

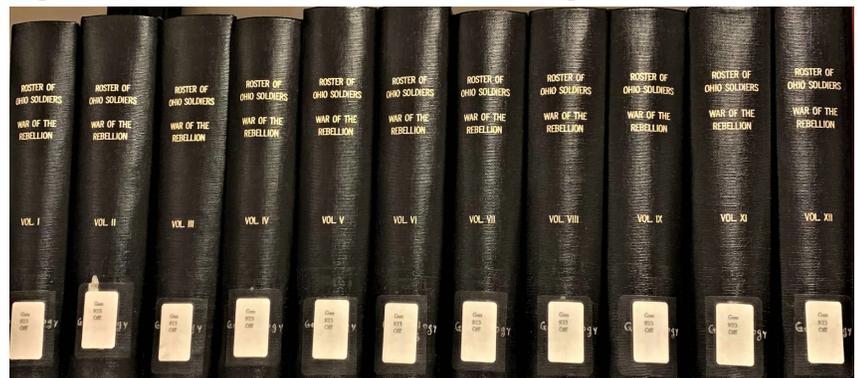


Was Your Ohio Ancestor in the Military?

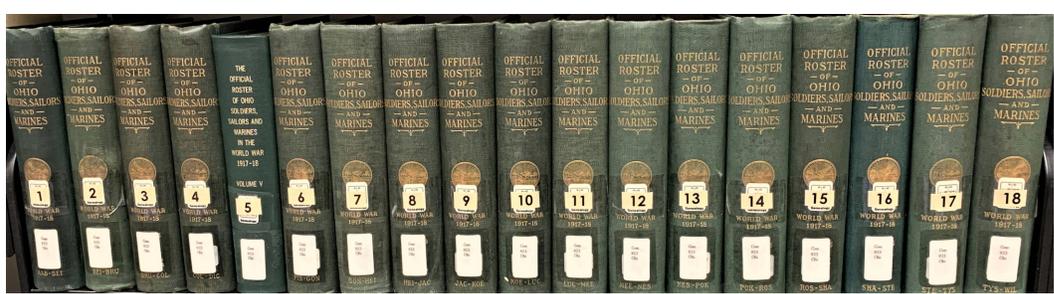
We've got some books that you might be interested in!

Inside This Issue:

- Military Books and Fold3.....1
- Who am I?.....2
- Timeless Treasure.....2
- Pageant of Portsmouth.....2
- Do you know this Place?.....2
- Pageant Continued.....3
- Answer to place.....3
- Local Mystery.....4



Roster books of Ohio Soldiers in the Civil War



Roster books for Ohio soldiers and sailors in WWI

Check our our military database Fold3, accessible from home through our website: <https://www.yourppl.org/lh/>
All you need is your library card!



Timeless Treasure: Portsmouth Police (1930's)

Our March/April Timeless Treasures is this black and white photo of the Portsmouth Police Department in front of Henry Massie School. The building was located at the corner of 2nd and Chillicothe Streets. It was demolished in 1968. View this image and many more at <https://www.yourppl.org/history/> Have a timeless treasure of your own you'd like to share? Contribute images of your local regional historic interest to our website!



The Pageant of Portsmouth

Imagine being able to witness the first 200 years of Portsmouth's history. That's what the Pageant of Portsmouth sought to do. On September 26-28, 1922, onlookers were treated to a historic production separated into different episodes and chronicling the beginning of Portsmouth. There was a script with 750 actors, 225 dancers, 435 singers, 50 musicians, and 50 horses involved. It took place in York Park, with the Ohio River and Kentucky Hills acting as the backdrop for the tale. Stands were erected, with tickets and seating for anyone who wanted to attend. An article in the Portsmouth Daily Times proclaimed that "Every Seat Sold at Today's Pageant," (September 27, 1922). It was an extremely popular event, and on this particular day, the Times says that nearly 1000 people had to be turned away because there were no more seats available for the pageant. The stands were able to hold about 4000 people.

Who am I?

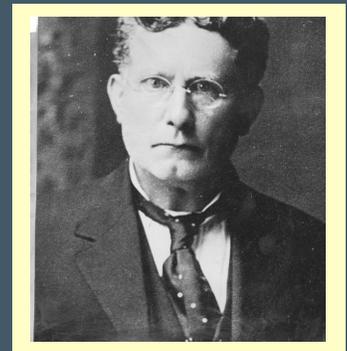
Clue 1: I was born in New York City on February 24, 1850.

Clue 2: I am the oldest of seven children, with five brothers and one sister.

Clue 3: My parents were both natives of Ireland and came to America in 1849. My father soon came to Portsmouth and began manufacturing shoes.

Clue 4: I was a prominent member of the Masons and was considered an expert on the history of the local lodges.

Clue 5: I was involved in many positions in Portsmouth during my lifetime.



Hold your copy up to a mirror to view the answer!

Do you know this place?

Clue 1: This place was settled by German immigrants in the early 1800s.

Clue 2: This place is considered to be the most historic in all of Portsmouth.

Clue 3: According to some, the name is the anglicized version of the German phrase that means "good times" or "good will."

Clue 4: There are many stories about how this place got its name including the tale of a French violinist named Pierre Boneyvour. He played the violin at the White Bear Hotel in the 1870's.

Answer in the next issue!



The entire story was written by two Portsmouth High School teachers, Lucille Graham and Bert Leach to benefit the Bureau of Community Service. The main goal of the pageant was to draw people in from out of the area to see what Portsmouth had to offer.

The tagline for the event was "Come to the Pageant of Portsmouth and live 200 years in two hours."

Did you know that you can view images from the pageant in our digital collection? We also have a vertical file for the pageant in the Local History Department.

Louisiana Moore Ricker Diary Entry

March 13, 1882

Weather cold and raw, very disagreeable. We did not rest much last night, I was suffering very much from indigestion and Jimmie had headache, then we felt badly in view of his going away and only had a short nap when the watchman came to call him to get ready for the 4:30 train.

We arose and he had a cup of coffee before leaving. I had thought some of going part of the way with him and stopping to see Jennie, to break the force of the parting but was unable to go. I trust he will have a safe and prosperous journey and we will all soon be together again. Ma and Mary spent most of the day with me and Miss Emma Bell came to stay all night. Everybody is very kind. The Doctor came and prescribed for me.

**Last Issue's:
"Do you know this place?"**

Funk's Gut



COME TO
The Pageant
OF
Portsmouth
And Live 200 Years in 2 Hours

This Pageant Re-Enacts the History of Portsmouth on a Magnificent Scale

1500 Performers
4300 Seats

Indians, Squaws, Papooses, Pioneers, Soldiers, Circuit Riders, Singers, Dancers, Belles, Beaux, Frenchmen, Boatmen, Minstrel Shows, Bands

Get Your Tickets Early and Be Sure of a Seat
Tickets 50c and \$1.00
Boxes (6 Chairs) \$10.00

Important! Read Every Word! Keep for Reference.

Instructions to Performers
PAGEANT OF PORTSMOUTH

PERFORMANCES

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26	2 P. M. Sharp
WEDNESDAY, SEPT 27	2 P. M. Sharp
THURSDAY, SEPT 28	2 P. M. Sharp

ARRIVAL

Performers should arrive at the Pageant Field (York Park) between the hours indicated below:

EPISODE I. (FRENCH-INDIAN)	1:15-1:45
INTERLUDE 1 (FOREST)	1:30-2:00
EPISODE II. (PIONEER-INDIAN)	1:45-2:15
INTERLUDE 2 (FLOWERS)	2:00-2:30
EPISODE III. (Francis Asbury, Founding of Portsmouth, Country Dance)	2:15-2:45
INTERLUDE 3 (CORN)	2:30-3:00
EPISODE IV. (1840 CAMPAIGN)	2:45-3:15
INTERLUDE 4 (STEEL)	3:00-3:30
EPISODE V. (CIVIL WAR)	3:15-3:45
INTERLUDE 5 (RISING WATERS)	3:30-4:00
EPISODE VI. (Biggs House Ball, Monumental Fair, W. Va. Reunion)	3:45-4:15
FINALE (THE VISION)	4:00-4:15



Local Mystery: Resort Girl Shot to Death, Frantic Chase for Killer Ensues

On September 21, 1908, the headline above was across the front page of the Portsmouth Daily Times, along with a drawing of the woman and a man, who was their main suspect. The victim was Mabel Harrington, which was her alias while working at the resort. Her real name was Lydia May Corbin Shafer, and she'd been romantically involved with Clarence Richardson until she'd discovered that he was married. Allegedly, Lydia broke things off with Richardson, but he refused to accept this. He became angry about Lydia's decision to break things off with him. Many believed there was some sort of suicide pact between the two former lovers, as Richardson began going around town, telling others that he had acquired two guns- one for Lydia and one for himself. However, that wasn't the case as events soon began to play out.

On the evening of September 22, 1908, Richardson called Lydia on the telephone while she was in the Garnet Evelyn Resort on the corner of Eleventh and Washington Streets. Ignoring those who told her meeting Richardson was a bad idea, Lydia Shafer exited the building and went to the rear yard to meet her disgruntled former lover. For nearly an hour, the pair remained in the yard, sitting in a lawn swing and talking quietly until Richardson could be heard shouting "You know I'm mean," followed by four loud gun shots. Leonard Worsham, husband of the landlady of the resort, rushed outside just in time to see Richardson running from the yard. Worsham ran after Richardson, who was unable to get the rear gate open. He flung himself at the fence and began scrambling over the top, but his shoe got caught in the rope tied to the gate. He tried to get Worsham to cut him loose, but the man refused. Richardson was able to wriggle himself free and fled into the street beyond. He ran toward the Scioto Bottoms, dropping his gun in his haste to escape. Back in the yard of the resort, women poured out to see if they could help and others came out onto the streets in a huge crowd of confusion. Lydia was found still in the swing, her face covered in blood and gasping for breath. She was carried inside, and two doctors were called.

While this was happening, an officer at the end of the street, Officer Phillips, heard the gun shots and saw a man fleeing the backyard of the resort. He called in to the police station and reported it. Officer Saufferer was sent out with a group of policemen with bloodhounds to search for the fleeing Richardson. Unfortunately, the mob that had spilled out onto the streets had trampled over any footprints left by Richardson when he left the scene of the shooting. The police put the bloodhounds to work though, and soon the dogs were leading them up and down nearby streets and across the railroad tracks. The search, however, proved to be in vain. It was given up at about 3 o'clock in the morning, and the officers were given instructions to resume the hunt at the break of dawn. During the chase, Lydia had been moved to Hempstead Hospital where she died as a result of her wounds. Now, the police were on the hunt for a murderer, but as the days that followed were filled with desperate attempts to locate Clarence Richardson, he remained elusive.

On September 26th, the Portsmouth Times included an article on page three with the headline "Fugitive Murderer is Not Yet Found." The police believed that Richardson escaped from Portsmouth into Kentucky and seemed doubtful that he would ever be found. They said that the commotion at the crime scene could have contributed to Richardson's ability to escape. The gun used had been picked up before police could arrive, and this was thought to be the reason that the bloodhounds could not catch the scent they needed to track down the murderer. It was mentioned, in the Times article, that an older bloodhound was sent for to try to pick up the trail, as the ones the police were using that night were "mere pups." It seems that all of this played into Richardson's favor, as he was never captured.