to crown our efforts with success.

Ansel and Elizabeth had two boys: William, born ...[October, 1923] and James ...[January, 1927]. Bill never married, worked all his life for the Eisenhauer Industries in Van Wert, Ohio. He went to work for them on completing high school.

James went to the University of Virginia, studying patent law. While in school, he got a part-time job with a firm of patent lawyers and was so proficient that he had all the work he could handle, and came out of school with so much experience that he was hired out to the Eaton Industries and they put him to work on exchanging patent right use with foreign manufacturers, which he still [1977-78] does. He is considered one of the top men in the company.¹² He married an Irish girl, Elizabeth, and they had ...[nine children].

About 1938, all the commercial transportation was about worn out, so that practically all equipment was junked at approximately the same time. This move cut into our operation so badly that we sold our equipment (mostly to car dealers) and closed up shop.

Ancil and Eric got jobs immediately with Eisenhauer Industries in Van Wert, Ohio. They moved into a big, well-appointed house, and divided it up (the wives just loved it – I don't guess?).

Eisenhauer fabricated parts difficult to make for other manufacturers. They had just received an order for tank propulsion wheels. They were fabricated of welded construction of considerable size. Since it requires much metal from the outside diameter, the tire mounting rims were finished first by Buick (as Buick had the total job) then they were shipped for finishing the bore. There was considerable stock to remove, and no one seemed to be able to get the job done properly. The finished bore seemed to have too much runout (eccentricity) or be badly out of round – generally both.

Eisenhauer was having the same luck that others were having. He took them [Ancil and Eric] out in the shop to see the job. Ancil observed the terrible “run-out” in the part. There came

¹² James Stover stayed with Eaton for 38 years.. In 1979 he became the company's 10th president. He took over as chairman and chief executive officer in 1986. He retired in 1992. Just one month before this writing, on August 1, 2010, Cousin Jim died at age 83. His wife Betty had died 10 months earlier. They had been married 58 years and had nine children.

to him a remembrance of an old tool-maker friend who described to him what he called a “porcupine reamer” that he had made for such a condition.

Having time to check it out, (they were just hiring) he told Eisenhower that he thought he could lick the job, so he promised to try. His friend had described the reamer and explained its salient points.

In a few days, they [Ancil & Eric] were moved and were put immediately on the project. Eisenhower was never short on equipment, and Ancil found a larger, heavy drill press just suited to his purpose.

Without going into detail of how he made a reamer with a series of replaceable cutting tools to remove almost all of the stock, then finished it with a piloted reamer – with perfect results – all in a week. The result was, they got all of the wheels to finish, and a good operator could finish a carload a week, making the best paying job they ever contracted for. They stayed with Eisenhower until they retired. Both [Eric and Ancil] were buried from Van Wert.

I took employment with the Allison Division of the General Motors on 1st April, 1940. WW 2 was staring us in the face, and everyone was certain we would be in it shortly. We were working all the hours we could stand. The Division had hired all the top men they could get, making them brag that they had a thousand master mechanics. And I don't think it was just bragging as I have never seen so much talent in one group.

Having had such wide experience, I soon found myself in charge of a group of trainees – usually boys just out of high school at their first job. I also sold them on the policy as well as training them in their work (I have always said G.M. was the best corporation to work for in the US). As they showed promise, I recommended them for advancement, for several had responsible positions.

I was soon jerked loose from that job and was given a special assignment as a general trouble-shooter, with no special direction, Trouble is where you find it. This by far was the most interesting job I ever encountered. If the big shots had problems, I soon heard of it. Very often it only amounted to getting the low-down on a situation; queerly enough, that seemed to be the biggest handicap of a top executive. No one seemed willing to trust him.

I recall being in a top brass meeting, and was asked by the Director what my opinion constituted a good trouble-shooter. I replied that first he must be well grounded in mechanics and have no fear, must be a sort of bird-dog able to spot trouble quickly and easily and to have the remedy, and not be afraid to move toward correction. I can always find 10 men who can analyze trouble, but not have the temerity to try a solution. Lack of confidence, I guess.

[Here there is a break in the text, and the hand-writing becomes rather more shakey, suggesting that considerable time passed.]

My father was orphaned at an early age. (I have heard 4 years.), grew up in the homes of his older sisters, mainly. He managed to get 5 years of schooling, then struck out on his own; got

as far as Oregon. Returning home, he went to work for Col. Lee, a well-heeled Civil War veteran, who had a great respect for Dad's mechanical ability. Dad must have worked for him about 5 years in various tile mills in the locality, and we moved about once a year.

The only motive power available then was steam. He soon learned the essentials of steam engineering. When the International Correspondence School opened in Pennsylvania, he [Glenn's father] was one of the first 1,000 to enroll (in steam engineering) and among the first 200 to attain a sheep skin for his efforts. This took about 3 years of all his spare time, and all I can remember of him during that time was him poring over the paperwork necessitated by study.

However, he became convinced that refrigeration was the coming thing, and he enrolled in an additional course a year before he got his steam diploma. He got his paper for this a year later. He was immediately hired by the Giddons family, who owned and operated the Crystal Ice Co., in Marion. But he left there for work at the Sterling Ice Co., as they had over twice the capacity as Crystal. Also at 3 times the remuneration.

It was about 1902 that I got in my first job of trouble-shooting. Ice making for that day and age was a highly complicated process. Anhydrous ammonia was the only gas developed; the compressor was a combination steam engine, geared into the compressor, and operated as a unit. It was a two-story affair, with the driving half below and the compressor on the top deck – a Frick machine.

Now, anhydrous ammonia is a highly volatile gas; was compressed at 240 lbs. into a liquid; as all the heat contained in the gas built up a temperature at about the boiling point of water. It was cooled by running it through a set of water-cooled coils, next, to get the chilling effect. It was expanded in a set of coils placed about a water tank the size and shape of the cake of ice desired, usually a bout 4 feet long (deep) and 2 feet wide, and width tapered about 2 inches so that the cake would readily slide out of the can when sprayed with a little warm water. The resulting thickness was about 10" – 12".

The cans were placed in a standing position on a floor encased by a container with space between it and the cans for the expansion coils and heat transfer to salt water. All the steam developed was condensed, making "sweet water", pure and germ free. And operation tank was filled, ammonia was turned on, and the tank cover replaced, freezing a cake of ice in from 18 to 30 hours, depending on the efficiency of your various units. Ice making is a very tricky business.

The expanded gas from the freezing floor goes directly to the Frick machine for re-compressing. This was accomplished by pulling the gas by a piston, and delivering it to the compressor. The suction piston was fitted with a set of packing rings, was open on the top end and kept lubricated periodically with engine oil, by hand with a large oil can.

I had observed that these "dash-pots", as we called them, took an inordinate amount of oil – about a gallon a day. Our efficiency was beginning to drop to the point where it took 36 hours to freeze a cake of ice. The hot season (June) was just approaching and we had to do something. Also, the Frick was beginning to get noisy, pounding badly.

I suggested that all that oil was being mixed with the ammonia, reasoning that if the oil wasn't being taken into the system, that it would run down over the engine below and finally show up on the floor. But no oil was seen below.

Finally, in desperation, Dad said, "Well! What would you do if you were running it?" I said I would draw out a cylinder of ammonia and ship it to the supplier and ask them to tell you what they can find out about it, and the remedy. Now, with maybe a thousand pipe connections, you were always losing ammonia, and we had an empty cylinder. He did as I had suggested.

Soon we had a reply saying that Frick should check the pistons, replace the rings, and they would send enough ammonia to refill the system and enough empty cylinders to hold what we were using. We should return it and they would reclaim it. So ended my first job of trouble shooting. I think the only gain I made in the deal was a lot of self-confidence (a valuable commodity).

[So ends Grandpa Stover's narrative. Rih 9/5/2010]



Glenn Stover, January, 1977