

S & D

REFLECTOR

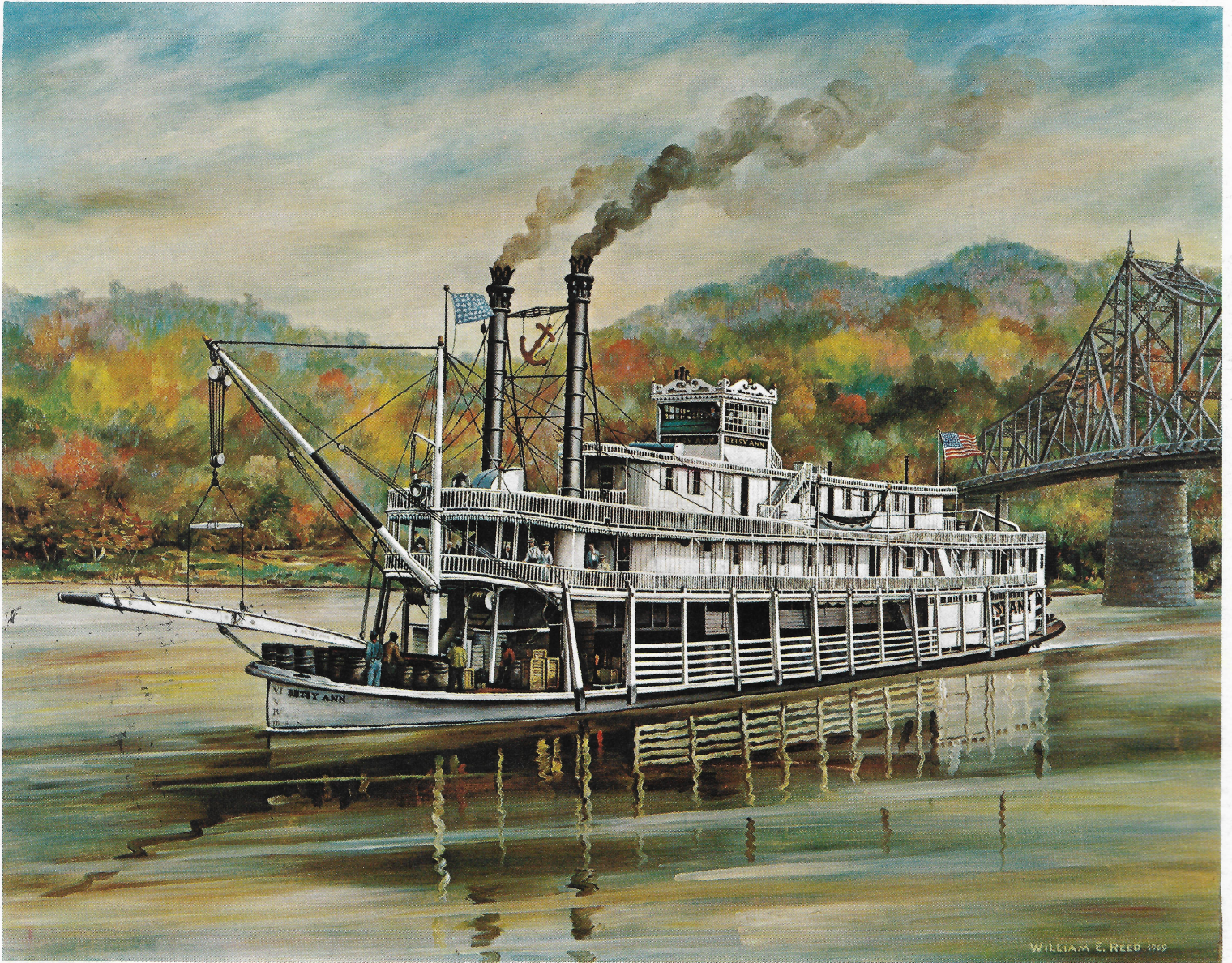
Published by Sons and Daughters
of Pioneer Rivermen



Vol. 6, No. 4

Marietta, Ohio

December, 1969



The blush on yon hills is the fall foliage of 1931. The boat as you probably already know is the BETSY ANN. Bill Reed painted her (how many times has he done her!) headed in for a landing at Sewickley, Pa. Our surmise based upon a backlog of experience is that the cash drawer is empty and the purser is looking for about \$500 in bills and change to meet immediate expenses.

Our apologies for using this scene as the annual Christmas and holiday greeting to the good people of S&D. We were lately reminded by an old-timer that the BETSY ANN has become a legend, quite overrated, and publicized out of propor-

tion. Our critic terminated his speech saying, "Actually, the BETSY ANN was not so much, I never thought."

But and anyhow, Bill Reed in 1969 was commissioned to do this painting for your president's elder son and wife who wanted to hang the BETSY in their livingroom. The original oil Bill made is fairly large, 30 by 40 inches, and since has been framed and now graces a wall at 1258 Castleton Road, Cleveland Heights, Ohio. Bob Stone had the color photo made, and so here you are, for better or for worse, and the BETSY ANN and crew and management salute you and yours bearing to all a cargo of happy wishes.

Sirs: My grandfather was Capt. Gus Fowler of Paducah, and my father was Saunders A. Fowler of the same place. Recently I sent a photograph of the JOE FOWLER to the vice president of Walt Disney Productions, whose name is also Joe Fowler. I just talked to him a very few minutes so don't know of any relationship yet.

L. A. Fowler, v.p.,
Johns-Manville,
22 East 40th St.,
New York, N.Y. 10016

=How about Henry A. Fowler whose nickname is "Joe" and whose signature is on every dollar bill in our pocket? -Ed.

Sirs: You MUST go to Austria, especially to Salzburg, Innsbruck and to the little towns along the Austrian Danube to see how those Austrians treat their rivers! They have grass to the water's edge, little inns overlooking the stream, paths to the edge for lovers (young and old), terraces, and beautiful trees and flowers. No chemical works. I miss news of our river friends.

Helen R. Stephenson,
General Foods Kitchens,
250 North St.,
White Plains, N.J. 10602

=Helen married Jack Stephenson in 1961 and is the former Helen Rose Ruch. Her grandpa was Capt. George Gibson who was on watch when the towboat JIM WOOD saddle-bagged on the lower guide wall at Dam 33, Ohio River in 1917. -Ed.

Sirs: Word has come to me of the death of Capt. Jesse Patchell of Buffalo, West Va. I talked with him for about an hour on June 13th last, and he died very soon after that. I thought S&D might like to know.

Leonard McCauley,
611 West Livingston Road,
Highland, Mich. 48031

=Capt. Jesse Patchell was a son of the late Capt. and Mrs. Dan Patchell also of Buffalo. Jesse had a twin brother Joe who, aged 18, fell from the fore-castle of the SENATOR CORDILL at New Matamoras, O. and was drowned, this in the fall of 1921. -Ed.

Sirs: I visited our Pittsburgh office recently and LCDR James F. Eckman told me of the transfer of certain historical records to the Inland Rivers Section of the Public Library of Cincinnati. This

was done with the approval of the Commandant, U.S. Coast Guard.

The Coast Guard appreciates your interest in the historical development of water transportation on our great inland river highways. Should further historical records become available, we will certainly keep them in mind for the Inland Rivers Section of the Cincinnati Library.

A. F. Hubbard,
Captain, U.S. Coast Guard,
Chief, Merchant Marine,
Safety Division,
1520 Market St.,
St. Louis, Mo. 63103

Sirs: An interesting thing to me is the name of the Big Sandy batwinger SIP BOYS which is included in the list of boats painted on the wall of the former Hotel Hatcher at Pikeville, Ky. Surely such an unique name had to have some reference to one of the area's famous pastimes--the making of liquid corn refreshments.

John H. Byrd,
Route 2, Box 85,
South Point, Ohio 45680

=The artist erred, perhaps thinking the same thing. The boat's legal name was SIP BAYES, built 1891 at Paintsville, Ky. for Capt. Green Meek. -Ed.

Marijane Stoll, wife of Capt. C. W. Stoll and mother of Christina Cole and Charles Stoll, died suddenly on Sunday evening, September 14, 1969 at her home, Rock Hill, Mockingbird Valley Road, Louisville, Kentucky. Her daughter Christina had married Michael John Cole, also of Louisville, on Wednesday, May 14, 1969. Charles Stoll is the young man who passed samples of polished Ohio River gravel to the ladies following the S&D banquet on September 20 last. The raindrops which fell on S&D that morning were tears in memory of Marijane.

Title to the Howard National Steamboat Museum has been transferred to Jeffboat, Inc. and the Citizens Bank & Trust Co., both of Jeffersonville, Ind. The purchase price was reported to be \$77,500 which will be paid to Mrs. Loretta Howard in five annual instalments. She has already received the first one. The Museum is housed in the elaborate Ed J. Howard mansion built 1892-1893 just across the street from Jeffboat, Inc. which occupies the site of the original Howard Ship Yard. This agreeable solution ends the problem for the perpetuation of the Museum which has been in some question.

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High on the Indiana hilltop at Troy (Ohio River Mile 730) an enormous statue of Christ is illuminated these winter nights. Every pilot who goes by knows the landmark. Very few pilots have any idea of its story.

Dr. and Mrs. N. A. James of Tell City commissioned the statue and it was dedicated in 1957. We asked Mrs. James about it. "We had it put there to commemorate rivermen who have plied the Ohio River in bygone days, also the rivermen of today and the rivermen of the future," she wrote us.

The sculptor was Herbert E. Jogerst, once a private in the Nazi German Army. He was captured near the end of World War II by the British and later was brought to the U.S. as a prisoner of war, confined at Camp Brackinridge in Kentucky.

While confined, Jogerst befriended Father Pet-

er of the Archabby, St. Meinrad, Ind. Jogerst went to the Archabby, set up a studio, and remained some ten years. The Troy hilltop statue (the figure of Christ is 11'4" tall) was created at that time. The stone is pinkish beige rock from Colorado, often used for decorative work.

As perhaps you, the reader, may decipher on the pedestal, the name of the work is "Christ Of the Ohio." Dr. and Mrs. James have a summer home nearby they call "Villa Marie."

Without doubt this is the most spectacular aid to navigation along the Ohio. Pilots use it as a range mark downbound in Troy Reach, aimed on Fulton Hill. Like S&D, it "lights up the past, present, and the future" and is dedicated to commemorate rivermen who plied the rivers in bygone days, the rivermen of today, and the rivermen of tomorrow.

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Published quarterly in March, June, September and December by the Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen. Prepared at Sewickley, Pa., printed at Marietta, O., and mailed at Canal Winchester, Ohio. Membership in S&D entitles each \$5 member to one copy per issue. Applications to join should be accompanied with a check for \$5 (individual) plus \$1 additional for each one of the immediate family under 18. Please list full names of children so each may receive a membership card. If you join alone send \$5; if you and wife join send \$6; if you and wife and one child enroll send \$7, etc. Remit to Mrs. J. W. Rutter, secretary, 89 Park Street, Canal Winchester, Ohio 43110. Membership cards may be used for free access aboard the steamer W. P. SNYDER, JR. at Marietta, Ohio.

Correspondence regarding S&D REFLECTOR welcomed by the editor, Capt. Frederick Way, Jr. at 121 River Ave., Sewickley, Pa., 15143. Additional copies of any issue (save a few which now are depleted) are available at \$1.25 each. Send your order to Captain Way.

The time has come, we feel, to tell a few facts hitherto untold, or glossed over, concerning the DELTA QUEEN. Cmdr. E. J. Quinby, in an address to S&D members last Sept. 20, related a wonderful tale. He not only updated the more recent developments concerning Greene Line's merger plans with Overseas National Airways, but also he enumerated various tempting offers. One group, he said, tried to buy the QUEEN for service on the Amazon River. Then he went on to describe the vastness and loneliness of this major South American stream (it drains a larger land area than any river anywhere) until we almost wished that the deal had jelled. We could just imagine Capt. Ernie Wagner brushing monkeys off the stage spreader-bar while Doc Hawley escorted aboard calico-clad aborigines. Why not? Wouldn't that outcome be more romantic than converting the boat for excursions?

The Marietta Daily Times headlined what Jay Quinby told S&D, giving the story four-column front page treatment. This newspaper, 22 years ago, was the first one to inform the Mississippi Valley that the DELTA QUEEN had been bought by Greene Line.

That was kind of odd too. Capt. Tom R. Greene was adverse to publicity of a premature sort, and took elaborate pains to secure promises from the Cincinnati editors to keep mum, which they agreed to do. No hint of what was going on in California was to appear in print until the QUEEN was safely in New Orleans. The Waterways Journal was also plugged tight, a circumstance which tried the soul of its editor Donald T. Wright, but this was Tom Greene's wish (demand) so Donald conceded against the judgment of all his professional training. Donald knew he would be scooped, for he knew that so epic a story would burst into headlines somewhere--and soon.

It did. Augusta K. Bedilion at the time was a news editor on the staff of the Marietta Daily Times. "Gussie" had also in her system an overdose of river enthusiasm dating to when she ran a wharfoat at Sistersville, W. Va. during the oil boom. She knew how to handle barrels and kegs, and also she knew how to handle news. Nobody had made Gussie promise to lay off the QUEEN story. She wrote it. The Marietta Daily Times printed it. The Cincinnati Post front-paged the details on January 29, 1947. The Waterways Journal, purveyor of river news, came in a lame last. So the first printed news announcing the plans of Greene Line concerning the DQ was read in Marietta. The circumstance has led into sort of a custom. When pronouncements are made, and the timing has been uncanny, S&D gets the story and The Marietta Daily Times prints it.

The most dramatic and appalling instance of this happened at S&D in 1968 when Greene Line's board chairman Richard C. Simonton flew in from L.A. to personally tell S&D of his adventures on Germany's rivers and of the conclusion he derived therefrom. He was prepared to build a monster cruise riverboat of enormous size, of eccentric appearance and with bizarre propulsion. What has not been told is that Dick Simonton three weeks later became deathly ill, hovered for days and days on the brink, and emerged from the ordeal an invalid. He has not been allowed to do a full day's work since. His recuperation has demanded full release from major business decisions and so, with utmost reluctance, the man who really "saved" the Greene Line when it was prone in early 1958, publicly advertised for sale, and without detectable heart-beat or pulse, has been required to retire from active participation. That his last active public appearance was with S&D on Saturday, Sept. 21, 1968, fully reported in The Marietta Daily Times, is the sort of event which gives pause for wonder--maybe after all there is The Man upstairs who, despite learned ranting to the contrary, lifts an eyebrow at odd moments.

For sift it down, and the facts remain, if Dick Simonton had not played his part there would be no DELTA QUEEN on today's rivers. If Dick had not been relegated to the sidelines there would be no deal today with Overseas National Airways and plans going forward for not only one--but two--new Mississippi cruise boats.

As we to to press, late word arrives from William L. Talbot of Keokuk, that Federal funds and aid are forthcoming to create a museum of the BERTRAND and her cargo. The story of the excavation of the century-old packet is told and illustrated on other pages in this issue.

The U.S. Dep't. of the Interior, through the Fish and Wildlife Service, has pledged to protect the wreck and also the artifacts taken from it by constructing a suitable building at the site.

The following program has been outlined:

1. The artifacts will be used to establish a first-class museum as close to the site of the BERTRAND as possible.
2. Excess artifacts will be traded to other museums in return for other articles that can be used to improve the BERTRAND museum.
3. Any further excess in artifacts will be given to appropriate authorized museums for display.



SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE MONTANA GOLD RUSH

The sternwheel mountain packet BERTRAND being excavated in Nebraska discloses how a "spoonbill" hull was shaped. She was built at Wheeling in 1864 and was lost one year later, speared by a snag. The broken hull where the snag came through is on the port side about where the gentleman in the white shirt is pointing. You are looking at the bow (foreground), the rest of the boat still buried in clay. The hull measured 160 by 30. The location is in an ox-bow of the Missouri River now cut off from the main channel, not far above Omaha and Council Bluffs.

A Wheeling-built steamboat 105 years old has been dug up in Nebraska. George Fischer, underwater specialist for the National Park Service, is quoted saying: "Everything is in perfect condition; usually when a boat goes down in deep water it disintegrates, if not at first, over the years." But the BERTRAND's hull timbers are all there. This is turning out to be one of the most important old steamboat "digs" of the century.

First mention of the BERTRAND discovery was made in the June, 1968 issue of this magazine. Further details appeared in our March, 1969 issue when bottles of "Dr. Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters" were recovered. Since that time two cases of "Ostermann's Stomachic Bitters" have been discovered. The bottles are fifths, something of a surprise. Research discloses that Ostermann shipped the product in much smaller glass containers. The deduction is that the shipment

of fifths is counterfeit, a dodge to ship illegal alcohol to the Indians.

Besides the cases of bitters, the salvage crew has uncovered a varied array of men's clothing, baby shoes, boots, lanterns, gunpowder, matches, miner's hats, shovels and plows. One of the plows would cut a 36-inch swath.

These items were on board as freight cargo, as the BERTRAND was upbound on the Missouri River when she was snagged in old Bertram Bend, as it came to be called (more lately it became De Soto Bend) on Saturday, April 1, 1865.

The incentive which led to the dig was not to explore for bitters and boots, but to find 450 iron flasks of quicksilver, or mercury, consigned to Montana gold mines. Eight were found in the bow section, worth an estimated \$500 each. As the work progresses on aft, hopes are still high

that the balance will show up.

Jesse Purcell and Sam Corbino, both of Omaha, were the instigators of the BERTRAND recovery. They applied to the U.S. General Services Administration for permission to dig inasmuch as De Soto Bend is a Federal Wild Life preserve. They entered into contract with GSA and will get 60 per cent of mercury, gold, whiskey and other valuables which may be unearthed. Working with them is Harry Sorensen of the Sorensen Sand & Gravel Co., Omaha.

The digging project has not been without its set-backs. A drenching July rainstorm flooded the work out. As of early August Sam Corbino estimated that more than \$85,000 had been invested in finding and clearing the wreck. The preservation of the timbers is ascribed as due to the heavy clay in which the boat is imbedded. There

are marked signs that at sometime in the past the BERTRAND wreck may have been entered by prior investigators. So far only the stem and stern sections have been explored. Great hopes are in store when the midsection is cleared, where most of the cargo probably is stowed.

George Fischer of the National Park Service is recommending that a museum be established on the site. "We are recommending that a back-water pool of clear water be formed, and that the BERTRAND be

sunk in it. The proposal includes a building above the pool containing the relics obtained from the BERTRAND and a glass floor for the public to see a real Missouri River boat wreck."

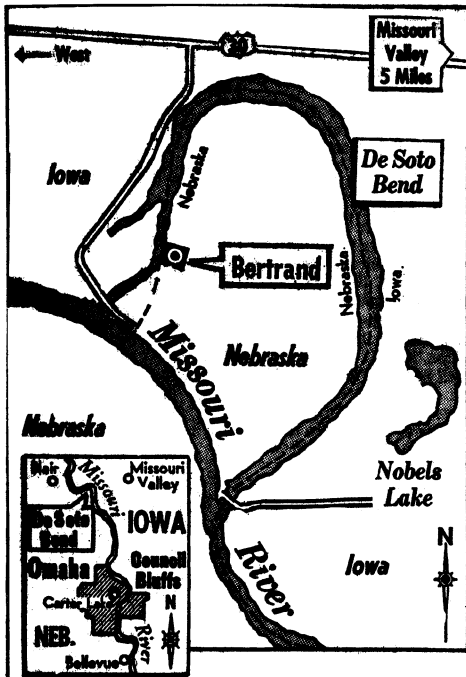
He emphasized that this was a recommendation to the General Services Administration (GSA) which has jurisdiction over the Federal reserve. He said the cost of such a project would probably be at least \$1 million dollars.

Fischer explained that a find such as the BERTRAND is so rare that it would take five to 10 years to fully study the relics salvaged from the old packet. "What's really so amazing is that everything's in such good shape," he said. "The clay which covered the wreck is so pure that it could be baked in an oven without any compounds being removed." He stated that the timbers after examination proved they were still good enough for use.

Associated with George Fischer is Dr. Willis Logan, head of the Midwest Archaeological Center for the National Park Service. "I've never seen a more perfect cross-section of nineteenth century frontier life," he declared. Historical

events are accurately recorded, but the BERTRAND discloses a priceless record of everyday life undisturbed for over a century.

S&D REFLECTOR is indebted to Larry Neibergall, photographer, for the accompanying pictures. He is on the staff of the Des Moines (Iowa) Sunday Register which front-paged the story of the BERTRAND dig in its August 3, 1969 issue. Veryl Sanderson wrote the account in that issue.



They discovered the wreck Jesse Purcell, left, and Sam Corbino of Omaha who by research and use of metal detectors and probes found the site of the BERTRAND wreck.



Professionals, both Dr. Willis Logan, left, and George Fischer represent the U.S. National Park Service as experts in archaeological research and practical recovery of underwater wrecks. Mr. Fischer has participated in searches for Spanish galleons. He said of the BERTRAND wreck: "I've never seen a boat in more perfect condition for the amount of time it's been under water and buried."



JOHN MADISON

The bridge was too low because the river was too high.

HERE'S WHY BOATS DON'T RUN IN THE DES MOINES RIVER NOW

Sirs: You may be interested in this photograph of the "steamer" JOHN MADISON which completed her initial cruise down the Des Moines River a few weeks ago. She is powered with a diesel engine and the pitman timing is electronic, but we had the decency to conceal that fact within a tightly closed engineroom.

You will observe that she is quite low in the water, the result of our having so much fun with it that we loaded it up with more and more facilities.

The boat was trapped in the Des Moines because of the unusual flow in the Mississippi River this year which yielded insufficient clearance under the Burlington RR. bridge at Keokuk.

This photo is on the Des Moines which was abnormally high due to releases of water from the new Rock River Reservoir. We had to stow the stage and dismount the mast, also take down bracing when we ran the low bridge.

This winter it is possible we will rework part of the hull to get more freeboard and correct the paddlewheel position.

Robert Buss,
Hall Engineering Co.,
Centerville, Iowa 52544

To follow through on the account of the roof bell from the Missouri River packet MONTANA (see June '68 and Sept. '68 issues) here it is today mounted at the Our Saviour Lutheran Church, Louisville, Ky.

In the picture, from the left, are pastor Richard P. Lehmann, C. W. Stoll, Mrs. Frank Ada, Marijane Stoll (whose sad death is reported in this issue) and Enno Sauer. The bell has just been dedicated at a Sabbath ceremony, C.W. spoke of the bell's history to the congregation at the invitation of Mr. Sauer, chairman of the church's building committee. Mrs. Ada donated the bell. Pastor Lehmann formerly served a congregation in Tallahassee, Fla. and one of his flock there was Ed Mueller, now editor of "Steamboat Bill."



MONTANA'S BELL
Dedicated in Louisville.

Dave Dewey, the young Illinois River enthusiast, worked this past summer on the towboat CHARGER of Peoria Harbor Service. He now is attending the University of the South and his school address is University Sta., Box 217 at Sewanee, Tenn. 37375.

After leaving S&D at Marietta, Donald Grot and Bob Niemeyer rambled to Ragtown, crossed the Ohio to call on Capt. Roy Barkhau's mother, went on down and just below Markland Dam saw the DELTA CUEEN which obligingly whistled WOOOOOOO WOO WOO. They toured aboard the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE, called on Mrs. Howard "she is her old self and was talking of doing some baking" and then called at the Vets Hospital to see Capt. Roy Barkhau "he perked up when we got to talking river."

Thence to Tell City to call on Bert Fenn "boy does he have a fabulous river collection and what a beautiful home" then on to St. Louis "it was Ruth Ferris's day off so we missed her" and then Don drove on home. Bob spent an evening with Dan Owen and then flew home to St. Paul.

Sirs: Stephen Foster wrote a song about a steamboat called the GLENDY BURKE. Was GLENDY real or was she a product of Foster's imagination? If she did exist, I wonder if there is any information available as to her size and also if any photographs exist of her?

John Fryant,
6508 Dorset Drive,
Arlington, Va. 22310

"De GLENDY BURK (the publishers omitted the final "E" although it is there in Foster's original draft) is a mighty fast boat, Wid a mighty fast captain too.." Yes the side-wheeler of that name was built at New Albany, Ind. in 1851 and measured 620 tons, which puts her in the 200-foot class. Named for the firm member of Burke, Watt & Co., commission merchants on Carondelet St., New Orleans, her first skipper was Capt. J. M. White. Mr. Burke's real name was probably Glen D. Burke. Ran N.O. to Vicksburg and was snagged fatally at Birds Point, near Cairo, May 24, 1855. The song did not appear until 1859. No photograph of GLENDY BURKE is known, and if somebody finds one he'll get a red-carpet reception from the Stephen Collins Foster Memorial people at Pittsburgh. -Ed.

true story

A good bit of careless enthusiasm around Point Pleasant, West Va. caused the birth of the excursion and tourist steamboat HOMER SMITH in 1914. Planned parenthood had nothing to do with it. The big idea was to create a worthy craft which could handle passenger-and-freight trips between Pittsburgh and New Orleans in early spring, maybe also in the late fall, and tramp in summer from town to town taking out "matinees" and "moonlights." No operator had fused these divergent qualities into a steamboat before, and nobody has attempted it since. To meet these needs, the HOMER SMITH's specifications included deck space for 600 tons of cargo, stateroom capacity for 125 tourists, diningroom and kitchen and pantry facilities for feeding same, plus dancefloor, bandstand, popcorn machines et cetra for 2,000-plus excursionists. The miraculous part is that she actually DID contain all of this.

Yes, she was built in 1914, and when your scribe (aged 13) went down on the JOE FOWLER for the famous St. Paul cruise (see June '67 issue, pages 6-17) the hull of the HOMER SMITH had not yet been launched from the ways of the Howard Ship Yard & Dock Co., Jeffersonville, Ind. She was under construction then, and the five boilers for her were being manufactured at Parkersburg, West Va. and the compound-non condensing engines were being built at the plant of the Marietta Manufacturing Co. She was launched sometime in July and both the HOMER SMITH and the PEORIA were there in the early fall getting completed.

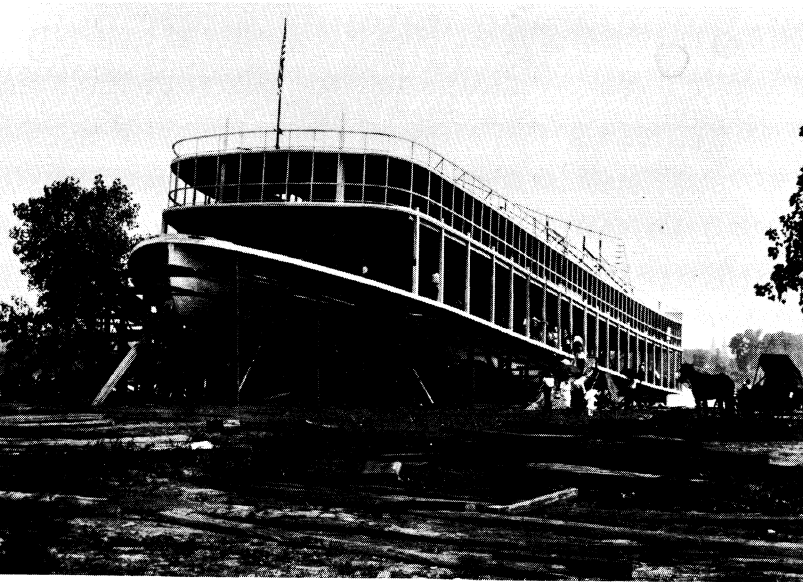
...HOMER SMITH and PEORIA were similar

The PEORIA was the bigger of the two, maybe. Her hull measured 242.2 length, and the HOMER SMITH's was 235. But when it came to width, the



HOMER SMITH

She looked like something out of the pages of steamboat history with those high stacks..



HOMER SMITH ready to launch

Photo made at the Howard Ship Yard in the summer of 1914. Guests are arriving for the ceremony. The horse and buggy in right foreground belonged to the Howard family. This was an end-on launch, the stern going in the water first. Photo was taken by James E. Howard.



PEORIA just after launching

Photo made at the Howard Yard by C. C. Bowyer. Many similarities are evident with the HOMER SMITH (left). Same sheer lines, same stem, same railings, same style of hogchains. The PEORIA got two swinging stages, so had twin masts and gallows frame attached to the stem.

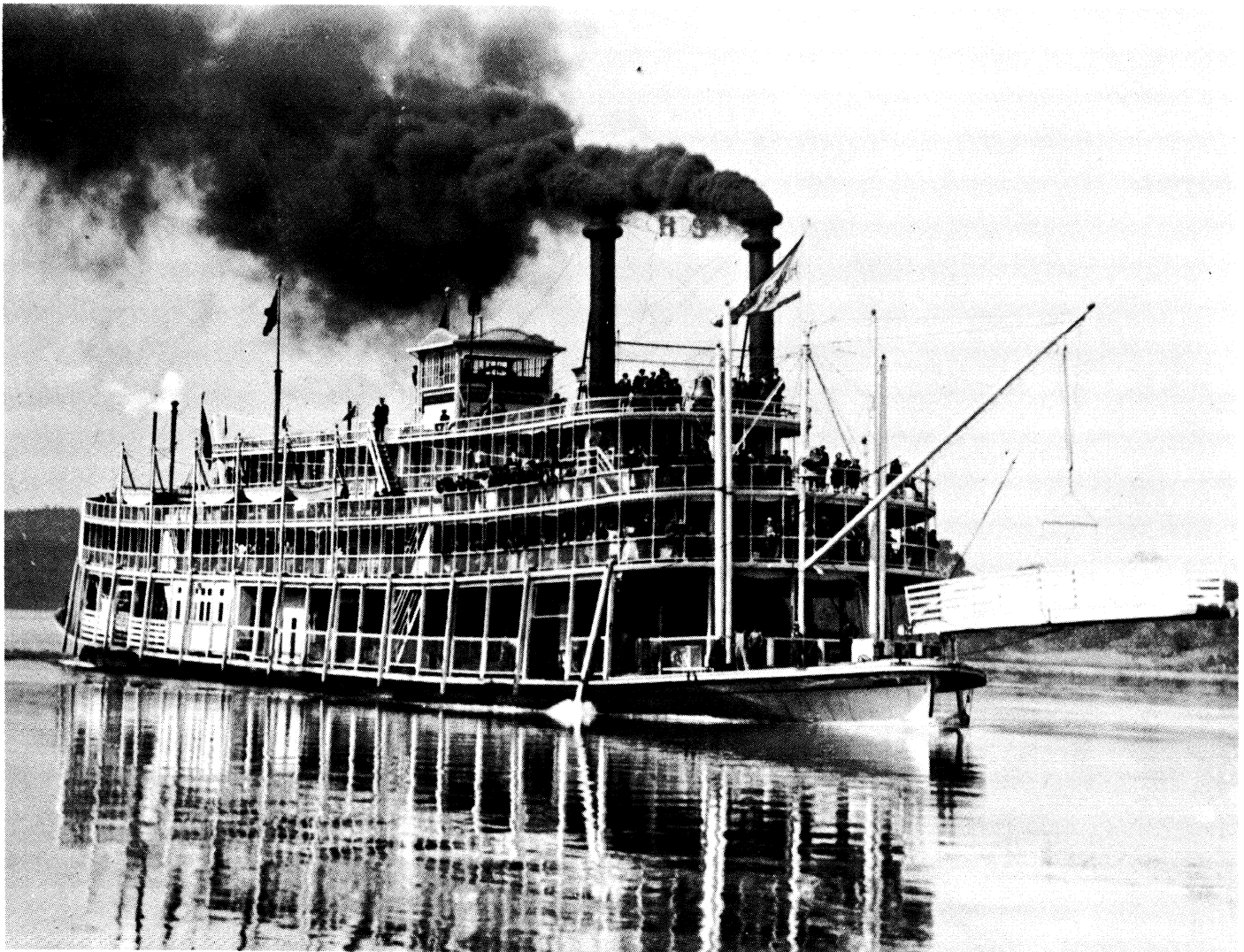
turn to the following thirteen pages.

PEORIA was 37.8 and the HOMER SMITH was 40. They looked a good bit alike in many ways, rather straight lines, both with wire railings, both with ample power and big paddlewheels. The PEORIA was taken away from Howards uncompleted, towed to St. Louis by the DOROTHY BARRETT, and her machinery was placed there. The HOMER SMITH was finished too late to do much running in 1914, and made her first excursion the following spring, an all-day (and most of the night) go-around picking up Gallipolis, Pt. Pleasant, Middleport and Pomeroy. I don't think she was above Pomeroy on the Ohio in 1915, but she did tramp south of Louisville, at least to Evansville. While in the Mail Line territory (Cincinnati-Louisville) she had two set-to's with the CITY OF LOUISVILLE. In the first one, boats downbound, the 8-boiler sidewheeler passed her between Fulton Landing and Westport and was tied up at Louisville when the SMITH came in sight at the waterworks. The other encounter started in Craig's Bar, boats upbound, where the two locked. Capt Ed Maurer, piloting the LOUISVILLE, prudently stopped his boat and let the SMITH forge ahead. A little later the LOUISVILLE again came up on the SMITH in old Vevay Chute. This time Ed Maurer backed the LOUIS-

VILLE full head to prevent a lock, whereupon the SMITH veered broadside across the LOUISVILLE's head, and went out on Vevay Bar. This incident got into the Cincinnati newspapers and climaxed in a hearing before the U.S. Steamboat Inspectors at Cincinnati.

Henry E. Holloway, then 28, went pilot on the new HOMER SMITH in April, 1915 and was on her in that capacity, almost without interruption, until she changed owners in 1929. This is the same Henry Holloway who ran up the steps at Lock 23, Ohio River, to do some telephoning from Ohio Barge Line's MONONGAHELA, suffered a heart attack and died three days later in the Holzer Hospital at Gallipolis--that in January, 1942.

The first time this scribe saw the HOMER SMITH was early in 1916 when she came to Pittsburgh from her winter quarters at Pt. Pleasant to take out a Mardi Gras Cruise. She was moored in the Monongahela River at the M&O wharfboat, foot of Smithfield Street. Her original appearance had been altered by then. The texas had been extended aft at add staterooms; the smokestacks had been made about eight feet higher topped with a single decorative roll (she originally had two



ARRIVING AT POINT PLEASANT WITH THE FIRST EXCURSION Taken on Sunday, April 11, 1915. Among the excursionists were Capt. and Mrs. Gordon C. Greene. This is one of the few pictures taken during the HOMER

SMITH's first year. Later the texas was extended fore and aft, a decorative ball put on top of the pilothouse, the lifeboats put up on the texas, and the smokestacks were changed several times.

rolls), and a large decorative ball painted red, white and blue like a beach ball was on top of the pilothouse. At night she was a Christmas tree, her decks outlined in hundreds of multi-colored decoration lights, red, blue, yellow, green and so on. She attracted wide attention and many Pittsburghers came aboard to inspect and visit.

...Architecture of HOMER SMITH described

The passenger arrangements of the usual packet had been relegated almost to discard. The second or boiler deck was given over mostly to an immense central ballroom at the front of which, centered, was the ship's office, glass-enclosed, and the clerks could look forward down the front stairs and aft the length of the ballroom--farther than that--for aft of the ballroom was a short hallway with staterooms flanked on both sides. The glass-sided ballroom also had a copious overhead skylight running the while length, office to the rear of the stateroom area. There was none of the usual wooden gingerbread ornamentation so usual in steamboat cabins; rather, there were arch-segments rather plain styled. Side stairways in the ballroom area led DOWN to the main passenger diningroom situated in what normally on regular packets was the aft part of the deck-room. The tables and chairs were placed around much as they are in the DELTA QUEEN's Orleans Room. Kitchen and pantry were outboard on the starboard guard; hence no culinary affairs on the boiler deck at all. The Texas was a lot like that of the first ISLAND QUEEN, built out around and containing the smokestacks, roofed-over guard along both sides, and forward, and aft, complete with wire railings, stanchions and all. Most of the tourist staterooms were in the lengthy Texas which ran the better part of the boat's length. The Texas roof also was a promenade deck, wire railing around, and the pilothouse was built full height--no thought of bashing it down as later was done on the Streckfus excursion boats, and on the CINCINNATI, and already had been done on the S. L. ELAM. She was a masterfully conceived innovation architecturally---nothing cramped, not even the engineroom containing those shining 16's 32's- 8½ ft. stroke Marietta engines. Harry Burnside supervised the mechanical details even to the building of the engines, their placement, and he came out chief engineer on her. He was brother to Capt. E. A. Burnside, the noted and sometimes notorious MC of the Campbell's Creek Coal river operations.

Of course I was a 15-year-old kid when witnessing all this excitement. The architecture did not impress me--perhaps I was a little let down inasmuch as I was already acquainted with the QUEEN CITY's exquisite decor worthy of a rajah's private yacht. The HOMER SMITH was off to a sad start in my youthful estimation with such a plain Jane name and almost complete lack of Reymer's chocolate lushness. She was a stick of peppermint candy two for a nickel for the hoi polloi instead of meriting attention of the Blue Book clientele. I got more satisfaction from counting those five boilers, 1,2,3,4,5 manufactured by Spence, Smith & Kootz, Parkersburg, West Va. How long since a 5-BOILER STERNWHEEL PASSENGER PACKET had steamed her way to Pittsburgh, Pa.? Study on that angle a while.

...She ran a Pt. Pleasant-Charleston trip

And before we forget it, that 5-boiler steamer HOMER SMITH already had been to Charleston, W.Va.

on pool water, going up through Lock 11-6 and back out again. She loaded aboard an excursion crowd at Pt. Pleasant, departing at the unearthly hour of 6:15 a.m. on a Sunday, before the sextons were astir to ring the Sabbath church bells. The idea was to make the round trip (58.4 miles each way) in daylight. The harrowing feat of putting her through those old-time small locks, to say nothing of turning her at Charleston, delayed the cruise. Those Mason County natives were riding the biggest excursion boat ever up the Kanawha in West Virginia by god. A weary congregation was delivered back at Pt. Pleasant at 8 o'clock Monday morning. The performance never was repeated. But she did go that once.

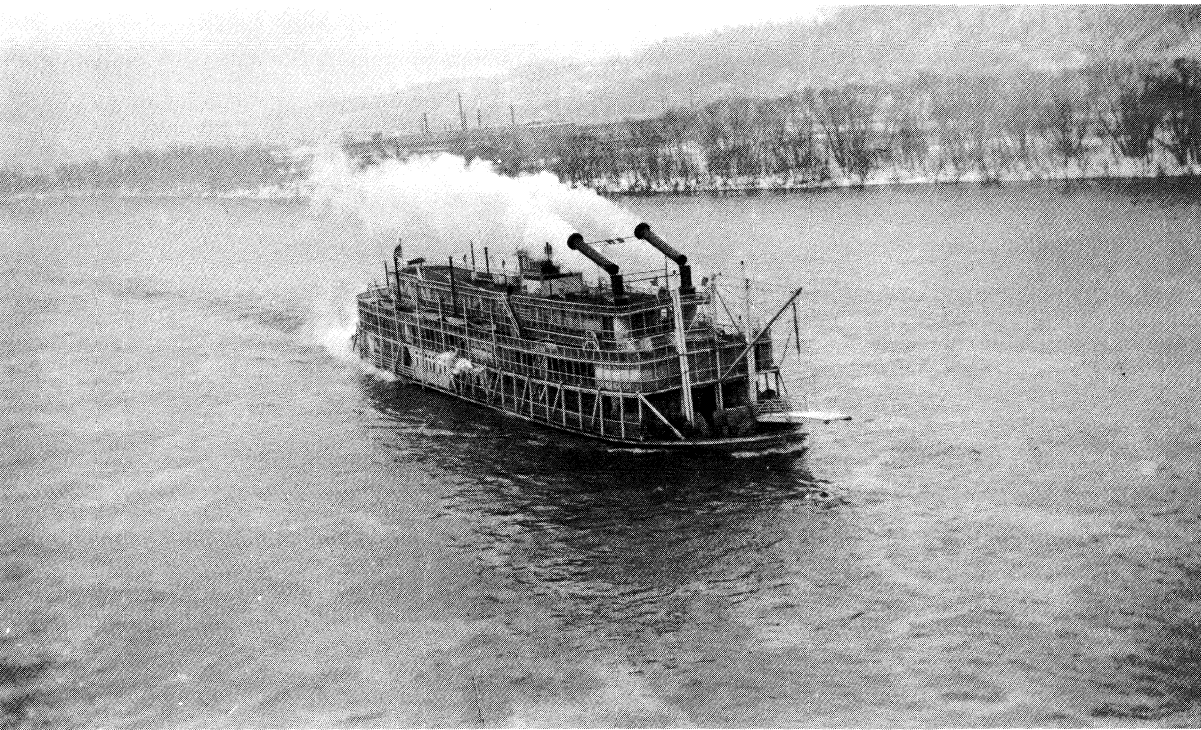
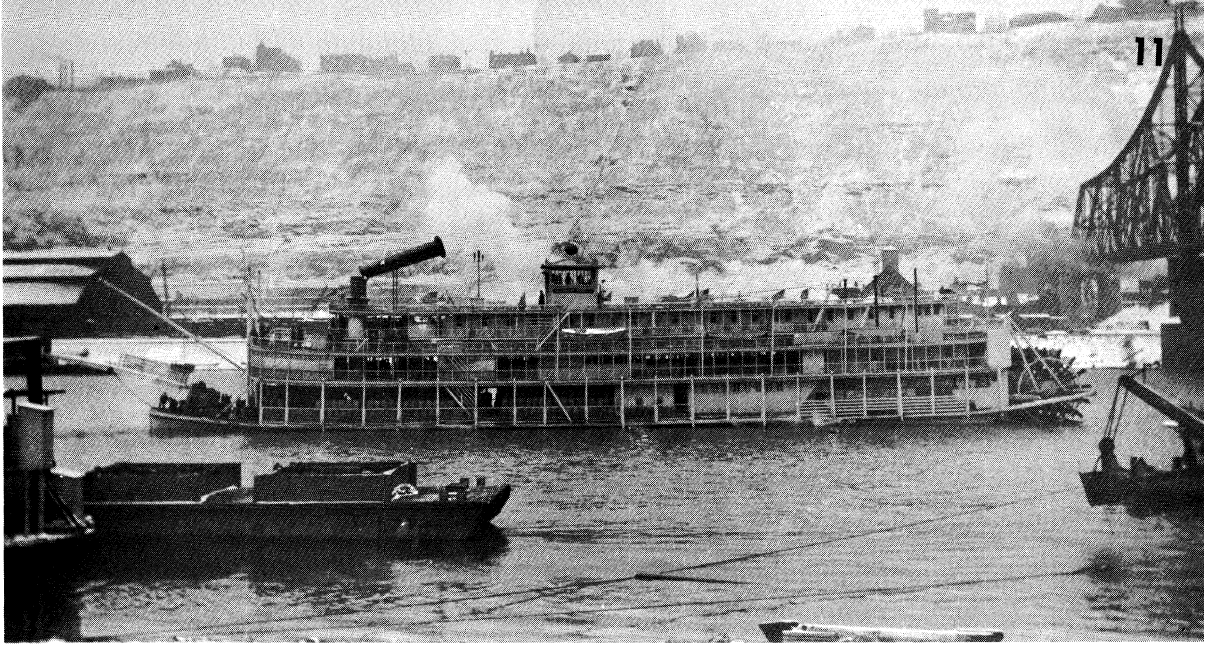
Her pilothouse was big as an aviary and I wandered up there to find pilots E. Dayton Randolph and Tony Meldahl tossing a quarter to see who'd stand the first watch leaving Pittsburgh with that Mardi Gras trip aboard. Tony was elected. --And that's the same Tony for whom the Captain Anthony Meldahl Locks and Dam is named. Also up there was an Oil City, Pa. youth, news reporter for the Oil City "Blizzard," name, Donald T. Wright. He had booked passage to Cincinnati. I don't know where Henry Holloway was--but the owners had called upon Messrs. Randolph and Meldahl to share responsibility for this special trip. The boat was loaded flat with coal, freight and passengers.

...Capt. William C. Lepper, Jr. was master

Capt. Peter G. Holloway was the original master, father of Henry, but he found the job distasteful and applied for relief. Meanwhile William C. Lepper, Jr. had come as purser on the first trip, quitting the same capacity on the OHIO between Cincinnati and Memphis to do so. He was promoted to become master of the HOMER SMITH and was in such capacity when she made her 1916 Mardi Gras trip. His prior Mardi Gras had been as master of the QUEEN CITY when she sank downbound at the head of the Louisville Falls two years before. I found him an affable, blue-eyed person, not so tall, on the heavy side, then 45, with a delightful repertoire of experiences to relate, not the least of which was that one of the wreck of the THOMAS SHERLOCK on the C&O pier at Cincinnati. He was mud clerk on her at the time, aged 21. Capt. Billy Lepper used the "Jr." on his name as he trod the footsteps of an illustrious father who also had been a purser-captain.

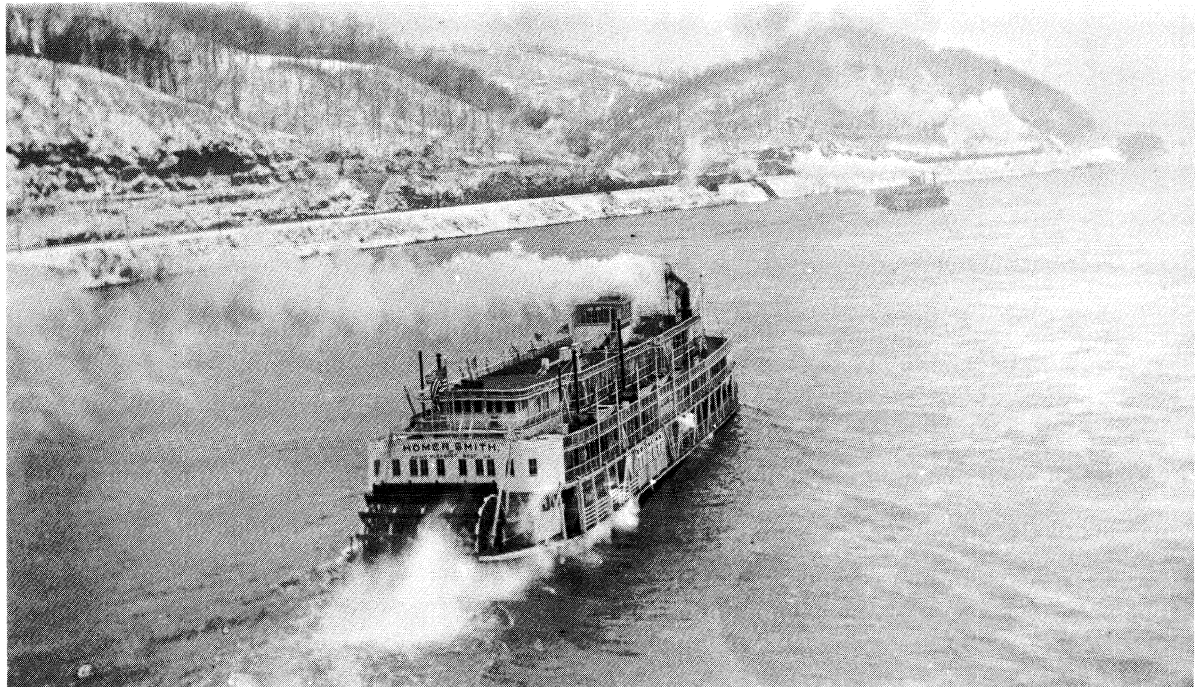
It was Capt. Billy Lepper who introduced me to Homer Smith, Esq., the Pt. Pleasant gentleman for whom the boat was named. Mr. Smith looked like a Norman Rockwell Satevepost village bank president, tall, rather heavy, somber clothes, somber expression, genial handshake but not much palaver to spare. He looked like he might rather sit by himself somewhere, and contemplate. He was wearing a derby hat. Homer Smith, Esq. headed up the Security Steamboat Company of Pt. Pleasant, W.Va. which owned the SMITH, his namesake. The financier who got general credit, doubtlessly deserved, for building the boat was John Samuel Spencer also a Pt. Pleasant gentleman. I never met him, but Frank L. Sibley described him as "a most dynamic figure and leader in the industrial, business and political affairs of Pt. Pleasant and Mason County for a generation." People spoke of him as Sam Spencer. They called him Sam to his face. Without Sam Spencer there would have been no HOMER SMITH.

OFF FOR MARDI GRAS
 Pilot Meldahl backed the boat from the wharf down the Monongahela and turned in the mouth of the Ohio as the HOMER SMITH made her first departure from Pittsburgh. Across the Monon the P&LE depot shows at the left and Wabash RR. bridge at right.



SHE HAD OPEN RIVER
 Dams were down and clear sailing for the Mardi Gras steamer on that cold February day of 1916. She is about to pass under the Sewickley-Coraopolis highway bridge. The ST. JAMES had departed Pittsburgh the night before, also on her way to Mardi Gras in New Orleans. The new PEORIA also took down a Mardi Gras excursion that year.

SMOKE AND SQUALS OF SNOW plagued the pilots the first afternoon and night. The packet R. DUNBAR is passing Stoops Ferry but was shortly overtaken. Pilot Meldahl saw the B&O sleeper downbound at Powhatan Point that night, jammed on the switch which lit the decoration lights, muttering, "Now, you railroaders, look at this once."



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This High School freshman had no funds, nor parent's permission, so when the HOMER SMITH left for Mardi Gras he stood on the cobblestone Monongahela wharf, waved and took pictures. Then I boarded a 22 street car, went to the Union Station, ran up the ramp, and just did make a PRR local train to Sewickley. It overtook the SMITH at Glenfield. I got out on Sewickley bridge just in time for a double feature. The Pittsburgh-Charleston packet R. DUNBAR was landing at Sewickley, discharging freight. I got that on film, then ran on out on the bridge's upper sidewalk and got the HOMER SMITH, crossed to the lower sidewalk and got BOTH in what turned out to be a hazy view due to a snowstorm going on.

Three weeks later the SMITH returned to Pittsburgh (more pictures as she came up through the narrow channel at Deadman's Island) and Bill Pollock and I spent a full day in Pittsburgh photographing her and exploring the waterfront. Our most audacious feat was trespassing aboard the big towboat JAMES MOREN, at old Gray's landing, clear to the pilothouse, and we were the only humans aboard. The SMITH's Mardi Gras had turned out successfully, and she reloaded with freight and passengers for an Easter Cruise to New Orleans and return.

...C. C. Bowyer Aboard

Capt. Billy Lepper introduced us to C. C. Bowyer, cashier of the Merchants National Bank in Point Pleasant. I was duly impressed inasmuch as there was a packet C. C. BOWYER in the Gallipolis and Huntington trade. Mr. Bowyer was vastly proud of the HOMER SMITH, in which he held part-ownership. He told us he had sketched the measurements for the boat's whistle and had it made at the Pt. Pleasant Machine Works. Also he had discovered the large roof bell (which was perched high on the front of the texas) at a fertilizer plant back of New Albany, Ind., originally cast for and used on the side-wheel GUIDING STAR. Mr. Bowyer, then 60, really liked people and through the resources of his bank had helped so many small-fry operators--well, everybody called him "the riverman's friend."

The Easter Cruise probably was not so successful as the Mardi Gras. Less passengers, and the cost of coal and supplies was going up as the U.S. geared for World War I. In the summer of 1916 the HOMER SMITH ran excursions again in the Louisville area with mediocre success. In the fall she was entered briefly in the Louisville-Cincinnati packet trade, three trips a week, in competition with the Mail Line. Low water put an end to that. By now what we called the "careless enthusiasm" in the first paragraph of this story had sobered. Decision was reached to transform the boat into an all-time excursion boat and forget the tourist business.

As a full-fledged excursion boat her scheduling developed a pattern. In the early spring she departed Pt. Pleasant spick-and-span and ran the popular baseball trip from Maysville to Cincinnati and back for the opener of the Cincinnati Reds. This meant leaving Maysville at an early hour to make the 60-mile run in time for the ball game, then a lay-over at Cincinnati while the Reds played, and finally a nighttime scramble back those 60 miles to Maysville. She then went on up the Ohio running matinees and moonlights at the principal towns working her way to Pittsburgh. At Rochester she took aboard invited guests, conspicuous among them the newspaper re-

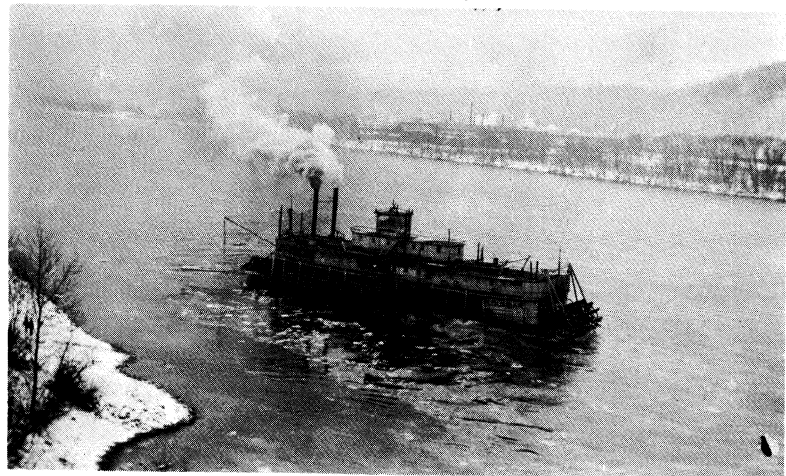
porters and journalists of Pittsburgh and environs, for the final 25-mile hop into the Golden Triangle.

...Story of Walnut Beach

Coincident to all of this, an enterprising tailor with a superabundance of civic zeal promoted and opened at Sewickley, Pa. a public park and swimming mecca he called Walnut Beach, off the foot of Walnut Street. James S. Gray was a small man physically blessed with fizz. He had come to Sewickley from Beaver Falls (as early as 1895 he had engineered a four-train excursion from Beaver Falls to Lake Chautauqua; 2,050 went) and soon was leading the Hallowe'en parade on a horse (gray, appropriately) dressed as a jester. The new HOMER SMITH caught his fancy and from 1917 on for the next decade she was running all-day trips, Pittsburgh to Walnut Beach and back. This enterprise was highly successful from the standpoint of the HOMER SMITH's management. The crowds which came to the beach for swimming, canoeing, rowboating, dancing, picnicking, et al. apexed until on July 4, 1921 there was an estimated mob of 5,000 on the shore of a sedate Sewickley with a population of 4,500. This was too much for the town fathers. The local justice of the peace Margaret (Maggie) Morgan led aboard the SMITH at Sewickley a battalion of County police and seized the boat's slot machines, making of the raid a Boston Tea Party, dumping the gambling one-arm-bandits into the drink. This notoriety plus frequent accidents (drownings mostly; one man killed when run down by his own motorboat from which he had been pitched) added to the unpopularity. Dame Rumor whispered of even worse goings-on. The eminent Edward A. Woods, owner of a sizeable Sewickley estate, wrote an open letter in the Sewickley "Herald" deploring the rumored situation at Jimmy Gray's Beach. "If true it should be prohibited and, if untrue, Sewickley people should be able to absolutely deny" the allegations. His letter was pointedly addressed to the town's council.

But Walnut Beach's days were numbered. The Pennsylvania Railroad already had embarked upon a massive contract to relocate their four-line sys-

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R. DUNBAR gets in the act..

This Pittsburgh-Charleston packet was landing at Sewickley just as the HOMER SMITH came along downbound on her 1916 Mardi Gras Cruise.



CAPT. C. C. BOWYER

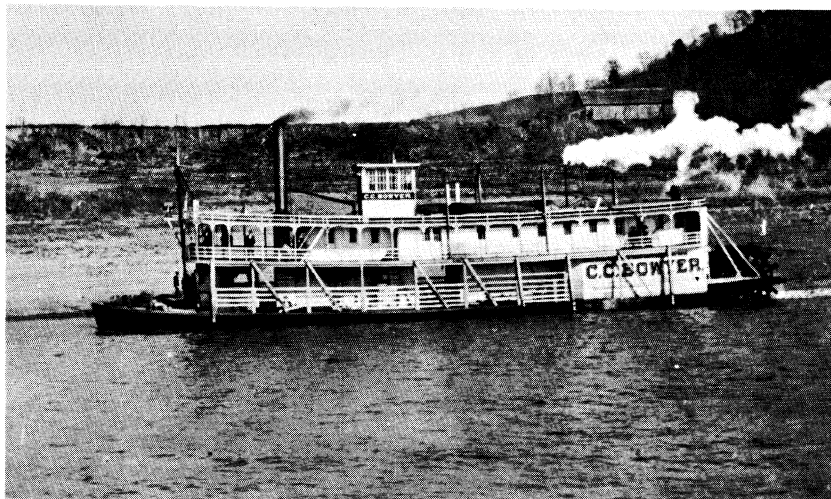
He designed the whistle for the HOMER SMITH.

Capt. Charles C. Bowyer, born in 1856, was reared on a farm at Winfield, Putnam County, West Va. He came to Point Pleasant in 1873 as clerk in the old Merchants National Bank. In January, 1879 he was promoted to become assistant cashier. Then, following the death of T. Stribling, he became cashier on April 18, 1893. When John McCulloch died, August 31, 1920, Captain Bowyer became president for the next eight years.

His actual steaming career lasted only several days. He used to laugh about this. Once on a Kanawha packet the clerk hopped off saying, "Here's the key to the cash drawer," take care of things." His abiding love was the river and the men who boated on it. It was accepted procedure that Captain Bowyer's office was vacant at the bank when there was a packet at the wharf.

His bank helped finance the formation of Greene Line Steamers (Capt. Jesse Hughes substantiates this in a letter elsewhere in this issue) and also the building of the HOMER SMITH. The bank ran upon hard times during the national financial troubles in the latter 1920s and was forced to close its doors. An embittered depositor attempted to assassinate Captain Bowyer, firing at point-blank range, missing him by an eyelash. His last years were spent as tollkeeper on the Silver Bridge which has been in the news since its collapse on December 15, 1967.

When Captain Bowyer died on Friday, August 26, 1932, aged 76, steamboat flags were half-masted the whole length of the Kanawha and Ohio rivers.



The C. C. BOWYER

Named for the Point Pleasant banker.

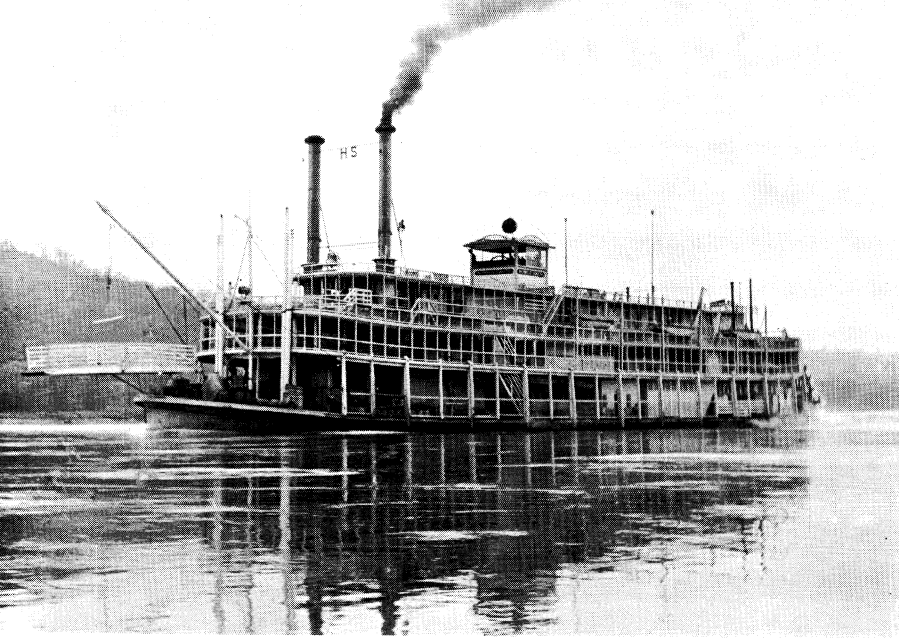
This short-trader was built at the Gardner Docks at Pt. Pleasant in 1909 for the Gallipolis-Huntington trade commanded by Capt. Sil Gardner. Hull size, 117.8 by 22.3. Captain Bowyer presented his namesake with her whistle. The machinery came from the older NEVA which had burned at Buffalo, W. Va. the year before. Older residents of Gallipolis recall the "hot times" when the C. C. BOWYER and ORIOLE were competing on identical schedules in the trade during 1910. Captain Gardner and his clerk Will L. Guthrie won the fray. In 1919 the C. C. BOWYER was sold to Capt. F. O. Devers who renamed her GRACE DEVERS for the Paducah-Dycusburg trade, and later she towed showboats.



LAST ROUNDUP

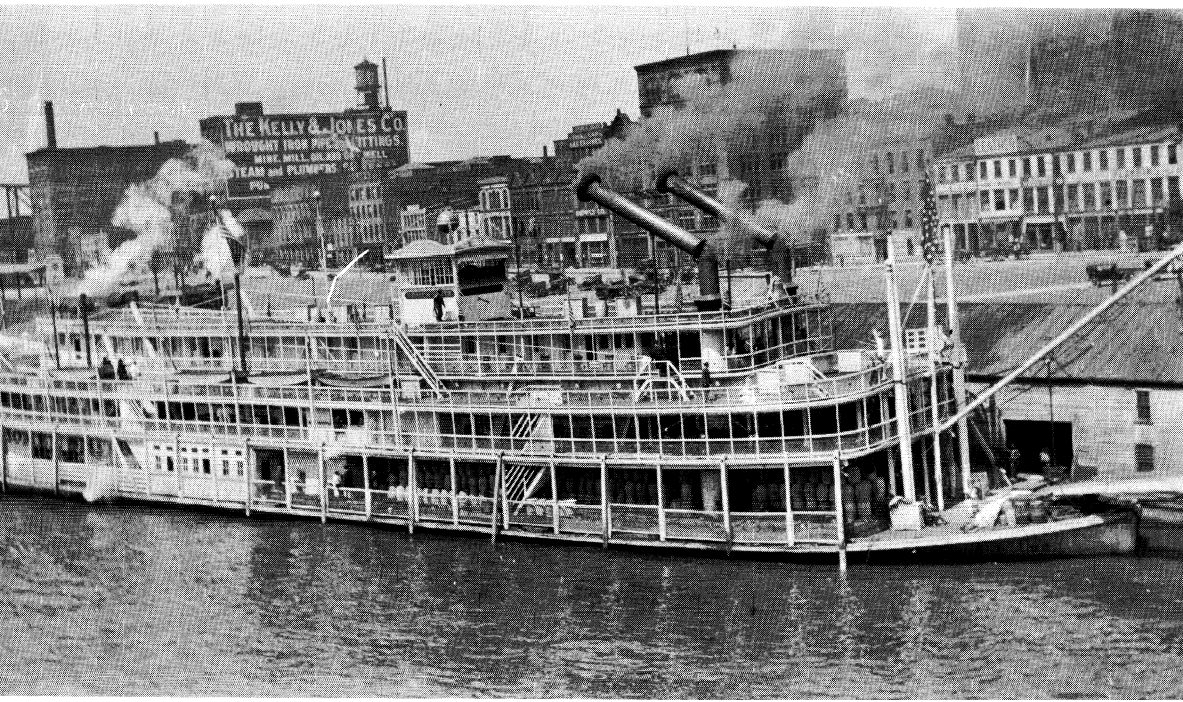
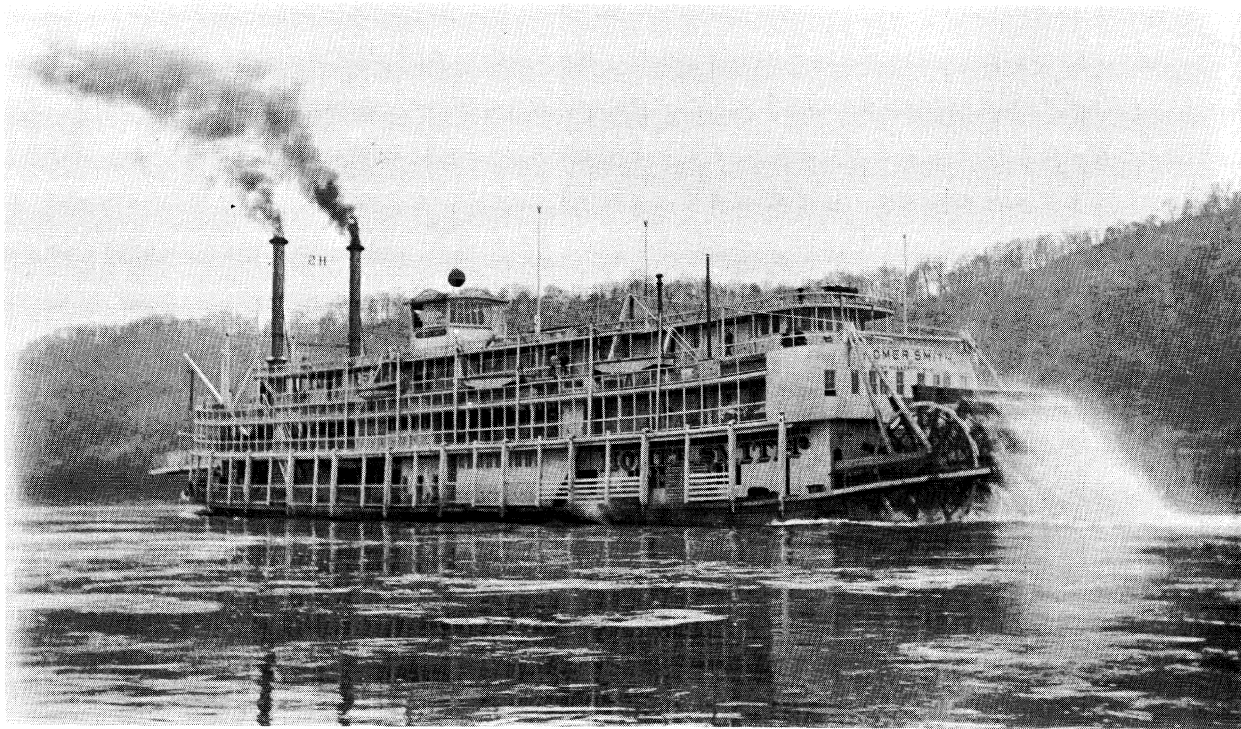
The sale was pending when the picture was made.

This picture was taken on the Monongahela wharf, Pittsburgh, Pa. in the summer of 1928. From the left-- Homer Smith, Jr. in Boy Scout uniform; Jack G. Smith, purser, and his wife; Capt. J. R. Douglass, master; and Capt. Homer Smith, manager. The occasion was a Boy Scout excursion, with the HOMER SMITH placed at the disposal of the Allegheny County (Pa.) Boy Scouts of America.



The HOMER SMITH upbound from her one and only Mardi Gras Cruise, made in the early spring of 1916. Photo taken in the channel at Deadman's Island, Ohio River, where Dashields Locks and Dam is located today. She is loaded fairly deep with barrels of molasses brought from New Orleans for P. Duff & Sons, Pittsburgh. The "H. S." between her smokestacks had electric lights which shaped the letters at night. Electric globes topped the two high flagpoles aft of the pilohouse.

Taken a moment or so later. Note that her stern bulkhead carried her name in large lettering and under it the words "of Point Pleasant, West Va." The only steel hull excursion boats in 1916 were the IDLEWILD (now the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE) and the MAJESTIC, formerly the REES LEE and S. S. BROWN.



At Pittsburgh and now loading for her Easter Cruise to New Orleans and return in 1916. The main deck was floored about two feet deep with coal and barrels of glass-ware stowed on top of it. Photo made from the Smithfield Street bridge, Monongahela River.

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tem riverward. Jimmy Gray's Beach was buried under slag and fill and was no more by 1927.

An almost forgotten facet in the story of this excursion boat is the packet trip she once made from Pittsburgh to East Liverpool, O. During a national railroad crisis about 1920 the H. J. Heinz Company at Pittsburgh chartered the HOMER SMITH, loaded her flat with Heinz pickles, soups, et cetra, and dispatched her to East Liverpool where she disgorged the cargo. A huge pickle with a "57" on it was slung between the smokestacks.

Capt. Billy Lepper resigned as master after the 1916 season in somewhat of a huff. One of those mote-magnified maelstroms such as plague the harmonious family life aboard any boat, any time, anywhere, had happened. Ah me, in any case Lepper then became an insurance adjuster for the Cincinnati firm, Neare, Gibbs and Company, where he served happily ever after. During the first World War the U. S. Steamboat Inspection Service modified the requirements for obtaining licenses, permitting the District Officers to be lenient. Homer Smith and C. C. Bowyer both applied, passed the requirements, and became captains. Harry Burnside, the chief engineer, became a captain and had charge of the HOMER SMITH, as did John Douglass, who had been purser.

Russell Stone and G. B. (Bing) Woodward, both of Pt. Pleasant, served as engineers; also Cecil Wright of Ravenswood. Ray Gill came aboard as striker engineer and eventually became chief.

...Ran during the dry era

The career of the HOMER SMITH was coincident with the Volstead Act, so called, the period of national prohibition 1920-1933. The law of the

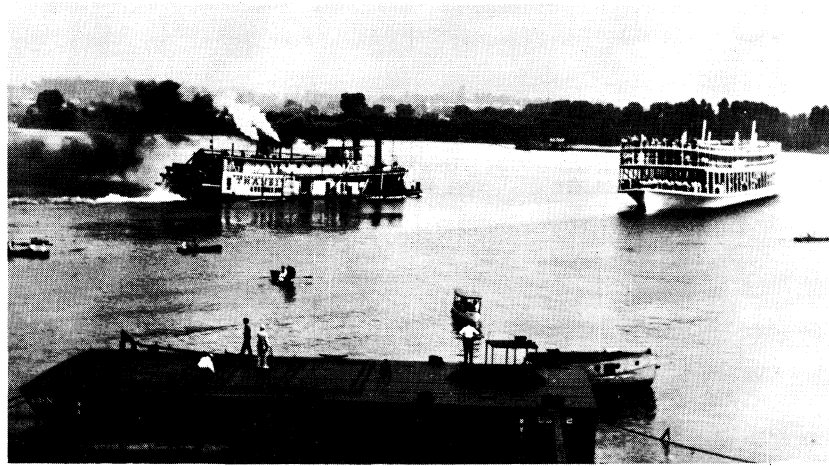


Photo at Jeffersonville, Ind. at the Howard Yard taken immediately after the new HOMER SMITH was launched in 1914. Several hundred people were on board for the occasion. The towboat TRANSIT (left) caught her in midriver and towed her safely ashore.

land was unmerciful. A modern-day excursion boat deprived of beer sales would be hard put to make a living--yet at that time they all wriggled through it somehow.

...Noted musicians in the orchestra

A word about the music. Jim Wallen did a feature story in 1954 for the Huntington Herald-Advertiser and said this:- "the HOMER SMITH's dance orchestra comprised musicians who were widely known in the tri-state area, including Jack Yates, Earl Murdock and George Strother of Ironton; Everett Merrill of Portsmouth; Renner White, Huntington; and Haldon Kennedy, Ashland. Jack Yates was usually the leader, and George Strother, pianist, doubled as calliope player. Haldon Kennedy, saxophonist, began a river career on the boat that led to his position as an executive of the Mississippi Valley Barge Line at Pittsburgh."

The operation of the HOMER SMITH became one of the best "success stories" of the upper Ohio. On summer nights in the 1920s, the era of Tin Lizzies, flappers, Bevo and bathtub gin, she was as much a part of the Pittsburgh landscape as the inclines, Kennywood Park and the Henry W. Oliver building. True, her multi-colored decoration lights now were all white (the U.S. Inspectors decreed that the colored lights interfered with her required red and green signal lights) but she was an illuminated birthday cake idling along on the waters of the Monongahela and Ohio, thronged with dancers and spooners.

...Sold during peak of lush times

But all was not well. The closing of Sewickley's Walnut Beach made a big difference. Success attracts imitation and from time to time there was competition from the EAST ST. LOUIS, WASHINGTON, G. W. HILL, JULIA BELLE SWAIN, VERNE SWAIN and on one occasion the great side-wheel AMERICA came to Pittsburgh to run excursions. Capt. Homer Smith's health was not up to par. The HOMER SMITH was feeling her age, too:- the boilers were suspect and the wooden hull was getting soft in spots.

And so it happened, in the peak of the Flapper Era prosperity, in that incredible year when office workers had their favorite broker and watched the stock market quotations--and saw their



HOMER SMITH's Crew, 1916 Season

Perhaps someone may assist in identifications. Of the persons standing behind the Texas railing we recognize only Homer Smith, the gentlemen near center with white tie and shirt. The lad to the right of him is his son Jack. The gentleman seated on the bench in the foreground are, from the left: Jimmy O'Brien, mate; Harry Burnside, chief engineer; Capt. William C. Lepper, Jr., master; Henry Holloway, pilot, and Cecil Wright, second engineer. The man directly behind Harry Burnside is Howard F. Morris, clerk. The man halfway between Harry Burnside and Capt. Lepper is Billy Sampson, steward. The man behind Cecil Wright is Coburn Pratt, mate.

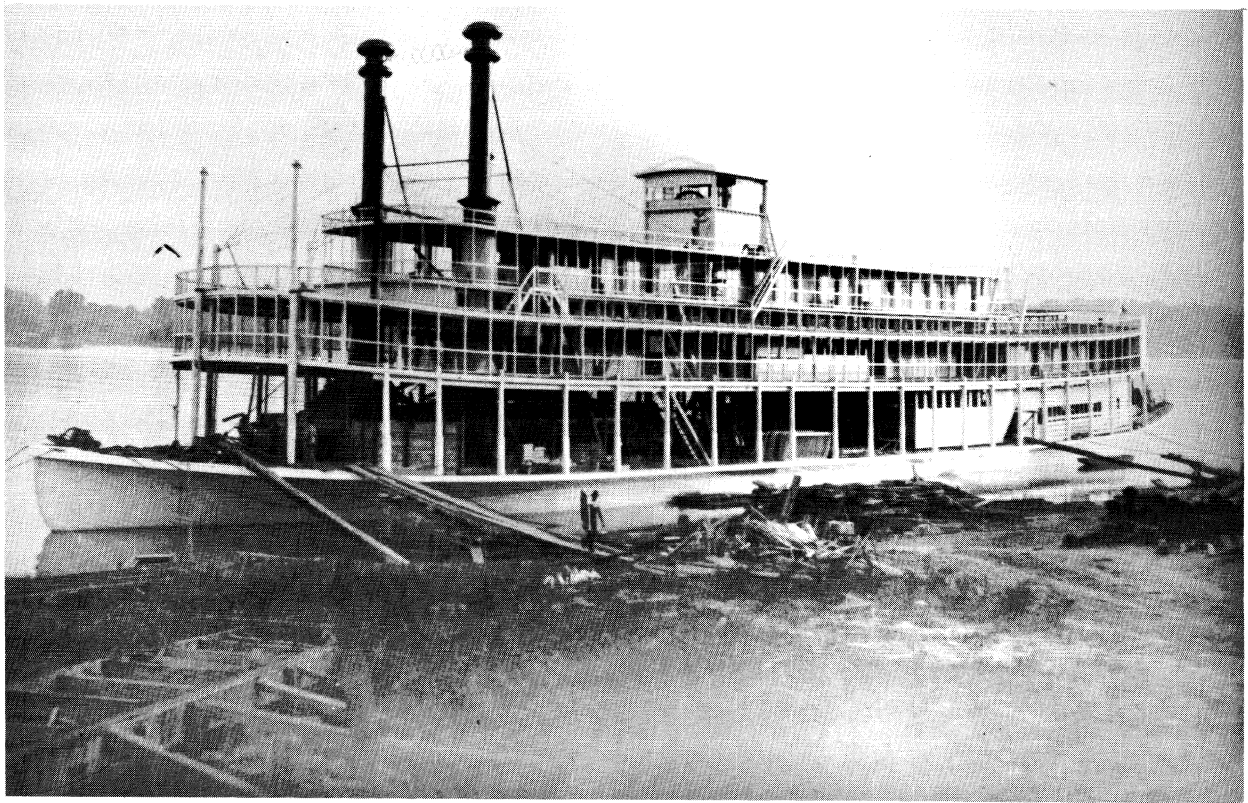
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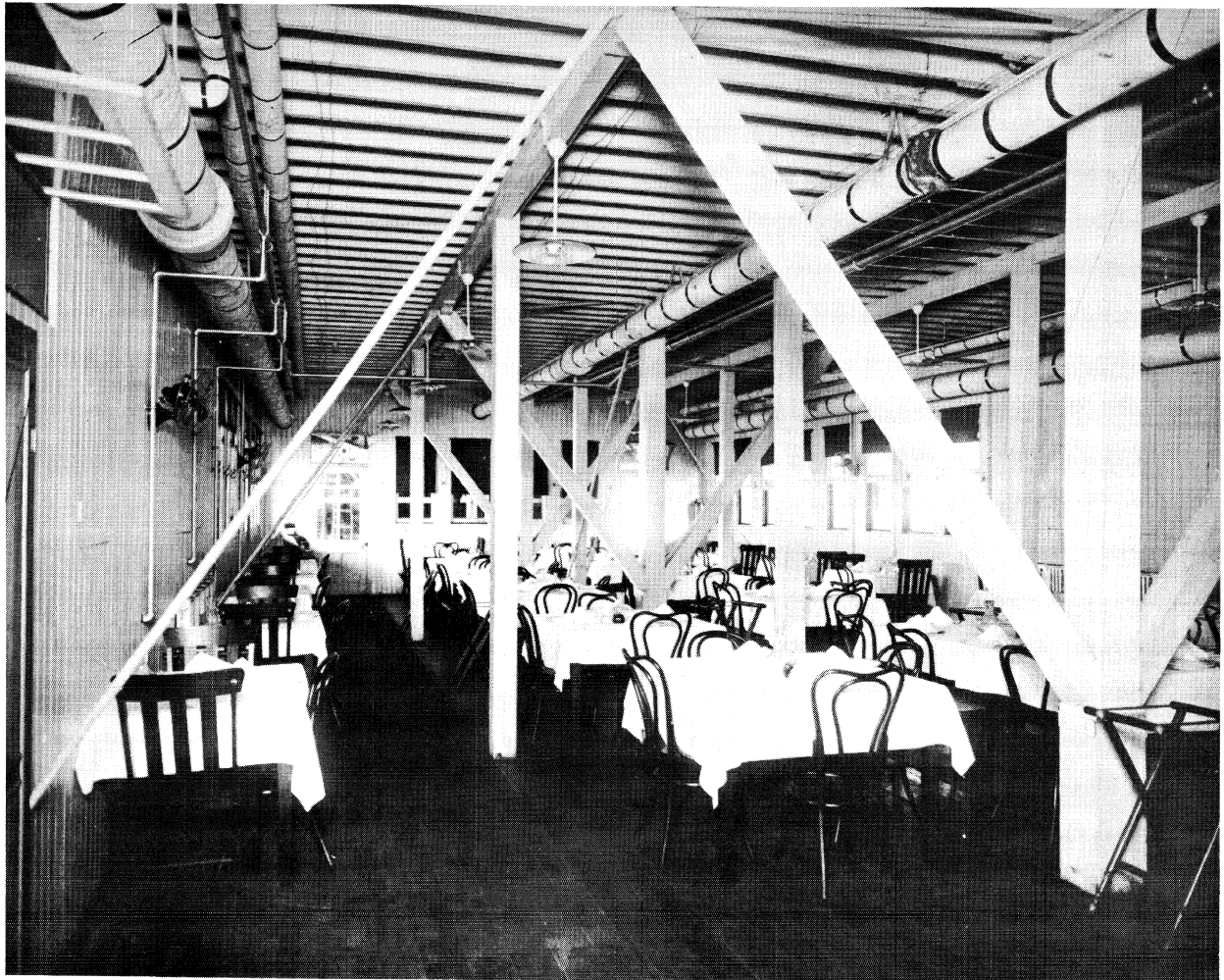
The grand ballroom of the HOMER SMITH looking forward.



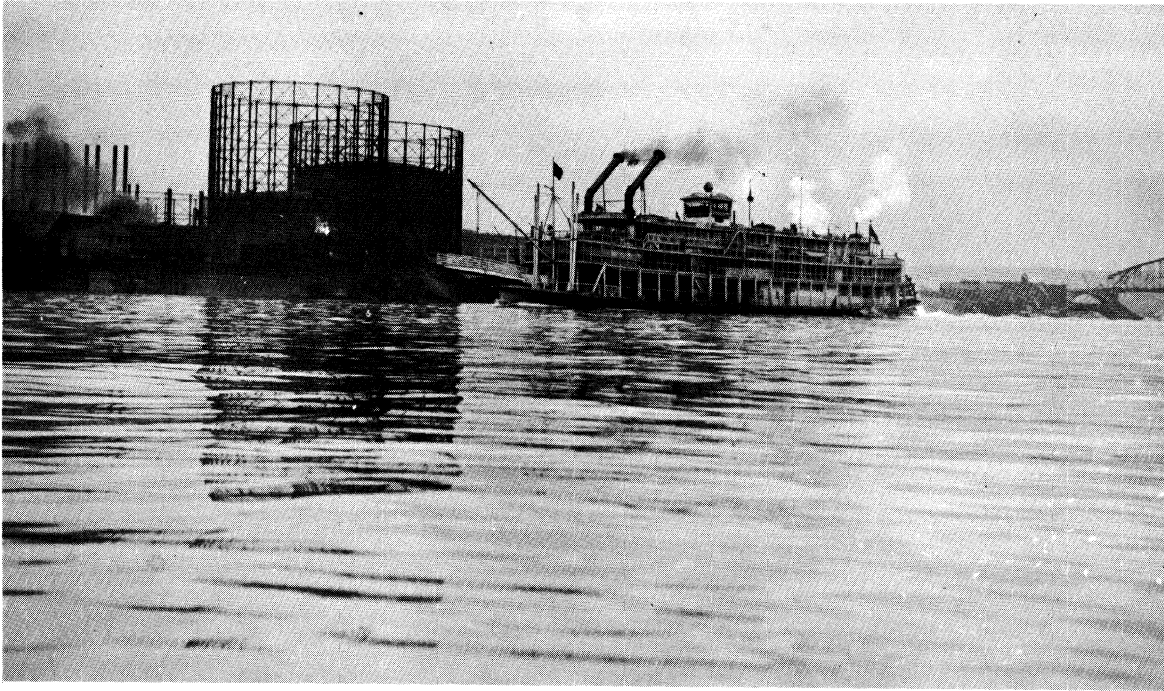
Observation circle in the front end of the Texas.



HOMER SMITH under construction, fall of 1914.



The main deck diningroom. Also tables were set in the aft end of the upstairs cabin.



HOMER SMITH on an excursion at Pittsburgh early in her career. Her high stacks were broken back part way to clear low bridges. The huge tanks at the left were gas receptacles located in the Manchester district of the city's North Side. They exploded in latter 1927 causing widespread damage and the loss of many lives. Windows in downtown Pittsburgh were shattered.

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paper profits zoom daily--the river grapevine announced that the HOMER SMITH was about to change ownership. There was no hint of this in The Waterways Journal. The BETSY ANN and the CHRIS GREENE had just run a notable race at Cincinnati, for this was in the summer of 1928.

I walked aboard the HOMER SMITH and asked Jack Smith (Capt. Homer's son, then purser) if what we had heard was true. "If there is anything on here you'd like to have, now's the time to ask for it," he replied. I pointed to the brass pilotwheel-rimmed ship's clock in the office. Jack said, "Find you a screwdriver." We transplanted that clock in to the office of the BETSY ANN, where it struck ship's bells for the balance of our ownership. I still own that clock.

I might remark for the record that John Douglass was master of the SMITH at this time; Henry Holloway was pilot; Cecil Wright was chief engineer; Ray Gill, second; and Pete McDade, mate. Thomas Middlecoff was the steward, and W. E. Lockett was chef. Also for the record, about the same time I got the ship's clock from Jack Smith there were four major excursion boats at New Orleans, the ISLAND QUEEN, AMERICA, GREATER NEW ORLEANS and the CAPITOL; this in October, 1928.

That fall the HOMER SMITH went to her winter quarters at Pt. Pleasant as usual, just as though nothing was about to happen. The announcement didn't break until along in April, 1929 that the big excursion boat had been sold to a new Pittsburgh firm called the Pittsburgh Steamboat Co. headed by Capt. William B. Rodgers (Jr.) and William K. Stamets. A small wharfboat also went in the deal. Joseph B. Shaw renovated this structure to become company headquarters.

...Original whistle went to the CHRIS GREENE

The new company raised steam on the SMITH, having hired most of the usual crew back, and the first trip was a deadhead voyage to the Pearson Manufacturing Co., Pittsburgh, for new boilers. Before the boat departed from Pt. Pleasant Capt. C. C. Bowyer asked for, and got, the original whistle he had designed for the SMITH and which had been on her since she was a new boat. He at

once presented it to Capt. Chris Greene, and it was installed on the CHRIS GREENE and stayed there as long as that packet operated. I am not sure where the replacement whistle came from, although Bob McCann recalls that Mr. Bowyer provided it. Should it blow again today I doubt that either Bob nor I would recognize or remember it; this replacement did not have the special distinctive sonorous tone of the original. The exchange was made, as Bob recalls, while the HOMER SMITH was getting her new boilers.

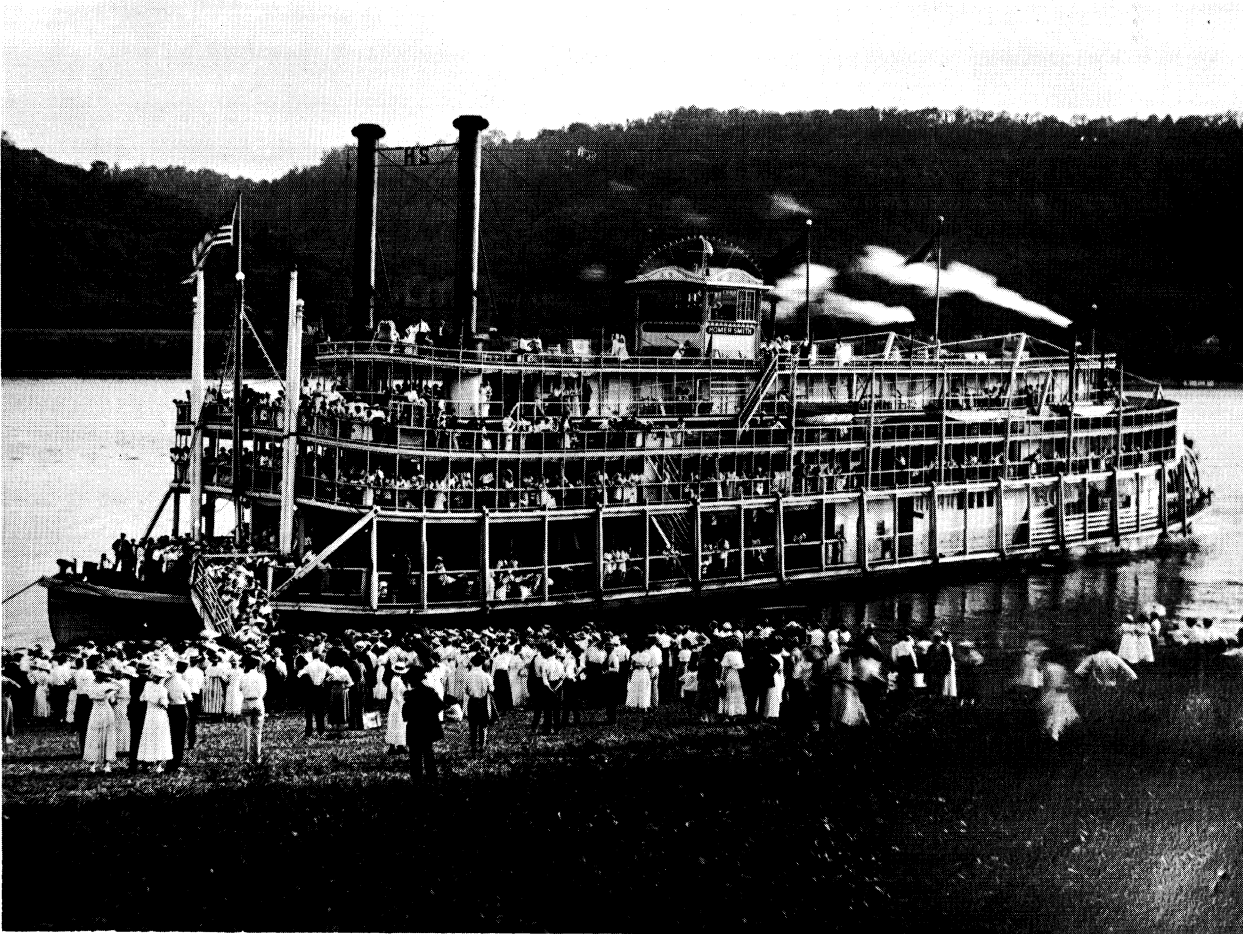
Due to this boiler program the 1929 season did not commence until early July. It is probably a matter of some consequence that Pearson built and installed those five new boilers in such short time--they got the contract about May 1 and on July 2 she had steam on them. While at the boiler shop she was renamed GREATER PITTSBURGH, a name selected by judges following a newspaper contest. Edward P. Kemmer of New Castle, Pa. was the person who submitted the winning name. The management of the BETSY ANN proffered Mr. Kemmer a gratis round trip to Cincinnati as the prize, a sort of futile affair as things turned out. The BETSY was "run off the river" at this time when the QUEEN CITY and SENATOR CORDILL took over the Pittsburgh-Cincinnati trade. The first big excursion of the "new" GREATER PITTSBURGH was an all-day trip, Pittsburgh to Rock Springs Park and return, July 4th.

The Pittsburgh Steamboat Co. meanwhile had dipped to Evansville and there bought the sidewheel ROOSEVELT (originally VERNE SWAIN and more recently the ROSE ISLAND) and she was brought to Pittsburgh under the ownership and direction of Capt. Griff Shaw. Capt. Phil C. Elsey was up to his middle in all of this, and was piloting the GREATER PITTSBURGH.

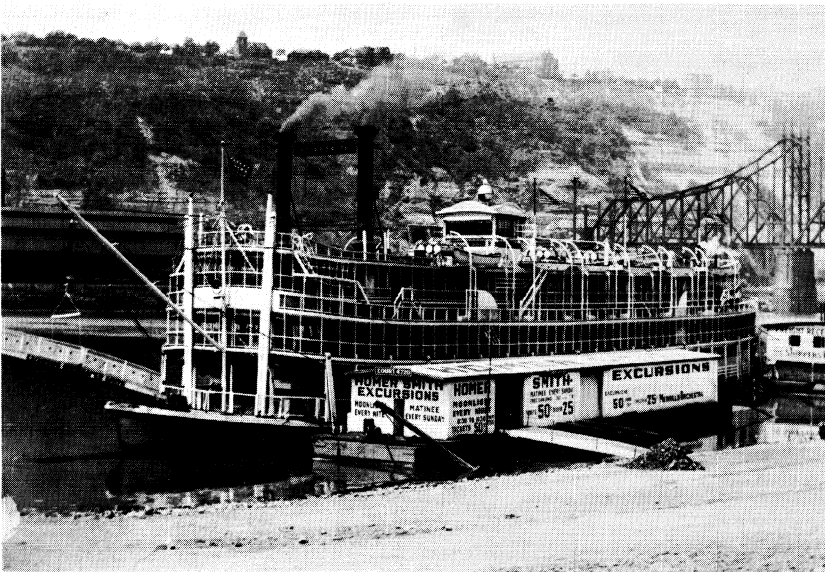
...New Name, New Adventures

The gala event of that unusual year 1929 was the celebration of the completion of Ohio River locks and dams. A mammoth boat parade was staged at Pittsburgh as a send-off on Friday, October 18 in which the GREATER PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI and QUEEN CITY participated. The BETSY ANN also was

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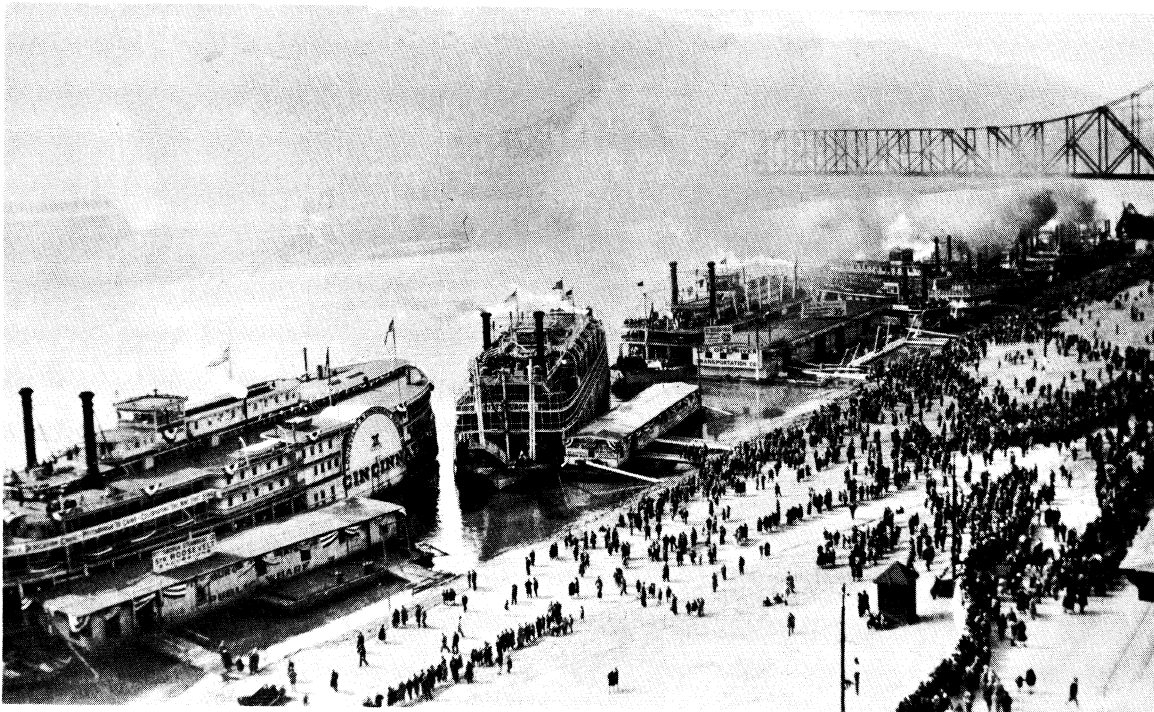
ABOVE: The HOMER SMITH taking aboard an excursion at Madison, Ind. in 1916. This fine photograph was taken by the late H. M. Flora, Madison photographer who captured many excellent pictures in his area 1890-1930.



TO THE LEFT: At Pittsburgh after she "grew up" with texas extended clear forward and lifeboats shipped "ship-style" on the texas roof handled by high davits and also many life rafts available. The oblong box between the stacks was lighted at night to show HOMER SMITH. The wharfboat advertises "Moonlights Every Night at 8:30, Tickets 50¢."

Decoration lights ablaze, the HOMER SMITH is loading for a moonlight at Madison, Ind. She usually made a "go-around" also picking up Carrollton, Ky. This made for plenty of dancefloor fun and fights, chairs thrown overboard and candidates for the boat's jail on the main deck. Most excursion boat orchestras had a "Hey, Rube!" tune known to the crew which was the alarm for dancefloor fights.





This panorama of the Monongahela wharf at Pittsburgh was made by Capt. Jesse P. Hughes from an upper story of the House Building, Smithfield Street, on Friday, October 18, 1929 just prior to the start of the boat parade. Captain Hughes was one of the pilots on the CINCINNATI, left, which carried members and guests of the Ohio Valley Improvement Association. Today the CINCINNATI, greatly altered, is the Streckfus excursion side-wheeler PRESIDENT at New Orleans. Next is the GREATER PITTSBURGH, with her stern touching the forecastle of the QUEEN CITY which is moored at the Ohio River Transportation Co. wharf-boat. From there on down to the Wabash bridge are twenty-some towboats nosed head-on and among them, plainly visible, is the packet BETSY ANN. Note the spars and derricks mounted on the GREATER PITTSBURGH; she was the last to carry them.

Continued from Page 18
in that parade, although officially not a part of it. We thought we were, but Capt. Bill Rodgers, admiral of the occasion, said we had not formally registered as an entry (which was so) and therefore we were outcasts. The BETSY was ordered to wait at the wharf until all others had departed, and to keep to herself. Thanks to this edict we saw more of the affair than anyone.

...Three depart for Cairo

Following this, the GREATER PITTSBURGH, QUEEN CITY and CINCINNATI departed Pittsburgh next day loaded with dignitaries to celebrate the occasion all the way down the Ohio River, clear to Cairo. These were lush times, remember, and the new owners of the GREATER PITTSBURGH had gone to great expense refurbishing the many Texas staterooms for the guests, revamping the diningroom, buying silverware, dishes, etc. to make the boat back into the very sort of combination she first was--both tourist and excursion. She had aboard the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce, wives and families, and City dignitaries. The great Capt. Way who had just made national headlines racing his BETSY ANN at Cincinnati stood on the deck of his cooled-down packet at Pittsburgh and watched the take-off on that foggy October morning of this stupendous spectacle---three great steamboats freighted with most of the prominent river persons of that era. Going clear to Cairo, to be celebrated at every town and hamlet along the shores.

...Trouble was brewing

Nobody suspected, of course, that before that trip was to be concluded the nation was to be plunged into the greatest financial disaster in its history. That happened on Wednesday, October 29th. The Cairo cavalcade got along tolerably well save for the QUEEN CITY. A prominent Pittsburgher died aboard and the trip was cut short. The GREATER PITTSBURGH went clear through, as did the CINCINNATI, and by then the overdue hull work on the former was entering protest on its own behalf and the G.P. rid herself of passengers at Cairo and returned to Paducah to be hauled on the Ayer & Lord marine ways. The Pittsburgh Steamboat Co. was rapidly getting acquainted with the facts of life--new boilers, new equipment and a dock bill all in the first season, to say nothing of the stock market crash (which seemed the lesser of all evils for everybody believed it would momentarily "turn the corner" and disappear).

Capt. Ed Dunaway was master of the GREATER PITTSBURGH during the 1930 season, Phil Elsey was the pilot and Ray Gill the chief engineer. She operated locally at Pittsburgh but did make one, perhaps several, short tramp trips down into J. Mack Gamble's territory and below. The truth is your scribe was too almighty occupied running the BETSY ANN in the Pittsburgh-Louisville trade to pay close attention. But our impression is that the GREATER PITTSBURGH was doing a thriving business and certainly was well painted and tended.

She closed the season in the fall and was laid up for the winter in the McCrady-Rodgers fleet there in the Manchester district, North Side, Pittsburgh.

On the evening of Friday, March 8, 1931, about seven o'clock a shantyboat dweller with his craft moored just below the GREATER PITTSBURGH noticed a man run ashore from the excursion boat. In another moment he saw flickering flames and realized the big boat was afire. This riverman, Nelson Lynch, turned in an alarm. There wasn't much the fire department could do. Fortunately the McCrady-Rodgers towboat MARGARET was nearby with steam up, and she jerked the towboats SWEET CAKE and W. H. McCRADY, both laid up, out of harm's way. Even so, two barges and a pumpboat also were lost in the fire. It was one of the biggest blazes ever seen on Pittsburgh's rivers, and was not again equalled until the ISLAND QUEEN exploded.

Shantyboat dweller Lynch was sure that the man he saw departing so hastily was not the regular colored night watchman. He knew the night watchman. He said the person he saw was taller--but of course all of this happened in the dark. There was considerable shock when Pittsburgh detectives picked up Capt. Alonzo (Lon) Sewell and charged him with arson. Lon was laid up on the boat and in charge but was not aboard at the time of the blaze. The \$64 question was why, if so, would Lon risk himself to do such a deed? Nobody apparently had an answer to that one and the matter was quietly dropped. Your scribe steambated with Lon later on--Lon was mate on the SENATOR CORDILL the night she speared the wicket at Lock 14, three years later.

This calamity ended the Pittsburgh Steamboat Co. The ROOSEVELT was sold forthwith. Charles T. Campbell bought the engines and the five new boilers from the wreck of the GREATER PITTSBURGH and put two of them on his SHAWNEE and three on the JOHN G. BRITTON. After holding the machinery for a time it was ultimately scrapped. Not much else survived.

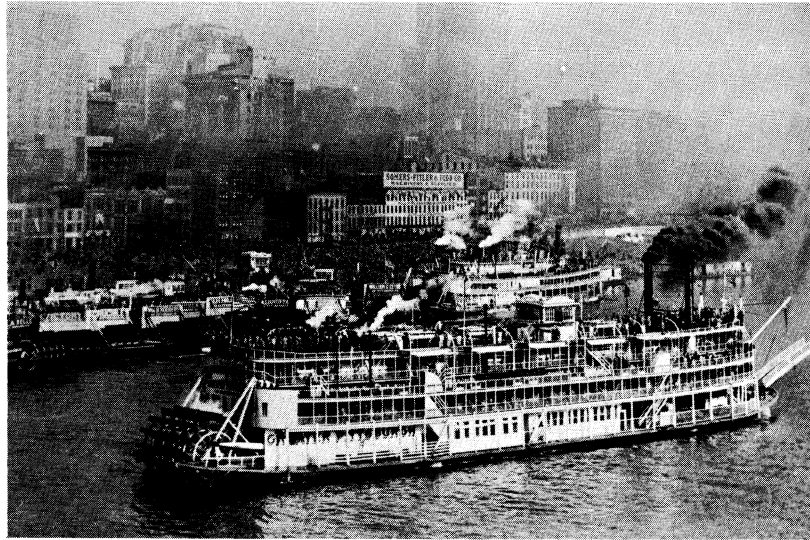
Capt. C. C. Bowyer wrote a note to The Waterways Journal. He recalled that the construction of the HOMER SMITH was supervised by Harry Burnside and himself, "Harry on the job all of the time and I went to Jeffersonville once a month for a day or so." He also enumerated the masters of her in her HOMER SMITH days.

- *Peter G. Holloway
- William C. Lepper
- *Harry F. Burnside
- *Homer Smith
- James O'Brien
- *William English
- John R. Douglass

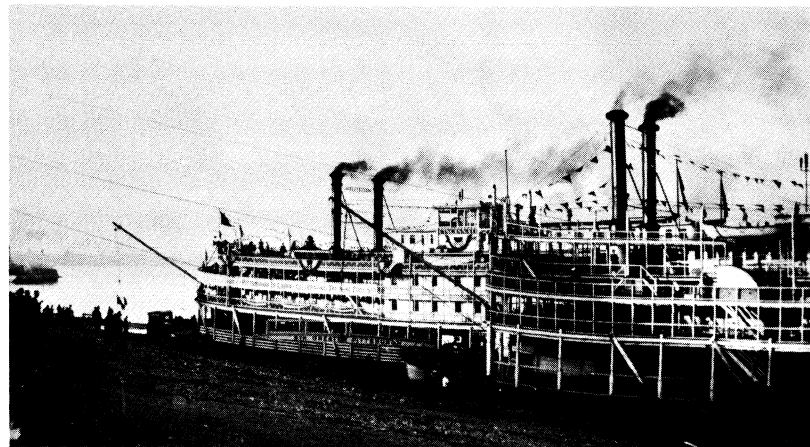
The four marked with stars had died prior to the time of the boat's burning.

It would seem that the sale of the HOMER SMITH had a peculiar aftermath of tragedy around Point Pleasant. Jack Smith did not long survive his father, and was but 33 when he died in 1935 survived by a wife and daughter. Sam Spencer had died only months prior to that. Capt. C. C. Bowyer had died the year before.

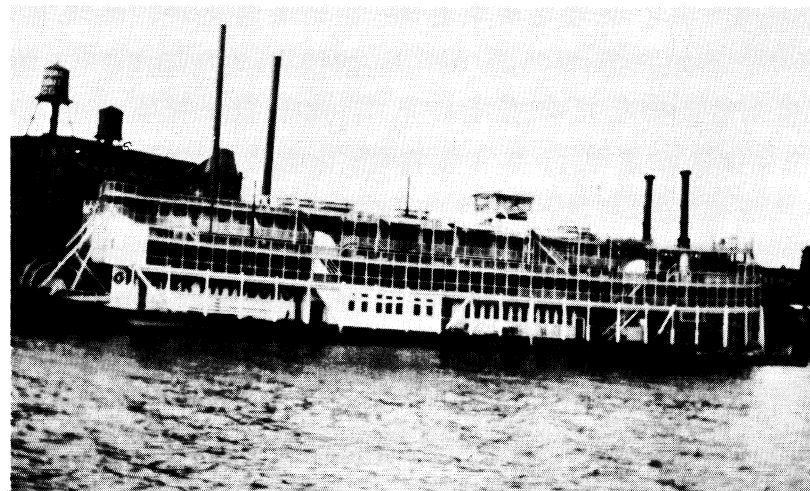
First our pleasures die - and then
Our hopes, and then our fears - and when
These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust - and we die too.



The GREATER PITTSBURGH backing down the Monongahela on the afternoon of the "Completion of Slackwater" parade. This photo was made by the late R. W. Johnston who operated the Trinity Court Studios at Pittsburgh and who also made various other exceptional Pittsburgh river scenes.



The CINCINNATI (left) and GREATER PITTSBURGH are shown here at the end of the parade at Cairo, Ill. Photo was made by Capt. Jesse P. Hughes.



This is probably the last photograph made of the HOMER SMITH - GREATER PITTSBURGH. It was at this location in Pittsburgh where she burned. She is laid up in this picture, never again to run.



WHISTLER'S MOTHER ON THE OHIO

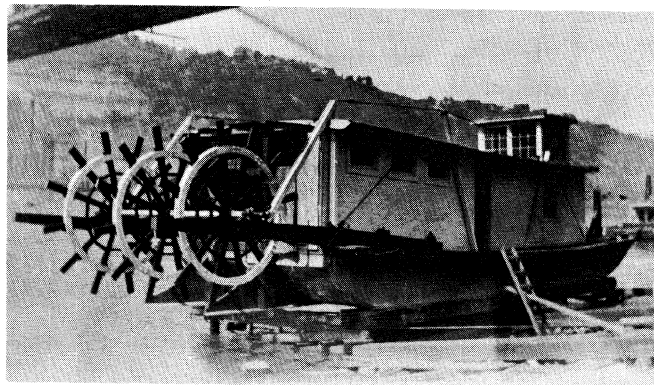
This is sort of a rare dodo, this picture. It needs no caption. Just looking at it is reward enough. Call it Whistler's Mother if you like. Sure she's a lady.

Not only is she a lady, but she's perched on that government light ladder listening for a whistle. She's had notice from the U.S. Lighthouse Service that the GOLDENROD (steam sternwheel) will be by "of this date, subject to change" with kerosene (coal oil in Kentucky and at Tell City, Ind.), the semi-annual supply to keep the lighthouse tender's daughter busy taking care.

It's drizzling but the weather's balmy, early spring, and no wind. The roily, oily river is a flat brown sheet slipping along at a fairly lively clip, serenely, save for little sucking sounds like dipping a teaspoon in Jello. A couple of crows are out there riding a drift log for lack of some other devilment to get into. Oh boy. No kids around because it's a school day, as if Mom hasn't anything to do but sit there in a slicker and with her boots on and with a "weather" hat. She kind of likes it, hookey from the dish pan, and you gotta be there when the GOLDENROD shows up.

Of course she could have propped open the back door and kept an ear cocked for one long whistle followed by three shorts. That's the old Lighthouse signal as every good lighthouse keeper knows. She likes to talk with Capt. Leslie Hill, and "Red" Schletker, and maybe they still have that dog aboard.

You say you hear her whistling? It's fun to whistle in a drizzle, sitting on a lighthouse ladder step. Dern it, it may be another hour yet before the boat comes. She sort of hopes.



CONCRETE

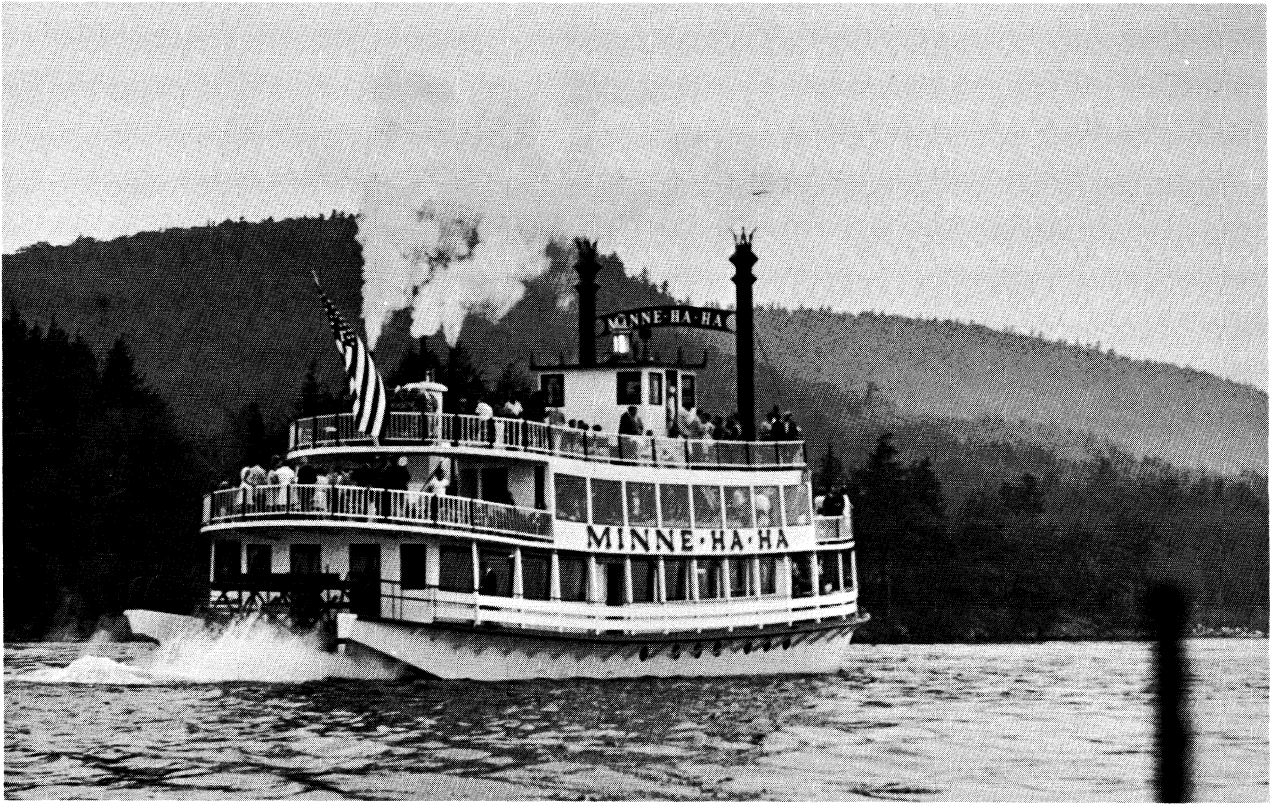
She had a concrete hull and didn't last a month.

In the Adams Marina, Madison, Ind., a 51-foot cruiser is about completed. She has a concrete hull. Hundreds of such craft have been built lately, says a story in Popular Science (Sept. '69 issue). The idea isn't new, according to Richard Day, author of the PS account. The first one sank in southern France, he writes, in 1900--but it was then 45 years old. Best results are achieved in boats from 35 to 60 feet long. In this area boats weigh no more than conventional construction, and in the 45-60 feet class they may weigh less. No rot, no rust; no seams, no leaks. Moreover concrete gets tougher as it gets older.

Above is a photo taken by Capt. William S. Pollock at Pittsburgh in the late fall of 1918. This sternwheel motor-propelled towboat has a concrete hull under her, and she was christened CONCRETE when launched on November 1, 1918. The view was taken in the Monongahela River with the old Wabash RR. bridge at the left, about the foot of Ferry Street. Pihl & Miller, river contractors, built her. Hull size, 50 by 12. Her life was brief; she hit a rock near Springdale, Pa. on the Allegheny River, December 12, 1918, and sank to rise no more. Her span of operation was less than 30 days.

A future researcher may happen upon a towboat named CONCRETE operating on the Ohio River in the early 1900s. Let us assure him that it had no concrete hull. This CONCRETE originally was the NELLIE BARTLETT built at Little Hocking, O. in 1896, hull 95.8 by 14, made of wood. During the construction of the Marietta highway bridge the NELLIE BARTLETT was owned by the builder, Ohio River Bridge & Ferry Co., Beman G. Dawes, managing owner. She was sold to Pittsburghers in 1903 but returned to Marietta in the fall of 1905 when bought by the Ohio River Sand & Concrete Co., William J. Duffy, president. They renamed her CONCRETE on August 25, 1905.

Garner Shell Co., Hollywood, Ala., buys mussel shells and ships them in 200-pound sacks to Japan. One of the suppliers is Bill Rice, 45, Waterford, O. who "clams" the Muskingum between Luke Chute and Marietta. He considers 1,000 pounds a day as a good catch. He uses an oversize johnboat with two drags--same scheme used since time began. The Japs crush the shells and bait pearl oysters with them. In former times tons of buttons were made from freshwater mussels, but the zipper ended all of that. Garner Shell Co. cooks the mussels at Waterford, buries the meat, and sacks the shells.



THIS STERNWHEEL STEAMBOAT WAS BUILT IN 1969 ON LAKE GEORGE, N.Y.



Lake George Steamboat Company, Inc.

request the honour of your presence

at the

Christening

of the

S. S. Minne-Ha-Ha

on Wednesday, the thirtieth of July

nineteen hundred and sixty-nine

at five o'clock

Steel Pier, Lake George, New York

When a new sternwheel steamboat is built these days it's big news. Above is pictured the passenger packet MINNE-HA-HA out on her trials before entering regular business in August. She was built by the Lake George Steamboat Company, Inc., headed by Wilbur E. Dow, Jr. of 80 Broad St., New York, N.Y. Of special interest to inland river buffs is the fact that her engines were built at St. Louis by the Semple Engine Co., Inc. headed by Frederick H. Semple.

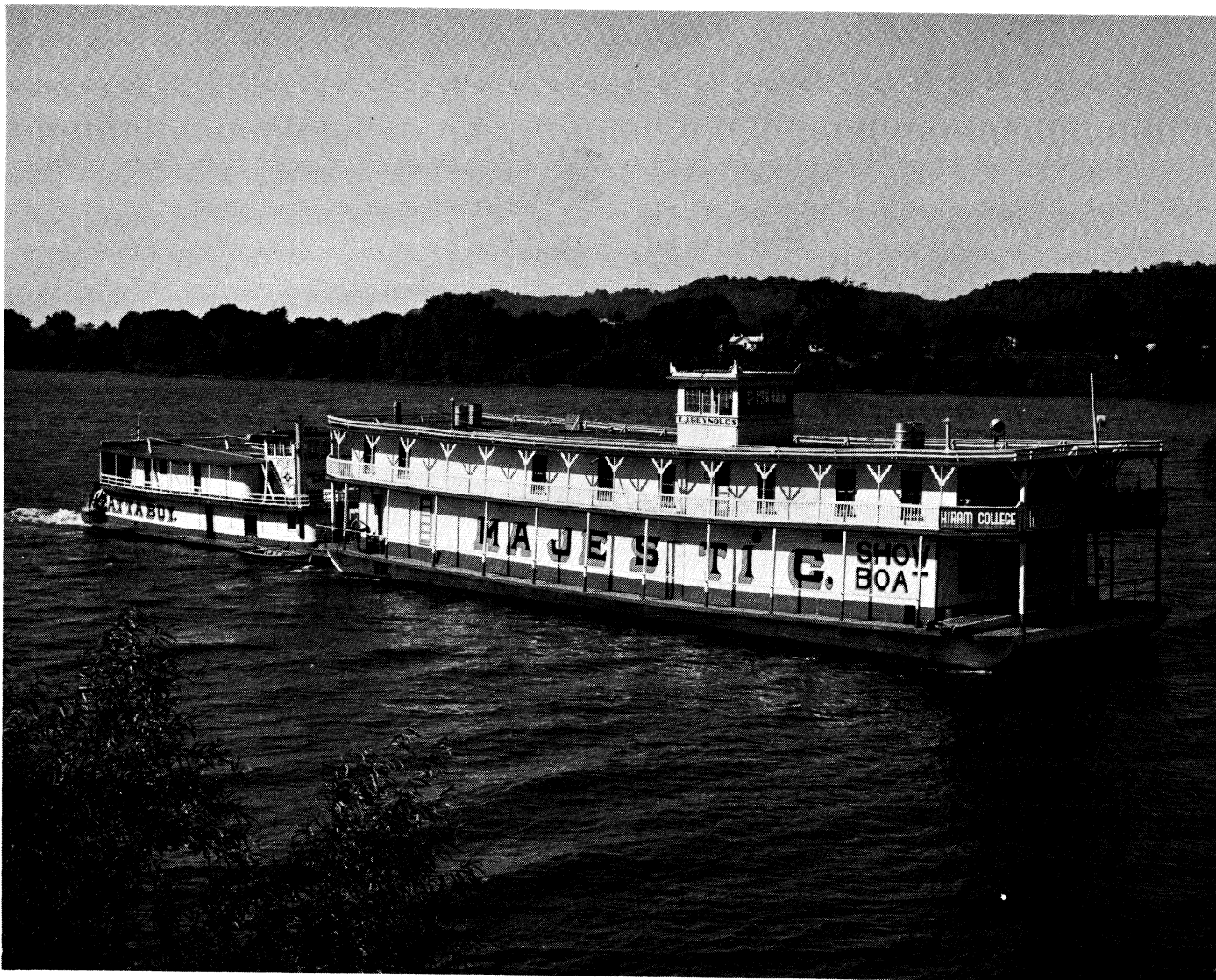
An early announcement in the "Adirondack Life" says the boat accommodates 300 passengers and is to make six hourly trips a day during the summer seasons from the Steel Pier to the Canoe Islands on Lake George.

The MINNE-HA-HA has an over all length of 110 feet and she's 28 feet wide. The hull was built extra deep because of the waves on the lake. She carries passengers on three decks. She has two slide valve engines sized 8" dia. by 4 ft. stroke and steam is supplied from an upright tubular boiler, oil fired. She has the Stephenson-type reverse mechanism on her engines.

This is acclaimed to be the first stern paddle boat on Lake George since 1902. The picture above was sent to us by Paul Bouchey who is associated with the enterprise and he says this of it: "Here she is on the evening of the christening on her way up the lake."

The boat has two balance rudders and is hand steered. Early reports indicate she was somewhat of a disappointment in speed, making about 7 mph, but doubtlessly some minor alterations will iron out the difficulty. The builders had hoped for 10 mph.

The address of the Semple Engine Co. is Box 8354, St. Louis, Mo. 63124. This firm builds marine engines and small boilers. The steamer LORENA, based at Cincinnati, has Semple equipment.



Showboat MAJESTIC

They're now talking of putting a new steel hull under her.

A little updating on the showboat MAJESTIC... All summer she's been moored at the foot of Broadway, Cincinnati, in action, but looking a bit frowzy. She now is the property of the University of Cincinnati Mimmers Guild, and overseeing her welfare is Paul Rutledge, U.C.'s theater director. The college bought both MAJESTIC and her stern-wheel towboat I.U. (earlier ATTA BOY) in 1967 for \$13,500.

U.C. students and alumni are the actors and performers. They've gotten away from traditional showboat melodrama and, instead, are dealing out more sophisticated Broadway musical fare. Why not--they're at the foot of Broadway--and in 1969 they opened June 4 and closed September 24 with some money left over. In 1968 they operated at the Four Seasons Marina and also did well. They think they are the only Cincinnati drama group to show profit two seasons running.

The U.C. group made some architectural changes. They enlarged the proscenium stage from its original 15 by 18 to 20 by 24 feet. The balcony seats

were taken out to make space for a new lighting booth. These alterations reduced the seating capacity by about 90 seats (MAJESTIC now seats 290). Boiler deck bedrooms were converted into dressing rooms, new carpet was put down, and she now has a modern sprinkling system for fire protection. The most drastic change was the placement of central air conditioning. (Old Cap' Reynolds would raise an eyebrow at that--when it got too blasted hot he turned on an electric fan with a cake of ice in front of it).

Now they're figuring on a heating plant and, so we hear tell, bids are being entertained on putting a new steel hull under her. All of which is exciting, albeit somewhat incongruous--that a 46-year old showboat (built 1923) outshouts the new multi-million surroundings on Cincinnati's river front.

The above picture was taken some years ago while the MAJESTIC still was a peripatetic. Looks like up around Sistersville, W. Va. and our thanks to Marshall Hacker of The Cincinnati and Suburban Bell Telephone Co. for supplying it.

History in houses

On Sunday afternoon, October 5th last, Virgil E. Bennett suggested we drive to Georgetown, Pa. for a look-see at the old place. What a handsome idea that turned out to be! Sunny and warm, the fall leaves at their best, and we came by way of Hookstown and down the winding road. Our first stop was at the head of the old ferry road where we got to speculating which of the white-painted frame houses was that of the celebrated Capt. Thomas S. Calhoon. We knocked at the side door of the first one handy, just downriver from Main Street (which is today's name for the ferry road) and plied our question to the lady who answered our summons. "Why," said she, "You are right at it--this is the Calhoon home, come on in."

So Virgil and I beckoned to my wife Grace and we introduced ourselves to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Schmidt who now own the home and have lived there for the past eight or nine years. We were given a downstairs tour of diningroom and parlors essentially unchanged, comfortably furnished, and tastefully arranged. Mrs. Schmidt promptly led us to a framed architectural drawing of the original floor plan of the house, done in ink. What caught Grace's eyes were the attractive dining-room chairs which Mrs. Schmidt had redone herself even to caning the seats. In another room I admired an oil painting of the house and then learned that Mrs. Schmidt had created it.

While the girls were girl-talking about tilt-top tables and cupboard knick-knacks Virgil and I were in sort of a trance, for it seemed like old Captain Calhoon just might be right at home here, and apt to walk into our presence. We knew full well that he had died in 1910, aged 76. Neither Mr. or Mrs. Schmidt knew much about him, not to be wondered at, for they were comparative newcomers, arriving a little too late to absorb the story from the old-timers who knew, and who now are gone.

Captain Calhoon was born at Georgetown in 1834 although, obviously, not in the home we were visiting. His father, Capt. John Calhoon, also was a riverman, drowned at Marietta in 1846 when his son Tom was twelve. Your scribe once asked Mrs. W. H. Ewing, ne Harriet Calhoon, daughter of Captain Thomas S. Calhoon, about this drowning, and she said that it was from one of Capt. Jacob Poe's boats, she wasn't sure which one, but perhaps the FALLSTON or BELFAST.

Mrs. Ewing also told us that her family had lived at the same location in Georgetown from 1851 until 1913. Their neighbors just across First Street were Capt. and Mrs. Jacob Poe, and two houses west of the Calhoon residence was that of Capt. J. T. Stockdale. The house still is there, occupied and well kept. A young lad playing ball on the lawn said to us that he understood it was 105 years old, had been owned by a Chinaman before his family moved in, and once was owned by an old river captain. Pretty good from the mouth of a 'teen age boy. Captain Stockdale built that house, says Mrs. Ewing, selling it about 1880 to John R. Peters, son-in-law of Capt. Richard Calhoon, and it was owned by the Peters heirs until recent times.

Later in the day we visited the Georgetown Cemetery, chiefly occupied by family plots of the Poe, Calhoon and Parr connections. Capt. and Mrs. Thomas S. Calhoon are side by side and riverward of them, commanding an impressive view from the high hilltop toward the Calhoon home, is a great granite monument--so enormous that one wonders how it was hauled up the steep road--tastefully designed and marked simply CALHOON. The graves have smaller stones marked simply THOMAS S. CALHOON 1834-1910 and HARRIET AMANDA CALHOON 1834-1913.

So here lies the man, with his wife beside him, who saw and did so much. He had been up the Missouri to Fort Benton various times aboard the AMELIA POE and the IDA STOCKDALE. He and his Georgetown buddy Capt. J. T. Stockdale were partners in the latter. "We got to Fort Benton today on June 20, 1867, 58½ days out of St. Louis, and passed ten mountain boats on the way up," he wrote as clerk of the IDA STOCKDALE. "Now we are returning to Mussel Shell River to bring up cargo from the JAMES H. TROVER which is high and dry at that place." Yes, the bad-luck TROVER had been aground several times, laid up for repairs five times, had a case of smallpox, and a spar fell breaking the leg of a crew member. She was abandoned on that sandbar at Mussel Shell River and never ran again.

In August, 1867 Tom Calhoon scribbled a few lines to the folks back home from St. Joseph, Mo. still on the IDA STOCKDALE. "Sunday 4th we were treated to an exhibition of a battle between the Crows and Ukatapa tribes after which we were treated to a volley of arrows. One struck the chimney and fell on deck, and one struck a spar and stuck into it. Tonight, the 14th, the country looks more like civilization. We did not see anything green from the time we left here until right now, getting back to St. Joe. We just got some beans and cucumbers and you bet they tasted good." The high skipper-pilot on that voyage was Capt. Grant Marsh. His salary, \$1,200 a month. But consider:- In one five-month summer operation to Fort Benton this 170 by 31 sternwheeler made a profit of \$42,500, twice the boat's value.

High salaries were unique those days, and crew members who worked for no salary at all were not unknown. Consider this letter:

Pittsburgh, Pa.,
Feb. 19th, 1862

I desire that the captains of the following steamers be placed on record for the patriotic and liberal (volunteering) of their services and boats, without remuneration, to proceed immediately to the Cumberland River to relieve the sick and wounded soldiers: ROCKET, Capt. Wolf; CLARA POE, Capt. Poe; HORIZON, Capt. Stockdale; EMMA, Capt. Maratta; WESTMORELAND, Capt. Evans; SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, Capt. Hugh Campbell.

B. C. Sawyer, Jr.,
Mayor.

Capt. Thomas S. Calhoon was aboard the HORIZON as clerk that trip, and Capt. J. T. Stockdale was in command. This "family" craft usually ran with Joseph Calhoon, steward (nephew of Capt. Richard Calhoon) and William Briggs, engineer (who had married J. T. Stockdale's sister).

After the IDA STOCKDALE was sold, Calhoon and Stockdale built the sternwheel SALLIE, 184 by 33,

and Tom Calhoun commanded her up the Missouri. Mary Jane Calhoun, Capt. Tom's aunt and about five years his senior, married Capt. J. T. Stockdale. Ida Stockdale was their eldest daughter.

These profitable operations justified the construction at Shousetown, Pa. (now Glenwillard) of a large side-wheeler named GLENCOE, launched in November, 1870. She was 295 by 43, designed for the St. Louis and New Orleans trade. Calhoun and Stockdale were her owners, and Capt. Calhoun was her master. The whistle of this boat still does service today, installed on the PPG plant at Natrium, West Va., opposite Clarington, O. It was made by Kaye & Co., Louisville.

After the GLENCOE sank her furnishings were rescued, including her whistle and her cabin chairs (made by Marietta Chair Co.) and placed on a new sternwheel packet, the KATIE STOCKDALE, built in 1877 for the Pittsburgh and Cincinnati trade commanded by Capt. Thomas S. Calhoun. This was the start of the famous Pittsburgh & Cincinnati Packet Line which ultimately built the best steamboats in that run. Catherine M. Stockdale was the eldest of twelve children born to Capt. and Mrs. J. T. Stockdale. Seven were born while they lived at Georgetown--and of these seven, five died in infancy. The eldest was son Willis Allison Stockdale who lived until 1927--having been born before 1856. Catherine (Katie) the last born arrived about 1874. Ida, for whom the IDA STOCKDALE was named, married Homer S. Knowles who operated a large pottery at East Liverpool, O. Later she remarried, became Mrs. Stafford, and lived in New York City. Katie never married, and died about the same time the QUEEN CITY came to Pittsburgh on its maiden voyage in 1897.

Capt. Tom Calhoun was successively in command of the P&C steamers KEYSTONE STATE, IRON QUEEN, and the VIRGINIA. He was known as a reticent person who ran a tight ship. He did not mingle with the crew. In his older days he was often plagued with coughs and colds when cold weather set in and in the fall of 1903 he went home off the VIRGINIA to escape the coming rough weather. That was his last active service.

In the spring of 1904 he struck oil on his farm near Georgetown, said to be a 40-barrel well and he continued to be active around his home. All steamboats passing Georgetown gave out a long and loud whistle passing the Calhoun white house high on the bluff at the head of the ferry grade. Some of the family always waved back.

Capt. Thomas S. Calhoun died at home on the morning of Sunday, April 3, 1910. His funeral on Tuesday the 5th was widely attended. At this time his last command, the VIRGINIA, was perched in a cornfield at Willow Grove, W. Va. (see March '66 issue).

He was survived by two daughters, Mary and Harriet, and his widow. Mary became Mrs. Oscar T. Taylor, and Harriet married William H. Ewing. Mrs. Calhoun continued to make the Georgetown home her residence the rest of her days, until 1913.

Steamboat pilots had become so accustomed to blowing salutes for Capt. Tom Calhoun that, when this scribe first commenced boating, they still did so--this up into the 1920s. Even today some old creaky pilot will get up off his perch and reach for the whistle saying sort of apologetic-ally, "Well, we'd better give a blow for George-

town."

Not so bad an idea. Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt will get a real thrill if the boats keep this up.

All of which vividly reminds us of a similar excursion made many years ago to Georgetown with Capt. Jesse P. Hughes along, among others. We stopped in the town store to get oriented and found ourselves shaking hands with the store's proprietor Wilkie Peppard, son of Capt. Standish Peppard, who was head clerk when the BUCKEYE STATE ran her fast trip, Cincinnati-Pittsburgh, in 1850. Also that day we called on Capt. George Poe, born in 1844, then in his nineties. He was living across from the Calhoun residence in the old Jacob Poe place with Mrs. Lillian Wagner, daughter of Charles Poe (George's deceased brother). Parthenia Calhoun also had lived there but had lately died (1946). Mrs. Wagner still lives there as this is written.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

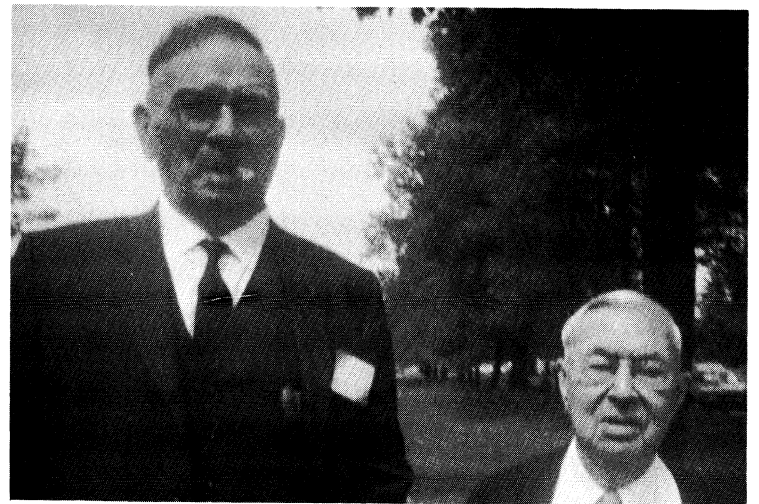
General Dynamics is building a fleet of new barge-carrying freighters for the Lykes Bros. Steamship Co., Inc. They may turn out to be the most important development in cargo ships since the last sail was furled. They can turn just about any waterfront area into a port.

Each ship has a capacity of 38 barges. The barges, each carrying over 480 tons of cargo, are towed to the ship and lifted by a stern elevator to one of three decks. They are then stowed automatically, and the ship speeds to its next destination at over 20 knots.

When it arrives, no docking is necessary. Barges are off-loaded the same way. Thus, 18,000 tons of cargo can be discharged in 13 hours, leaving the mother ship free to sail. A conventional freighter would be tied up for 195 hours to unload the same cargo. Cargo handling is cut from six operations to two.

Approximately three city blocks long, they're the biggest common cargo carriers ever built for the United States merchant fleet. We are building three of these Lykes-designed ships for delivery into international service in 1971.

=We can't come up with anything in river history to match the Lykes of this. -Ed.



Capt. Charles M. Young, Gallipolis (on the left), and Russell R. Stone, Pt. Pleasant, at the S&D meeting, Sept. 20th last. Both began their river careers aboard Kanawha River steamboats and each saw a half-century of service. Both now are retired and enjoying good health. Capt. Charlie now is 78 and Russell is 87.

FLATBOATING FROM MARIETTA TO
NEW ORLEANS DESCRIBED

Capt. Miles A. Stacy was 83 when he recounted to his daughter Adelaide this exceptional story of his career on the Ohio and the Mississippi. Adelaide made copious notes as her father talked. He was not so well at the time and required frequent periods of rest. But he obviously enjoyed it. The transcription was made in 1913. Adelaide said, "As a child I played with discarded boat-pins and listened to my father's stories of his flatboating days. These I heard frequently repeated in later years. Then in 1913 I asked my father to once again recount them and I promised to write them out." Many years later the original manuscript was retyped with permission from Miss Stacy by Edith S. Reiter when Mrs. Reiter was curator of Campus Martius Museum, Marietta. It is from Mrs. Reiter's copy that we have formulated the following account using much of the original text. -Ed.

When I was 20 years old, in 1849, I made my first trip south from Marietta, O. on a flatboat. The next two winters I taught school. In those times it was not unusual for the big boys to try to whip the teacher and run him off. They didn't run me off, but that is another story. In the fall of 1853 my brother Austin and I built a flatboat for Augustine Dyar, "Gus" we called him, Charles Dyar's father. When we had it about finished Gus ran across another boat for sale at a reasonable price and he urged Austin and me to go partners with him, taking the two boats south. We did so, and from then until the Civil War broke out I continued flatboating, then enlisted in the 36th O.V.I. and served four years until my health broke and I was sent home. After the war I made two trips from Marietta to Memphis and then gave up the business.

Nobody these days knows much about a flatboat nor does he need to. There aren't any. But in the period I'm talking about there were several thousand built annually (the peak may have been close to 4,000) and run down the Ohio and the Mississippi. Some ran "straight loads" such as H. F. Devol of Beverly, O. who always loaded out with a full cargo of barreled potatoes. One year Willard Merriam made a profit of \$2,000 with a straight load of potatoes. But the next year he lost about that same sum due to a price drop.

Gus Dyar ran mixed loads. He'd take potatoes, apples, flour, pork, beans and other items. This was a bit harder for this produce had to be peddled at cities and the various Mississippi plantations, and there was considerable hazard to making these many landings. A steam tug would land a flatboat at the larger cities for \$5. But the temptation was to try it alone and save the cash. Same way at the Louisville-Portland Canal where the toll for a loaded flatboat ran \$75 to \$85. The choice was to hire a special Falls pilot who brought along two helpers with him for a flat rate of \$8. They ran the Falls, nearly always coming through, but there were all too frequent wrecks. One of my boats in running the Falls hit a rock, swung around, and was going

broadside for a really big rock. She swung on around and took dead aim for it head-on, and the Falls pilot says "I guess we're lost." But the boat hit a swirl and glanced off the rock sideways with a good jolt but no serious harm. When we got to the foot of the Falls we saw two flatboats which hadn't fared so well and were badly smashed.

...Building a flatboat

I built my own flatboats there at Marietta. The first job was to go to the woods and cut the trees for timber, then hauling the logs to the shore where the building was to be done. It took 8,000 feet of lumber to build a 75-footer and 10,000 feet for a 90-footer. Most were built 80 to 90 feet long, and some were 100 feet long. The usual width was 18 feet. Probably the most important timbers were those used as the knuckles where the bottom joins the sides. For this purpose we'd hunt and scour the woods for a large, straight yellow poplar tree 80 to 90 feet tall. We'd fell it, line it, score and hew it to become an 18 x 18-inch timber. This was shoved on the skids, lined down the center, and ripped apart with a whipsaw. This made two 9x18 (or wider if the tree allowed) gunnels, one for each side.

Most of the timber for the hull was made of selected white oak. The bow piece was built heavy, as also was the stern piece, both morticed in and keyed tight. These and the cross-ties were 18 feet long. We spaced the ties 7 feet apart for the length of the boat, pinning them to the cross-ties with boat-pins. All of this was done with the hull upside down. The pins were about five inches long and a little over an inch square at the head, shaved and shaped, and pointed a little at the other end. It took about two thousand pins per flatboat, plus the iron spikes besides. This framework was bottomed with 1½-inch white oak and then caulked up good. What we had by this time was the boat's bottom--wrong side up. Next came the launching.

Getting her in the river was not hard to do. The outboard gunnel was resting on skids and held by wedges. We'd knock out the wedges and she'd slide down the skids with a splash. Soon as we had her afloat we'd load aboard three or four wagonloads of rocks and take her out into deep water. The idea was to place her crossways with the current, heave the rocks to the downstream edge of the boat-bottom, and presently it would flip over right-side-up. One of the reasons for this is that the current at the surface is faster than down deep, and when she'd start getting edged over the surface current would shove harder at the upstream side and help the operation.

...Some fancy stepping

The sailors who attended this operation would usually escape in a skiff carried alongside. But my brother Austin and Salathiel Ladd became adept at staying aboard the hull-bottom, one of them at the bow and the other at the stern, and they'd prance along with the turning, swing over when she was straight up, and slither down the other side. This took some fancy stepping. Many aspired to the feat, and most who tried ended with a ducking--not serious, as all hands were good swimmers.

After mooring her back at the shore, and hav-

ing bailed her out, the next job was cutting mortice holes every three feet into the poplar knuckles and into the white oak end pieces. Into these holes went the upright studding, dove-tailed for a snug fit into the mortices, five feet high. The lower course of siding was made of two inch white oak 18 inches wide. We sided up above that with 1½ inch in various widths (wider the better) to five feet. Then we set center studding standing six feet high so's the roof would be slightly curved, sloping to the sides.

Our living quarters, or cabin, was built into the stern of the flatboat six feet wide and running thwartship 18 feet, the full boat width. We had a stove in there, or a fireplace, for cooking and a table hinged to the bulkhead. At either end was a bed made of boards placed on top of bins of potatoes. A pair of stairs led to the hatchhole in the roof. There were no windows. The daylight came in through the hatchway and the scuttle hole.

...Operated by sweeps and oars

These flatboats had no propelling power. Oars were provided for steering, four in number. The biggest of these was the steering oar at the stern 65 or 70 feet long, 1/3 of it, the handle, coming back over the boat's roof where there was a platform ("lazy board," we called it, inasmuch as the oarsmen lounged on it when unoccupied) for the pilot to stand on while steering. At either side were the sweeps, 35 to 40 feet long, placed 1/3 of the way back from the bow. Two hands manned each sweep. At the bow was the gouger, 30 feet long, also used in steering. With this manual equipment the boat floated along in the river's current and in 24 hours could knock off about 100 miles.

For mooring purposes a checkpost was built at the bow's center, and we also carried a hand capstan out there. Check lines and mooring lines were of manila, and the equipment also included snatchblocks, pulleys and anchor. I bought this hardware from A. T. Nye, James Nye's father.

...Cargo stowed with care

In stowing aboard a mixed load, the rule was to stow the barreled apples near the boat's bottom where they were unexposed to heat. I did not care to handle many apples as they bruised and rotted too quickly. The barreled potatoes were coursed on top of the apples, maybe 600 barrels. Then on top of that went about 100 barrels of flour. These flatboats carried five tier of barrels all through, and six in the center. We left a place in the bow to pack the pork (our own butchering--usually 60 to 75 hogs were butchered for this). We'd take about 20 barrels of beans, 25 barrels of sauerkraut, 10 or 15 barrels of onions, 3 or 4 barrels of buckwheat flour and 15 or 20 dozen brooms. I'd get 8 or 10 dozen buckets from the bucket factory in Harmar. Some took whiskey but I never carried any. One trip I took along 1000 pounds of May butter and it sold readily at 25 to 30 cents a pound. I had bought it for 10¢ and had worked it over--total cost to me of 12 cents. At Cincinnati I usually stopped in and bought some tobacco, cigars and Star candles, and a few boxes of candy. The slaves on the plantations always wanted candy. Such a load represented an investment of \$5,000 and up.

...Trips made in fall and winter

The whole program of building the flatboat, stocking it, and getting ready to leave Marietta was geared to take advantage of the "fall rise" in the Ohio River which usually came along in mid-November, but not always. In 1853 we waited until the 10th of December for a rise to come, and then only got four feet--but went anyhow, with the flatboat drawing three feet.

That trip in 1853 Gus Dyar went first with the larger flatboat to Chesire, O., below Pomeroy, where he loaded out with flour from the big mill there. I delayed my smaller boat on the west side of the Muskingum at Charles Devol's to take on pork. Gus got uneasy about me, knowing the water to be so low, and started walking back up the river from Chesire looking for me, but I came along all right, and we picked Gus up in a yawl.

...Plowboat had a brass band

I have described the cargo of flatboats from Marietta but others loaded out with all manner of freight. Around Ironton they loaded with pig iron. Lime was also carried extensively, a dangerous cargo, for when wetted it caught fire. At Memphis one trip a lime boat moored one but next to mine caught fire. There was quite some commotion inasmuch as there were 30 or 40 flatboats nested in close together. We broke in with an axe and scuttled it. Loads of plows were run from Maysville, Ky. where the firm Calhoun & Atkinson manufactured one-mule cotton plows and other cotton field tools. I knew Mr. Calhoun, and he carried a brass band on his boat. When moored at a plantation and seeing our boat coming he'd get those boys out with their instruments and serenade us into the landing.

Prior to my time there was upstream cargo brought north in keelboats, a breed of craft I do not remember seeing--they were gone before my time on the river. Of course a good bit of freight was brought up the rivers, but on what we called the "tubs," small tramp steamboats built short and broad. They were loaded out with molasses, sugar, rice, cotton, and usually coffee from the West Indies.

Flatboat operations sometimes got into the daily press. A dispatch from Marietta dated November 11, 1851 said this: "More business was transacted in Marietta yesterday than ever before in one day. Fifteen flatboats left the landing laden with agricultural products, and large quantities were shipped by steamboat. The value of the produce that left yesterday from this place exceeded \$30,000. Today probably \$20,000 more will leave. Captain Frank's steamer RED RIVER left loaded with ploughs from the Marietta Foundry, barrels from Waters' Factory, flour from the Marietta Flour Mills, and potatoes from the valley, going to New Orleans.

Another dispatch dated February 7, 1852 notes that the flatboatmen are returning to Marietta by packet. Some had just come in on the HIBERNIA NO. 2. One flatboatman claimed a profit of \$1,100 on his potatoes which were bought at Marietta at \$1.00 and \$1.20 a barrel, and sold at New Orleans for \$1.25 and \$1.30, the highest price paid being \$1.62.

...Sold to become "woodboats"

The flatboats we ran were one-way. They were seldom brought back north. Usually we arranged to sell our boats in the south. Good customers were the wood yards. They knocked off the cabin and loaded the old flatboats with cord wood, 40 or 50 cord to the boat, and when a steamboat came by wanting such fuel the "woodboat" was lashed alongside and the wood transferred under way. This was done with the steamer upbound, so's when the cord wood was set over to the steamboat decks the woodboat was set loose and drifted back to her wood yard. A couple of hands could manage this. I remember vividly some of the big steamboats in those wood-burner days; the NATCHEZ, J. C. SWON and the DAVID WHITE among them.

...Cramer's Navigator used

Yes, we took along a copy of Cramer's Navigator, and used it. One night we struck a rock in Meeting House Crossing near Greenup, Ky. This rock was not marked in the Navigator, so we did not know about it, although steamboat pilots were aware of it. After getting to shore we were obliged to remove a great deal of cargo before getting to the bottom planks. Sure enough there were three or four holes between the stringers. To secure the damage we tacked pork hide on some planks and then pinned these planks over the breaks. Such a patch, properly applied, was leak proof.

...Piloting flatboats was an art

We ran all night when the weather was right, which was more often than not. For some reason not entirely plain to me a flatboat at night seems to go faster and make more miles than in daytime. But night running is worrisome--sounds are deceiving for one thing. Everything is quiet and then you commence hearing a distant roar. It gets louder. You think you are coming to a water falls. Then after worrying and sweating about it for an hour you find it is the current frothing down around the branches of a fallen tree along the shore. In daytime a flatboat seems to follow the channel better; at night it wants to keep right down the middle of the river--which is all dandy until you come to an island. Another odd thing about flatboat piloting is this: when you decide to land at night (which you don't do unless there is compelling reason) the more distant shore seems the nearer. The reason for this I do not pretend to know, but rather than believe this illusion the safe way is to slap down a plank on deck and listen to which shore first returns the echo. Then go there. A flatboat pilot plays it by ear at night for warnings of what he cannot see; in daytime he beholds danger he cannot hear. Bye the bye: whacking the plank for an echo is no good in damp or rainy weather, and in some reaches there just are no echoes at any time.

But as for piloting, I'd a heap rather float along on the blackest night than get involved in a fog. All sound is deadened or distorted and there is always the gnawing anxiety that you are peacefully floating into a trap of some sort. The best part of the night watch is just before day-break when you hear the first roosters crow heralding the dawn. Along the Kentucky shore at this early hour the plantation bells started ringing at 5 a.m., a welcome sound indeed.

...Caught in an eddy

As a usual rule, we did our own piloting down the Ohio River, but oftentimes it was prudent to hire a Mississippi pilot between Cairo and Memphis, or even below there. The lower stretches of the Mississippi were not so bad to run, and a fairly proficient crew with a good home-spun pilot, could make it in safety. One trip I was going down below Rodney at night, the moon shining bright, and I went below for a snooze. On watch were Jim Selby, O. J. (Ob) Wood, and Lit Stacy (Prof. Archer Butler Hulbert's wife's father). They were coasting along in fine shape save that after a couple of hours they commenced to recognize trees they had seen before. They were going around and around in a 3-mile eddy under the point at Coal Creek Bend.

There was lots of thievery along the river in that time, and the best policy was never to leave your flatboat unattended. I never did go ashore while my flatboat had cargo aboard except once, and that time was to attend a theater in Memphis and see Joseph Jefferson play Rip Van Winkle.

...Sees slave auction at Grand Gulf

Those were slavery days and when dealing with plantations there was a standing rule that nothing be sold to slaves without first obtaining permission from the owner or overseerer. I only witnessed one slave auction, that at Grand Gulf, Miss. A "boy" was required to stand on a raised platform before the crowd. The prospective purchasers went up there and examined him for the soundness of his teeth and muscles, requiring him to strip. I left the scene when a "gal" was put on the block, went back to the boat, and cast off for other ports. I never stopped at Jeff Davis's plantation. The word was that he bought wholesale in New Orleans.

In 1857 I got malarial fever at Waterloo and had to lay by a couple of weeks to recover. Then we cast off for Baton Rouge and discovered to our dismay that potatoes were selling at 75¢ a barrel and I had paid \$1.25. We had some 200 barrels in stock. While there a Cincinnati packet came in and I got a Cincinnati newspaper from her which contained the advice that potatoes were bringing \$3 a barrel back there at Cincinnati. We shipped those 200 barrels back by steamboat at 40¢ per barrel freight consigned to Harper Bros. to sell on arrival. They fetched \$3 sure enough, and that was the only time I ever heard of where Marietta potatoes were sent to Baton Rouge and then returned to Cincinnati.

...Brings back sugar and coffee

After selling our produce and merchandise and disposing of the flatboats, we usually took passage back up the Mississippi and Ohio by steamer. Usually I bought up hogsheads of sugar and had them freighted back on the same boat. I was in New Orleans on March 4, 1861 when Lincoln was inaugurated, then went to Lake Providence, but the prospect of trouble was enough to persuade me to not to try to bring home any sugar lest it be confiscated. Instead I got a 200-pound sack of coffee which, as things turned out, supplied my folks at Marietta for the duration of the war. Most Yanks were using parched corn or wheat as coffee substitutes, or ground-up and browned sweet potatoes, probably the origin of cereal coffee or Postum.

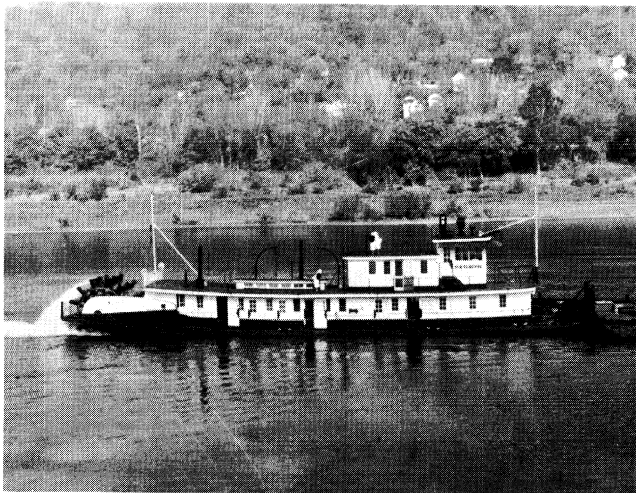
...Flatboat men recalled

When I first started on the river some of the older flatboat-men were Mr. James Stowe, father of Pitt L. Stowe; Mr. Lewis Putnam, who frequently sank his boats; Mr. Augustus Sprague of the Dodge place just above Lowell, and Mr. J. B. Dyar of Rainbow. The younger crop included H. F. Devol of Beverly and Willard Merriam. Capt. Gage Barker and his brother John took one boat to Memphis. Capt. Bill Thornily and Capt. Jack Monteith and others from above Marietta on the Ohio ran to Memphis; some to New Orleans. W. D. Devol ran some after the war. Even so, in that day of brave and hardy young men, very few followed the occupation of flatboating--too hazardous.

An editorial from the St. Louis Post-Dispatch which appeared in early August:-

TOOTENANNY: We are happy to learn from a belated reading of The Waterways Journal that this summer's Tootenanny was a great success. The Tootenanny, or Whistle Blow, is an annual rite conducted on the banks of the Ohio by nostalgic fans of the steamboat age, including that fine old society, the Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen. The Union Carbide plant at Long Reach, W. Va. furnishes the steam, and river buffs bring ancient steamboat whistles from miles around, to listen dreamily while the mellow sounds of the past reverbrate against the Ohio Valley hills. For steamboat devotees who couldn't get there, the rich voices of the QUEEN CITY, the WESTERN STATES, CAYUGA and MONONGAHELA, BESSIE MERRILL and SAM BARNUM and a fleet of other bygone boats were immortalized on tape and records.

Mayor Cervantes is always looking for tourist attractions for St. Louis. He ought to think about bringing the Whistle Blow here some time. It would be at least as pertinent to the nineteenth century capital of steamboat navigation as the SANTA MARIA.



In our June '69 issue were pictures of the TINA M. WHITE and FORT ARMSTRONG, same boat with different names. Now, thanks to Dan Owen, here she is again called KATHRYN. She carried this name between 1958 and 1964, operated by Harry F. White. Dan says he took the above view with the boat upbound at Cincinnati on Nov. 3, 1958. Dan was on the UBL towboat CORNELL making his first trip as a deckhand.

The crews on passenger boats plying the Western waterways did not wear formal uniforms in the days of Mark Twain's river experience, nor before. Just when the transformation happened has not been clear. Some light on the subject comes from a clipping taken from "The Gate City News," dated July 11, 1877:-

"The crews of the GOLDEN EAGLE and WAR EAGLE have received their uniforms," it reports. "They now strut about as steamboatmen of more than usual consideration. The uniform consists of navy blue coat, vest and pants, with soft felt hat on which is designated the rank of the possessor. The suits of the first officers are trimmed with gold lace and gold buttons, and the seconds in command with silver lace and buttons. The suits are very handsome, and it is not surprising that other crews envy them."

As addenda to this, another dispatch from the same source has this to say:-

"When Commodore Davidson ordered the crews of the fast packets to be uniformed he made a contract with a tailor to furnish the suits required at \$14 each, but he took good care not to marshall the crew of the GOLDEN EAGLE in a line of battle before the tailor until after the contract was made. The contractor then went down to take the measurements of the men and the first one he struck was John Cable, first engineer, who weighs 240 pounds. This made him begin to calculate on the profit of that suit. Captain Asbury, who tips the beam at 250, came next, and the tailor grew red in the face. Pat Cunningham, the first mate, who measures 54 inches around the waist, followed in the rear, but the tape line used was not long enough and a string was substituted. The tailor has filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy."

The San Francisco Maritime Museum is undertaking a project that makes the acquisition and delivery of the W. P. SNYDER, JR. look like peanuts and popcorn. Founding trustee Scott Newhall went to England, bought a handsome old side-wheel steam tug for \$6,000 (scrap price) and then refurbished her to the tune of \$148,000. Now he's steaming her around via the Panama Canal with a crew of ten, including three girls and John Kortum, the museum's director. One of the shipmates is Kortum's 11-year old son John.

The venerable tug's name is EPPLETON HALL, built in 1914 for Tyne River service. She helped ships to the collieries at New Castle-on-Tyne where the expression originated "hauling coals to New Castle." The voyage means 10,400 miles from the North Sea to San Francisco. They departed on September 19th last and expected to be anywhere from 75 to 125 days en route.

The EPPLETON HALL will become a chief attraction at the San Francisco Maritime Museum. She was converted from coal to oil burners for the voyage. So add this tug to London Bridge, QUEEN MARY and QUEEN ELIZABETH, all recent importations from our royal cousins.

The Mississippi River Marathon Association will sponsor an outboard motorboat race up the Mississippi, New Orleans to St. Louis, On July 3 and 4 next summer. This will commemorate the centennial of the famous race between the ROB'T E. LEE and the NATCHEZ.



The Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen

CONSTITUTION

Voted upon and unanimously adopted by the membership at Marietta, Ohio, on Saturday, September 17, 1955.

I

The name of this organization shall be the Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen.

II

Its objectives shall be to perpetuate the memory of Pioneer Rivermen through the establishment and management of a River Museum or River Museums where relics, models, pictures and other items relating to the rivers and their boats may be preserved; the preservation and publication of river history; closer association within and loyalty to the ideals of the river fraternity.

III

Membership shall consist of persons actively engaged in river traffic, persons related to river pioneers, and any persons who by occupation or special interest are desirous of having part in an association dedicated to the objectives of this organization. Active membership may be secured by paying the annual dues of one dollar (\$1.00) per year, in advance, subject in all cases to the approval or disapproval of the Board of Governors.

IV

Members failing to pay their dues shall cease to be members after a period of six months upon notice of their default by the Secretary. However, they shall be restored to membership upon payment of all arrearages of dues.

V

Charter members shall be those persons enrolled as active members on and prior to September 2, 1940.

VI

The officers of the Association shall consist of a president, two vice presidents, a secretary and a treasurer, elected annually. The president shall appoint a Board of Governors consisting of nine members and these appointments shall be for a term of three years. The initial appointments shall be: 3 for one year; 3 for two years; and 3 for three year terms. Three members shall be appointed for a full term at every annual meeting thereafter.

VII

The secretary shall keep the minutes of the meetings of the Association and of the Board of Governors. He shall keep a record of the annual dues, and in all ways carry on the clerical work of the association in accordance with the instructions of the president and the Board of Governors.

The treasurer shall receive all money belonging to the association, make disbursements, keep an accurate record of the receipts and disbursements and report the same in writing to the asso-

ciation at its annual meetings. However, no expenditures in excess of twenty-five dollars (\$25.00) shall be made without the approval of the Board of Governors and no bills of any size shall be paid except they have been approved by the secretary and the president.

The president shall appoint special committees for any purpose, as required for the proper conduct of the work of the association.

The president shall appoint successors to the Board of Governors when vacancies occur for any reason.

The Board of Governors shall interpret the meaning and intent of this constitution; shall decide matters of policy; are empowered to enter into contracts or agreements; are empowered to terminate contracts or agreements. They have the right to call before them duly elected officers for the purpose of ascertaining facts, and may suspend officers or members when, in their majority opinion, there is just cause. In case of suspension a report must be made by the Board to the association at the next regular meeting. Pro-tem officers may be appointed by the Board. The Board may elect as Honorary Members or Honorary Officers, persons distinguished for some service to the Association, or to its purposes in general. But such persons, unless also enrolled as active members, shall have no vote nor official voice in the proceedings of the organization. For any official action of the Board of Governors at any called meeting, independent of the annual meeting, a simple majority of the full Board of Governors shall be required. Witnessed proxy votes will be accepted at such meetings.

VIII

The annual meeting for the election of officers shall be held each year at a time not more than thirty days before or after Labor Day, the exact time and place to be chosen by the officers and the Board of Governors. Active members whose dues are paid in advance, shall be notified of such meeting at least ten days before it is held. Special meetings of the Association, or of the Board of Governors, shall be called for any purpose by the president. Such meetings may be called by the secretary on written request of at least ten members.

IX

Amendment or change in this constitution shall be made by vote of the members at any annual meeting or at any special meeting, notice of which has been sent to all paid-up members at least ten days in advance of the time of holding the meeting.

X

The official insignia of the association shall be a pilotwheel, enclosing a steamboat headlight, the rim of the pilotwheel bearing the name of the association.

XI

The motto of the association shall be, "Lighting Up The Past, Present And Future of The Mississippi River System."

XII

The official publication of the association shall be The Waterways Journal, St Louis, Mo.

Since the adoption of this constitution in 1955, Section III, lines 7 and 8, have been amended by membership vote to read "five dollars a year for individual membership plus one dollar

additional for each one of the immediate family under 18."

Also Section VII, paragraph 5, lines 19, 20 and 21 have been amended to read: "For any official action of the Board of Governors at any called meeting, a majority (five votes) of the full Board of Governors shall be required."

The original Board of Governors appointed by the president in 1955 consisted as follows:

For a three year term: J. Mack Gamble, John W. Zenn and J. W. Rutter.

For two year terms: Harold C. Putnam, William E. Reed and William McNally.

For one year terms: Virgil E. Bennett, S. Durward Hoag and Dan M. Heekin.

Since then there has been but one change. Due to the illness, and ultimately death, of Dan M. Heekin, the president appointed Walter W. McCoy to the Board.

The present officers of the S&D elected on September 21, 1969 by the membership are Capt. Frederick Way, Jr., president; C. W. Stoll and Robert Thomas, vice presidents; Mrs. J. W. Rutter, secretary, and H. Chase Putnam, Jr., treasurer.

Currently there are two committees, the chairman of each appointed by the president. J. W. Rutter heads the Museum Committee, and Walter W. McCoy heads the Whistle Blow Committee.

NEW LOOK AT OLD FREIGHT BILLS

Old freight bills used on packets measured 3½ by 8½ inches, about the size of the old-time paper dollar. Each boat had its own, usually, issued from the boat's office and placed in the hands of an agent for collection. The styling varied. Some of the more flamboyant two-color jobs had the headings set in Script, Ornamental or "Barnum" type faces. Others were more Plain-Jane. The clerks made these out in something of a hurry, using pen and ink, and an average packet's office produced 600 or 700 per week. Ultimately, stamped "paid," they went to the consignee as a receipt.

These old freight bills have been turning up. Usually the demolition of an old riverfront business building is apt to scare out a flock. Thirty years ago they had no significance other than being curiosities or keepsakes. But that was before the collector arrived.

Nowadays these old bills are traded for \$1 apiece and up, depending on the age, condition, and demand. The largest available collection open to inspection is that of the Inland Rivers Library, Cincinnati, which owns some 1,500.

Some S&D members are collecting. For their benefit, and subject to prior sale, we offer the following:

GREENLAND (two different)
TACOMA " "
HENRY M. STANLEY " "

Plus one other of our selection.

--Total of seven bills, good condition, all made out in penmanship (no blanks) go to you postpaid for \$4.00. This offer is for S&D members only; one set per customer. Address F. Way, Jr., 121 River Ave., Sewickley, Pa. 15143.

The Allegheny Valley Improvement Association, in convention assembled, decided on Sept. 13 last to abandon the river's section between Oil City and Warren to sportsmen, fishermen and yachtsmen. Almost in the same breath came word that the Penn-Central Railroad has petitioned the ICC for permission to abandon its line from Oil City to Tidioute. In essence, the 58 miles Oil City-Warren stretch of river is being handed back to the Indians. Not literally, for even Johnny Cash sings about the land-grab from the Senecas along the Allegheny above Kinzua.

The improvement of the Allegheny by modern locks and dams from existing slackwater at East Brady, Pa. to Warren (121 miles) has been a long-time dream of AVIA and its predecessors. They envisioned a canal connection to Lake Erie by one of several possible routes. Once they plumped for Allegheny canalization to Olean, N.Y. with the idea of a canal from there to the N.Y. State Barge Canal.

But gradually they've muted their horns. The construction of the multi-purpose Kinzua Dam (built with no provision for lockages) ten miles above Warren strangled hopes for one Lake Erie connection and of the N.Y. Barge Canal hook-up. Anemic commercial tonnage figures in the upper pools of the canalized Pittsburgh-East Brady section made skeptics of the U.S. Engineers.

So the present platform of ARIA is a mere whispering hope. By this latest pronouncement they want slackwater extended from East Brady to

Oil City (63 miles) period. Still to be reckoned with are the owners of hundreds of summer cottages, the fishermen and the small-boaters. They have appropriated the region, as by eminent domain, just as has happened above in the Oil City-Warren stretch. They're organized to resist, too, and they're not about to be shoved around like Uncle Sam did with the Senecas.

All of which suggests that any commercial traffic between Pittsburgh, Oil City and Warren will find it advisable to read up on how to take advantage of the periodic freshets like great-grandpa did.



CREW OF THE SOUTHLAND

Joseph B. Jackson, 6022 Cambridge Ave., Cincinnati 45230 handed us this snapshot at S&D. Some picture! Taken aboard the packet SOUTHLAND in the Louisville-Evansville trade, and from the left we have Arthur Ashton, clerk; Sam Paul, chief engineer; Lawrence (Bo) Allen, pilot; Jesse Singleton, pilot; Capt. Edgar Williams and--seated--Howard M. (Doc) Carr, mate. Joe Jackson says: "The picture was taken in 1928. We were making one round trip to Evansville and one to Tell City per week."

Maybe what you've got isn't ordinary dandruff

by Joseph E. Goold



Capt. Joseph E. Goold

The silhouetted character above was photographed in the act of spying out a new trade route on the Kanawha River. Posing as a U.S. citizen he was a subject of the Royal Crown of Britain, piloting U.S. steamboats. The ensuing uproar is narrated in the following story by the perpetrator of the deed. This view was taken aboard the towboat D. T. LANE off the coasts of Red House and Winfield in West Virginia.

There is a certain stigma in losing your license, a black mark against your name. Rather a disgrace to have the Steamboat Inspectors lift your papers and suspend them. Not as bad as revocation, of course, but frustrating, inconvenient--and costly. When my license was suddenly suspended and called in did I feel guilty? I did not. Maybe I was a little stunned and sorrowful; but I was not ashamed of my conduct. And I'll bet that I am the only man who took the case to

a U.S. Circuit Court in order to get his license back! Here's how it happened.

After helping George (the Fifth) put his cousin Willie (the Kaiser) out of the way, this ending wars for all time, I flew about this country and Canada barnstorming, etc., until birdseed for airmen got too scarce. Then I decided to return to the river and steamboats.

I went from Detroit to Cincinnati by train and stopped in at the office of the Campbell's Creek Coal Co. and had a chat with Messrs. Robert P. Gillham and E. O. Dana. They thought it was a good idea for me to return, now that I had sown my wild oats. I had already written to Capt. E. A. Burnside and asked him to kill the fatted bull since the Prodigal was on his way back. I could just hear him snort, "Humph! Well, it's about time."

Next day I boarded the D. T. LANE bound up the river with empties, and reported to Capt. Harry Miller. I don't know whether Harry was pleased with the prospect of having me under foot again or not. After flying airplanes the old boat seemed to react rather sluggishly to her rudders. Could I stand this ultra slow motion? I guessed I could, for a spell, for I did want to get my master's papers and besides that--I had to eat.

When I arrived at Point Pleasant I was passing the Spencer Hotel when I heard somebody shout my name. Looking back, there was Albert Martin (The Bear) coming toward me--running--not walking. He grabbed my hand and pumped it. I thought he was going to embrace me. I was flabbergasted. "So glad to see you safely back, boy! Thought maybe we'd never see you again."

Gee, I thought, this fellow would never have gotten over it. And this was Capt. Martin who, in many ways, had given me such a hard time in my cubbing days. (I had probably given him a harder time.) Oh I used to kill him in imagination, so many times, and with such cunning variety. I lay in bed as a cub pilot and mentally tortured that man with exquisite variation and masterful ingenuity, letting him die by inches.

And here he was, right on the sidewalk at Pt. Pleasant, handing out the hero's welcome. Maybe he wasn't such a bad old scout after all.

After a few days in town I went back on the boats as steersman, picking up some piloting here and there as chances offered. I also got to work drafting up the plans for the new towboat HELPER for Capt. E.A. And, believe it or not, I got in quite a bit of time at the Marietta Manufacturing Co. with "Uncle Jim" McConnell, learning about the building of compound condensing steamboat engines. Seems to me I was very busy in those days.

One day E.A. said: "The SMITH is coming out later this week and going on to Cincinnati. I'll send you down as pilot on her." This suited me fine. I had sort of a hankerin' for a trip down the Ohio River, having been on the Kanawha for quite a while.

Next day, in Point Pleasant, I met Emory Monroe on the street. Emory was clerk in the office of the Steamboat Inspectors--those days the U.S. Inspectors were ensconced on the second floor of the Post Office building, and Point Pleasant was very much on the river map. Well, Emory had been with the A.E.F. in France (World War I remember)

and was drafted at the same time my duplicate was (he was James Emmet Gould) and was under fire at Chateau Thierry. We chatted about the war and military life in general and he asked: "How come you joined the British Army Air Service?-our army wasn't full up."

I expanded somewhat. "Well," I said lightly, "President Woodrow Wilson was insisting that the U.S. and I quote 'was too proud to fight' unquote and he was using up notepaper faster than it could be manufactured. Being devoid of pride I went up to Canada and joined up. That was before the U.S. decided all at once 'to make the world safe for democracy' quote and unquote."

I think that nettled Emory. He, like some of the others, was a little sensitive about having been drafted. But we parted friends, seemed to me at the moment.

Next day--now get this--the next day I received the following official letter from the Point Pleasant Steamboat Inspector's office---exact quote:

Sir: It having come to the knowledge of this Board that you are at this time a subject of the British Empire, and therefore not entitled to hold United States license as Master & Pilot of river steamers, you will please forward to this office your current license as master & pilot, which has been revoked until such time as you have become a citizen of the United States again. You will also please forward to this office your license as Operator of Motor Vessels.

Respectfully,

(Signed) William C. Clark
Charles G. Thomas
U. S. Local Inspectors.

Now this "Master & Pilot" business will throw you, for at the start of this story I was only a licensed pilot. You see what I had done was to compound the felony. I'd just sat for my master's license and had passed the exam all Hoyle and legal before the United States Steamboat Inspection Service. They in turn had issued this raise of grade not to an American, like it says in the rule book, but to a British citizen, or,

10.02-1 Issuance of licenses.

10.02-1(a) Applicants for licenses are charged with the duty of establishing to the satisfaction of the Coast Guard that they possess all of the qualifications necessary, such as age, experience, character and citizenship, before they shall be entitled to be issued licenses. Until an applicant meets this mandatory requirement, he is not entitled to be licensed to serve as an officer on a vessel of the United States. No person who has been convicted by court-martial of desertion or treason in time of war, or has lost his nationality for any of the other reasons listed in 8 U.S.C. 801, is eligible for a license. Neither is a person eligible for a license, who has been convicted by a court of record of a violation of the narcotic drug laws of the United States, the District of Columbia, or any State or Territory of the United States, within ten years prior to the date of filing the application; or who, unless he furnishes satisfactory evidence that he is cured, has ever been the user of or addicted to the use of a narcotic drug.

10.02-5(c) *Citizenship.* No license shall be issued to any person who is not a citizen of the United States, either native-born or fully naturalized. The Officer in Charge, Marine Inspection, must be satisfied as to the bona fides of all evidence of citizenship presented, and may reject any evidence that he has reason to believe is not authentic.

note

as far as they knew--and perhaps suspected--to a British spy.

Not once in all of the above, until I read the letter, did it enter my consciousness that I had forfeited my U.S. citizenship in my zeal to humble the horrid Hun. Nor, obviously, had such a notion entered the think-tanks of Messrs. Clark and Thomas although they knew full well of my British service.

Who was fighting whom? Think calmly, Joe. Yes, the Americans and the British were on the one side. But gosh--yes, it was so; I had pledged the Oath of Allegiance to King George. That's what you did getting in the British Royal Air Force. Matter of form.

Good old Emory Monroe was there grinning broadly behind his clerk's desk in the U. S. Steamboat Inspector's office, one flight up in the Point Pleasant P.O.

I was sort of out of breath, having skipped up those stone steps. "My pal," I said.

He grinned broader.

"My brother in arms, you Cassius." We both belonged to the American Legion--I had just joined in Detroit.

Then he smirked. This is what he said, so help me. He said, "It simply isn't right for a foreign citizen to hold a captain's and pilot license---consider, Joe; what if we get into another war!"

Lunkhead. What I should have told him was that I'd join up and he'd wait to get drafted, but in an exhibition of rare tact I didn't. I kept my mouth shut. He went on:

"So yes, after hearing what you said yesterday I got to thinking---"

(He'd seen me eighteen-twenty times lately and knew all about my British service from the start, but let it pass).

--I got to thinking, so I talked it over with Captain Clark. It's for your own good, Joe."

He paused. I was probably looking dangerous.

"Look, Joe," he cried, "What if you get into some scrape on the river and there's an inquiry--then it comes out in the hearings that you have no right to a license. Where does that put you--and us? We're not revoking your licenses; we're suspending them. Get your citizenship reinstated somehow"

"How?" And I didn't mean Indian talk.

"How? Well, search me."

"Hey, you, I served with the R.A.F. in Texas training U.S. air pilots, remember? Haven't you heard of the General Amnesty Law made for the likes of me who gets in the fight before Uncle Sam decides to, if there is such a law?"

"Sorry old boy, bloody rotten and all that sort of thing, don' char know, eh what?" Emory wagged his head sadly. "Get your licenses and bring them in."

Why argue, he was right.

"You're a stinker," I said.

So back to the Campbell's Creek landing boat, which means a walk up through Kingtown and across the Kanawha in a yawl.

"I can't go on the SMITH as pilot," I bluntly told E.A.

"Well, why; why not?"

"I've lost my license."

"So you've lost your license. The end of the world, he's lost his license. How could you be such a brainless ass?"

"I don't know--I didn't think--"

"Go to the Inspector's office and get a replacement, you know that much. The SMITH will be here in the morning. Get moving."

"But, sir, it wasn't like I just lost it; it's far worse--it was lifted."

"Somebody stole it? Popincock! People don't go around stealing licenses. What did you do with it--where is it?"

Words weren't helping. I thrust the letter from Messrs. Clark and Thomas toward him.



Capt. E. A. Burnside

"Hm-tut-hm. Hmm. All right, do as they say; surrender it--or wait, you've lost it--"

"No, it's here in my baggage."

"Joe, you said you lost--well, never mind--I'll be talking to Mr. Gillham and we'll get some legal advice. You're still going out on the SMITH as pilot though; I'll send Charley Martin along and with his license he'll make your watch legal."

About an hour later my license was reposing on Emory Monroe's desk. No comment was exchanged.

When the EUGENE DANA SMITH got to Cincinnati

piloted by a British subject and backed up by a U.S. license owned by Charley Martin, I went up town to the Campbell's Creek office.

"You'll have to be repatriated," said Mr. Robert P. Gillham. "There'll have to be a hearing in the United States Circuit Court."

So off to the Court for an appointment. "Oh, yes, we've heard of you," commented the clerk of the court. He set the date, about three weeks off, for the hearing to be held in the chambers of Judge John Peck.

In the interum I was a paperless pilot.

Came the day. Judge Peck was as calm as the eye of a hurricane. He asked a few questions and then as by rote he was saying to me, "Raise your right hand..." Puff! I was again a citizen of the good old U.S.A. I was handed a Certification of Repatriation.

The Army life includes vaccination, inoculation, indoctrination, exasperation and humiliation. And now, glory be, repatriation. I felt a little heady. Like the effects of double-distilled gin. Witness, I was a TWICE citizen.

But wait, it isn't all over yet. When I presented this document of legal proof to Emory Monroe there was no hesitation about getting back my licenses. But they, meaning Emory and Messrs. Clark and Thomas, decided they must keep my Certificate of Repatriation in their files.

So what was wrong with that? you may ask. It is the nature of government offices to cabbage and file everything on paper they can lay a hand to, especially on bonded paper, with the seal of the United States Circuit Court impressed thereon and a judge's name attached, and all that. But right then, at the time, I had developed in my system an unbounded pride for this proof of citizenship, and after all I had worked, sweat and paid for it. Who ever heard of a minister keeping your marriage license as proof that he had married you? No, I wanted it back.

But you, gentle reader, in your wisdom, will not be surprised when I conclude by betting a British dime that my glorious Certificate of Repatriation got shuffled and reshuffled. The old Steamboat Inspection Service was taken over by the Coast Guard, the Pt. Pleasant office ceased to exist, records went to the Federal Building in Cincinnati--that got torn down--and now there's a new building, ad infinitum.

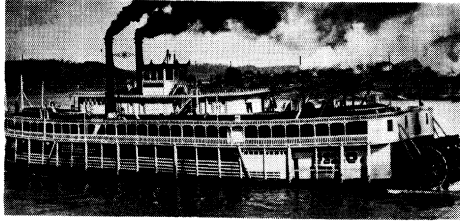
No, of course I didn't get my Certificate of Repatriation. Take warning all you pilots and don't mess around with the giv'ment. If somebody like Bear Martin wants to start a slander that I'm Capt. Horatio Hornblower HMS, and not myself at all, I hold no documentary proof to the contrary.

The Waterways Journal announced in its Oct. 4 issue, and again in the Oct. 11 issue, that legislation has been introduced to again prolong the life of the DELTA QUEEN two more years, until Nov. 1, 1972. The postponement was introduced by Hon. Robert J. Corbett (R) in the House of Representatives. Mr. Corbett represents the 18th District, Pa., and his address is 503 U.S. Courts and Post Office Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15219.

INDEPENDENT PITTSBURG AND CINCINNATI PACKET

LEAVES PITTSBURG

FRIDAYS AT 4 P. M.



LEAVES CINCINNATI

MONDAYS AT 5 P. M.

STEAMER OHIO Parkersburg, W. Va.
ON BOARD, January 2nd, 1913.

Mr. Donald T. Wright,
Oil City, Pa.

Dear Sir:-

Wish to thank you for your Christmas Greeting, and wish you a happy and prosperous New Year.

Wish to say that it is our intention to take both the steamer Ohio and Joe Fowler to the Mardi Gras at New Orleans in February. The Ohio to leave here about February 12th and the Fowler on the 14th. The rate on the Ohio to be from \$55.00 to \$65.00; the Fowler from \$65.00 to \$75.00. This including passage to and from New Orleans, meals and stateroom accommodations from time of leaving until return.

Do you know of any one in your town, and in different towns in your section, that would represent us; soliciting passengers? We would allow a commission of five per cent on all business secured.

Kindly let me hear from you as to this. We are trying to get the different steamship agencies to represent us.

Yours very truly,

B. S. Pope

THEM WUZ THE DAYS!

The Greene Line people would probably do a Steve Brodie off the suspension bridge if B. S. Pope had been their boss. He's just made up his mind to send TWO packets to Mardi Gras and the date is January 2, 1913. He says they'll leave about Feb. 12 and 14. Apparently he hasn't yet found out when Mardi Gras is due.

The QUEEN CITY left for Mardi Gras, from Pittsburgh, on Jan. 25, 1913 and had a good trip. Almost needless to say, the JOE FOWLER and OHIO both cancelled. But Capt. Ben Pope later got his wish:- he sent the JOE FOWLER to Mardi Gras in 1914 and the OHIO went in 1915.

1913 was the unlucky year anyhow---the QUEEN CITY lost three days in floods and storms. When she got back to the upper Ohio she was right on time for the notorious flood of latter March and had to lay up. Both the OHIO and JOE FOWLER rode it out moored at Parkersburg (see picture below).

The 1913 Flood crested at Parkersburg, W.Va. on March 29, the all-time high water. That day the Marietta gauge read 58.7 ft. and every bridge in the Muskingum was wiped out. The water was within one inch of the first room floor, completely inundating the lobby, at the Lafayette. In comparison 1936 was timorous (46.5) and 1937 not so tame (53.4) but nonetheless less.

The OHIO and JOE FOWLER here are moored below the B&O's Ohio River Division bridge crossing the Little Kanawha at the peak of the 1913 Flood. Gasboat PEARL is at the wharfboat and above the bridge is the W. R. GRAHAM, stern showing.



We were recently honored with a visit from Harold B. Barth and Eva Wasbutzky of East Liverpool, Ohio. Mr. Barth was seeking pictures of steamboats he remembered and started his list with the old KEYSTONE STATE. When we remonstrated that he could not possibly remember that one, which left these parts in 1910, he roared: "How young do you think I am, sir?" We guessed 72. The right answer is 85. Eva says the high spot of her career was being an official representative of the East Liverpool Chamber of Commerce aboard the CINCINNATI in the Pittsburgh to Cairo parade of 1929 celebrating the completion of Ohio River locks and dams. Mr. Barth's present address is 203 Little Building, East Liverpool, O. 43920.

Our thanks to Capt. Doc Hawley of the DELTA QUEEN for a chunk of limestone from the former paved levee at Cincinnati. We have no record of when that levee was paved, probably in the 1850's. In 1921 the cobbles were reset in order to do away with the roughness, a task which required a good bit of doing. Each cobble was squared and laid in concrete. The original stone may have come from up around Carntown, Ky. above Moscow, O. The anchor pits securing the cables for the Cincinnati suspension bridge were made from limestone quarried near Portsmouth, O. during the Civil War. The towers are of sandstone from bluffs along the Ohio between the Muskingum and the Scioto rivers, carefully chosen because the Buena Vista outcrop, which was used, had petroleum in it, and could resist the corrosive effect of water. Dayton limestone was placed 25 feet above the foundation. This same Dayton limestone was used in the building of St. Peter in Chains Cathedral on Plum Street in Cincinnati. The quarries at Carntown have been quite active lately supplying rock for new Ohio River locks and dams.

The recent dedication of a fine monument at Hawesville, Ky. to the memory of Capt. John W. Cannon of ROB'T E. LEE fame reminds us to correct an error which appears in Way's Packet Directory. His birth and death dates are not correct. Your editor was taken to Frankfort, Ky. in the fall of 1951 to visit Cannon's grave, thanks to C.W. and Marijane Stoll and, notebook in hand, we copied the inscription marked on the

stone, to wit: JOHN W. CANNON, BORN JUNE 17, 1820 --- DIED APRIL 18, 1882.

Others of the Cannon family also are buried at Frankfort. Mrs. John W. (Louisa S.) Cannon was born June 4, 1830; died January 23, 1894. Also interred there are Frank C. Cannon (1864-1938); Lucretia Cannon, wife of James Carlton (1824-1899); Louisa S. Cannon (1871-1892); Jane Stout (1799-1872), and John A. Forster (1863-1935).

William J. Petersen, superintendent of the State Historical Society of Iowa, has asked if any record of the insurance survives for the steamer BERTRAND (see two page story elsewhere in this issue). He received the following reply from Neare, Gibbs & Co., Cincinnati:

"This firm started insuring river vessels in 1865, but our records do not reach back as far as the BERTRAND accident. We do know that in the early days of steamboating and probably through the packet era of the 1800's, the individual cargo owner, for the most part, would insure his own cargo and not rely on any insurance which might be placed on the cargo by the owners of the steamboat. Sincerely yours, C. H. Wodraska."

William E. Reed, the artist who smeared up an otherwise unapproachable India ink drawing of the J. M. WHITE as he demonstrated his technique to S&D last Sept. 20, has created an elegant mural three by four feet showing the Marietta wharf in 1872. It is to hang in the new Gun Room addition in the Hotel Lafayette, Marietta. We note that in 1872 the wharfboat shown in the painting is operated by Best & Co. The Best family was associated with Marietta wharfboats almost back to Adam. The last wharfboat at Marietta was operated by J. Henry Best and after his death in 1929, aged 62, his widow Lottie continued its management for some time. Lottie Best was one of the passengers aboard the ill-fated STATE OF MISSOURI described by Bert Fenn in our June, 1969 issue.

Sirs: Capt. Roy Barkhau came by a couple of months ago and we had lunch together. He is certainly a fine person. I am very glad he is back on the river because I know that is something which is dear to his heart.

N. Philip Norman, MD,
19 East 88th St.,
New York, N.Y. 10028



ALASKA BOUND

She has to go almost to the equator to get to N. Lat. 60.

One of the unusual sights on the lower Ohio this past May was the Alaskan passenger ferry E. L. BARTLETT built by Jeffboat, Inc. on her delivery trip to New Orleans. This picture was taken near Tell City, Ind. by Philip Bettag and comes to us from Arthur V. Sheckler. During the Alaskan Gold Rush various steamboats plying the Yukon were built under the supervision of the Howard Ship Yard, Jeffersonville, but were built on location in the far north by shipbuilders sent to the scene by the Howards.

THE EVOLUTION OF A TOWBOAT

Sirs: Here are two pictures of the PHILO taken at different stages of her evolution. She was originally a sternwheeler, as you see, and from the looks of it, her owner Robert J. Brown used the old pilothouse and towing knees (what else?-precious little that shows) in making the conversion.

Dan Owen,
Box 135,
Maryville, Ill. 62062

=To add to the scene we also are including a much older view of the same PHILO taken during her Muskingum River childhood. See picture series at right. -Ed.

Testimonial

(from the Louisville Democrat)

Sir: The benefit I have derived from the Spectacles obtained from you, induces me to express the pleasure I have received from them. They suit my sight to admiration by candlelight as well as when a boy, which I could not do with any other glasses I have used. Yours truly,

CAPT. JOHN SHALLCROSS

Louisville, Ky.,
Dec. 23, 1854.

MR. SOLOMONS CAN BE SEEN AT HIS OFFICE ON FOURTH ST., BETWEEN MAIN AND MARKET, OVER RAYMOND & PATTON'S DRUG STORE.

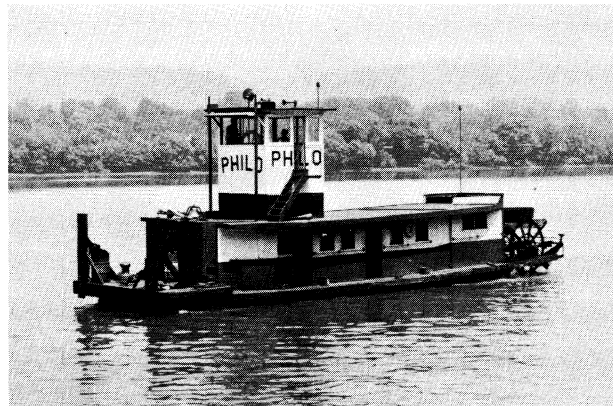
=By candlelight, Mr. Solomons?
-Ed.

Sirs: I was very sorry to miss being at the meeting at Marietta in September. The distance was so great, and I do not feel as brisk as I used to. The news of the sale of the Greene Line to Overseas National Airways sounds like a fairy story and I hope I will live long enough to witness some of it. This is almost as big a sensation as when Capts. Greene and Roe bought our four packets TACOMA, HENRY M. STANLEY, COURIER and M. P. WELLS and the trade above Cincinnati for \$30,000. They borrowed part of this from the Merchants National Bank in Pt. Pleasant through cashier C. C. Bowyer. Commodore Laidley took notes for the balance, and these notes were paid off regularly. That was on November 1, 1904.

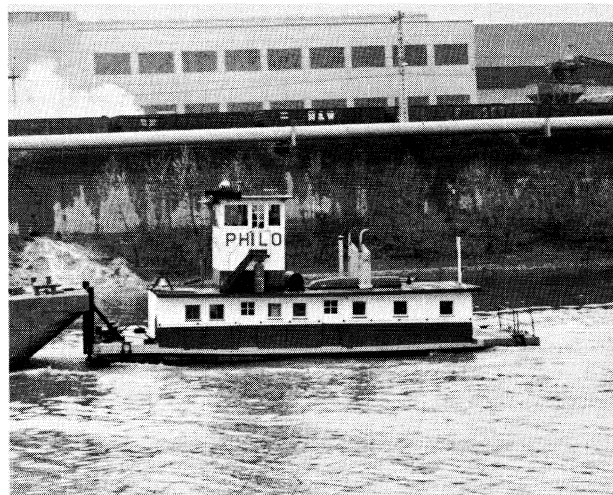
Jesse P. Hughes,
124 North Hubbard Lane,
Louisville, Ky. 40207



1930



1948

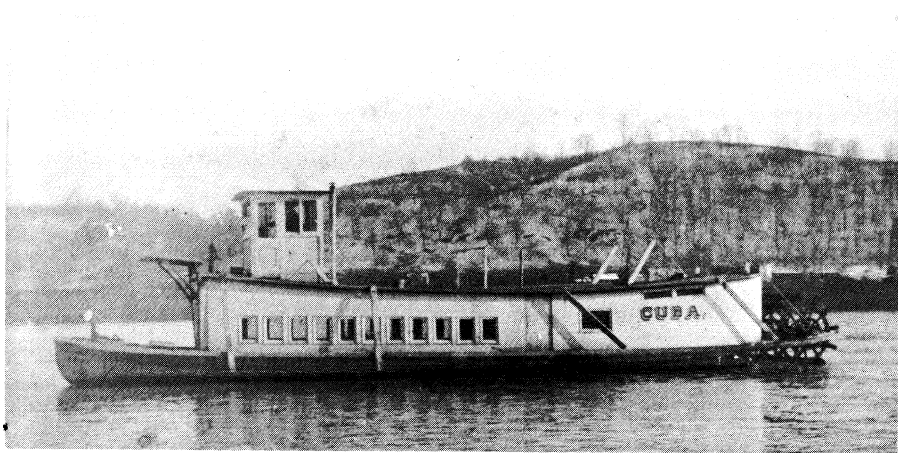


1969

This view of PHILO and GRAND was taken on the Muskingum River in 1930. The GRAND was 45 hp., built at Clarington, O., then owned by Parsons & Rader who also owned SONNY BOY. The PHILO was built at Charleston, W. Va. in 1930, named for Philo, O. where Ohio Power Co. has a huge generating plant. (See Dec. '68 issue, page 23.) The Earl Jones Transportation Co. operated the PHILO. Our thanks to S. Durward Hoag for furnishing this view.

In 1948 the PHILO was sold to Robert J. Brown who contracted with Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. to deliver their product between Tarentum and Ford City on the Allegheny River. Bob Brown put on a higher pilothouse to see over the barges of plate glass and converted her in 1953 to twin props.

In 1953 conversion the PHILO was lengthened from 50.5 ft. to 56. Her Hercules engines (300 hp.) were replaced in 1957 by two Cummins (350 hp.) and a new hull was placed under her at Elizabeth, Pa. during 1963. Not much of the original boat remains save the name.



We are grateful to Walter McCoy for this view of the gasboat CUBA. Walt procured the original from Mike Goosman of Sistersville, W. Va., grandson of Ezra B. Goosman whose name appears on the advertising card below. The CUBA was built at Clarington, O. in 1902, hull 50 x 9.6 x 2.5. The distance between Montgomery and Deepwater is 5.8 miles, and apparently Mr. Goosman made four or five round trips daily.

..... FOR PASSENGERS, FREIGHT, AND LIGHT TOWING

THE STEAMER CUBA

WILL LEAVE MONTGOMERY

AT..... A. M.
 AT..... A. M.
 AT..... P. M.
 AT..... P. M.
 AT..... P. M.

WILL LEAVE DEEPWATER

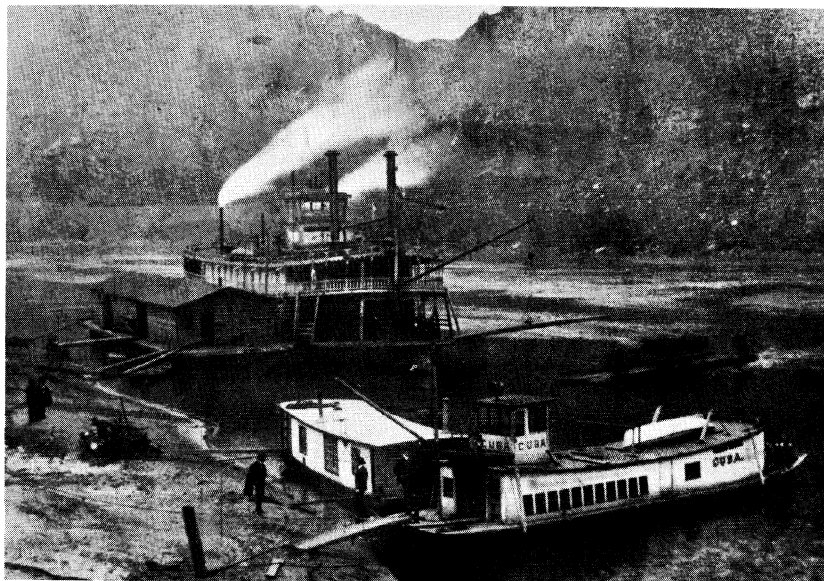
AT..... A. M.
 AT..... A. M.
 AT..... P. M.
 AT..... P. M.
 AT..... P. M.

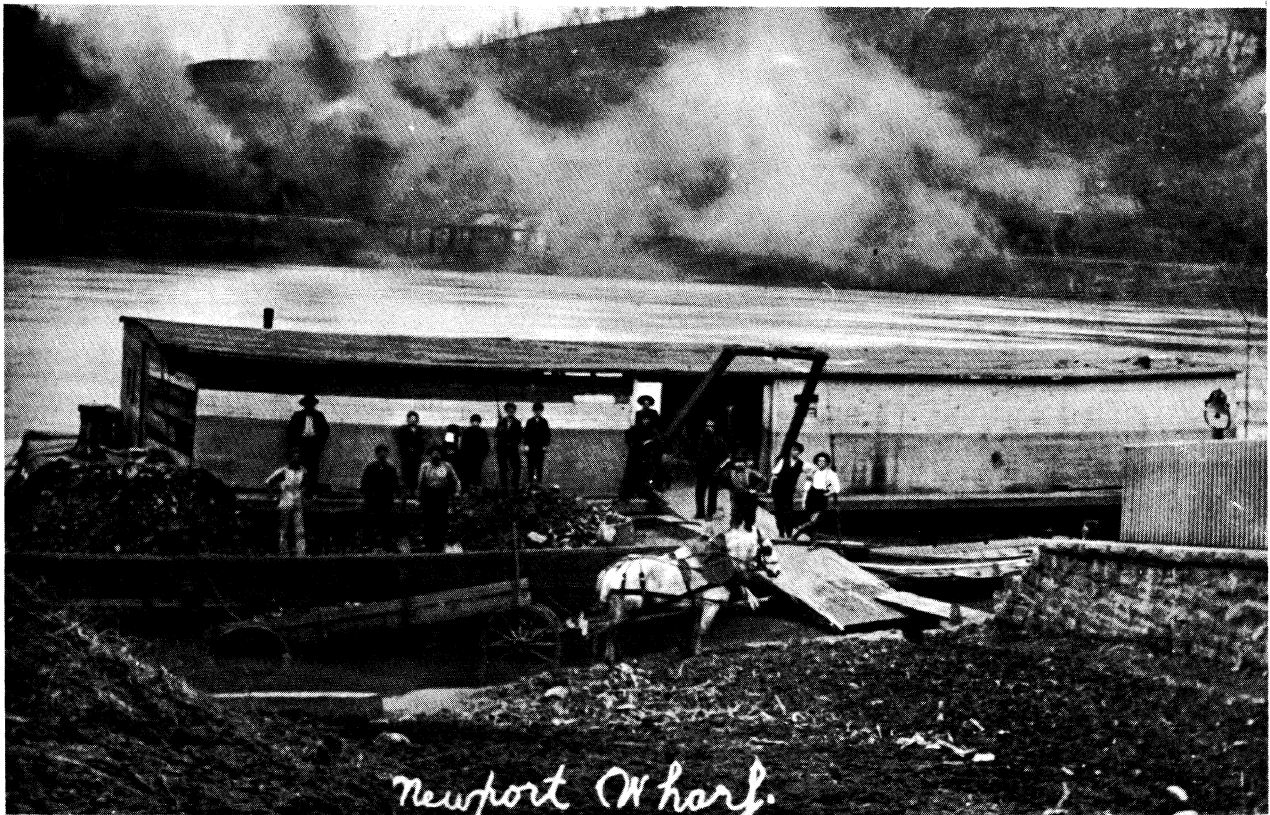
Pleasure parties taken out at reasonable rates. For further information, apply to

E. B. GOOSMAN,
 MONTGOMERY, W. VA.

Deepwater, W. Va. is within four miles of Kanawha Falls. The steam packet KANAWHA once went there in 1903. The details of her exploit are reported in our March, 1967 issue, page 34. This card is unique as perhaps the only attempt at scheduled passenger and freight service by boat above Montgomery. Too bad it isn't dated.

The CUBA in this picture is moored at Montgomery, W. Va. The J. Q. DICKINSON is at the wharfboat, operating between Montgomery and Charleston. In 1910 Mr. Goosman built the gasboat EVELYN, at Clarington, and operated her in the New Matamoras and Sistersville trade, according to J. Mack Gamble.





Wharfboat at Newport, Ohio

The landing across the river was the shortest route to Baltimore.

We were calling on Bill and Hazel Greenwood at Newport, O. recently. Bill mentioned that he remembered when his hometown boasted a wharfboat. He hauled out a post card to illustrate the point he was making. Now we have received from S. Durward Hoag another view of Newport (16 miles up the Ohio River from Marietta) which came from the collection of J. E. Cree of Utica, O. Here again is a wharfboat. This is the photo reproduced above.

Well, in our term of steamboating we have no memory of any wharfboat at Newport, which dates us and most surely dates Bill Greenwood. Our estimate is that it was there prior to 1915, and it could be this picture was made prior to 1912. Looks like a good bit of activity, especially in the foreground where a flat of coal is being unloaded into a wagon. The smoke in the background is from a B&O train northbound to Wheeling which has just disappeared to the left. The trestle carries the tracks over Green's Run where there was, and still may be, a settlement called Vaucluse, pronounced locally Vaw-caw-loose, the name coming from a southern "departement" of France bordering the Rhone. Vaucluse, W. Va. believe it or not is the shortest bee-line contact point from the Ohio River to Baltimore, Md. and once in pre-railroad days was an important reshipping point. The Ohio River RR. and later the B&O stopped passenger trains there.

Bill Greenwood says when he was a lad there was the wreck of an old steamboat along shore there at Vaucluse which could be seen in low water times. He did not know what boat it was, and this of course set us to cogitating. In the late fall of 1871 the packet EAGLE, Capt. Berry, landed at Newport and hit a rock. The damage was not noticed until she backed away from the landing.

The pilot came ahead on her and she was found to be sinking so he attempted to reach a bar upstream to beach her on. But the rudder had become fouled. Somehow a skiff had tangled into it. A flatboat was brought alongside and the passengers and crew escaped on to it. Good they did for in another moment the EAGLE disappeared in deep water, sunk to the pilothouse. Could be that this was the old hulk which later, as Bill remembers, was there at Vaucluse Landing. She had been a local in the St. Marys-Marietta trade.

Bill Greenwood is somewhat historical himself. He, William G. Greenwood, and his wife Hazel live in a stately family home on Greenwood Farm there at Newport. Bill used to have a herd of milk cows in the sloping pasture between his home and Route 7 but lately he's been raising Charolais beef cattle (Charolais like Vaucluse has French origin). Bill's father Junius Greenwood was an original partner with Capt. Gordon C. Greene in forming the Greene Line, and June's wife who was called "Aunt Carrie" by many was Captain Greene's sister. So by rules of royalty, Bill Greenwood today is the rightful male heir in succession, and he still does, in fact, retain financial interest and is a part owner in the DELTA QUEEN.

A new Holiday Inn at Evansville has been decorated with 21 sepia photo enlargements of the local packet landing and some of the principal boats best remembered in the area. Among the boats shown are the BOWLING GREEN, EVANSVILLE, J. C. KERR, JOHN S. HOPKINS, JOE FOWLER and the TARASCON. Mrs. Frank L. Hawkins of 816 Sunset Avenue made the selections.

Sirs: While I was in High School at Dubuque the Dubuque Boat and Boiler Works made the dubious decision to hire me as a laborer. My first assignment was to toss hot rivets to the riveter who was not expert enough to catch my knuckle-balls. When the foreman beheld the vast number of cooled rivets littering the premises I was abruptly replaced. Thenceforth I sloshed red lead in the bulkheads of barges under construction. In this job I succeeded despite unbearable heat and high suffocation. Lately I have applied to Mrs. Rutter for membership in S&D for Mrs. Bechtel and myself.

Walker G. Bechtel,
9716 Karlov Ave., Apt. 110,
Oak Lawn, Ill. 60453

=The Bechtels were round trippers to Pittsburgh on the DQ this past summer. -Ed.

Sirs: In regard to the location of Lower Glenwood Landing mentioned on page 24 of the March '69 issue:- Lower Glenwood Landing on the Monongahela was on the Glenwood (right) shore just below the Glenwood power house. The John Eichleay, Jr. boatyard was near Upper Lucas Landing, if not right on it. In former times these landings were used to hold loaded coalboats. Upper Glenwood held fuel for the Glenwood powerhouse and transportation barges; it was small. Lower Lucas was right below Upper Lucas. I recall that the ENTERPRISE (last) built in 1903 was laid up in Upper Lucas for quite a while. She was not so hot, built light to bring up empties during low water, and didn't come up to expectations.

Another item:- On page 21 that same issue the statement is made that coalboats "had a scant 12-inch freeboard." Actually the splash was 30 inches, maybe more. That made a 10-foot coalboat draw 7 feet, plus or minus.

Sandbar Johnny Zenn,
271 Pine Road,
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15237

One of the larger gas packets of its time was the H. N. SHERBURNE built at Plaquemine, La. in 1916 with a hull 112.2 by 28. She was rated 75 hp. and was owned by the St. Mary Wholesale Grocery Co. of Morgan City, La. An almost forgotten fact is that she was bought in 1928 by the McCandless Brothers for the Evansville and Paducah trade, a replacement

for the ALTON (ex-GEORGE COWLING) which had been lost in ice while wintering in Green River. So the H. N. SHERBURNE from the deep south burned on July 3, 1928 at Carrsville, Ky. with Capt. Leslie McCandless in command, Capt. Carl McCandless, pilot, and Joe Ballard, purser. At that time she had a big F-M diesel in her.

Among the persons who went to far-away places this past summer we heard from news editor Art Hirsch of The Waterways Journal. He and his wife Ruth were on a 27,000-mile photo safari, from Dakar to Capetown to Nairobi and many points between. Joe Goold was up in Alaska, his wife, too, staging a modern Goold Rush. They rode the PRINCESS PATRICIA between Vancouver and Skagway, a modern cruise ship berthing 347 passengers in 152 staterooms, and complete with elevators between deck levels.

The newly elected president of the Ohio Historical Society, J. A. Meckstroth, was a surprise visitor at the S&D annual dinner meeting. He appeared in time to see Bill Reed demonstrate his art technique and expressed surprise at the crowded Riverview Room.

Sirs: The story of the last days of upper Missouri River steamboating in the September issue mentions Fort Peck Dam in Montana which, when completed, eliminated river commerce to Fort Benton, 327.7 miles above.

Col. Campbell Kennedy Peck, for whom Fort Peck was named, was one of the best men that ever lived. He played a very important part in the history of the great northwest, and in the Fort

Peck Indian reservation in particular. Let me be as brief as possible.

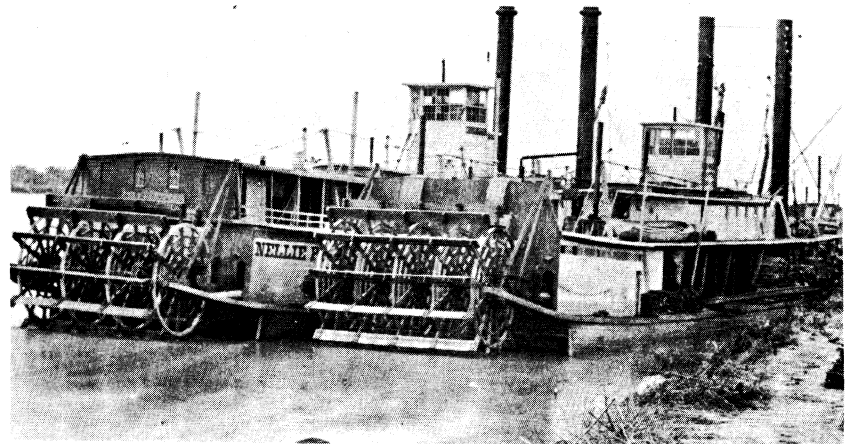
Colonel Peck was born at Troy, N.Y., was graduated from Union College as valedictorian of his class in 1858, and among his classmates were Chester Allen Arthur, later U. S. president, Sidney Post, who became ambassador to Austria, George Thatcher and other men of accomplishments. Peck courted and married Helen A. Higbee of Rochester, N.Y., whereupon they removed to Keokuk, Iowa where Peck became a merchant and banker. Two children were born to them, daughter Nellie and a son Cady.

At the outbreak of the Civil War Peck raised a regiment and became Colonel Peck. After the war he and his brother-in-law, E. H. Durfee, of Leavenworth, Kansas, formed the firm of Durfee & Peck, and secured contracts to carry men and goods for the U.S. to upper Missouri River forts, posts and locations.

This firm became one of the largest of Missouri River operators, at one time running fourteen steamboats. Fort Peck, an old Indian post, was named for Colonel Peck. Later the Indian reservation there was called also by his name, and was occupied by the Assiniboine, Brule, Santee, Teton, Hunkpapa and Yanktonai Sioux, with a population of about 2,000.

Colonel C. K. Peck was a close friend of General Belknap, secretary of war under President Grant and was associated with most of the distinguished leaders in early Montana. He died in 1879 at Chicago, enroute to Washington, D.C., and was buried in Keokuk.

Rev. L. J. Christler,
Glasgow, Montana



The NELLIE PECK (left) and FAR WEST on the Missouri River. This picture is from the Eldridge Collection, Mariners Museum, sent to us by Ed Mueller. The NELLIE PECK was named for the daughter of Col. C. K. Peck of the firm Durfee & Peck (see above letter), built at Brownsville, Pa., 1870-71.

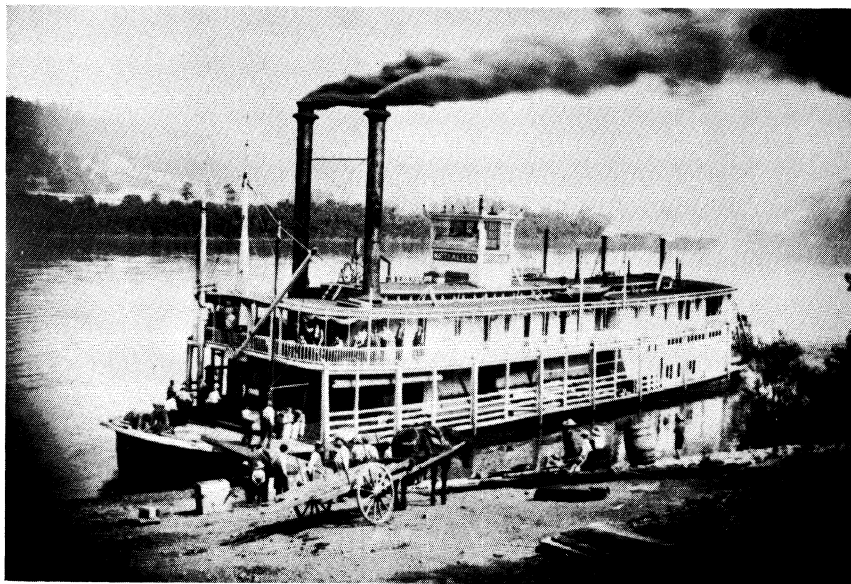
Sirs: Turn to the front page of the Sept. 1968 issue and take another look at that boat coming up out of the head of Brothers Island. You identify it as the H. K. BEDFORD. It may be the MATT F. ALLEN. If you examine photographs of the two, you'll observe that the BEDFORD had a stern bulkhead on the boiler deck clear around the guard; the ALLEN did not. Moreover, the picture taken head-on just prior to the cover picture shows a boat with an A-frame mast (I've enlarged the original and this shows plain enough). The ALLEN had such a mast and the BEDFORD did not.

I looked up old Marietta newspapers to ascertain whether the MATT F. ALLEN was operating from that place on August 7, 1890 when the pictures were made. The low water in the Ohio River is mentioned and comment is made in one issue that "the through boats are still running regular." They are not called by name.

I think the upbound boat is the MATT F. ALLEN and as soon as she gets around that bar in the cover picture of the Sept. 1968 issue, she'll land against the Belmont dike and put off a load of groceries for all those big rig builders over there at Belmont, West Va.

J. W. Rutter,
89 Park St.,
Canal Winchester, O. 43110

=You've got a case there, Woody. We'll accede the moment somebody proves that the MATT F. ALLEN was actually on the Upper Ohio as of August 7, 1890. -Ed.



MATT F. ALLEN at Clarington, O.

Built in 1887 this Cumberland River packet came to the upper Ohio about three years old, ran Wheeling-Parkersburg, etc., Capt. Henry Kraft. In 1896 Capt. Walter Blair (of MORNING STAR fame) took her to the Upper Mississippi, renamed her CARRIER.

Sirs: Speaking of delightful names I could nominate the MORNING STAR (featured in the last issue) as way up near the top--a pretty name for a pretty boat. Wish I could throw my old beat-up suitcase on board and ride with the U.S. Mail. She appears to float on the waters like a feather and as Lou Sesher tells it--she ought to roll her wheels with the hand-hole plates out!

Sorry I missed the Whistle Blow again. It appears to be a "fun" occasion. My love for steam whistles goes way back when I bought my first little single bell, three chime, from a junkie, while in High School. Had to get up steam in an old hot water tank (internal condition and boiler laws unknown to me) but she shore did whistle. My neighbor's dog returned three days later. I am convinced that this old world is a much sadder place without the lonely, distant (and sometimes) melodious steam whistle.

Richard Carmell,
6510 Arborcrest,
Loveland, Ohio 45140

Sirs: My wife read the mail before I got home the other day and commented: "I think of all the magazines you get the S&D REFLECTOR is the neatest and most readable--it has the right balance of pictures and text."

Robert Leslie Brandstatter,
Associate Minister,
First United Methodist Church,
201 Everett St.,
East Peoria, Ill. 61611

J. Mack Gamble relates in the Sept. 20 issue of The Waterways Journal that the towboat VIRGINIA served for a week as a ferry between Wellsburg, West Va. and Brilliant, O. during the anniversary celebration at the former Ohio River town. The VIRGINIA is a sternwheeler built in 1923 now owned by H. Frank Snyder, Wheeling, W. Va. There has not been ferry service at Wellsburg for many years. The last regular one there was the steam sternwheeler THE NEW ERA operated by the firm with the magnificent name of Wellsburg-Brilliant Bridge & Ferry Co. She sank at Brilliant on January 30, 1948, a complete loss. Ferry service was first chartered at Wellsburg on June 10, 1790. The Waddle family ran some of the latter ones, including the BUCKEYE, a span of operation in one family running nearly a half-century. The late Capt. W. Scott Heatherington was skipper of the BUCKEYE when she was swapped for the ALBERT in early 1916. The ALBERT served until the summer of 1923 when she was sold to boat-broker John F. Klein who renamed her FLORIDA and headed her south with Capt. James B. Ostrander in charge. We never did hear what happened to her or where she went to. Anyhow since the Wellsburg celebration now is over that place today has neither bridge nor ferry.

U. S. Customs records now on file at the Inland Rivers Library disclose the following transactions concerning the packet JEWEL operating on the upper Ohio:

April 14, 1899: Owned by John A. Hyer, Clarington, O. ($\frac{1}{2}$) and Samuel V. Williamson, Sardis, O. ($\frac{1}{2}$).

Feb. 7, 1900: The above took as partner Charles P. Lowry, Wintens, O., all with $\frac{1}{3}$ shares.

May 29, 1900: Sam Williamson sold out. Hyer and Lowry became $\frac{1}{2}$ owners each.

Sept. 7, 1901: Sold to J. Mack Gamble ($\frac{1}{2}$) and Charles P. Lowry ($\frac{1}{2}$).

Jan. 2, 1902: Sold to J. Mack Gamble entire.

Sept. 3, 1907: Sold to the Ohio & West Virginia Transportation Co., M. F. Noll, president.

Note: The Ohio & West Virginia Transportation Co. bought the LEROY on Nov. 10, 1904, and on that same date also bought the VALLEY BELLE. These two boats were retained several years. It was during the ownership of this firm that the JEWEL sank in the Muskingum at Marietta, Feb. 8, 1908.

Sirs: My grandfather William Davis owned in two boats, the PEARL DAVIS and LADY GRACE. What ever happened to these?

Mrs. Virgil Lambert,
5102 Miles Lane,
Louisville, Ky. 40219

=William F. Davis of Clinton, Iowa bought the rafter R. J. WHEELER (built 1880) about 1896 and renamed her PEARL DAVIS. He also had the ZALUS DAVIS, built at Dubuque in 1894. See the accompanying photograph. The PEARL DAVIS was finally in Ouachita River towing staves, and is said to have burned. We don't have the date or location. -Ed.



PEARL DAVIS shoving bow boat ZALUS DAVIS on the Upper Mississippi. See letter at the left.

S&D for the first time in its career has a boat. On meeting day, Sept. 20, Walter McCoy, Bob Niemeyer and Sam Harrington went in Sam's pickup truck to 609 Virginia St. on the Harmar side of Marietta. From under a porch they extracted an 18-foot rowboat and brought it to the River Museum, complete with its oars.

The old skiff has quite a his-

tory. It was built in 1885 by the celebrated skiff builder at Portland, Ohio, George Thompson. The original owner was Henry Erb of Harmar. The white oak lumber was originally finished with three coats of raw linseed oil, then was given one coat of white

lead and linseed. The Thompson stencil was put on both sides of the sternboard just over the rear thwart and is still visible to wit:

G. THOMPSON
BUILDER
NOSDWOHL '9

Henry Erb had gone through the 1884 Flood at Harmar and bought the skiff in case he got caught in another. Sure enough he did, in 1907 and again in 1913 (see picture) and finally the old boat descended to Mr. Erb's grandson Edward H. Whiting. It was Mr. Whiting who made the skiff available for display in the River Museum.



-copy photo by S. Durward Hoag.

Cruising In Marietta

S&D now has the boat pictured above...

The rowboat pictured above now is displayed in the River Museum at Marietta. Here it is in action during the flood of March, 1913, on Second Street, Marietta, with the old Union Depot in the background. In the rowboat from the left are George Cheeseman, Ed Whiting and Henry Erb. Now in 1969 this is believed to be the oldest river-built rowboat in captivity, 84 years old, built in 1885. Read the accompanying article on this page.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Lees, 3818 East 8th, Des Moines, Iowa 50316 have our thanks for a beautifully illustrated copy of the magazine "Talmanac" issued by the Talman Federal Savings and Loan Association, 5501 South Kedzie Ave., Chicago. Full color pictures of the Streckfus MARK TWAIN and of various river scenes are included along with 32 pages of text. The cover is a pilothouse shot in full color taken aboard the PHYL-LIS (ex MARY LEA HILLMAN) of the Alter Company, Davenport. On watch is Capt. O. A. Franks, and at the controls is his 16-year old son Edward Wayne Franks. Copies are available to teachers and students by writing the Talman Company, Chicago.

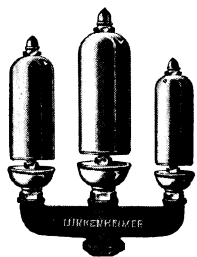
Bruce Edgington presented to Campus Martius Museum a copy of "Lore and Lure of the Scenic Upper Mississippi River," by Frank J. Fugina, 1935.

Old Mansion Houses Modern Business

As late as 1939 the Lunkenheimer Co. of Cincinnati bragged it was "the largest manufacturer of high grade steam specialties in the world." If you wanted a steamboat whistle you could order their No. 450 for \$480, hook it to a 3" steam line (at least 140 psi required) and you'd have a real window-rattler. She had three bells 5, 6 and 8" dia. with lengths of 15, 18 and 24". They also furnished single whistles of assorted sizes up to 12" dia. The Lunkenheimer whistle was easily recognized, made of bronze with rounded-top bells topped with decorative brass acorn-shaped lock nuts.

No. 450 Lunkenheimer Three Whistle Chimes

150 Lb. S.P.



The three-bell type of chime whistle necessarily provides greater sound-carrying power than whistles of the plain bell or single bell chime designs for the same nominal pipe size connection, and the dimensions of each of the three bells are proportioned to produce harmonious tone blends.

Frederick Lunkenheimer, founder, in the 1880s built an elaborate brick three-story mansion overlooking Eden Park and the Ohio River on a Cincinnati hill-top. He called it "Ingleheim," German for "Angel's Home." His penchant for pipes and valves was obvious--in one massive room two pipes ran from ceiling to floor fully one foot out from the wall. In the basement huge pipes and valves were led through two-foot thick foundations.



In 1956 the indestructible home complete with turrets, widow's walk, gables, 7-columned front porch and carved stone window and door lintels was acquired by the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co. It was painted white-grey. One year and \$25,000 later the exterior had been completely sand-blasted and the bricks tuck-pointed. Once again it looked like new.

Today the old Frederick Lunkenheimer mansion serves as the office building for the insurance company and has desk space for 40 employes. The interior was butchered up a good bit to swing the deal. But the exterior is something to see.

The poem "I'd Like To Hear Her Whistle Once Again" appearing in our June '69 issue has brought on some controversy. It is about the packet HATTIE BROWN. The same poem, same words, same punctuation, appeared in The Waterways Journal, issue of Saturday, June 23, 1928 and, instead of the HATTIE BROWN, it uses the side-wheel ST. LAWRENCE instead. In place of "churnin' up once more through Vevay Chute" the ST. LAWRENCE is caused to be "churnin' up through New Richmond Chute." The author signs himself (herself?) simply by the initials "G.B.S."

In our June issue the poem about the HATTIE BROWN is ascribed to the late Capt. Claude Brown who was born and raised at Vevay. We find on further delving that Claude wrote a narrative about the HATTIE BROWN, published in the "Reveille-Enterprise" of that city, and reprinted in The Waterways Journal under date of October 27, 1928. He makes no mention of having written a poem about the HATTIE BROWN. Query: Which is the original?

Further, C. W. Stoll notes our omission of a fifth verse which properly belongs following #4 and above the final verse as presented in the June issue. We didn't print the verse feeling that it was rather lame compared to the high calibre of the other verses. We note in some surprise that the ST. LAWRENCE version mentioned above also omits the same verse.

Sirs: As an aspiring steamboat artist I am looking forward to receiving a copy of Alan Bates' book, the "Steamboat Cyclopoed-ium." Capt. W. H. Tippet of Her-

nando, Miss. introduced me to S&D and enclosed are my dues. He also introduced me to the fine work of artist John Fryant.

Mrs. W. S. (Marion) Bradford
Box 745,
Harrisburg, Ark. 77432

=News: Alan Bates has passed USCG exam and now is Capt. Alan Bates.
-Ed.

Sirs: Virgil E. Bennett's letter in the September issue (page 38) fascinates me because of his mention of John Habermehl and Steve Mellott, both of Clarington, O., as well as Roy Moore, Ed McCaulsky, etc. I knew John Habermehl in later years when he ran a general store on Front Street in Clarington. The Habermehls were prominent and had the Flour Mill. As you know an earlier John Habermehl wrote quite a book, now a scarce item. Steve Mellott built a house here in Clarington, also in later years, and my uncle John Hyer bought it. I must have fancied myself a house painter because I painted it, inside and out. Later Bob Rea (whose wife is Elizabeth Litton's sister) owned it for a while.

Also I got a big kick out of the complaint about the map of the RUTH NO. 2's travels. I had not noticed that Oklahoma had been transplanted, even when the story originally appeared in Waterways Magazine years ago with that same map. Shows how well the S&D REFLECTOR is studied.

J. Mack Gamble,
Route 1, Box 2,
Clarington, Ohio 43915

Sirs: This September issue is marvelous as usual, particularly for the treatment of the Nathan Brown story. I am sending a copy to the Fenton Museum in Jamestown, N.Y.

Harold C. Putnam,
302 East St.,
Warren, Pa. 16365

Late news of river sternwheelers includes the sale of the KANAWHA, formerly owned at Vicksburg, to Dr. Hugh Claughton, Nashville, Tenn. The LOUISE, ex-J. A. CRESAP and SKIPPER, was sold by Clyde Daily of Toronto, Ohio, to Capt. Tom Corlet and Bill Kitchens who fired her up in April for a voyage to Florida. --And got there. The TED B., originally the COAL CITY, was dismantled.

Sirs: Last Sunday, August 10, we took a drive out toward Brooksville, Ind. to see the town of Fairfield. Due to the construction of a conservation dam on the Whitewater or a tributary, Fairfield has been abandoned and will soon be flooded. We didn't get there due to road construction and decided, instead, to go on to Metamora and take another look at the restored section of the Whitewater Canal (see March '68 issue, page 38).

The state of Indiana has removed a highway bridge which blocked the canal. Now the canal-boat can go into the center of the old town of Metamora, passing over the restored aqueduct. The normal trip includes passing through the restored locks but on Aug. 10 they didn't go through because of high water. The canal was bankfull and the current very swift. Metamora has the canal through the center of town, and an old water-powered grist mill. So far they haven't hokey'd it up too much now that tourists are coming in.

On the way over, between Brooksville and Metamora, we saw where the big storm of Saturday, Aug. 9 had crossed, taking down trees and flattening cornfields.

Larry Walker,
10552 Breedshill Drive,
Cincinnati, Ohio 45231

=Cincinnati suburbs to the north and east to Indian Hill and Terrace Park were raked with an unusual tornado Saturday evening, Aug. 9 last. Larry and Ethel Walker were at the Fries at the time, on Probasco, where there was a heavy thunderstorm but no damage. The Walkers drove home later to find their neighborhood also untouched. -Ed.

Through the kindness of Mrs. J. Harold Wolfe of Gallipolis we learn of the death of Ruth Maddy of that place on Monday, August 18, 1969. Ruth had been ill for several months. Burial was in the Mound Hill cemetery. Ruth Maddy, 53, was the last of the Maddy family in Gallipolis, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Maddy and granddaughter of Capt. Edwin F. Maddy, a noted boatman in his time. Ruth was vitally interested in S&D and for a term served as treasurer of the organization, having succeeded her father.

Your editor acknowledges with thanks a miniature silver plated hand capstan presented by Spencer

Creel. It was formerly owned by the late Earl Cooper of Parkersburg. These paper-weight size capstans were issued by the old Marine Manufacturing & Supply Co. of Pittsburgh, Thomas E. Clark, president.

Sirs: I have just received my S&D REFLECTOR and cannot tell you how pleased I am with the lovely magazine. I was born aboard the showboat MAJESTIC at Point Pleasant, West Va. I listened to my grandfather talk about the old river boats but of course I didn't actually see them myself. But now I can see them in the S&D magazine.

Mrs. Ellis P. Hudson,
(Margaret)
3626 Pleasant Drive,
Prospect, Ohio 43342

Sirs: The diesel sternwheeler SEWICKLEY is being readied for operation at the Tucker Marine boatyard here in Cincinnati. She is tied up at present above the steam sternwheeler LORENA. Looks like Jess Tucker may become the successor of the Howard Shipyard as the home of sternwheelers.

Harold R. Brown,
1346 Delta Avenue,
Cincinnati, Ohio 45208

=The SEWICKLEY now is owned by William F. Judd, 3314 Pine St., Cincinnati, O. 45244. He placed in her a new G-M 8 cyl. diesel, 300 hp. She still has towing knees and can be used commercially. The LORENA is owned by Harold Brown, writer of the letter. -Ed.

Sirs: Being from an old river family, my father and I recently have been working on a history of the raftboat CLYDE.

Edward C. Newcomb Jr.,
1004 West Nevada,
Urbana, Ill. 61801

=Capt. M. H. Newcomb operated the CYCLONE and then RED WING in Wabasha-St. Paul trade. -Ed.

Don Sanders and wife Joyce of the DELTA QUEEN were heard from in August in Seoul, Korea where they were stationed until about Thanksgiving time. When they return to the States Don will again be a civilian.

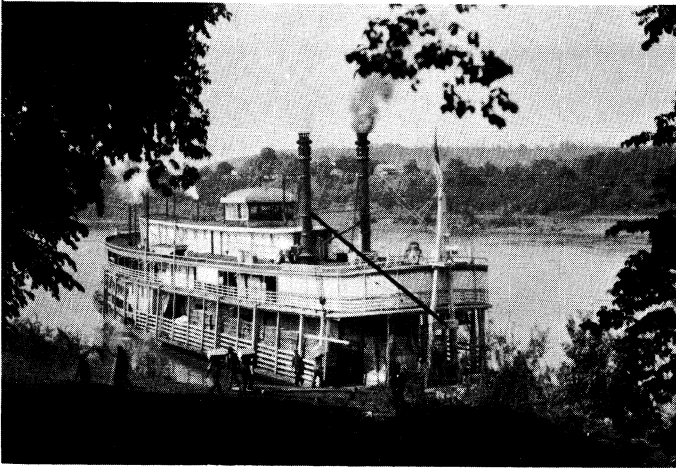
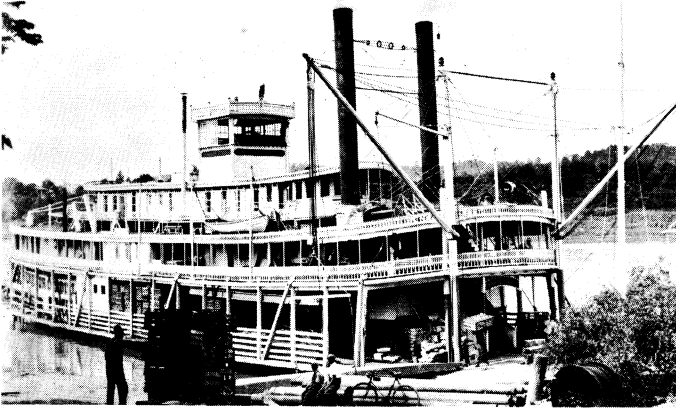


Ferryboat OHIO

Will somebody who remembers please verify..

James E. Reed, 3796 Shroyer Road, Dayton, Ohio 45429 procured the above picture of the ferryboat OHIO from a passenger aboard the DELTA QUEEN this past July. Jim passed it along to us for identification. We believe this to be the ferry built at Paducah in 1924 (hull 64.7 by 30) first owned by Paducah-Brookport Ferry Co., a partnership composed of Capt. W. L. Berry and Miss Annie Baker, both of Paducah. Before long it was sold to the Mary Jo Ferry Co. for operation between Carrollton, Ky. and Lamb, Ind. It burned at Carrollton on May 15, 1936 then owned, according to the news account, by Capt. C. D. Wilhoite. Will someone who remembers this boat please verify?

FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY



An impressive dedication ceremony was held at the new Belleville Locks and Dam, Ohio River, on Sunday, October 5th last. The exhibits included photo enlargements of the packets SENATOR CORDILL (upper) and GENERAL WOOD (lower) taking freight at the old Belleville landing. After the show was over both pictures were missing from the panel, a tribute of sorts to the irresistible skill of Capt. William S. Pollock, the photographer.

Making the Best Of a Situation

The Ohio Historical Society, through its director Daniel R. Porter, has informed the mayor of Marietta, John A. Burnworth, that if Marietta is to have the new River Museum a suitable site must be provided. The terms spelled out by Ohio Governor Rhodes are that the building must be on the bank of the Ohio River easily accessible to the motoring public.

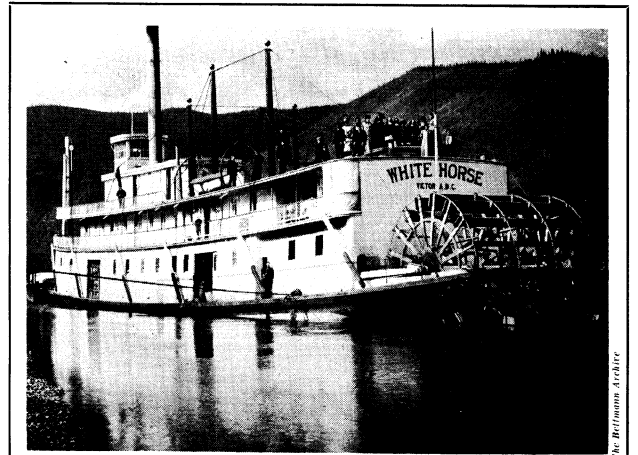
At the last session of the Ohio General Assembly, \$450,000 was appropriated for the Museum. This includes \$350,000 from the state bond issue approved by Ohio voters last November, and \$100,000 which the Historical Society's board of trustees appropriated from the anticipated sale of the Ohio Historical Museum to The Ohio State University.

The Historical Society, says director Porter, does not wish to allocate more than \$25,000 for the site. This may mean that Marietta will have to dig in, or else discover means of providing property suitable for the plans.

Mayor Burnworth formed a committee to select a proper site. It is headed by Robert Nicholas,

and includes Mrs. John M. Barry, Robert Broughton, Carl Clovis, Claude Davis, Dr. Frank E. Duddy, Jr., Robert S. Edwards, Mrs. Raymond Guthrie, Richard Hill, Walter J. McCarthy, Mrs. Joseph Pansing, Mrs. Charles Remley, Ray Rosenblum, Carlton Schramm, James Schweikert, Erman D. Southwick and Robert Weber.

The mayor said he hoped that a definite selection could be made by mid-December. The Ohio Historical Society hopes to get plans drawn and contracts let prior to late spring, 1971.



FOR TOM SAWYERS AND THEIR BECKYS: Locals from the Show-Me State are plumb proud about the old stern-wheelers being revived on the Missouri River. You climb aboard an eighty-eight-foot steamboat in Kansas City and

drift into a heady atmosphere of nineteenth-century magnolia blossoms and Mark Twain. For information, contact Meridian Travel, Ltd., in Kansas City. Great for Indian summer picnics through September.

ARE WE SUPPOSED to believe that the crowd gathered on the rear roof of this 1890-vintage Yukon packet is about knocked out sniffing the heady atmosphere of magnolia blossoms in Kansas City, Mo.? This come-on appeared in the September issue of *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. To the mini-skirted young lady who got it up our compliments. You Show Us any such steamboat operating in Show-Me country and we'll waive your implication that Mark Twain had a heady atmosphere about him. -Ed.

The Citizens State Bank has built and now occupies a fine new building at Third and Daviess in Owensboro, Ky. First floor offices are decorated with Harlan Hubbard oil paintings. This accomplished artist, who lives near Milton, Ky., has done four period scenes of the Owensboro wharf. One of them shows the side-wheelers CITY OF OWENSBORO and ANDY BAUM; another the ROSE HITE and SUMMER GIRL, and also the local commuter boat INQUIRER which connected with electric interurban cars Grandview-Evansville. A handsome portrait of the ECLIPSE is outstanding. A modern bird's eye view of the DELTA QUEEN and a large passing tow brings the collection right up to date. They also display a cased model of the GORDON C. GREENE.

Steamboat Bill Barr's current address is 304-C Parsons Hall, Marietta College, Marietta, Ohio 45750. Tom Cook, attending the Hawken School, is at 2260 Harcourt Drive, Cleveland Heights, Ohio 44106.

'The Queen Will Live' S&D Rivermen Told

The headline-taker at S&D's annual meeting in Marietta on Saturday, Sept. 20 was Cmdr. E. J. Quinby who, with his good wife, walked in upon the scene with great tidings about the future of the DELTA QUEEN and Greene Line Steamers (see the editorial on page 4.)

Our usual custom in this December issue is to feature a panel of photographs taken at the meeting by Board member S. Durward Hoag. This time Steve had a sudden emergency when Strecker Hill, where he and Della make their home, staged what the Times called a "massive landslip." So, understandably, no pictures. But Steve did take time, as usual, to supply chairs for the afternoon session held in Campus Martius.

One of the excitements of the day was when Sam Harrington piloted his pick-up to West Marietta with Walt McCoy and Bob Niemeyer and brought to the River Museum an 1885 rowboat (see page 43 in this issue.)

Applause and cheers went to Mr. and Mrs. Gene Fitch, Hebron, O., who brought to the wharf their trim sternwheel CLAIRE E. (named for the Mrs.) and ran short rides on the Ohio and Muskingum with S&D's aboard. Also on the scene was the sternwheel DOLLY BELLE with Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Brown hosting guests.

Among the surprise guests were Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson, Staten Island, N.Y. Mrs. Wilson (Alice to her friends) is secretary of the Steamship Historical Society of America. Edward A. Mueller, editor of "Steamboat Bill" brought tidings that SHSA is about to publish in book form, copiously illustrated, J. Mack Gamble's "The Muskingum River."

Coming from the longest distance on record was Donald Grot, on leave from duties in Hawaii with the U.S. Coast Guard's Marine Inspection Service. Don is a resident of Ottawa, Ill.

Conspicuous by his absence was Capt. Jesse P. Hughes whose personal regrets appear in a letter on page 38. Mrs. Loretta Howard sent her regrets inasmuch as she is recovering from a fall, and happily we may report she is on the mend. Board chairman J. Mack Gamble was detained at home, but the award for best-try-and-didn't-make-it goes hands down to Dr. Frank Pollock who came from Winston-Salem and became ill enroute. Mrs. Dorothy Powers, former curator of the Inland Rivers Library, telegraphed regrets. An unsolved wonderment as of this date is what happened to Earl Olson who usually is the first to appear.

Capt. Hiram Carpenter was the youngest oldster at the meeting (he will be 89 this Dec. 3) and Capt. Harry Kraft, 86, and Russell Stone, 87, received applause at the afternoon session.

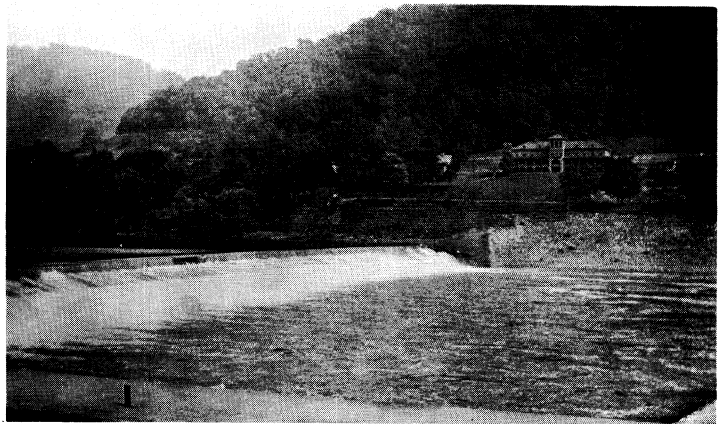
The evening affair following the banquet was highlighted by a demonstration of oil painting technique by Steamboat Bill Reed, followed by a very fine movie (a real old-timer complete with frequent time-outs for repairs) taken by J. Sheldon Scott 1934-1935, and another in color taken in 1940 on the GORDON C. GREENE by H. C. Putnam. Following that, John L. Fryant, art editor for

"Steamboat Bill," showed a very real re-run of the latest race between the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE and the DELTA QUEEN.

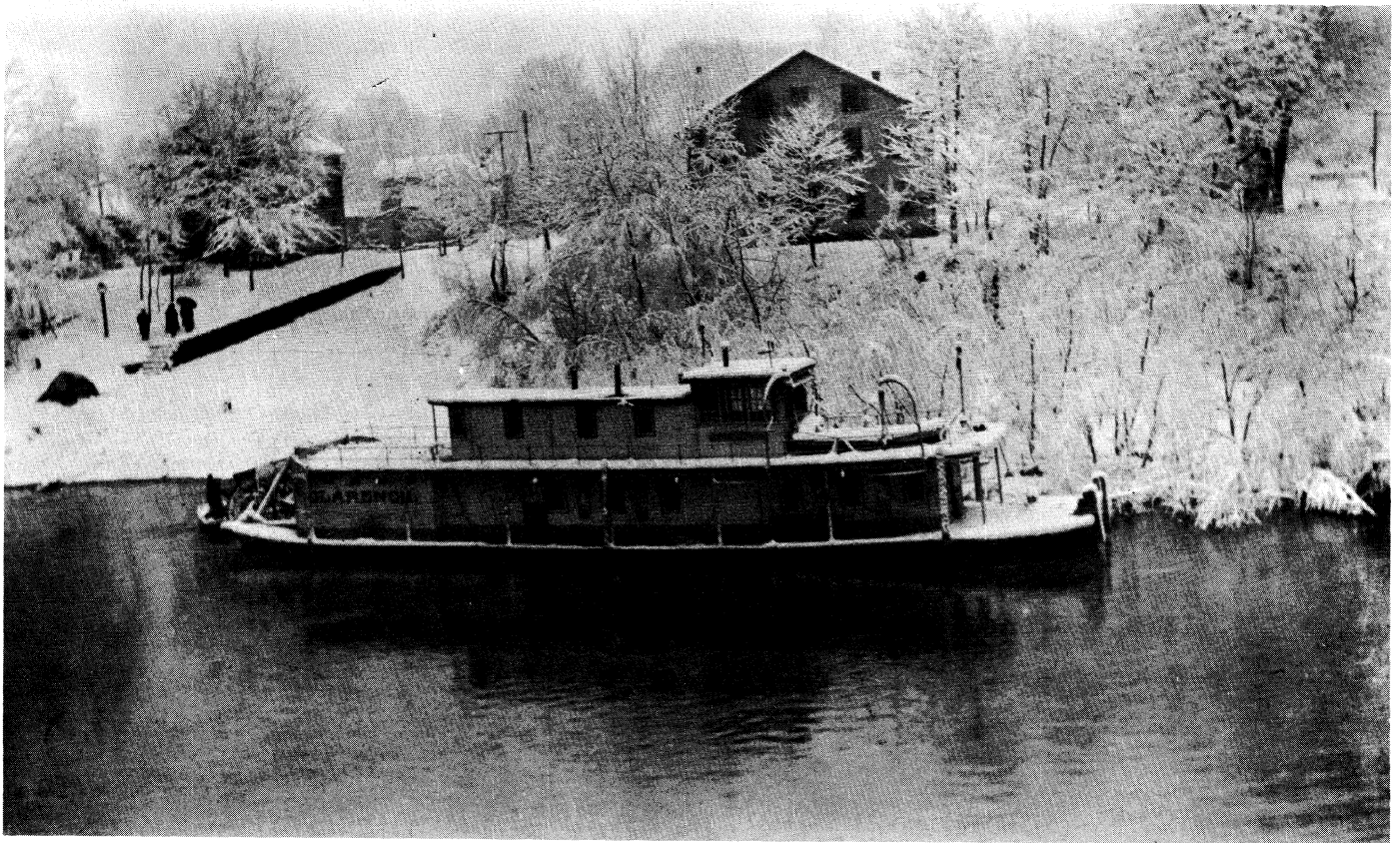
The noon luncheon Saturday was held at the riverside clubhouse of the Marietta Boat Club along the Muskingum. Chuck Remley cared for the arrangements and, with his co-workers, did a handsome job. His wife Catherine Remley headed the receiving line at Campus Martius and obligingly held open house Sunday morning for those who had not visited the River Museum the day before.

These are but a few spotty observations which could go on and on. Garland W. Kimble was there, all the way from Glen Cove, Long Island. Ray Spencer, publisher of The Waterways Journal, came from St. Louis. With him was his son Nelson, on leave from a Crouse towboat plying Green River. Andy Anderson and his brother "Andy" (with the quotes) from Cincinnati introduced Tom Addison of the Inland Rivers Library. Bob Schmertz with his banjo was supposed to be on the evening program but somehow missed the cue--later he settled down for quite a session in Room 310. One of the reasons S&D has no program chairman is because the job would throw an expert. Witness the fact that the headline-taker Jay Quinby appeared on a mere 48-hour notice. Woody Rutter was going to show Jesse Hughes' slides but did a quick-switch to old-time movies, good thinking, for maybe next year Cap'n Jesse will be present.

Last and maybe most important. There were a number of young persons present. Next year we hope to do something especially for them--maybe they would like better to engineer a session of their own making. How about this?



We are showing this photo in high hopes that somebody can tell us something about it. It was taken some years ago either at old Lock 2 or 3 on the upper Kanawha River. We have a vague recollection of seeing the large building over there at the right. Query: What is that building, and is it still there? Also which dam? Only No's 2 and 3 were stationary dams and pictures of them are all too few.



Early in 1917 the packet TELL CITY took aboard at Parkersburg two boat nuts who had come down on the B&O from Pittsburgh, Donald T. Wright and y'r editor. Our idea was to ride to Pittsburgh with Capt. Charlie Ellsworth, pilots Dan Patchell and Mike Davis, mate Charlie Justice, purser Fred Hoyt and all the usual hucksters including Ike Matlack from Long Bottom.

Of course the boat was away late and didn't put in its appearance, and the people at the wharfboat said they didn't know anything. So we registered at the Blennerhassett Hotel to wait it out. Sure enough, about 4 a.m. we heard the first long begging whistle just above the island and we were out on the deserted wintry street even as she blew to land.

That afternoon we landed briefly at Newport, Ohio to pick up a few coops of chickens and a calf. It was getting colder and snowing great guns. But y'r photographer took a dees-per-ate chance (six post card size exposures cost 40¢) and snapped a cute little sternwheel gasboat just as we left Newport.

Now, 52 years later, we discover that this gas packet CLARENCE is one of the famous boats built way up the Little Kanawha at Grantsville, West Va. Yeh. The book says she was new in 1907 and in 1912, also at Grantsville, she was enlarged to have a hull 78.7 by 14. She was owned by C. C. Starcher of Grantsville those days. He sold her to L. E. Tigner, Parkersburg, Dec. 1914, who conveyed her to J. W. Burns, Parkersburg, August, 1916. Then on March 5, 1917 she became the property of W. H. Keyse, Parkersburg, B. H. Reynolds, Newport, O., and J. O. Goodman, St. Marys, all in equal shares.

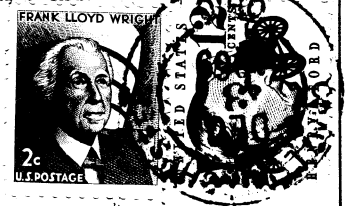
Yeh. This picture was snapped early in March, 1917, just after the latter sale. Jerry Loveall,

Parkersburg, bought her in January, 1918. There endeth our story, and what became of CLARENCE we know not.

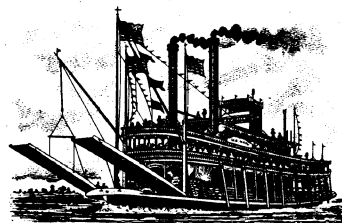
Newport looks pretty handsome with all that snow clinging to the branches. Wonder is that Bill and Hazel Greenwood standing there?

Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen

89 PARK ST., CANAL WINCHESTER, O. 43110



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