

S&D

REFLECTOR

Published by Sons and Daughters
of Pioneer Rivermen



Vol. 7, No. 2

Marietta, Ohio

June, 1970



Some time ago Ruth Ferris made available to us the above picture from the collection of the Missouri Historical Society. The original had no date on it, nor caption. In the foreground at the right is the side-wheel LILY of the U.S. Lighthouse Service complete with two sets of spars and derricks to get her off of Missouri River sandbars. Without exception all of the early Lighthouse tenders were good-looking steamboats. In this issue you'll find portraits of some of them and a write-up covering the beginning of the river lamp lighters.

Off to the left at the wharfboat is the stern-wheel BELLE OF CALHOUN loading for Illinois River. The ornamentation on top of her pilothouse is a lot like that on the LILY. She looks unusually wide in this picture and she really was, 36.4 feet, on a hull 180.9 feet long.

In case you haven't guessed, this is at St.

Louis and no doubt about it. An odd circumstance is the packet showing up between the BELLE and the LILY, behind the wharfboat. That's the Cumberland River packet J. B. RICHARDSON, usually in the Evansville-Nashville trade. Your guess is as good as ours--what's she doing at St. Louis? She helps date the picture, for she burned in 1913. The LILY was gone by that time--snagged in 1911. The picture probably dates about 1908.

Our original idea for this issue was to run a color cover of the LEE-NATCHEZ race, celebrating the centennial. We decided against it when many valley publications commenced rehashing and kibitzing what many rivermen already know about the affair. So, instead, we celebrate the LILY and her companions AND, AND, you'll find inside a true story of Capt. T. P. Leathers researched and prepared by Dewey A. Somdal, a tale that NOBODY has heard before.

Sirs: The towboat I. N. HOOK in the PRR Panhandle Bridge pictures shown in the March issue was named for Capt. Isaac N. Hook. After he retired from river work he moved in with my grandparents whose farm was adjacent to his along the Muskingum River in tandem along Bald Eagle Creek. The elderly captain, then in his 80s, hoed his cornfield, along with his son Henry. He had a rustic chair under a large willow along the shore and often rested there gazing at the Muskingum.

Captain Hook died at the home of my grandfather John Thomas Kean on September 14, 1906. The first polished-wood coffin seen at Stockport was in the parlor, covered with a sheaf of wheat. The packets VALLEY GEM and FRENCH conveyed the casket and mourners to the Brick Church cemetery half way between Hooksburg and Stockport. It is said there were 1500 people at the graveside services. The pallbearers were rivermen; Irven Travis, George Wallace, Aaron McLaughlin, "Milt" McLaughlin, Thomas Martin and William W. Richardson.

The tomb, as you know, was made beforehand by Captain Hook, and is still there. The 1913 Flood took away the brick church and the road at the river's edge.

Clyde K. Swift,
274 Newton Ave.,
Glen Ellyn, Ill. 60137



CAPT. I. N. HOOK
He often gazed at the Muskingum.
-S. Durward Hoag, copy photo.

Sirs: The story about the Longworth family in the March issue reminds me of the occasion in Marietta of their visit. An anniversary celebration was going on and there was a parade. Alice and Nicholas Roosevelt were in a carriage furnished by Branch Crippen's livery stable, and were driven up Second Street from Putnam. They visited Campus Martius and Camp Tupper. At that time the old Land Office was on the other side of Washington Street.

In this parade I played in Major Jewel's Juvenile Drum & Bugle Corps. All I got out of the event was a lot of walking. At that time Washington Street was noted for the Land Office, Campus Martius, and Dr. Ogden's apothecary shop. Capt. J. M. Hammett lived at the corner of Third and Washington, just across from Campus Martius.

Lou Seshar,
537 Conrad Ave.,
North Charleroi, Pa. 15022

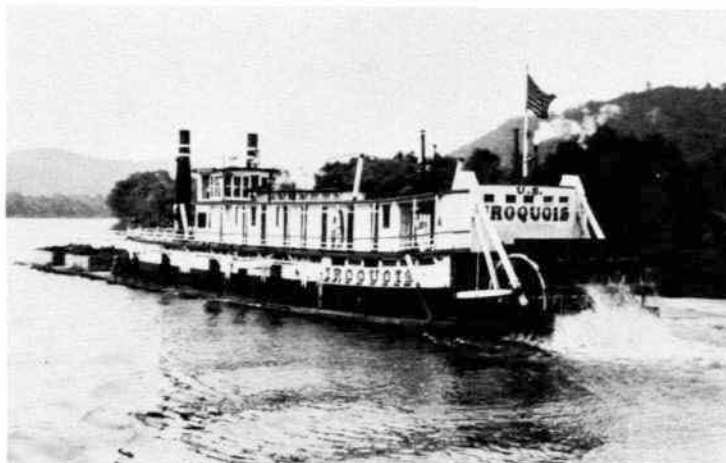
=Lou Seshar is now 78, in good health, and full of zip. -Ed.

Sirs: The article about the MILTON in the March issue was terrific. I saw her several times in 1924 when she was in the Zanesville-Parkersburg trade, and later when she towed the MANITOU to Zanesville. I remember vividly the added smokestacks on the last trip and argued loud and long that she had no stacks as a packet.

I had my first boat ride on her from Philo to Gaysport (only Muskingum River residents will recognize these names). Compared to the single deck gas boats I was used to she looked like the DELTA QUEEN and only when I saw her picture did I realize how small she was.

Ralph R. Cross,
825 Audrey Place,
Dayton, Ohio 45406

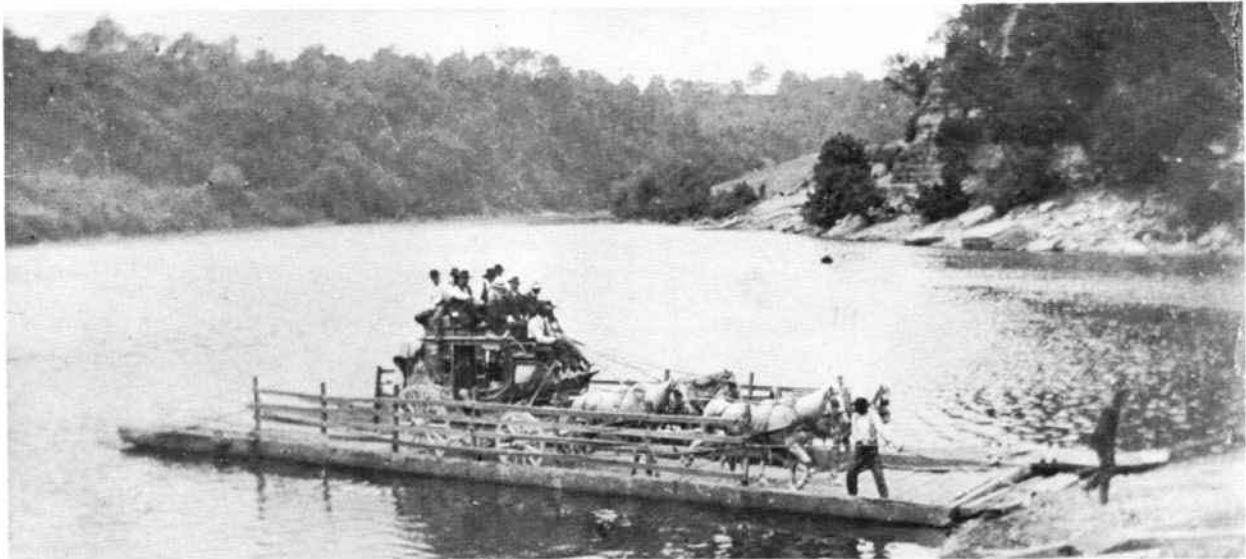
Johnny Cash and Burl Ives sang "Lorena" on their Nashville TV show one night lately and the audience about tore down the rafters cheering and whistling.



IROQUOIS

Last steamboat to Zanesville..?

Sometimes it's fun to speculate. Bob McCann and your editor were chewing the fat and somehow the subject got around to "what was the last steamboat to run on the Muskingum?" We both agreed that when the towboat W. P. SNYDER, JR. delivered herself up through Lock 1 and blew the final landing whistle at the foot of Sacra Via, Marietta, in 1955, the event was curtains for steamboats on that stream. Then Bob looked at us like a Chesire cat and asked: "Now what was the last steamboat to go up through Locks 1-9 and back to Marietta?" We said maybe the LEONA or the WM. MULLER. "Captain Leon Ash would differ with you about that if he was here," said Bob. "When he was captain on the IROQUOIS he had her up nearly to Zanesville and back." Be this so--and it must be so--the date of the event was sometime in the 1930's, and, narrowed down a bit more, between 1933 and 1940. Bob says Capt. Leon Ash took the IROQUOIS up through Locks 1-9 and back down again. So that's something to ponder.



No, this wasn't staged for a shoot-'em-up Western; it's the real thing. Here is the regular stagecoach at Burnside, Ky., head of navigation on the Cumberland River. It's just in from Monticello, the county seat of Wayne County, a trip of some 20 miles as a crow flies. We're grateful to C. W. Stoll for putting us hep to this unprecedented picture which dates about 1902. The stagecoach crossed from Burnside to Bible Rock, says the caption in "Kentucky Highways." Our thank you to Patsy Judd, editor of that publication, for furnishing the print.



WHITE HORSE and CASCA
Slowly disintegrating on the Yukon...

Sirs: It was a pleasant surprise while reading the Dec. '69 issue to see the new Alaska ferry being taken down the Ohio River, and also a picture of the Yukon packet WHITE HORSE.

Last July our family visited our son at Fairbanks, Alaska. We rode the British Columbia ferry QUEEN OF PRINCE RUPERT and the Alaska ferry MALASPINA. Then we rode the White Pass & Yukon RR. from Skagway to White Horse where I took the accompanying pictures. These show the packets WHITE HORSE and CASCA beached on the shore of the Yukon where they are slowly disintegrating.

Roy V. Heatter,
3654 West 80th Place,
Chicago, Ill. 60652

Another Grand Adventure

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This issue goes to press too soon to report the race between the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE and DELTA QUEEN; also too soon to report The Whistle Blow on Saturday, June 6 (hope to meet you there).

Don't forget the S&D Annual Meeting at Marietta on Saturday, September 19.

Read all the letters in this issue on pages 2, 3, 5, 6, 20, 28, 29, 33, 36, 42, 43 and 44.

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VOL. 7, No. 2

MARIETTA, OHIO

JUNE, 1970

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.

Canal Talk Revived

Waterways construction in the U. S. is taking on a new look--or is it an old look? There hasn't been so much canal talk since De Witt Clinton and the SENECA CHIEF. The Cross-Florida Barge Canal is on Huntley-Brinkley. The news magazines are full of it. It's about one-third completed and in very hot water from ecologists, conservationists and scientists. The side-effect disasters may outweigh the economic worth.

The Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway idea dates back to Thomas Jefferson but never was really launched until President Nixon requested a \$1 million appropriation to begin it. This is in effect a man-made canal project 253 miles long to join the Tennessee and Tombigbee. The big deal is that loaded barges leaving New Orleans and destined to the Ohio River could go over to Mobile and have "pond water" up to Demopolis, Ala. and downhill sledding the rest of the way; certainly easier than shoving up the Mississippi.

The Arkansas River Project, now nearing completion, making a river port of Tulsa, Okla., has shown symptoms of doing more: Two spur canals are projected on into the wild West making river ports of Oklahoma City and Great Bend. The U. S. Engineers are making a preliminary study of the Kansas extension.

Down in Georgia they're beating the drum for a Cross-Georgia Waterway, up the Apalachicola and Chattahoochee to Atlanta and then tie up with the Savannah River to Savannah. The fire has been lit under this one in case the Cross-Florida Barge Canal gets stymied.

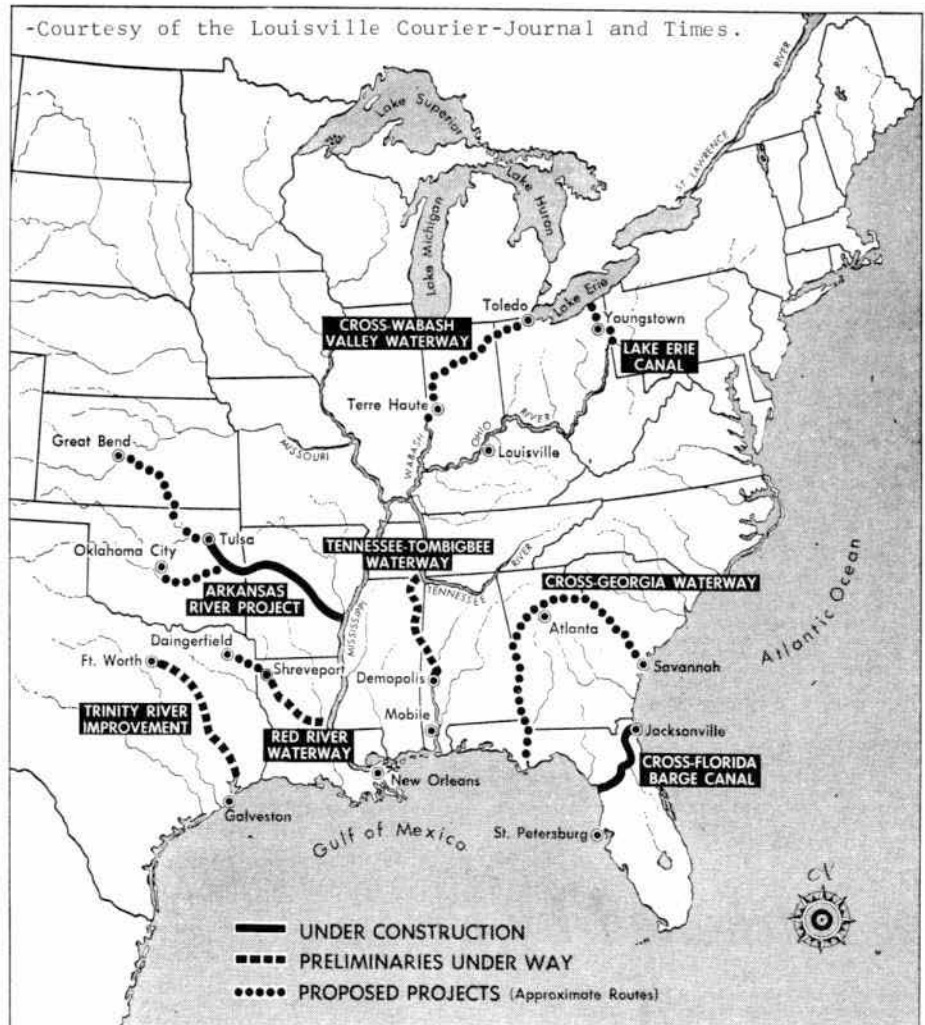
Pre-construction design is under way on the Trinity River Improvement, a \$1 billion idea to convey water traffic to Dallas and Fort Worth.

The people along the Wabash in Indiana are thinking not only of canalizing the moonlit river but attaching thereto a canal to Toledo, and perhaps one to Lake Michigan. A preliminary study is under way.

In 1968 Congress authorized (but appropriated no funds) for the Red River Waterway, which means a lateral canal to Shreveport, and a possible extension to Daingerfield, Texas, where the Lone Star Steel plant is located.

The Lake Erie and Ohio River Canal, talked of for years, almost got going a couple of years ago but was successfully squashed by Pittsburghers. Unwittingly in its defeat, Pittsburgh encouraged the Wabash River enthusiasts who claim their canal will be more practical.

Incidental to all of this, the Ohio Historical Society reports "a canal craze is sweeping the state." They go on to list nine canal restoration projects within the state of Ohio which you and I can go see. They are listed in the April issue, Vol. 9, No. 4 of their magazine "Echoes."



Sirs: The packet BEN HUR is the first steamboat I can remember. I was born on Wheeling Island on January 3, 1899. Mother used to take my brother and I to Witten's Landing, O. where my grandfather lived on the Witten farm, there at Williamson's Island.

Grandmother was Isabella Witten and it was her grandfather Phillip Witten who settled there on September 15, 1790. Grandfather E. W. Hubbard steamboated through and before the Civil War, ran the Vicksburg batteries, and was on one of three boats which took troops up the Missouri to Fort Benton.

I worked for Mose Beaver on his gasoline boats, and was on the gasboat EXPRESS in 1915 in the Wheeling-Matamoras trade, laying over Sundays at Wheeling. That year the JOE FOWLER, KANAWHA, LIBERTY and others were running. I got in a good many meals on the KANAWHA and came to know Capt. William E. Roe and his clerk Fred Hoyt, and pilot Dan Patchell, and pilot Eb Cline.

My hope is to make a trip this summer from Cincinnati to Pittsburgh (one way on a boat, if one is running) for I have never lost my love for the river.

E. W. Hubbard,
40802 20th, West,
Palmdale, Calif. 93550

"Soundings" is the title of an attractive 12-page magazine issued by the NROTC Unit, Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. The January '70 issue features a two-page spread of the U.S. Civil War gunboat CAIRO with two ink-wash drawings. We are indebted to editor Mid'n l/c Richard W. Rutter, for a copy.

The Exchange and Gifts Division of the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., recently ordered a copy of Inland River Record to forward to the Lenin State Library, Moscow, Russia. Other news of Red Square includes a note from Dick and Marian Bissell who were visiting there in March "to check the snowfall."

Wednesday, Feb. 18th last was the first balmy break in what had been a rough winter. The sun was shining at Marietta and the temperature got to 63. There was of consequence plenty of out-doors activity. The W. P. SNYDER, JR. was fresh back from Pt. Pleasant with a new lease on life. The towboats CHARLIE EMBREY and DOLLY BELLE hitched alongside and took

her up the Muskingum to the foot of Sacra Via.

While this was going on a group of gentlemen from the Ohio Historical Society was squired over the still frozen lawn bordering the Muskingum between Washington Street bridge and Sacra Via. They were inspecting a proposed site for the new River Museum.

Ohio's governor James A. Rhodes showed up that evening as speaker at the High School auditorium and asked his audience, "Why do we want the new River Museum at Marietta?" "Because it will attract people and keep Ohio green," he answered himself.

That evening also, at the Hotel Lafayette, Steve and Della Hoag hosted a dinner party at the new "Captain's Corner" in the Gun Room. One long dining table is reminiscent of a packet-style crew table, surrounded by attractive mementos of steamboat days. Topping all is a skilfully designed nameboard BETSY ANN.

Low water stages on the Ohio River before locks and dams are interesting reading. Here is a twenty-year run-down of the lows in the Parkersburg-Marietta area furnished by S. Durward Hoag.

Year	Stage	Date
1889	1.7	Sept. 8
1890	2.7	Aug. 5
1891	1.8	Oct. 10
1892	0.8	Nov. 3
1893	0.5	Aug. 24-28, inc.
1894	0.3	Sept. 11
1895	0.5	Nov. 7
1896	3.1	Sept. 10
1897	0.9	Oct. 27-Nov. 1, inc.
1898	2.3	Oct. 7
1899	1.5	Oct. 26-28, inc.
1900	0.8	Oct. 6
1901	1.9	Aug. 15, Nov. 9-12
1902	1.9	Sept. 23-25, inc.
1903	2.6	Oct. 7
1904	1.6	Dec. 1-4, inc.
1905	3.0	Sept. 10-12, inc.
1906	2.7	July 16
1907	3.8	Aug. 22 and 23
1908	0.5	Sept. 7
1908	0.4	Sept. 11-13, inc.



January Ice At Marietta

For the benefit of S&D's who think it's always summertime in Marietta, take a gander at this view. It was taken from the Marietta-Williamstown highway bridge looking up the Ohio on Wednesday, Jan. 14th last. The towboat DUNCAN BRUCE and eight loads of what?--snow?--are stalled in an ice jam. The "Drunken Brute" is one of the older twin prop diesel boats. She was built as a sternwheeler (diesel) at the Ward plant, Charleston, W. Va. in 1927 for the W. C. Kelly Barge Line. The Kelly family for years made high-grade axes at their Charleston plant. They are featured in the 1897 Sears, Roebuck & Co. catalogue. The American Barge Line acquired the BRUCE and converted her to propellers in 1933. Since 1947 she has been in the fleet of O. F. Shearer & Sons. No, that's not a cargo of snow; it's coal. -Marietta Times photo, courtesy of S. Durward Hoag.

Sirs: Our family Bible contains the following entry:

-Deaths-

Harold Isaac Stafford, his wife Katie (Magee) and daughter Ina Eugenia, all died near Bayou Sara, Louisiana, Dec. 13, 1886 on the occasion of the burning of the steamer J. M. WHITE.

Harold Stafford was my great great uncle. I am preparing a family album and would appreciate some details of the disaster, the direction of travel, the reason for being moored at Blue Store Landing, why the fire, and why the gunpowder in the hold.

Vernon L. Stafford, M.D.,
14935 Rinaldi St., Suite 509,
Mission Hills, Calif. 91340

=It's a long story, Doctor, but in essence the date in your Bible is correct. The time of day was precisely at 10:15 p.m. and the WHITE was downbound from Vicksburg to New Orleans. She had left Natchez at 5 p.m. The landing at Blue Store was made to load aboard sacks of cotton seed. The time given above, 10:15 p.m., was the moment watchman Tom Miller rang the alarm on the big roof bell. The cotton seed was coming aboard at the time. The fire was first seen by second engineer Thomas Barry. It seems to have originated on the main deck, port side. There were many harrowing escapes. Most of those who lost their lives ran toward the stern and were forced to jump overboard. John Stout, pilot on watch, jumped in the river and was hauled out. Just four years prior he had had a narrow shave when the ROBT. E. LEE (second) burned below Vicksburg--he was on watch there, too. A steam pipe blew up just after the port wheel house fell, throwing 20 bales of burning cotton aloft. The first boat to the scene was the local packet STELLA WILDS plying in the Bayou Sara-Natchez trade. She picked up survivors and was just backing out when kegs of gunpowder in the WHITE's hold exploded, throwing timbers and burning fagots high in the air. This seemed to dampen the fire although by that time the boat was destroyed. There were very few cabin passengers aboard at the time; first reports estimated 15 or 18. Some 30 deck passengers had come aboard at New Texas Landing, just above, and many were lost. The gunpowder was being carried as freight, a usual item. It was stowed in an iron box customarily placed in the forward hold for such purpose.

Two years after the fire, the

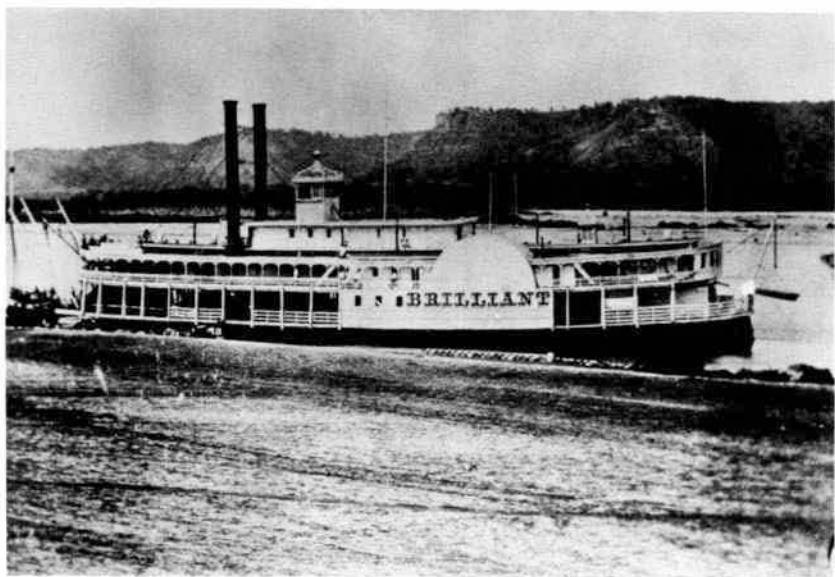
towboat DEFENDER and tow landed for fog in the Red Store Landing vicinity. Her skipper Capt. W. R. Haptonstall asked the boat's carpenter to take a yawl and go to the wreck of the WHITE and saw off a souvenir. The carpenter brought back a chunk of lignum vitae which he said had come from the boat's stem-piece. Captain Haptonstall presented this relic to this writer about 33 years ago and it does valuable service at 121 River Avenue as a door stop. -Ed.

Sirs: I am trying to locate a photo of the steamboat BRILLIANT which my great grandfather served on during the Civil War. The Navy Department does not have a photo of this boat.

Crawford A. King, Jr.,
8868 North Broadway,
St. Louis, Mo. 63147

=See photo below. This packet long has been short on biography inasmuch as she was a wanderer. Russell M. Lintner has dug out the details of her demise and this, plus the above request, prompts a thumb-nail sketch of the boat's story. The BRILLIANT was built at Cincinnati, 1863, for the Cincinnati & Madison Packet Co. Hull 241 by 35. Capt. Charles David commanded. She was frequently tabbed for U.S. service transporting troops and Army stores. As consequence her stay in the Madison trade was sporadic and brief. In March, 1864 she was sold to a St. Louis group

headed by M. S. Mephram for the trade to Memphis, and also for Upper Mississippi service. On October 16, 1865 downbound for Memphis she landed that foggy morning at 6 o'clock at New Madrid to put off a lady passenger. Under way again, floating in the fog, the deck watchman was hard aft on the main deck putting away lanterns in the lamp locker. He was blowing one out when it exploded. The watchman, whose name was Jacobs, turned into a human torch. A lady soused him with a bucket of water (good thinking!) and extinguished him but by now the lamp locker was an inferno and the boat was doomed. Ben Shively was on watch in the pilothouse and promptly stuck her nose in the bushes and left both wheels coming ahead. Everybody got safely ashore, including all 65 cabin and deck passengers, although many were in their nightclothes. Meanwhile watchman Jacobs, badly burned, rushed forward to the ship's magazine in the hold, and threw overboard four kegs of gunpowder stored there as freight. Read in the left column on this page of the burning of the J. M. WHITE, an instance in which the gunpowder was left in the magazine. So to conclude, the BRILLIANT, and a handsome creature she was, lasted less than two years. Somebody, someday, will dig up her bones in the cottonwoods below New Madrid and there will be head-scratching to determine what boat's been found. -Ed.



BRILLIANT

Photographed at Winona, Minn. during the Civil War. See the letter and comments above for details.

AN INCREDIBLY EXCITING MOMENT IN THE LIFE OF

The Unreconstructed Rebel

by Dewey A. Somdal

Dewey A. Somdal is an architect associated with the firm of Somdal, Smitherman, Sorensen and Sherman, located in the L. B. T. Milam Building, Shreveport, Louisiana. For many years his avocation has been Capt. T. P. Leathers and in spare hours Dewey has researched and investigated every possible clue. We first met him face to face when he came to Pittsburgh sleuthing Captain Leathers' visits to the head of the Ohio in 1885 when the hull for the steamer T. P. LEATHERS (2nd) was being built at Freedom, Pa. This was about twenty years ago. Since then we have periodically kept in touch as the manuscript grew into many hundreds of typewritten pages.

With the centennial of the LEE-NATCHEZ race about to be celebrated, and rather than recount the affair which is being publicized in many Valley publications, we asked Dewey Somdal if we might use one chapter in our magazine-- a chapter heretofore untold.

"As far as I have been able to find," Dewey writes, "Leathers never mentioned his experience as a suspected spy in any of his published statements. So far as I have delved, his activities during the four years of the Civil War are passed over almost entirely, with a brief comment to the effect that he had been a 'courier' for the Confederacy."

ON SEPTEMBER 8, 1863, Major J. D. Denis, provost marshal at Mobile, Ala. sent a message to Brigadier General J. H. Winder, provost marshal at Richmond, Va. Both were officers in the service of the Confederate Army.

"General--I am instructed by Maj. Gen. D. H. Maury, Commanding Dept. of the Gulf, to arrest and send to Richmond Capt. T. P. Leathers formerly of New Orleans and to state that there is little or no doubt of his disloyalty, and that his opportunities of mischief are so great as to render it highly injudicious that he should remain here."

General Dabney Maury, who issued the above instruction, was stationed at Mobile where he had been since July. His adverse opinion of Captain Leathers was fanned, and perhaps had originated, when the side-wheel NATCHEZ (fifth), impressed into Confederate service, burned while upbound on the Yazoo River on the afternoon of March 13th, 1863. The fire seems to have been accidental, and certainly was disastrous. Captain Leathers almost at once set in motion a claim against the

Confederacy for her loss, based on an appraisal of \$225,000. A second appraisal three weeks later upped the figure to \$240,000.

The matter of properly approving the claim came to the department at Mobile, headed by General Maury. The Quartermaster there judged the sum to be excessive, so noted his decision on the papers and returned them to Leathers.

Not in the least inclined to reduce his claim, and intent on pursuing its satisfaction, Captain Leathers personally went to Richmond, saw the right persons in the right places, and came away with the blessings of the Comptroller. "This claim was at first suspended for want of proof of the impressment and the appraisement which evidence is now supplied," he penned, and added, "As the general in command objected to the amount of the appraisement and as the claimant had stated the amount of his claim to be \$225,000, it appeared to me that this is the amount that should be allowed."

General Maury, whose decision at Mobile had been reversed, was not impressed. He had cause to become less impressed with Leathers when he received the following report from a local informer:

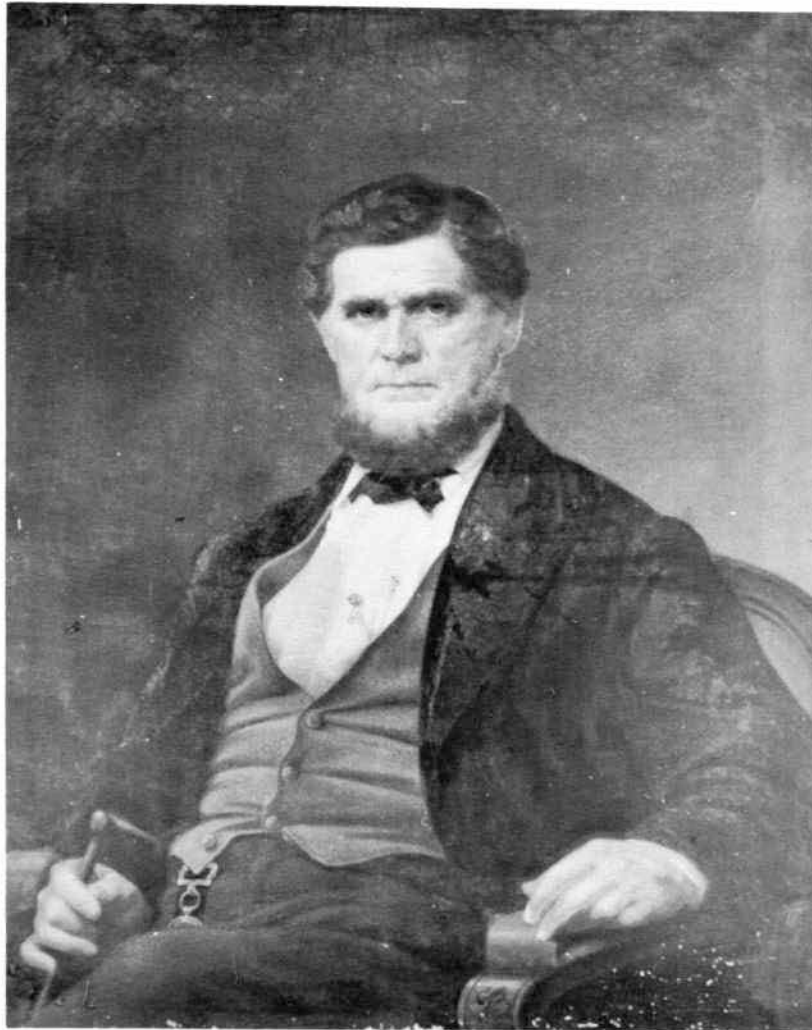
Mobile, Sept. 14, 1863

A short time previous to my departure from New Orleans, which place I left on the 15th ultimo, it was commonly reported and very generally credited that Capt. Thos. P. Leathers, formerly of the steamboat NATCHEZ, had in company with John F. H. Claiborne of Hancock County Mississippi dined at the St. Charles Hotel with a number of Yankee officers and subsequently that said Leathers gave at his private residence on Apollo Street, corner of Josephine Street, a breakfast for some officers of the Federal Army, that they marched into the room to the Yankee National Air of Star Spangled Banner played by a small music box on the center table, that at the table a number of strong Union toasts were drunk.

He left New Orleans with the above mentioned Claiborne. They had a quantity of bagging and rope procured through I. Foster Elliott, in which transaction Yankees were interested. I was unable to unravel the same. It was probably stolen from a Confederate merchant.

(signed) James Forbes.

There were other paragraphs in the above letter accusing Claiborne of dubious dealings, including entertaining Yankees at his house and of having disposed of two crops of Sea Island cotton to the enemy. This John F. H. Claiborne, Charlotte Leathers' uncle, lived in Hancock County, Miss. on the east shore of Pearl River. New Orleans was in the hands of the Yanks; Mobile was in the Confederacy. The Pearl River area was in sort of a no-man's-in-between status. Some smugglers and traders via the Pearl River were profitably working both sides of the street. Claiborne had been under surveillance by the Confederacy for some time. In November, 1862 General Pemberton was advised by letter that "a prominent citizen of Pearlinton, Col. J. F. Claiborne, is in daily communication with the enemy, and no doubt keeps



CAPT. T. P. LEATHERS

The owner-master of the NATCHEZ was born in 1816 on the Leathers farm in Kenton County, Kentucky near Covington. He became associated with his brother-in-law Cassius B. Sandford operating packets out of New Orleans. Then he built and operated a succession of side-wheelers named NATCHEZ (the "racer" was the sixth). His best was the last side-wheel NATCHEZ built in 1879 at Cincinnati. After its loss (see June '69 issue, page 25) a sternwheeler NATCHEZ was built in 1891. Also in the family there were two sternwheel cotton packets named T. P. LEATHERS. The portrait above is from an original oil painting believed to have been made about 1859. The photograph comes from the collection of Dewey A. Somdal. Captain Leathers died, 80, in New Orleans following injury sustained when struck by a bicyclist. His death occurred June 13, 1896.

them advised of all that is going on in his neighborhood."

General Maury, at Mobile, had formed his opinion of Capt. T. P. Leathers prior to reading the James Forbes letter--possibly the letter merely formalized other intelligences. The arrest of Captain Leathers was ordered September 8, 1863; the letter is dated September 14th.

On the day the order was issued from General Maury's headquarters, Leathers indeed was in Mobile, but left that same date for Selma, Ala. on board the packet FLIRT.

Five days later, on September 13th, Leathers was back in Mobile, under arrest. He made a deposition stating that he had left aboard the FLIRT in company with Major Watts CSA. At Selma Watts procured a passport and transportation for Captain Leathers to Demopolis, Ala. and thence to Enterprise, Miss.

The arrest was made at Enterprise, a small hamlet south of Meridian, Miss. Leathers was kept under close guard and was not allowed to communicate with anyone. He was charged with being a spy suspect. His apprehenders returned him to Mobile.

The reason given by Leathers for this Cook's tour of Alabama and Mississippi was that he was maneuvering to get west of the Mississippi "to communicate with my family, which I was prohibited from doing at this place (Mobile)."

General Maury pointed out that the pass issued to Leathers prior to his trip on the FLIRT was for travel to Atlanta, Ga. Instead, he had turned westward from Demopolis to Meridian, and then south toward New Orleans. One plausible explanation is that Captain Leathers had somehow learned of the order for his arrest, an order which had been telegraphed to proper authorities from Jackson, Miss. to Atlanta, and to Richmond.

The day after Leathers was returned to Mobile, General Maury took steps to build his case. The records include a statement, dated at Mobile, September 14, by D. Ferguson, special messenger for General Taylor, Trans. Miss. La. Ferguson states that he was at the tavern at Enterprise on September 12th and there saw Captain Leathers, formerly of the steamer NATCHEZ, under arrest. "That night after supper Leathers appeared to be somewhat excited; talked freely; saying that his arrest was not going to last always; that he would be released; then he would see General Maury out of it."

General Maury dispatched a letter to his immediate superior.

Headquarters
Dept. of the Gulf
Mobile, Ala.
September 14, 1863

General:

Captain Leathers has been repeatedly reported to me as a disloyal man, by his own avowal he has while in New Orleans sought the company of and favor of the Federal authorities, having on one occasion given an entertainment in their honor, his wife has taken the oath of allegiance to the Lincoln government and remains in New Orleans to protect their property

while Captain Leathers claims the rights of a citizen of the Confederacy.

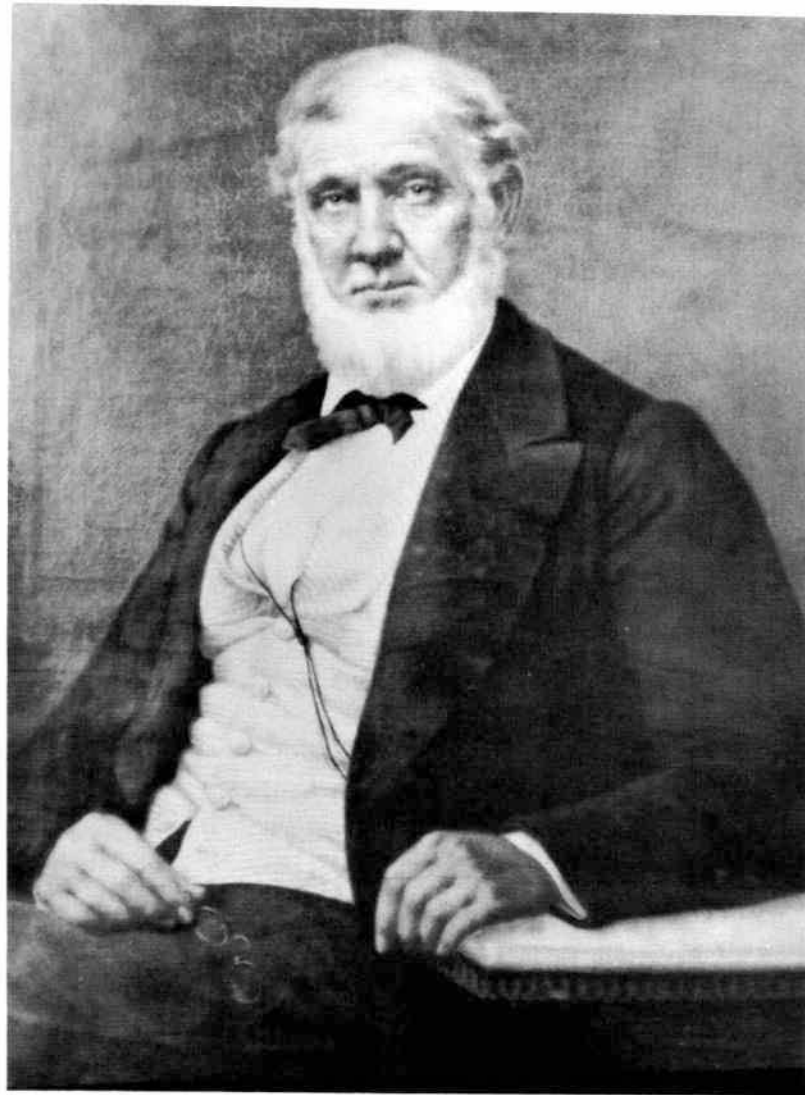
He is in communication with people (Mr. C. C. Claiborne) and others between here and New Orleans, who are generally reported enemies to our country and who come and go through the enemies' lines into New Orleans without question or hindrance from the enemy.

Therefore it seems my duty to prevent him from going about this department at this time, because while he avows that his interests control his principles, therefore he may have the desire to do us harm. He has, especially while here, every opportunity of doing harm. From these considerations I have caused his arrest and have ordered him to be sent to Richmond for detention there, or for such other action in his case as it may call for. But I think on more mature reflection that I will submit the case for your decision and will ask you to send him out of this Department in whatever direction you may think best. He has been about here long enough to acquaint himself with everything important for the enemy to know. He is held in good esteem and regarded as a harmless man and "a good Southern man" by some respectable gentlemen here, while others who seem to have had excellent means of observing his conduct in New Orleans, regard him as true to his nativity, which is Yankee, I believe. He came through here some time ago on his way to Richmond, to recover a large claim on account of the destruction of his steamer NATCHEZ. He has, I understand, succeeded in that and therefore the strongest

G. L. Nourse was Harbor Master and Supervising Inspector at New Orleans between 1870 and 1885. He wrote this:

"I became acquainted with these prominent men and found there was as much difference in their temperaments as there is between a lion and a lamb. Captain Cannon was a mild-mannered, extremely polite person, approachable at all times and never happier than when exploiting the good qualities of the LEE, which was his idol. He held, at the time of the race, no prejudices against his fellow citizens.

"Captain Leathers had one of the most commanding presences possible. He was over six feet tall, a giant in stature, wore a ruffled shirt with a large cluster diamond pin and always dressed in Confederate gray. Woe be to him who referred to the late unpleasantness, as Captain Leathers did not recognize that the war was over, nor did he ever lose sight of the fact that I was a government official and therefore a carpet bagger. The decided difference of temperament in these two equally eminent men in their profession caused them to have admirers temperamentally constituted as they were, so that Captain Cannon's friends were largely of those who accepted reconstruction gracefully, while Captain Leathers had a following that died hard as it were."



CAPT. JOHN W. CANNON

The owner-master of the ROBT. E. LEE was born in 1820 on the Cannon farm in Hancock County, Kentucky, near Hawesville. His older brother was a sheriff in New Orleans when John W. went there in 1838 and became identified with river boats. His most famed packets were the GENL. CUITMAN, ROBT. E. LEE, ED. RICHARDSON and the JOHN W. CANNON. He spent many summers in Frankfort, Kentucky, died on April 18, 1882 and is buried there. The above picture is made from an oil portrait formerly owned by his daughter Cordie (Mrs. John A. Forster) who lived in Louisville, Kentucky, and who died in 1959.

guarantee of his fidelity to the South has been withdrawn. When arrested, Captain Leathers was, according to his own admission, on his way to Western Louisiana, having procured a pass to Atlanta, and was intentionally evading the orders in his case.

I am General
Very respectfully
Your obedient servant
Dabney H. Maury
Maj. Gen'l.

To General J. E. Johnston
Montgomery

For the record, Captain Leathers protested that his change of plans came about this way:- He was to accompany a certain DeBolle "to the other side of the Mississippi River with dispatches to the General in that Department," and he had "an understanding with Colonel Thomas that if his command was on the other side of the river, I would take charge of the Quartermaster Department and he was to assist in getting my family out."

Captain Leathers' anxiety about his family in New Orleans was a real one. Previously they had lived at Natchez, Miss. in a home still standing in 1970 called Myrtle Terrace built in the 1830s. This Natchez home was sold to John Hunter for \$9,500, apparently on notes, as evidenced by the fact that later on Leathers sued Hunter's widow for default of payment. Just prior to the war Leathers contracted for the construction of a home in New Orleans on Apollo Street (now Carondelet). The outside stucco-covered masonry walls (250,000 brick were required) were fired on the inside to prevent dampness and condensation. The gallery floors were white-leaded before laying, and the slate roof was laid in cement mortar. Other fine details included cedar presses, plaster and marble niches in the circular stair well, and granite sills at the doors. Mantels of imported marble were installed. An iron fence and gate ran the length of the Apollo Street sidewalk and the crowning embellishment was a two-story iron verandah that extended the full length of the house. A kitchen and laundry building, plus a fine stable and carriage house adjoined the home. There was a chicken house, a well and pump and a 9,000 gallon cistern.

In the course of construction Captain Leathers changed his mind on some of the details. The roof was built higher than the original design called for, to allow for a larger water storage tank. The fence was altered. The front door and entrance motif were elaborated. Sliding doors were ordered. A plaster cornice was run in the Captain's bedroom.

Thus, as seems the case with many home-builders even unto this time, when contractor Mr. Day submitted his final invoice the amount came to \$27,056.51. Captain Leathers had been figuring on somewhere between \$17,000 and \$18,000. A lawsuit was the outcome. The Court held in favor of the contractor. This was appealed. The war came along and the case drifted. Ultimately the Supreme Court of La. ruled "that plaintiff Day obtain judgment." By that time contractor Day had passed to his eternal reward. That contractor Day built well is attested; the house still stands and is occupied A.D. 1970.

Between the dates of 8th of September, 1863 when General Maury ordered the arrest of Captain Leathers, and the 14th when he was returned to Mobile, Maury seems to have become uneasy about his actions. If General Johnston's reply to Maury's letter still exists, it is buried somewhere in archives, and there seems to be no record of it.

On the 17th Maury addressed another letter, this to the Commander of the Department of Henrico, Virginia.

Headquarters,
Dept. of the Gulf
Mobile, Sept. 17, 1863

General:

On the 8th inst. I ordered Capt. Leathers to be sent under guard for detention in Richmond or for such disposition as his case may call for. I did not until yesterday understand that Judge Saffold is the authorized officer appointed for the Dept. to dispose of such cases. He reported to me for the first time yesterday.

The statements against Capt. Leathers amount to this:

While in New Orleans last April he sought the favor of U.S. military authorities giving sumptuous entertainment in their honor. His wife has taken the oath of allegiance to that government and it is believed by many persons that Capt. Leathers has done the same. He admits all the above, except that he has taken the oath of allegiance.

It is further stated that in April Capt. Leathers came out from New Orleans in a small vessel laden with much merchandise, on board of which vessel came also Mr. C. H. F. Claiborne of Shieldsboro and a number of Federal officers and soldiers.

The vessel went up Pearl River, Capt. Leathers sold his cargo and came to the city. The Federal troops with whom he had come from New



The ornate home of Capt. and Mrs. T. P. Leathers on Apollo (now Carondelet) Street in New Orleans. Captain Leathers is standing on the balcony. The house is still there in 1970. This picture from the collection of Leonard V. Huber, New Orleans.

Orleans proceeded up Pearl River and captured a steamboat and a sailing vessel with which they returned to the enemy's lines.

On hearing recently that Capt. Leathers was again in Mobile I ordered the Provost Marshal to have him sent away as a dangerous man to have amongst us while the enemy with whom he has unusual opportunities of communication is preparing to attack Mobile. His letters pass between him and his family in New Orleans through the hands of Claiborne and of the commander of Fort Pickens. He procured a pass to Atlanta while here, and was arrested at Enterprise while endeavoring to get to Louisiana, as he admits in evasion of the orders of the Dept. Commander.

Capt. Leathers should not be permitted to come into the Dept. again. I am told he is a man of great wealth, and that a good many citizens regard him a "good Southern gentleman;" but the allegations made against his loyalty are by some of the best gentlemen of New Orleans who know them to be true. His own admissions confirm for the most part their statements. He is liable to prosecution for trading with the enemy and we have a right to conclude that he was cognizant if not a party to the seizure of the boats by the enemy in Pearl River.

Dabney H. Maury,
Maj. Gen.

To General I. H. Winder,
Dept. of Henrico.

And so it transpired that Captain Leathers was transported from Mobile to Atlanta, Ga. under military guard. There he was taken to the military prison. He protested being placed in prison and offered \$500 to be, instead, placed in a hotel room under guard. This plea was refused. To further infuriate the good Captain, his black carpet bag containing his clothing and valuable papers was lost or spirited away somewhere in Atlanta between the railroad depot and the prison.

The major commanding the prison post recognized the importance of his prisoner and took immediate steps to transfer him to Richmond, ordering a Lt. Hawkins to deliver Captain Leathers to General J. H. Winder. A telegram dated September 16 from Augusta, Ga. from Leathers to President Jefferson Davis exists on the records. Leathers advised Davis that he was then leaving Augusta under guard for Richmond.

Upon his arrival, Leathers prepared a lengthy statement, apparently with legal counsel, denying guilt of the charges against him, and raising a particular protest about his ill treatment while at Atlanta and the loss of his carpet bag and records.

The music box in his home at New Orleans which had become so famous was explained. The allegations that it had tinkled "Star Spangled Banner" while Union toasts were drunk was labeled by Captain Leathers as "unqualifiedly false." He explained that there were two music boxes in his home. Both were cleverly built so that instead of playing but one tune they ran through a repertoire or stock of tunes without any coaching or meddling with the machinery; by the nature of

their ingenious construction both machines insisted on going through their sequences and would brook no human interference. Leathers was not too sure of the names of the selections. He thought "Hail Columbia" was one of them, and that possibly his informer had mistaken that piece for "Star Spangled Banner." Leathers remembered that "Dixie" was one of the tunes which most surely was played considering the severe sequences the boxes adhered to.

Captain Leathers complained that his wife in New Orleans was in very infirm health, and with a babe only a few weeks old. Certainly she had taken the oath of allegiance to the Union. She did so upon the advice of Rev. Mr. Leacock, she being unable to leave the city. Leathers, on the contrary, was committed to the Confederacy and consequently was registered at New Orleans by the Yanks as an enemy. He was aware that his home in New Orleans had been listed for confiscation.

The good Captain blamed General Maury for raising "hue and cry" widespread over the Confederacy thus affecting his name and good reputation. "It is lamentable," he stormed, "that a citizen should in a free country and under a constitutional government be subjected to suffering, imprisonment and humiliation at the hands of the military authorities on a basis so absurd, so ridiculous, so utterly beneath any sensible consideration of a rational mind."

Why had Leathers obtained a pass from Mobile to Atlanta, Ga.? His intention, he wrote, was to cross the Mississippi, and he had intended in Atlanta to apply at Richmond for a permit for such purpose. Major Watts persuaded him otherwise, pointing out that at Selma he was out of the jurisdiction of General Maury of Mobile. The wrath of Captain Leathers against Maury was tempered on paper. "I wanted to get to the other side of the Mississippi where I could hear from my family, access to whom otherwise had been cut off by unceremonious obstructions interposed by Gen. Maury."

As to other allegations of disloyalty and misconduct Leathers made detailed denial. He had never been on Pearl River in his life, had only once seen its mouth. He had never written a letter to his family since leaving New Orleans, and those he had received from his wife and children were read to the Provost Marshal at Mobile.

The final chapter of this unhappy experience was written by President Jefferson Davis on the covering jacket of the Leathers' papers. In a few words, and in his own handwriting, he addressed the Secretary of War:

Secretary of War for attention. I do not find in these papers sufficient cause for the arrest and confinement of the described Capt. T. P. Leathers.

Jefferson Davis.

Capt. Thomas P. Leathers was again a free man.

Meanwhile the northern Congress had enacted a law entitled, "An act to suppress insurrection, to punish Treason and Rebellion, to seize and confiscate the property of Rebels and for other purposes."

Under the notorious General Ben Butler, this

power of seizure under the act was soon applied in New Orleans. On December 18th District Attorney Rufus Waples moved against Leathers, ordering the seizure of his home and other properties. The order alleged that Leathers "did act as an officer of the army or navy of the Rebels in arms against the government of the United States." The property was assessed at \$34,500. The U.S. Attorney's fee was 2% or \$690.

On December 14, 1864 Capt. T. P. Leathers took the Amnesty Oath in New Orleans, a general pardon which reinstated him as a U.S. citizen. By this action his home and other properties were returned to him. But seven months later, on July 6, 1865, he withdrew his certificate of allegiance to the government of the United States. Thenceforth, for the rest of his life, he acted out the part of an unreconstructed rebel.



Addendum to the foregoing account, and parcel to it, is the plight of Leathers' partner John F. H. Claiborne after the war's conclusion. John Francis Hamtramack Claiborne was born on April 24th, 1807 near Natchez, Miss., the son of General Ferdinand Leigh Claiborne. He was the uncle of Capt. T. P. Leathers' second wife Charlotte Claiborne Leathers. He was a distinguished lawyer, served in the Mississippi legislature, and edited the Mississippi "Gazette" and published "The Statesman" and "The Jeffersonian." At the eve of war he opposed secession. He had a plantation and home at Bay St. Louis and was there to witness the fall of New Orleans to the northern forces. Immediately afterwards he removed to Pearl River.

On January 26, 1868 Claiborne wrote a letter to Capt. T. P. Leathers from Shieldsboro, Miss. which has been preserved, a lengthy epistle disgorging bewilderment and bitterness. "I have sold property and realized nothing. After now starting a peach orchard, a little saw mill in the woods, I work like a slave. My son is an invalid and can do nothing. Your wife would hardly like to see me in your elegant parlor so shabby and seedy is my appearance. I was in town (New Orleans) recently and could not accept an invitation to dine with Capt. Claiborne at his restaurant because I could not afford a new suit of clothes. I am going to Natchez to see my wife, and would like to travel with my nephew on the magnificent MAGENTA but when there surrounded by the nabobs of Natchez you would be ashamed of your piney-woods uncle. Capt. Claiborne's fashionable friends cut me several times on my last trip to town---glad to see me in their back rooms but dodged me on the street."

The nub of Claiborne's differences are summarized in the letter. He confronts Capt. Leathers with these points:-

1. That I rendered you certain services.
2. That we got out a lot of bagging on joint account, and entered into an agreement to buy cotton together if you got the money.
3. That by the contingency of war and the rascality of Confederate agents, the bagging was lost.
4. That cotton purchased by me for joint account and paid for in bagging was seized or----

5. That you never placed in my hands any funds after you recovered your claims.

6. That I loaned you a thousand dollars."

"Many of these things may have escaped your memory," writes Claiborne. "But they are graven on mine as with a hot iron because of the personal risk I ran every hour of my life while the war lasted."

Claiborne's first service was in saving the home of Capt. Leathers. "I knew General Banks, the Provost Marshal General and the judicial. The seizure of your property was stayed." This was accomplished in the face of the fact that the property of nearly every other registered enemy was being seized, sold or occupied by the U.S. military authorities.

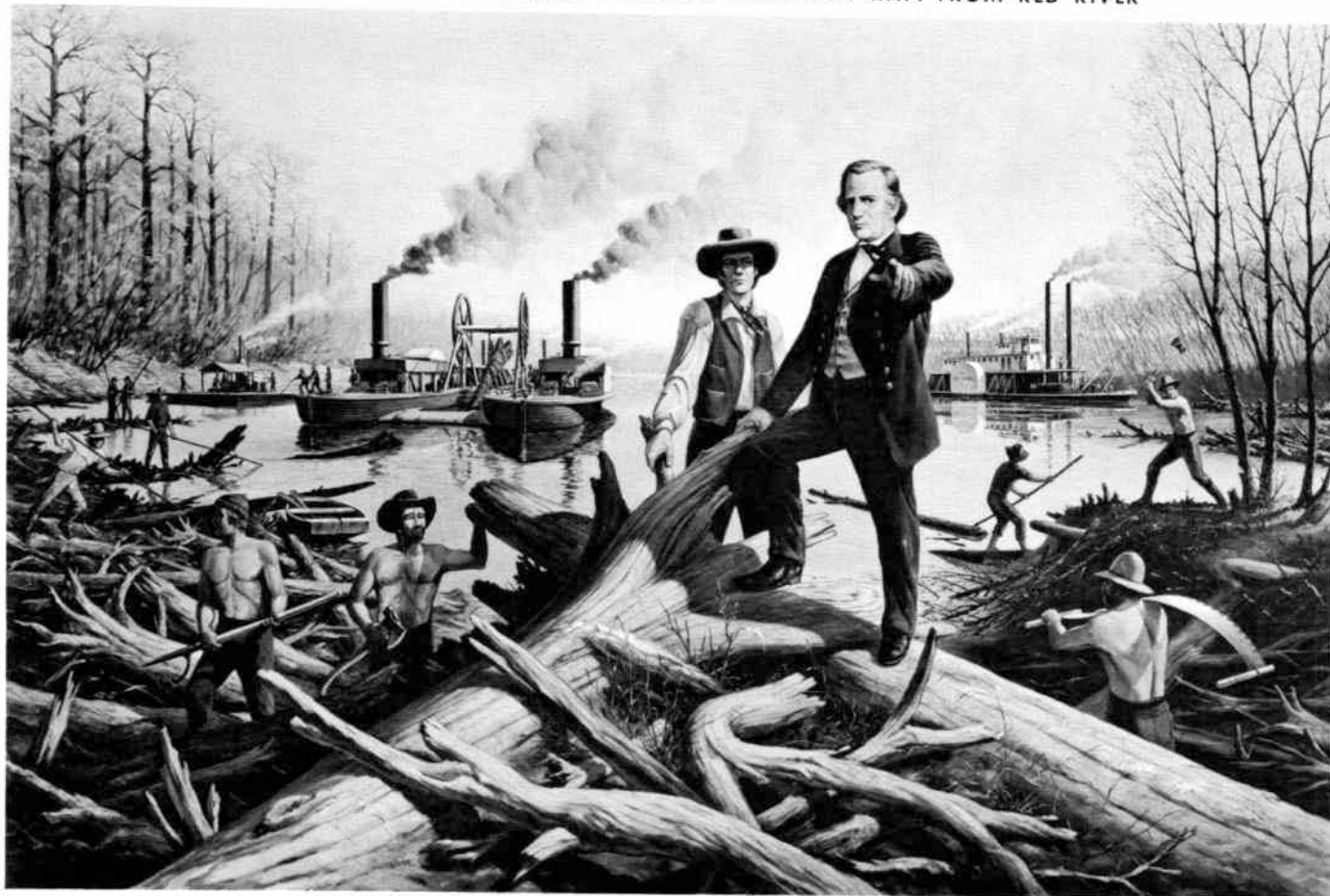
"I then obtained a pass from General Sherman giving you permission to return to New Orleans any time you pleased, an extraordinary concession never granted to any other registered enemy and rarely to anyone."

As to the sum collected at Richmond in payment for the destruction of the NATCHEZ on Yazoo River Claiborne recalls: "The understanding between us was that you were to collect your money and return forthwith to my house and invest it in cotton, or place \$50,000 of it in my hands for that purpose. You and I, in this venture, were in the same boat. Our profits were to be divided. I brought you safe into the Confederacy. You had only to collect the proofs and call on your friend Jeff Davis for the money. As soon as I heard of your arrest I wrote Gen. Maury vouching for your loyalty to the Confederacy, and offering to surrender myself to him if he would liberate you.

"After a long detention and many difficulties you got your money in Richmond. Had you returned forthwith according to your agreement with me, or remitted to me a portion of the money, it could have been promptly invested in cotton at a moderate discount and the returns would have been enormous. But you invested it in Confederate loans, and in private loans, and my arrangements with you had to be abandoned."

The crowning blow came last. Claiborne says this: "On your return to my home (the war was still going on) I accompanied you to the city. When I called to see you a few days after, you told me you were out of money. You asked me if I could let you have a few hundred dollars. I handed you next day \$1,000 in greenbacks, considering it an accommodation to be returned to me, and I took not even your due bill." In 1868, according to Claiborne, the loan was still outstanding and unpaid.

Following the war the U.S. sent wrecking crews to the Yazoo River to rid out wrecks, among them that of the NATCHEZ. When Leathers heard of this he entered suit for recovery of his appraisal of the worth of the boilers, machinery and iron. The claim was disallowed inasmuch as the records showed that he had been paid in full by the Confederacy for his loss. Perhaps we shall never know whether his "investments" in Confederate loans were salvaged, in part or at all. Nor whether the breach with his wife's uncle and family, the Claibornes, was later reconciled.



The Red River raft was no raft in the sense that you and I think of a raft. It was a raft in the good old American colloquial meaning; a pile, a heap, a big gob. Trees, brush and debris on Red River had log-jammed for 165 miles. Some of the early explorers fought their way across it, not suspecting that a river flowed beneath. Nobody knew how it originated, or when, but in 1833 steamboats could not ascend Red River to Shreveport.

Henry Miller Shreve knew more about snags and snagboats than most. He had built such a stump-puller, the HELIOPOLIS, and had house-cleaned the Mississippi. The government gave him the job of ridding out the Red River. For this herculean job Shreve designed a pontoon hull (catamaran) snagboat so ingenious in its design that all U.S. snagboats on the western waters used the same principle as long as snagboats were built. He called her the ARCHIMEDES for the famed Greek who said "Give me a place to stand, and I will move the world."

Yes, he rid the Red. Took him five years to do it (1833-1838) because work had to be suspended during the hot weather months due to low water, cholera and malaria. Back in Louisville, Ky. on June 4, 1838 he penned a letter to his boss, General C. Gratiot, Chief Engineer, Washington, D.C. and said in part: "On the 7th of March last the first steamboat was enabled to force her way through the upper section of the raft, and up to the 29th five merchant boats had passed up, quite through the raft. On that day the entire remainder of the raft was cut, so as to leave a clear passage for boats. Still there remained in the channel a great number of snags, logs, &c., which

have since been taken out by the ERADICATOR. On the 1st of May the navigation through the whole extent of the raft was considered safe, and was navigated by the largest class of boats, trading in that river, with full cargoes, at the rate of seven miles an hour upstream, and twelve down, without damage to the boats."

Shreve dramatized his triumph in one paragraph. "In that part of the river where the raft was located, there was not a trace of a man to be seen from its foot up to Rush Island, near the Caddo agency, when the work was commenced in 1833, and which is now (1838) a continued line of cotton plantations, extending to the town of Shreveport, a distance of 115 miles." The grateful populace named Shreveport in his honor.

Today in the collection of the R. W. Norton Art Gallery at Shreveport is the original of the new oil painting reproduced above. It is the work of artist Lloyd Hawthorne, Box 1000, Pineville, La. 71360. Dominant in the scene is Henry M. Shreve, turned 50, in the midst of the problem. At the left is his "ingenious snagboat" ARCHIMEDES as it truly looked. The artist researched the structural details in the U.S. Patent Office where he located profile and deck drawings; also a detailed description. The U.S. steamer JAVA is over at the right, used to drag away masses of brush and deposit them in back channels. In such manner increased stream flow helped scour the pioneer freeway to Shreveport and above.

Today there is a renewed urgency to improve the Red for modern barge traffic.

Log of STILLWATER II

by Alan F. Gintz

EDITOR'S NOTE:- The two tributaries forming the Muskingum at Coshocton, O. are the Walhonding and the Tuscarawas. The new book by J. Mack Gamble, to be released this summer, tells in Chapter 5 about a steamboat named TUSCARAWAS taking an excursion to Coshocton in the mid-1830's. If any steamboats were there after that time we have not heard of it. The adventure related in this log commenced away up on the Tuscarawas, 159 miles above Marietta and 47 miles above Coshocton. History told in terms of contemporary events is interesting, and the initiative of Alan F. Gintz and his boating partner Mike Scott, both High School students, warms our hearts.

Saturday, July 26, 1969--8:50 am. Mike Scott and I departed from Goshen, just below New Philadelphia, Ohio, on the Tuscarawas River, bound for Marietta. Temperature ranged from 79° in the morning to 95° in the afternoon. Nice day. River about 5 ft. over normal. The various rapids on the Tuscarawas are drowned out. 10:15 am. anchored successfully below Tuscarawas, O. to refuel. Sheered a pin at 11:10 am. on drift. Anchored 12:15 pm. for lunch below the Port Washington bridge. Landed at Newcomerstown at 2 pm. for gas. Out of Tuscarawas County at 2:30 pm. Anchored 3:30 pm. below Orange Rapids to refuel---rapids almost completely covered. Landed at Coshocton, O. 5:15 pm. Got gas and called home. Left at 6:15 pm. Arrived at Conesville at 8:30 pm. and camped right below the power plant.

Mileage for the day..56
Cruising time.....10½ hrs.
Speed..... 5½ mph.
Watercraft spotted...15, all tied to shore.

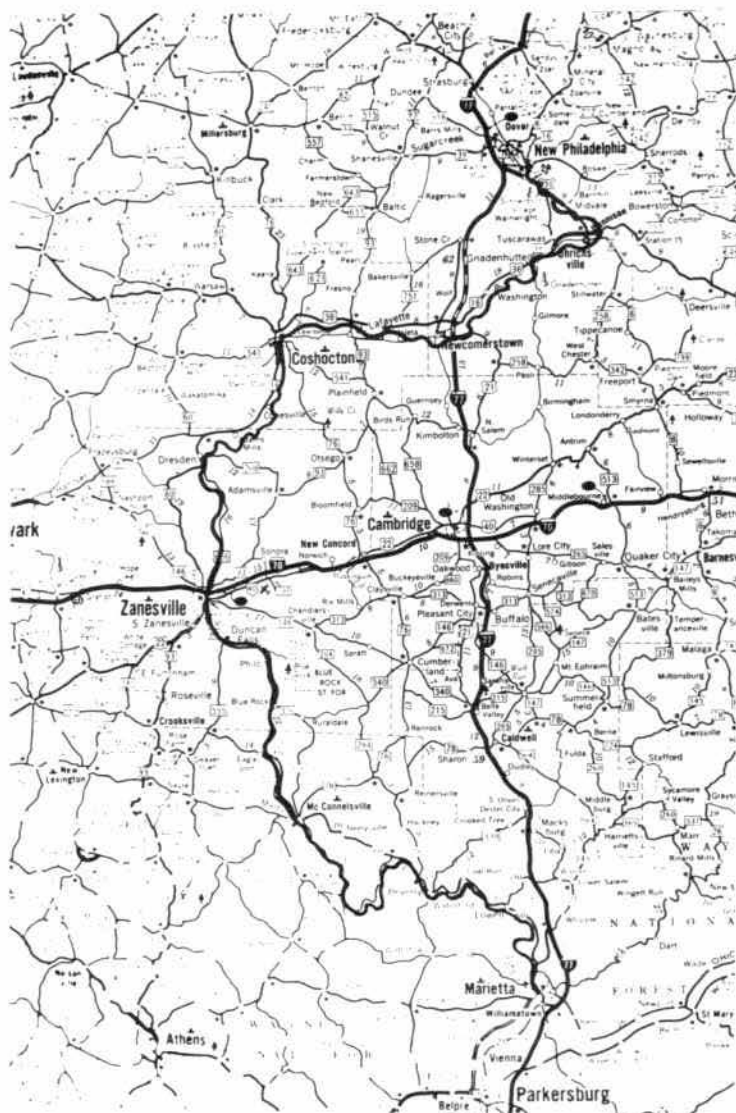
Sunday, July 27--8:25 am. left Conesville. Temperatures in the 70s all day; fair morning and wet afternoon. The stretch of river between Conesville and Dresden is one of the most beautiful on the Muskingum--it is pure wilderness. Stopped at Dresden for gas, and called Dan Diefenbach, grandpa's cousin. Passed Ellis Lock & Dam

at 11:40 am. Then entered what must be the greatest boating haven on the Muskingum River--a boat tied at the end of every lot from Ellis to Philo. Stopped at Zanesville Water Works park for lunch. Rainstorm at 12:30 pm., lasted until 2:30; boat tied at dock. Went through Lock 10, tandem locks, at 3:45 pm. and parents there to see us. Arrived Philo at 5 pm. where we left the boat in the lock and went to supper with our parents at Duncan Falls. Rained while we were in the restaurant 5:15 pm. Through lock at Philo 6:30 pm. At Gaysport hard rain; so hard we couldn't see the bridge at 100 yards. Arrived at Rokeby at 8:15 pm. Parents were there to greet us and make sure we were OK after the hard rain (also to laugh at us!) and after that, they went home. Then rain came down again. We camped in the rest room, the only dry place around. Rained again during the night.

Mileage for the day..49

Cruising time..... 8 hrs.
Speed (approx.)..... 6 mph.
Watercraft spotted, approx.
150 tied, 15 operating.
Locks passed: Nos. 11-10-9

Monday, July 28: Spent morning drying everything out in the sun. Temperature in the 70's all day, fair morning and some clouds in the afternoon. Left Rokeby at 11:30 am. and through the lock at noon. Stopped at Malta to buy new plastic. Landed at McConnellsville at 1:45 pm. for lunch and bought a new spout for the gas can; I dropped the old spout in the lock at Rokeby. River was very choppy north of here. Left McConnellsville at 2:30 pm. Our big problem is dodging drift; the river is full of it. Arrived at Stockport at 5 pm. and locked through at 5:40. Set up camp below the dam on a sand beach--had loud waves from the dam rolling in all night; weather perfect. Stockport is interesting. The lockmaster told me that the old bridge was originally built for a



railroad, and now is a one-lane highway bridge. Mike and I had fun watching two cars enter the bridge at the same time and one would have to back off and let the other pass. The mill here was built in 1898; the lock and dam dates to the 1840's. Went swimming in the Muskingum to-night.

Mileage for the day..17 appr.
Cruising time..... 4 hrs.
Speed (approx.)..... 4 mph.
Watercraft spotted; 50 tied
and 2 operating.
Locks passed; Nos. 8-7-6.

Tuesday, July 29--10:15 am. Lv. Stockport with temperature in the 80's; dropped to 68 pm. Cloudy all day; sprinkling in the afternoon. Landed at noon for lunch across from Ohio Power's Muskingum River plant. Had passed thru Luke Chute Lock at 11:20 am. At Beverly for gas, food and ice at 2 pm. Saw many fishing boats today. Thru lock at Lowell at 5:20 pm. Arrived at Devola at 7 pm. Called home from the vacant lockmaster's house. Slept in front of the house under the stars. The scenery around here is fabulous.

Mileage for the day..34 appr.



STILLWATER II
With crew aboard, bound
down the Muskingum.

The STILLWATER II is named for Big Stillwater Creek which empties into the Tuscarawas right above Uhrichsville. The Stillwater got its name, so say many natives, when pioneer settlers tricked Indians into giving them trinkets and other goods and solemnly promised in return that the creek's flow would turn into whiskey as reward for Indian's compliance. One Indian believed the White Man's prediction. He made repeated visits to the creek's shore, sticking in his finger and tasting. One day he became skeptical and muttered sagely: "Still water, still water."

THE CREW



Alan Gintz



Mike Scott

Cruising time..... 7 hrs.
Speed (approx.)..... 5 mph.
Watercraft spotted; 40 tied,
20 operating.
Locks passed; Nos. 5-4-3.

Wednesday, July 30: Waited all morning for the lockmaster to let us through the lock at Devola but he didn't come. Phoned to the Lowell lock and they sent men to pass us through. Out of Devola lock at 11:05 am. Arrived at Marietta at 11:45 am. Crossed the Ohio River to the West Virginia side at noon. We moved on downstream a little ways and planted a marker bearing the inscription: "Here marks the greatest extent reached by the STILLWATER II of New Philadelphia, O., piloted by Alan Gintz and Mike Scott in their July, 1969 Muskingum River Cruise." We then recrossed the Ohio and fought the Muskingum's current to the riverside park where we stopped for lunch. We then moved upstream to the steamer W. P. SNYDER, JR. which we took great pleasure in touring. After that, we went over a few blocks to the Campus Martius Museum and took particular interest in the steamboat museum there. Good weather all day with temperature in the 80's. After our tours we brought the boat to the Marietta Boat Club and were soon presented with red-

carpet treatment for which we will be ever thankful. For starters, we were permitted to tie up to the Club's docks. Then they let us use the rest rooms to clean up in. In the early evening we went for dinner at the Hotel Lafayette, where we were admitted in blue jeans, tennis shoes, and sport shirts, the best clothes we could find. I had a steak dinner and Mike had a chicken dinner. We then returned to the Boat Club and were making ready to get out our sleeping bags. An invitation came to talk with Clarence and Dot Bishop aboard their very nice 29 ft. cabin cruiser. Another Boat Club member, Bob Bedilion, came over to talk. After two hours of river conversation Bob offered us the use of his houseboat for the night. We accepted gladly; had showers in the Boat Club and then a comfortable night in real beds!

Mileage for the day.. 6 appr.
Cruising time..... 1 hr.
Speed (approx.)..... 5 mph.
Watercraft spotted; 70 tied,
20 operating.
Locks passed; No. 2.

Thursday, July 31--9:45 am. We shoved off from the Marietta Boat Club and went across the Ohio to the Williamstown, W. Va. boat ramp. Landed there at 10 am. and Dad was there to pick us up with the truck. On the way home we went up along the Ohio River and had the good luck of seeing the DELTA QUEEN lock through at No. 13, McMechan, West Va.

Summary: Total mileage: 161 miles, of which 47 were on the Tuscarawas, 112 on the Muskingum (downbound), 1 on the Muskingum (upbound) and 1 on the Ohio.

Personal thanks go to Mike Scott for accompanying and assisting me on the trip; our parents and Grandpa for providing assistance, permission, transportation, visitation, supplies, a meal, and advice; to the lockmasters who cheerfully provided their services for the only two fools navigating the Muskingum at the high water stage; and finally to those three benevolent members of the Marietta Boat Club for their extreme courtesy and helpfulness to the weary up-river travelers.

Dick Bissell says there was the deckhand loafing in the pilot-house and the captain said hey boy if you can't find nothing to do why go into the deckroom and pick up that anvil and hold it.



The above picture was taken at the Ayer & Lord Marine Ways, Paducah, Ky. in the summer of 1927 after the TRANSPORTER had been rebuilt following the memorable tornado of May 9, 1927. On that date, just at dusk, the TRANSPORTER was at Hillerman's Landing below Joppa, Ill. (Mile 953.8) when the storm struck. She was literally blown across the Ohio River and upset. This same storm in Massac County, Ill. killed six and injured fifty persons.

The TRANSPORTER's crew at the time was composed of Capt. George Foreman, New Cumberland, W. Va., master; Pete Briscoe and Graham Varble, pilots; Irven F. Wright and Clayton Wright, engineers. Pete Briscoe died just recently aged 90 (see June '69 issue, page 36) and Irven Wright is an S&D member living at Nashville, Tenn. today.

At the time of the storm the TRANSPORTER was owned and operated by Wheeling Steel Corporation, which then was delivering south its own wares. They had bought her in the fall of 1922 at the behest of Capt. Tom Cavanaugh (Sr.) who was river superintendent. Prior to that Wheeling Steel had not used its own towboats for handling its finished products to market, although it had been shipping pipe loaded in its own barges, contracting the towing, since 1920. (see insert picture).

The TRANSPORTER is interesting in that she was the last of the large "lower river" Combine towboats rejuvenated for service. Charles T. Campbell and others of Pittsburgh bought the VALIANT in early 1921 from Pittsburgh Coal and rebuilt her at the Elizabeth, Pa. Marine Ways. Their firm was called the Water Transport Co., a premature bid, as things turned out, for long distance contract towing. The Ohio River locks and dams were not completed and there were serious interruptions in schedules. The upshot was the sale of the TRANSPORTER to Wheeling Steel in the fall of 1922.

Wheeling Steel continued their mill-to-market deliveries as river conditions permitted, but for lengthy periods the TRANSPORTER often was idle,

tied up below the highway bridge at Steubenville. She was too big and expensive for the regular coal deliveries from the Allegheny River to Wheeling and Portsmouth. Ultimately she was sold to Capt. Birch McBride of Louisville, Ky., an unpredictable and fascinating operator with big-wheel ideas. He towed coal and grain on the Upper Mississippi with her for a time. In 1938 he had her back at his landing when creditors descended.

The sale of the TRANSPORTER has been a subject of pilothouse, engineroom and ringbolt speculation ever since. She was to be brought down from Harrod's Creek to the Louisville wharf for the ceremonies. Enroute she caught fire, burned a complete loss, and the wreck lodged on Six-Mile Island. The date of this enigma was on Monday, December 12, 1938.



These are the original two barges bought by Wheeling Steel for pipe delivery, 200 x 35's, photo taken at Wheeling in 1920. The A Construction Co. had owned them prior. Towboat outside (left) is the SAND BOY of Wheeling Wall Plaster Co.

Upper Missouri Revisited

In our Sept. '69 issue, mention was made that Missouri River steamboat pilots preferred the upper section between the mouth of the Yellowstone and Fort Benton. The water up there is generally clear and the bottom being of rock and gravel doesn't shift much. The Fort Peck Dam is located about midway in that stretch now, backing up an enormous reservoir (and without navigation lock); so it's been a long, long time since any definite information has seeped our way about how the upper Missouri, Fort Peck to Fort Benton, (328 miles) is faring.

The answer is favorable, up to a point. A very capable photographer, Ingvard Henry Eide, tramped the trail of Lewis & Clark lately and did a book about the route. His challenge, and what a challenge!, was to get photographs containing no modern progress. He writes of this in his preface, saying that it's almost too late to do what he set out to do. He found that "long stretches of the Missouri in North and South Dakota, once rich with Expedition campsites, are forever lost."

The 248-page book, called "American Odyssey," is published by Rand-McNally. An introduction is provided by that western expert A. B. Guthrie, Jr. who blasts both barrels into the U.S. Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation. "Both are despoilers, both are ready arms of the pork-barrelers in Washington," sample quote.

Guthrie says "the stretch between Fort Benton and Fort Peck Reservoir gets especial attention here not only because it is in danger of destruction but also because it is pristine, pristine beyond the lingering nature of any other reach of water ridden by the Expedition." The danger he's so concerned about is a proposal to place two dams in the area, one at Fort Benton and one at High Cow Creek. Neither is authorized, but "both are being pushed, never fear, by the Engineers as well as small-town boosters who would trade history permanently in return for temporary hard cash."

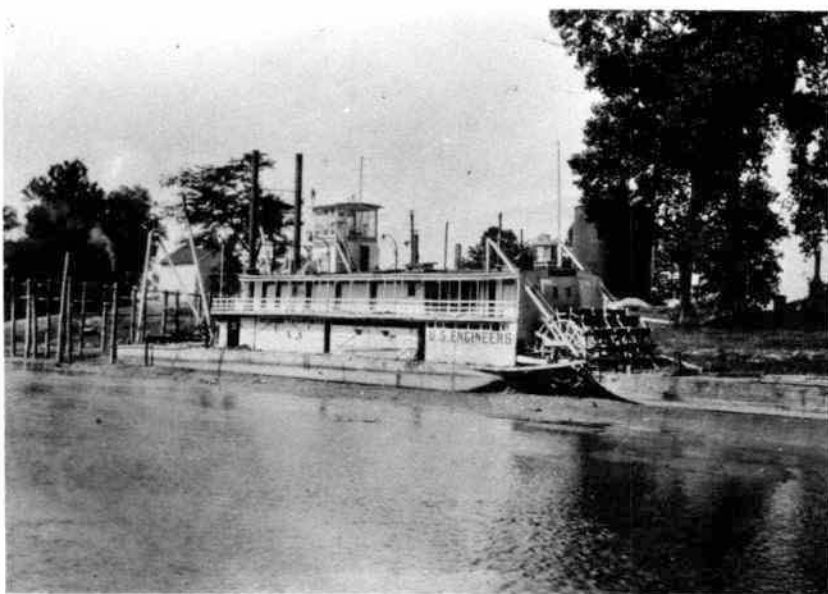
So there you have it from the pen of an expert; a pronouncement that the Fort Peck Reservoir to Fort Benton stretch of the Missouri is unchanged since Lewis & Clark. This, please to remember, in the Year of Our Lord 1970. Lewis & Clark made their epic journey in 1804-1805. We doubt that any river, or section of river, draining into the Mississippi, is today similarly pristine.

We scatter this information as seedlings in the hope that some of our younger S&D'rs, sound in mind and body, and adept with a camera and notebook, will explore this upper Missouri wilderness and sell their wares to National Geographic for a handsome fee. As recompense for this tip-off, we require of course first look, an interview, and a chance to scoop the competition.

Mention was made in our March '69 issue that the probability of the gasboat PAUL S. having been built at Stumptown, W. Va. was unlikely inasmuch as it is not on the Little Kanawha River. Thanks to Walt McCoy we have been handed a column from the Parkersburg News, written by Albert Woolter. He has this to say:

"It says here (in one of our notebooks) that gasoline boats traveled Steer Creek as far up as Stumptown, but only in times of high water. Stumptown is approximately 10 miles upstream from Russett, the point where Steer Creek empties into the Little Kanawha. Above Stumptown, Steer Creek divides, the left hand fork to Orton and the right hand fork to Rosedale. We have been told that the cargo to Stumptown included pipe for the Hope Natural Gas Co., much of it for Jones Station at Lockney, about two and a half miles upstream. From Stumptown the pipe likely was carted by horse and wagon for the remainder of the journey."

So, take it back. The official records were more knowledgeable than we were. Set it down for a fact that the PAUL S. in 1911, hull 54.6 by 9.3 by 1.8 was built at Stumptown, W. Va. on Steer Creek, then navigated 10 miles to the Little Kanawha. In 1917 she was owned by Sylvester Stump, address Stumptown, W. Va. In 1921 she was owned by Elmer Campbell ($\frac{1}{2}$) and Orvin Campbell, both of Henrietta, W. Va.



The MANDAN was the last steamboat to blow her steam whistle at Fort Benton, Montana. This picture of her was made at the U.S. Engineers boat yard, Gasconade, Mo. Look closely; she's not going anywhere at present. A fast falling river beached her out on shore. This steel hull snagboat was built at St. Louis in 1891 on a hull 138 by 24. She made her first trip to Fort Benton in 1908, and came again in 1912, 1913, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918 and 1921 under Captains Gould, Charlesworth and Maundling.

Earlier, in 1905, commanded by Capt. Grant Marsh, she was up the Yellowstone to Glendive, Mont. In 1921 she again was up the Yellowstone to the dam at Mondak, 20 miles below Glendive.

This snagboat ultimately wore out and was dismantled at the Gasconade boat yard. Her hull was towed to Bluffton Island Chute and sunk there.



ABOVE: A photograph by Ingvard Henry Eide taken lately along the upper Missouri, reproduced from his book "American Odyssey." He does not pin-point the location. Inasmuch as his pictures follow the sequence of the Lewis & Clark expedition, we are led to assume that this pinnacle tower rock is in the Fort Benton vicinity.

BELOW: Obviously the same location, this view was taken fifty years ago by a U.S. Engineer's cameraman. The boat is the MANDAN, upbound, landed at the base of the rock pinnacle. Which seems to prove something, maybe:- there was more sign of civilization fifty years ago than today. The MANDAN made frequent trips to Fort Benton for many years.



Last year Capt. Art Bull became president of River Excursions at Dubuque, Iowa, the firm which owns and operates the diesel excursion boats JULIE N. DUBUQUE, LADY D and LADY M. Captain Bull has written us a letter and says: "I'm not a newcomer to the boat business; I've spent a lifetime at it. However I didn't get the money to purchase River Excursions as one might expect. I was also a World's Champion professional wrestler and that's how I got the money to do this."

--And here's an odd one. He also says: "I do not plan to change the names of the boats; they fit me real well. It's fine to have the LADY M honor one of my daughters, Mickey Bull. The name LADY D also is fine; it now also honors another of my four daughters, Debbie Bull."

Captain Bull says: "Debbie is fast becoming a real fine pilot and will be getting her license in September. Strange, how I have four girls--no boys-- and they are all crazy about becoming river captains. They want to become famous like Capt. Mary B. Greene."

South Shore, Ky. 41175 is the post office name for the settlement which used to be Fullerton, across from the upper end of Portsmouth, Ohio. Fullerton once had a thriving ferry business; the first one we saw there was the PEERLESS in 1918, and the last one probably was the CAPTAIN JOHN operated by Capt. John F. Davis who lived at Fullerton. He was ferrying across the Scioto bottoms during the high flood of 1937 when CAPTAIN JOHN struck a log and sank. This ferry originally was the NINA PADEN in the Parkersburg-Belpre service. Also she had served between Ashland, Ky. and Coal Grove, O., then named CITY OF ASHLAND.

Sirs: Glasgow, Pa. is said to be where the steamboat YANKEE was built in 1847. An 1892 atlas says that Glasgow was in Beaver County, Pa., but does not show the spot on the map. Was, or is, Glasgow on the Ohio River?

The Lytle List gives Hookstown, Pa. as the place where the steamboat SILVERHEELS was built in 1857. I always thought that Captain I. N. Hook built the hull at his home, Hooksburg, O., on the Muskingum, and took it to Marietta for machinery. Can you connect Captain Hook with Hookstown,

Pa.?

Clyde K. Swift,
274 Newton Avenue,
Glen Ellyn, Ill. 60137

=Glasgow, Pa. was a settlement on the right shore of the Ohio River just above the mouth of the Little Beaver; Smith's Ferry is just above. The Lytle List errs in giving the place of build of SILVERHEELS at Hookstown, Pa., a town inland from Georgetown, Pa. The more likely place, as Clyde Swift suggests, was at Hooksburg, O. along the Muskingum. -Ed.

Mrs. W. L. Patterson, Box 187, Sunflower, Miss. 38778 says there is a wreck of an old steamboat visible during low water periods "about 17 miles from the mouth of the Cuiver River, and 117 miles above the mouth of the Sunflower" near her home. She has recovered some white pine from the wreck and has had a lamp base made from it. She contacted J. T. Lancaster, Sr., who has been a resident of Sunflower more than 68 years, and he says the wreck was there when he first came, but he never had heard of its identity. The old steamer is described by Mrs. Patterson as "about 200 feet long and the ribs, and old rods and bolts are there."

In 1959 the wreck of the DEW DROP, burned by U.S. forces in May, 1863, was located on Cuiver River by Earl Teague and Sgt. James A. Moore. They recovered souvenirs. During low water in August, 1962 the wrecks of the CHARM and PAUL JONES were explored by scuba divers on the Big Black in Mississippi at Bovina, sunk there in 1863.

Sirs: Seeing the picture of the MARY McCONNELL in the March issue reminds me that I saw her hull out on the bank during World War II. My impression is that it was at Hickman, Ky. We landed an LCT there to pick up groceries. I saw the wreck, asked a few questions, and it was thus identified.

Capt. Edgar F. Mabrey, long with the Streckfus excursion boats, once told me that he did his first boating on the MARY McCONNELL.

I may have taken a picture of that sad-looking old hulk at the time; if I run across it I'll send a copy.

C. W. Stoll,
Rock Hill,
Mockingbird Valley Road,
Louisville, Ky. 40207

Sirs: The picture of the FRANCIS J. TORRANCE on page 11 of the March issue was taken in the Muskingum River, Harmar side, about three blocks above the Marietta Manufacturing Company's plant at Strecker Brothers' boiler shop. The large building on the opposite bank I believe is the old Acme Flour Mill, later the Osterley Wagon building.

Also there is mention in that issue of the packet OHIO built at Marietta in 1909. The Knox Boat Yard contracted to build her, and loftsmen Harry D. Knox, Jim Zearing and Kirk Hall used the moulds from the VALLEY GEM, shortened and narrowed by pulling in the first five or six model frames, shortening the dead flat and the stern frames. These moulds were in the old loft at the Knox Yard when Hammett took over. The OHIO was not built at the usual location in the yard, but down below it--an old boat bottom lay there which may have been the hull of the CITY OF NEW ORLEANS from the Anchor Line. The main yard was being held in readiness for the construction of several other boats at the time.

Lou Seshar,
537 Conrad Ave.,
North Charleroi, Pa. 15022

Sirs: Of all the boats that ever floated, I consider the Missouri River mountain boats as the most remarkable ever built. Some say the most remarkable were the submarines, but the only thing they were unusually good at was submerging. Shucks! Plenty of the mountain boats did that.

I enjoyed the Fort Benton article (Sept. '69 issue) especially since I am planning a cruise up that way. You mention "Mondak, Montana, wherever that is." Why plague take it, man! everybody knows where Mondak is, or was. I haven't been prospecting up that way recently so I don't know if any of the town remains or not. It was located on the right bank of the Missouri, about two miles above the mouth of the Yellowstone, approximately one-half a mile from the site of old Fort Union.

I can find only one complaint about our S&D REFLECTOR. It is too long a wait between copies.

R. Allen Coleman,
6784 Franklin,
Omaha, Neb. 68104

=See page 18 for another version of the location of Mondak. -Ed.

The FANNY BULLITT and the Civil War

by Capt. J. A. Lemcke

Our latest map of the Lower Mississippi shows no trace remaining of Fanny Bullitt Towhead which for years on end graced the eastern shore in Kentucky Bend about half-way between Greenville and Lake Providence. It was named for the steambot FANNY BULLITT, the heroine of the following story. The Bullitt plantation in Civil War days was in the state of Mississippi, Washington County, bordering the river from present-day Stella Light (Mile 519.1 AHP) to Kentucky Bend Lower Light (Mile 516.8 AHP). We are indebted to Dr. Charles F. Leich of Evansville for a stat copy taken from the Indiana Magazine of History, 1905, where Capt. Lemcke's writings were first published under the title "Reminiscences Of an Indianian."

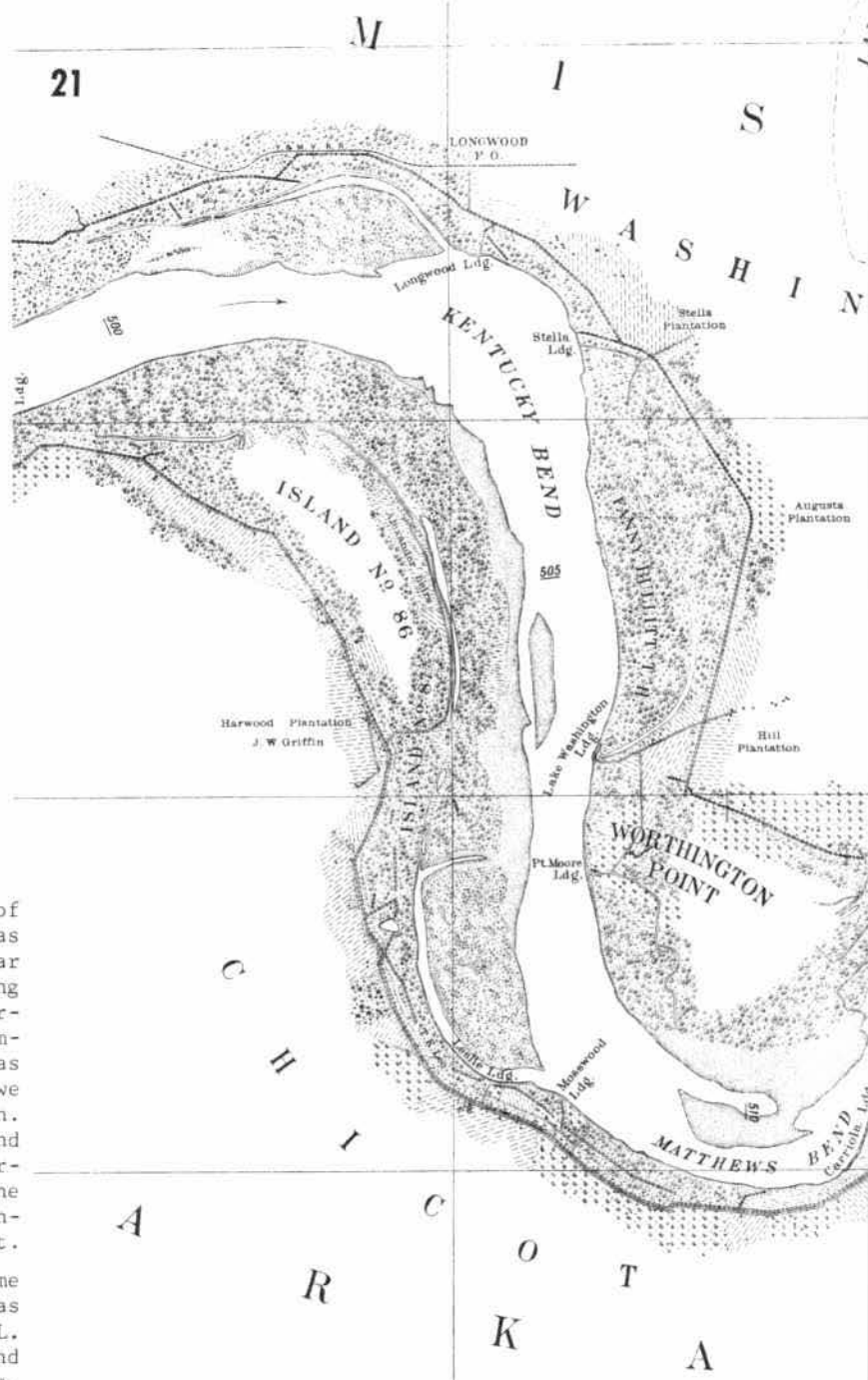
The steamer FANNY BULLITT, a side-wheeler of good dimensions and fair speed, of which I was part-owner and head clerk at the time the war broke out, cleared port under Confederate sailing papers and made her last departure from New Orleans for Louisville on April 29, 1861. At Memphis, where the rebel authorities looked on us as Yankees, and I was known to be a republican, we barely escaped arrest, and the boat confiscation. We arrived at Louisville with an empty cabin; and after discharging a scanty cargo of rosin, turpentine and a little sugar, the boat went to the boneyard below the Falls at Portland, where, until November of that year, she choked a ringbolt.

Now that the war had actually begun it became apparent that steamboating on the Mississippi was at an end, and that the J. M. WHITE, the A. L. SHOTWELL, the BEN J. ADAMS, the ECLIPSE, and other swift and luxuriously appointed steamers, once the pride of the Mississippi River valley, were doomed to be recollections of the *tempi passati*, to be commemorated only in pictures adorning hotel lobbies and boarding-houses.

...Power and Glory Paled and Faded

From an early day it had been the ardent wish and nightly dream of every barefooted boy on the banks of the river to be, or to become, the commander of one of these fiery dragons with glittering interior. The mighty power of the president at Washington, and the transcendental glory of the man with the big horn in the village brass band, paled and faded when compared with the exalted loftiness of the captain, as with the haughty air of a rooster's tail at sunrise he proudly trod the hurricane deck of one of these floating palaces.

Our captain, a Kentuckian and southern sympathizer, from constant worry over the deplorable condition of the country, fell sick, and in the early summer, died of a broken heart. At his death, the care of the boat and her considerable



FANNY BULLITT TOWHEAD

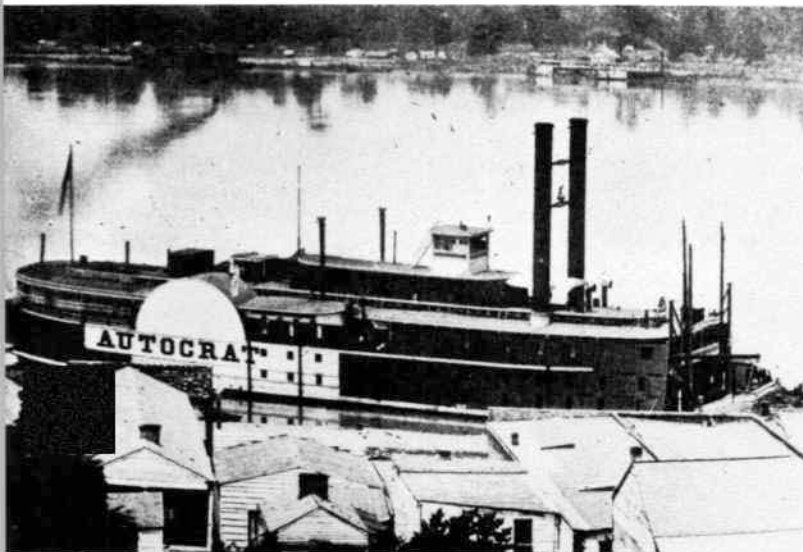
The above map was issued in 1916 showing Fanny Bullitt Towhead after it had become a part of the main shore of Mississippi, in Washington County. It extended from Stella Landing down to Lake Washington Landing at that time. The actual place where the steamer FANNY BULLITT was lost cannot be pin-pointed on this map due to the meandering of the Mississippi River since March 15, 1864 when the accident happened.

indebtedness fell to me; and when the patriotic boys in the north, at the call of the president, shouldered their guns, and with colors flying followed the fife and drum to glory, I found my hands tied and was thus prevented from enlisting. The summer wore on in anxious and irritating inactivity, and when, in the autumn, I proposed to offer the FANNY's services to the Union forces then gathering on the lower Ohio, I met with determined opposition from our Kentucky owners, who would not let the boat go into service against their southern friends and kinfolks.

Restive under the situation, and determined to

break the deadlock, I bestirred myself. I was fortunate enough, with the aid of a friend, to raise the money in bank wherewith to buy out the disaffected and rebellious partners and thereby increased my already heavy indebtedness. Money in those days was very hard to get, and it took a Caesarian operation to deliver the bank of sufficient to satisfy my demand. I thus became the owner of five-sixths of the FANNY BULLITT, and I also became her commander. The other one-sixth interest remained the property of my friend Captain Ronald Fisher, a staunch Union man, who continued second in command of the boat.

Not told in Captain Lemcke's account, but well documented, is the swap he made to buy the FANNY BULLITT. He was building the hull for a large side-wheeler at Paducah and ran out of money. He sold this hull and bought his share of the BULLITT with the proceeds. The hull at Paducah was completed and became the famed AUTOCRAT (270 feet long over all) commanded by Capt. L. B. Dunham, the original skipper of the FANNY BULLITT. The AUTOCRAT did noteworthy transport and hospital service during the war in the US CMC. In 1866 she was renamed SOUTHERNER, burned at Algiers, La. on April 10, 1868.



AUTOCRAT

Photo made during the Civil War when she was a troop transport and hospital. Probably taken at Vicksburg. We are indebted to Bert Fenn for the picture.

Organized bands of southern sympathizers, in the fall of that year, were operating on the shores of the lower Ohio in southwestern Kentucky. They were engaged in smuggling contraband munitions of war into the Confederacy, and in disturbing the people in the towns and villages on the Illinois side of the river. As yet, along this part of Mason and Dixon's line, no military posts had been established by the Federal government.

At Shawneetown, ten miles below the mouth of the Wabash, an Illinois regiment of cavalry had gone into camp for recruiting and organizing purposes. Here I directed my steps, and to the officers of the regiment proposed to bring my man-of-war and help them put down the rebellion "in

ninety days," and whip those blustering Johnnies who constantly boasted that each of them could easily whip five of us northern mudsills. This offer of mine was promptly accepted by the colonel and his officers. I knew full well that authority for such service vested in the War Department only, and that no pay could be expected. I therefore stipulated that I should be enrolled on the roster of this horse regiment as captain of "horse marines," without shoulder straps, and should have authority to draw rations for my men from the commissary of the regiment, and that oil for the machinery, cordage and oakum should be furnished by the quartermaster; while the necessary fuel I engaged to requisition boldly from neighboring coal mines. These proceedings were altogether irregular, not ordered by the War Department, nor authorized by Army regulations, but by us hotheads were held to be highly patriotic, laudable and necessary to bring the war to an end and hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree.

...Nearly Sank at Cloverport

The colonel of the regiment, a pet of Governor Dick Yates, was troubled with ingrowing nerve; but he shall be nameless. I may call him "Old Liver-Pad," for in civil life he was a quack doctor.

When cattle felt indisposition,
And stood in need of a physician;
When murrain reigned in hogs or sheep,
And chickens languished of the pip,
then the colonel was always found at his best;
and it was asserted, without fear of successful contradiction, that he had to a nicety figured out

How many scores a flea will jump
Of his own length, from head to rump.

On taking the boat from her berth at Portland, where she had lain all summer and autumn, I spared no wisdom to induce the wharfmaster to take my I.O.U. in liquidation of accumulated port charges instead of cash, which I had not. Shrinkage during the dry summer months had opened seams of the hull above the water line, and when the caulking let go they admitted water freely. The defect had been carelessly overlooked before starting. On the way down the river I noticed a perceptible settling of the boat, and to keep her from sinking I hastened to turn her head to the bank at Cloverport, Ky. Here, while I "blowed" the bellows, I had the village blacksmith at short metre hammer out some caulking irons; and on a hastily constructed float, the engineer, the pilot and I lowered ourselves overboard, and with the oakum on hand, tightened up the leaky seams as best we could. As I had but a small complement of men, it took us all night to pump out the bilge before we could proceed and finish the two hundred and forty miles intervening between Louisville and Shawneetown. At our arrival amidst alarums of drums and the huzzas from warriors and citizens on shore, we hoisted the stars and stripes at the jackstaff, and never lowered them again from that time on. As I had no money wherewith to pay wages, the crew patriotically went into writings with me, stipulating that unless the state of Illinois or the Federal government at some future day paid the boat for her services, no claim for wages should lie against me nor the boat.

We were all of us, the captain as well as his crew, in those days so impecunious that our tob-

acco was begged from the boys in blue, who were well supplied; of all other delicacies only the Sunday pie remained, which, for want of fruit, was made of beans until bugs and worms were found in the beans. At the little old post of Shawneetown that winter I was looked upon as representing the Navy and feted accordingly by the patriotic dames of the town. This secured for me, now and then, a much needed square meal, in return for which I never failed, in the most engaging manner, to make myself agreeable to maid and matron alike at any of their dances and evening parties.

In support of the proverb that a sitting hen gathers no moss, we bestirred ourselves strenuously in raids and expeditions along the Kentucky shores, where, under orders from the officers of the regiment and with the aid of its men, we pursued marauders, captured needed forage for the horses of our regiment, and confiscated and destroyed ferry-boats and other watercraft used for purposes of smuggling and disturbing that portion of the people in "Egypt" on the opposite shore of the river who were loyal, and who were not out in the smartweed and dog-fennel at midnight plotting treason and drilling with the Sons of Liberty and Knights of the Golden Circle.

...Ordered to Cairo by General Grant

By the time the Federal forces had established military posts at Paducah and Smithland, early in 1862, there came an order from General Grant to report with the FANNY BULLITT at headquarters in Cairo. On our arrival there my boat, together with other steamers, was ordered to anchor out in the middle of the Ohio and await orders. Meanwhile I kept up communication with the shore, and during my daily reports to General Grant had, when the tobacco smoke was not too dense, favorable opportunities to observe the silent commander. At Grant's boarding house, where Charles A.

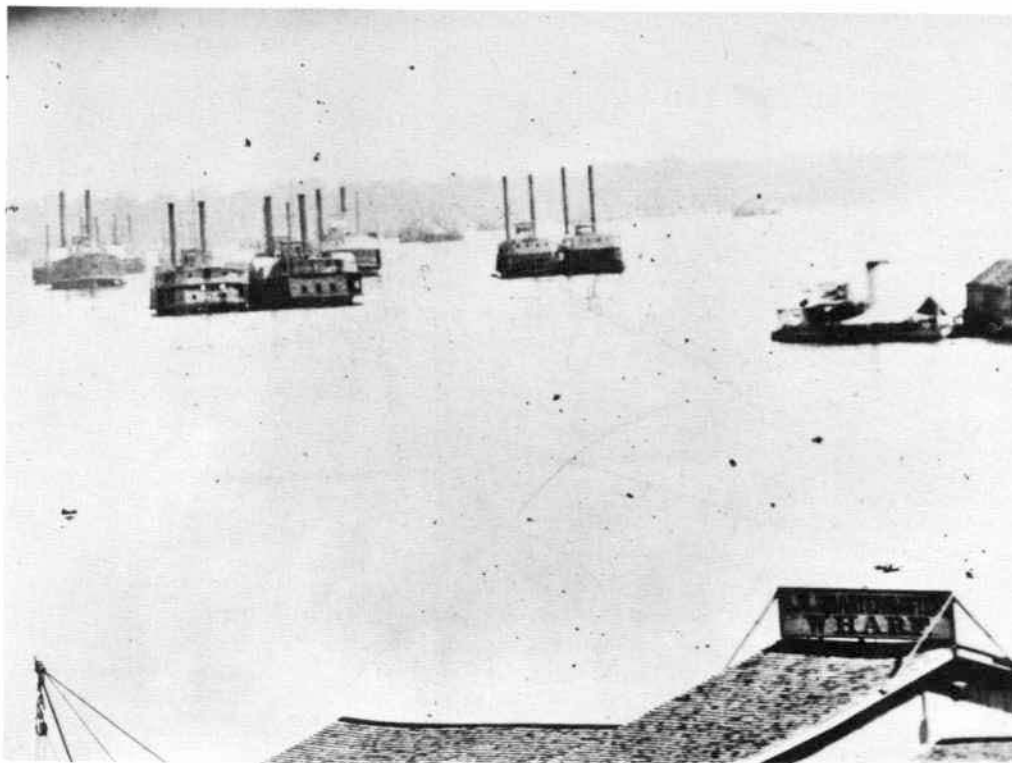
Dana and George Boutwell, the latter an ex-governor of Massachusetts, then in Cairo on a war mission, and myself were the only other boarders, we found the General fairly communicative and genial. Captain Hillier, Colonel Lago and Master of Transportation Wash Graham, of the staff, were gay and sporty, while Colonel Rawlins, who afterwards arose to eminence, was earnestly devoted to his duties as chief of staff.

...Participated at Henry and Donelson

After we had taken part, under General McClelland, in a reconnoissance down the Mississippi near Columbus, Ky., which brought no results, I was sent with artillery and ammunition to Fort Henry on the Tennessee River. Here Grant, with the aid of Commodore Foote's gunboats, made his first draw in the game which opened to him the western vitals of the Confederacy. We remained during the fight and then returned to Cairo.

Fort Donelson on the Cumberland River surrendered on February 15, 1862. I was there with the FANNY BULLITT on the day of the surrender, and was ordered the next day to load up and take away from the battlefield to unknown hospital accommodations the first of our seriously wounded men, two hundred of whom completed the cargo. The season was an excessively wet one and the camp and battlefield were knee-deep in yellow clay, which, kneaded into slush, made life very sloppy and disagreeable for everybody.

The Cumberland River, out of banks, with its turbid drift-laden flood, rushed along at mill-race speed. Surgeons could not be spared from the battlefield, so that I had to depart without a single doctor or nurse. As there were but few hospitals thus early in the war the FANNY's destination was, after reporting to General Sherman at Paducah, mouth of the Tennessee, left entirely to my judgment.



U. S. gunboats, transports and a monitor (right) anchored at Cairo, Ill. during the progress of the Civil War. The sign on the wharfboat in the foreground says: U. S. QUARTERMASTER'S WHARF. None of the boats is identified, but the FANNY BULLITT very well may be one of the side-wheelers in the distance at the left. The original of this is from the Capt. Sam G. Smith collection.

...Pilot Barney Seals Was Drunk

On leaving Donelson we had not much more than straightened out, laying the boat in her course down stream, when night lowered her somber mantle upon us, and a stormy, dark and ugly night it proved to be. Barney Seals, the only pilot on board, was drunk; and as through Egyptian darkness with lightning speed we rushed down a bend or rounded a point of that crooked river, the strings of my heart would tighten until the blood receding, would all but leave it at a standstill. The intoxicated Barney's catlike eyes, illuminated as they were by the fumes arising from the liquor within, enabled him, however, to bring us safely past all submerged banks and invisible deathdealing obstructions. He skillfully managed to keep the boat out of the woods and away from cornfields, and held her steadily in her marks.

As in the course of the night, for a short space, I left my post on the hurricane deck to look in upon the cabin, with its hospital of wounded sufferers, I stumbled over dead bodies brought, as they had died, from the cabin to the guards of the boiler deck. In the dimly lighted interior, where two hundred men lay on blood-stained straw, and feverish moans filled the air, a horrible vision came to my distressed brain. It pictured possible shipwreck. I could see the wounded men, with broken legs and maimed arms, frantically struggle and helplessly sink to their death in the merciless waves of the turbid flood.

...Volunteer Nurse Aided Wounded

Horrified and disheartened at my helplessness and turning to escape this nightmare, I suddenly came upon a woman, who had entered through one of the cabin doors. She was of middle age, broad and staunch of posture, and had a kindly but resolute face. Her sleeves were rolled up to the elbow, and the skirt of her calico gown was tucked back. She carried in one hand a pail of hot water, and in the other an armful of the boat's bed sheets and pillow slips, torn into strips for bandages. Following her were two deckhands, carrying additional pails of hot water from the boilers below.

Spellbound at the sight of a woman (the only one of her sex aboard) who had come as a volunteer and unauthorized, I followed her every movement as she dressed wounds, washed the blood and grime from them, spoke encouraging words to the fever-racked sufferers, and took last parting messages for widowed wives and sorrowing mothers from dying men, until I could see a halo of golden light encircle and illumine the head of this veritable Mater Dolorosa.

Mrs. Bickerdyke, a woman of great administrative ability and determination, came to Cairo as a volunteer nurse at the time General Grant assumed command. She was at Donelson when it fell, and in the evening of the FANNY's departure for the Ohio River, unaccompanied, she had boarded the boat without orders or asking permission from anyone. In the dead of night she appeared amongst us as an angel of mercy, and quietly went to work to relieve suffering. In her efforts she appropriated everything needful, and feely called on the crew of the boat for aid, which was cheerfully given and never refused. From the time she left us at Paducah the next day until

the close of the war I never lost trace of this remarkable woman.

In appreciation of her kindly efforts and helpful work among the boys in blue she soon became known as Mother Bickerdyke; and when General Grant discovered her eminent executive ability and courage, the lines of his army and doors of hospitals were opened without restraint; and she was invested with such power as, from that time on, proved a menace to drunken hospital stewards and a warning to dissolute or neglectful Army surgeons.

A violet streak in the east, and then a luminous mist, followed by the golden chariot of Apollo, announced that day had come at last, to dispel the horrors of the night and soothe the misery of the afflicted. The blessed light was hailed with satisfaction by all on board; and those who, with closed eyes, lay stiff and stark upon the deck, appeared peaceful and submissive to their lot as their forms emerged from the gloom.

...No Hospital At Paducah

Arrived at Paducah I promptly reported at headquarters to General Sherman, only to learn that he had no place to send me and the poor sufferers in my charge; and over a glass of brandy, in which I joined him, he deplored the utter lack of hospital accommodations.

The scanty and incomplete hospital accommodations at Cairo and Mound City, fifty miles below Paducah, had already been exhausted; and Paducah then had not a single hospital bed prepared. So General Sherman, though powerless to order, in a kindly and helpful manner, advised me to try Louisville, where he thought I would find relief. Without doctors or nurses, a further journey of four hundred miles, climbing a six-mile current, in a river filled with heavy drift, meant a tedious trip for the boat, and offered a dolorous outlook for the wounded and suffering men, who, from this time on, had to do without even Mother Bickerdyke. This good woman was needed in Cairo, and she reluctantly left us to our fate.

Anxious to reach sorely needed help I determined to waste no time, and having

Promptly found my resolution

I quick put it in execution,

by weighing down the safety valves. With steam raised to the danger point, I now strove to overcome the heavy current and the swollen river.

...Aided at Shawneetown and Henderson

Arrived at Shawneetown, where everybody knew me, I sent for some of the women and leading business men of the place, and after having told my tale of woe, I was partially relieved. Under the stimulus of their charitable and patriotic impulses all the Illinois men on board were taken ashore.

At Henderson, Ky., forty-five miles farther up the river, those citizens of the prosperous little city who were loyal to the Union cause, took what few Kentuckians I had.

At Evansville the authorities took all my Indiana men ashore, where, at the hands of the good women of that place and other patriotic citizens, sorely needed attention was furnished in kindly abundance.

This was done by direction of Governor Morton at Indianapolis, with whom I had promptly entered into telegraphic communication. By orders from the governor we were also supplied with stores and medicines, doctors and nurses and every other thing needful to the remaining patients; and when I turned the FANNY loose upon the last two hundred miles of this eventful voyage it was not only under a less dangerous weight on the steam gauge, but with a let-up of pressure on my spirits as well.

...High Water at Louisville

At Louisville I found no difficulty from lack of hospital accommodations. On account of the extraordinary height of the river, however, no landing could be effected until, with much difficulty, I succeeded in sticking the boat's nose into Fourth Street, a long ways up among the stores and offices of the city. Here we unloaded the last of our human freight into ambulances and upon spring wagons.

Now that the trip was ended, an inspection showed the condition of the cabin to be that of an abattoir after a hard day's killing. Every stanchion and bulkhead was smeared with human blood, and the boat's decks gave evidence of the abundant loss of life-giving fluid on the spot where suffering humanity breathed its last.

...Pittsburg Landing and Shiloh

On returning to Cairo I was kept on waiting orders, and, like Mahomet's coffin, was hung up until the latter part of March. Then we were ordered up the Tennessee River to Pittsburg Landing with guns and ammunition. After discharging cargo, the FANNY was utilized by General Grant, up to the time of the battle of Shiloh, as a ferry between Pittsburg Landing and headquarters at Savannah, where Mr. White, one of my engineers, had two of his fingers shot away by the bursting of a rebel shell. During the days that the battle of Pittsburg Landing was being fought, and it rained bullets, we, under orders and in sight, lay at the landing sheltered from hostile shot by the protecting river bank; and there

I saw the rank and file of armies vast,

That muster under one supreme control;

I heard the trumpet sound the signal blast,
The calling of the roll.

At about the time that Albert Sidney Johnston, the commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces, met his doom in a nearby gully close to our landing, my pilot, Barney Seals, who enjoyed a thirst that was a pippin, was caught, while drunk, stealing chickens from a coop on a neighboring

When the Civil War commenced and interrupted traffic on the Mississippi, Captain Lemcke laid up the FANNY BULLITT at Portland, Ky. and went first clerk on the CHARLEY BOWEN in the Evansville-Paducah trade, and he probably was aboard at the time of the exploit at the Paducah wharfboat when Captain Bowen prevented his U.S. flag from being hauled down by training a cannon at the mob. (For news of this see Dec. '68 issue, page 5.) After the war's end, and following Lemcke's sale of the FANNY BULLITT, he bought interest in the CHARLEY BOWEN.

steamer and put in durance vile. I did not intercede in his behalf but left him to sweat in the guardhouse until we were ordered away and the scalawag's services were again needed. Pilots at this time were very much in demand, and this insured Barney, in spite of his incorrigible whiskey habit, a steady and well-paid job.

...Brang U.S. Troops North from Yazoo River

Soon after our return to the mouth of the Ohio, together with our transports, and convoyed by United States gunboats, we were dispatched into the heart of the Confederacy, as far south as the mouth of the Yazoo River, just above Vicksburg, where, under a flag of truce, an exchange of prisoners was effected with Confederate States Commissioner Oulds.

During the progress of this long voyage down the Mississippi and back, I could not fail to observe the complete absence of the life and animation of the ante-bellum days. The mighty river under the blighting influence of a blockade of both ends had fallen into a reposeful sleep, which it seemed rude to disturb with the reverberating sound of a shrill steam whistle, or the sonorous coughing of the engine's escape pipes.

By the time our mission had been completed, and the exchanged boys in blue had been brought back, landed and furloughed at Cairo, General Curtis had brought his army through Arkansas to the Mississippi River and gone into camp at Helena. Quartermasters' stores and commissary supplies for his army had accumulated in such quantity at Cairo that the FANNY's share of them made her fairly stagger and drag the guards in the water as I once more turned her head down stream toward the shores of Arkansas.

After arrival at Helena and during a prolonged stay there, I spent much time with the staff and line officers of Generals Curtis and Osterhaus, some of whom I had known in civil life at St. Louis. The attendance of these warriors at my first "at home" on board the FANNY BULLITT made me think of the Trojan mare "in foal with Greeks" had broken loose, and that the thirsty crowd had brought with it gullets yards in length and open at both ends.

In the malaria-laden air of the camp in these Arkansas River bottoms many men fell sick. A

The birthplace of the FANNY BULLITT is in some dispute. The Indiana Magazine of History, issue Dec. 1941, page 361, says she was built at New Albany, Ind. The Lytle List, compiled from Custom records, says Jeffersonville, Ind. Both agree the year was 1854. This ouarrel may be due to the circumstance that many packets those days had the hull built at one place and the cabins and machinery placed at the other. The usual custom of the time was to document "the place of build" at the port of completion. This has resulted in frustration to latter day historians anxious to identify where the hull was built. Many packets and towboats documented as built at Pittsburgh, to offer one example, had the hulls built and cabin framing put up at outlying yards such as Belle Vernon, Brownsville, California, Shousetown and Freedom.

goodly number of these I was by and by ordered to transport up the river to Keokuk, Iowa, where, on high ground in healthful surroundings, the government maintained large military hospitals.

...Protected by Bales of Hay and Cotton

During the operations of the Union forces in the southwest, steamboats were of great importance on the Mississippi, Ohio, Tennessee, and Cumberland rivers. While their usefulness was completely paralyzed at the beginning of the war, this large fleet of watercraft afterwards became the main factor in the transportation of troops and the carrying of ammunition, quartermasters' supplies and army stores. The FANNY BULLITT, one of this fleet, utilized for all sorts of service, was frequently sent into out-of-the-way localities, where she was exposed to ambushes from hostile batteries and volleys from the enemy's musketry. From these dangers we strove to protect ourselves by barricading the boilers of the boat with hay and cotton bales, and by surrounding the pilothouse with boiler iron; and, with the exception of slight wounds received by two of the crew, we succeeded fairly well in protecting life and limb.

My boat had now been unremittingly at work for nigh unto two years, during which time, repairing out of the question, absolutely nothing had been done to offset the heavy abuse and hard knocks she had endured. Much of the nosing around the guards and outriggers was worn off. The gallows frame supporting the starboard wheel, out of plumb, had an ominous leaning outward; and the wheelhouses and bulkheads full of bullet holes, with the upper works badly dilapidated, had given her the appearance of a lopsided hobo, staggering under a heavy jag.

...Captain Lemcke Sells His Boat

Steamboats by this time had again come into demand, but the FANNY's scanty earnings up to then were quite insufficient to pay for docking her and meet the large expense of giving the boat and machinery the thorough overhauling they needed. I therefore was glad to find a party who would buy. I consequently sold, and the purchaser immediately went to work on repairs which, when completed, he found had run up to the neat little sum of forty thousand dollars.

When after the fall of Vicksburg, I once more saw my boat at Cairo, bound from St. Louis to New Orleans, heavily laden with a valuable cargo, there came to me the last greeting I should ever receive from her decks. It was given in the cheery voice by my friend, Tom Tucker, the mate, who wished me "a light heart and a heavy purse for evermore."

...FANNY BULLITT lost opposite Bullitt Plantation

The now absolutely stanch condition of the boat precluded the thought that this should be her last voyage; but Fate had decreed that it should be so. A hidden snag in the lower river one foggy night on this very trip knocked a hole in her hull; and she, together with her valuable cargo, sank to the bottom, where the water is nearly a hundred feet deep. This wreck, strange to relate, occurred directly opposite the well-known Bullitt plantation in the state of Mississippi, which was then and is yet owned by the woman for whom the boat and predecessor both were named.

...Fanny Had Two Boats Named For Her

A good many years ago Louisville parties built a steamer for the New Orleans trade and named her the FANNY SMITH, in honor of one of the then fashionable belles of Kentucky. In due time, when the boat became worn, her machinery was transferred to a newly-built craft which, for the same stunning leader of gay Blue Grass society, who in the meantime had become Mrs. Colonel Bullitt, was christened FANNY BULLITT.

On reflection it occurs to me as a marvelous coincidence, that this vessel, after having escaped the dangers of navigation on a snag-infested river for so many years, as well as the vicissitudes of destructive war, should butt her brain out here. And the question suggests itself, why she should have chosen this particular locality, when snags in the ten hundred miles of river between the mouth of the Ohio and New Orleans used to be as plentiful as leaves in Valambrosa. Could it have been affection for her godmother that animated the boat on that dark night to hug the bend of the river in quest of a mud-imbedded snag, that she might in self-destruction find rest with her own? Who knows?

A TRIP ON THE FANNY BULLITT IN 1856.

Presented here is an extract from the diary of Paul Anderson Way bound from Sewickley, Pa. to Texas. He went to Cincinnati by rail, thence to Louisville aboard the JACOB STRADER and now we find him in the Gault House. -Ed.

Monday, March 10: Woke up this morning at Louisville, came to the Gault House, where I now am, finding that there would be no boat for New Orleans until tomorrow. I took a stroll down the Canal to Lockport to look out for a boat for tomorrow, found an acquaintance in the clerk of the steamer BALTIMORE (for news of BALTIMORE see "The Wheeling Union Line" in Dec. '68 issue, pages 28-32) and agreed to go with him; walked back to dinner, after dinner called on Professor Williams, spent the afternoon at his house, returned to my hotel and wrote a letter to John and one to Gen'l. Paul Anderson.

Tuesday, March 11: 3 o'clock p.m. on board the steamboat BALTIMORE. Got up late this morning and spent a lazy forenoon; snowing too hard to walk out and no acquaintances within. Immediately after dinner started for Portland by omnibus and horse railroad and am now ensconced in #16 on board the BALTIMORE, bound for New Orleans, and advertised to leave at 4 o'clock this afternoon but I do not believe she will be off until tomorrow evening. The landing here presents a lively appearance, about a dozen boats lying at it, and an immense throng of drays, mules, horses, negroes, Irish, Dutch and natives mixed up in hopeless confusion amongst hogheads of molasses, barrels of sugar, piles of tobacco and raw hides and all sorts of bales, boxes, etc. usually carried by Western steamboat. I mailed the letters I wrote last night together with a Louisville paper this morning. After writing the above, I sat down to read when the door opened and in walked Cochran Fleming. By his advice I transferred

my baggage to the steamboat FANNY BULLITT, which goes out this evening; Cochran Fleming goes in another boat to Evansville. Whilst looking about the wharf at the incongruous assemblage my attention was diverted to a man who had just come to the boat with a wagon and a pair of horses. I entered into conversation with him and found he was a Kentuckian moving to Texas with his wife and family. I like his appearance and struck up an acquaintance immediately; he is going my route clear to New Orleans. The boat is at present a reproduction of Noah's Ark in a small way. We have on board horses, cows, a bull, and several hundred sheep; Jupiter! what a din they are making!

Wednesday, March 12: 11 o'clock p.m. on board the steamer FANNY BULLITT: We got off from Portland about 1 o'clock this morning, stopping several times to take in freight, and are now lying at Evansville. The day has been clear but unpleasantly cold, confining all to the cabin. I like my Kentucky friends pretty well, they are plain and simple-minded folks. There are seven persons on board bound for Texas and I suppose if we are all gifted with sufficient perseverance we'll get there sometime. We have passed the region of hills and are now in the country of flatlands.

Thursday, March 13: 2 p.m. on board the steamer FANNY BULLITT: Lying at Caseyville, Ky. taking on coal. Weather moderated considerably, cloudy. About one o'clock this morning I was aroused by a furious knocking at my door, and on opening it found Cochran Fleming who was detained at Evansville waiting for the cars. It is odd to see the different expedients of the passengers to pass the time. Some play cards, some read, some sleep, and one fellow lies in his berth and plays a fiddle. There are two German priests aboard who remain in their rooms all day. One old man, perhaps 80 years of age, very tall and raw boned, clean and well-dressed wearing a broad-brimmed white hat, a thorough Quaker in appearance, has just gone ashore-- he is an outrageous old reprobate. The Texas delegation appears to be the most orderly of the lot aboard. The day closed with milder weather and perfectly clear. Wrote a letter to John and gave it to the clerk to mail at Cairo.

Friday, March 14: On board the steamer FANNY BULLITT, 80 miles below Cairo on the Mississippi, 11 o'clock a.m.: Passed Cairo at 3½ o'clock this morning and now we are steaming down the Father of Waters at a rate of 12 miles per hour, weather pleasant; time hanging heavy on hands; tried my rifle some this evening; commenced to rain about dark.

Saturday, March 15: Arrived at Memphis at 2 o'clock this morning, a large portion of our passengers went ashore there. Stopped at Helena about 10 o'clock a.m. We are now in the region of cottonfields and the planters' houses with the negro huts are to be seen on all sides. Several patches of cane have appeared and other unmistakable evidences of a southern climate. I have not as yet seen a gambler, which is rather strange. Time passes rather slowly. I have read all the light

trash and newspapers in my possession and tried to study a little Spanish but I find a steamboat a poor place to study. The weather is not pleasant enough to allow one to spend much time on the deck, and the amusements of the cabin are not all of the most intellectual order.

Sunday, March 16: About noon today we came into the region of Spanish Moss. The river is bank full and along the coasts the plantations are becoming more numerous and extensive. The weather, warm and raining.

Monday, March 17: Passed Vicksburg about 10 o'clock a.m. and now 11 a.m. are lying at a wood yard taking aboard wood. Rained most of the day and was somewhat foggy.

Tuesday, March 18: Warm and damp, raining lightly. Arrived in New Orleans at 2 o'clock p.m. Took up my quarters at the St. Charles Hotel. Was introduced to Mr. Byrne. Mr. William Holmes is staying here; he took me in charge at once and has been extremely kind.



Paul Anderson Way

Picture made from an original daguerreotype probably made during the progress of the journey in 1856 aboard the FANNY BULLITT. Paul Anderson Way (1823-1858) was named for his uncle Gen. Paul Anderson of Cincinnati who was an extensive land-holder in Texas. Paul A. Way made the 1856 trip to inspect these lands for his uncle. This journey was afterwards referred to in the family as Paul's "great Western Trip." He traversed the valley of the Guadalupe River to New Braunfels and visited San Antonio on horseback. The saddlebags, horse-hair lariats and other accouterments Paul used and collected were still among the Way family heirlooms when your editor was a youth. Paul was a son of Abishai and Mary Ann Anderson Way, hence great uncle of F. Way, Jr.

The Kentucky-Ohio squabble over the boundary line at the Ohio River has been under litigation for years and may eventually wind up in the U.S. Supreme Court.

As things now stand, Kentucky, and also West Virginia, claim ownership to the low water line on the opposite shore. This is a sort of squatter's rights and it means, among other things, that Kentucky and West Virginia own the Ohio River islands.

The business of claiming ownership to the Ohio, Indiana and Illinois shores has lately worked hardship for Kentucky and West Virginia. The burden and responsibility for erecting and maintaining Ohio River bridges is one of them.

Two years ago the settlement of the argument tended toward the definite establishment of a permanent "low water line" along the river's northern shore. (See issue of June '68, page 34).

In January governors Louie B. Nunn (Kentucky) and James Rhodes (Ohio), both republicans, wondered if a better compromise might be to draw a line down the middle of the Ohio River, call that the boundary, and quit arguing. This sounds fine until islands are involved, and may not strike so happy a note if Kentucky is required to release real estate now in Indiana, formerly an island. Old Green River Island extended from opposite the mouth of Green River down to just above Water Works Light at the upper end of Evansville. Those many acres today are legally a part of Kentucky, although terra-firma in Indiana.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Seevers have taken up permanent residence at Box 282, St. James City, Florida 33956. Glenn was at Marietta for a visit in mid-February and on hand for the arrival of the W. P. SNYDER, JR. at her Muskingum River landing, Feb. 18.

Sirs: Since I have not heard it mentioned in recent years, I wonder if it is generally known that the Muskingum River Lock No. 1 was originally built for another purpose? It was constructed in the early 1890's as an ice harbor for the smaller river craft, such as the SONOMA, LORENA and JEWEL. This accounts for the peculiar hour-glass shape on the river side, as the designer, Colonel Goethals, intended this to minimize the direct thrust of the ice against the hulls of steamers



The gentleman with the luxurious beard on the right is Capt. Martin Luther Hissem who, for ten years, owned and operated the packet TACOMA between Cincinnati and Chilo, Ohio. At the left is his brother Judge William J. Hissem, an attorney who became a senator in the Kentucky legislature. Next to him is Mrs. Levi Hissem (ne Elizabeth Morgan), mother of the two gentlemen and also of Louisa Jane (Hissem) Brown, third from the left. At the time this portrait was made, Captain Hissem was a resident of California, Ohio. For the story of Captain Hissem and the TACOMA see Dec. '67 issue, page 34. Our thanks to Robert M. Smith, Sewickley, Pa. for the picture.

sheltered there. I have this from my mother who, as a young girl, worked for the H. W. Craig Photographic Studio as a technical assistant. The Studio, later that of H. P. Fischer, was on Front Street directly opposite the ice harbor, with no buildings intervening, so that she was able to watch its building from the front windows of the studio. I have a good photo of the construction operation made by H. W. Craig in one of her albums. At that time Lock No. 1 was on the west side of the Muskingum, and the Putnam Street bridge had two draw spans, one for the lock and one for the ice harbor. I have been told that the old lock was abandoned later because of the heavy set of the current from the Muskingum toward the west side during high water, and because of its smaller size; and the ice harbor was converted into a regular lock. She said that at the time the ice harbor was built there was no talk of its ever being used as a lock.

J. Sheldon Scott,
1627 State Street,
Steubenville, Ohio 43952

=Comments, anyone? -Ed.

Sirs: My wife Jean, son Patrick (age 7), daughter Kristin (age 4) and I are really looking forward

to a week-end aboard the DELTA CUEEN in June. Also during our summer vacation time in Marietta with my parents (Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pettit, Sr.) we hope to trace the steps of the KANAWHA disaster "on location" using the S&D REFLECTOR article of some time ago as a guide. My grandfather was "Dude" Pettit, engineer of the KANAWHA.

Our whole family enjoyed the Tootenanny and the annual meeting at Marietta in September of last year.

Harry E. Pettit, Jr.,
922 Milford Lane,
Louisville, Ky. 40207

Supercargo aboard the steamer W. P. SNYDER, JR. on her upbound voyage from Pt. Pleasant to Marietta in tow of the TOM G were Jacob A. Meckstroth, board chairman, and Charles Pratt, assistant director, of the Ohio Historical Society. Mrs. Pratt accompanied her husband. From Campus Martius Museum were Catherine Remley, curator, and Harold Wigal. Chuck Remley, custodian of the boat, was present, as was Louis Eros of the boat's regular staff. Larry Steinel made the trip. Nelson and Mrs. Brown, accompanied with Jerry Devol, climbed aboard at the Racine Locks and enjoyed the balance of the voyage.

Red House Chute

Sirs: That chart of Red House Chute drawn by Capt. Jesse P. Hughes in the March issue is a masterpiece. I was intrigued with its detail. A pilot having studied it could run a tow down that old chute on a dark night with the range lights out, and do it without rubbing.

While Red House was one of the bad places it was not, to my way of thinking, the worst one on the Kanawha River. True, it was in the foot of a bend and you had to drive for the chute on the swing, then kick her to line up close to it. You floated through and came ahead again at the foot. This meager description may not appeal to all of the old pilots. It always seemed to me as if the walls were on a swivel and, as we came up to them, the boat and tow stood still. Then the walls lined up with the barges. This was an illusion I never shook. Red House Chute in low water was a problem when approached from either direction. In pool water it was no problem if you stayed in the chute.

The Monongahela River deckhand described in the March issue who told the taxi driver he wanted to see "Capt. E. A. Burnside, the ROBT. P. GILLHAM and Red House Chute" may be apocryphal, but there is nothing fictitious about the night when all three were available for sightseeing all at one time. That's what I'm about to tell.

One cold, snowy, windy day in December, 1912, the D. T. LANE was, as usual, steaming down the Kanawha with a tow of coal. Dams were down; river falling. At Red House Chute the water still covered the wall to port. We shot through like an arrow.

On we went, this day, and met the ROBT. P. GILLHAM upbound with empties about the head of Knob Shoals, below No. 9. She was throwing a wicked wheel, the spray standing straight out from the top of it.

In due course we blew our landing whistle, one long and three shorts, above Lock 11, and came on down to the Campbell's Creek landing below there. Capt. E. A. Burnside, the master of transportation, hurried aboard and came straight to the pilothouse. We knew something unusual was happening for he was carrying his little grip.

"The GILLHAM is in trouble at

Red House," he announced to Capt. Albert Martin of the LANE. "Tore off her rudders."

Preposterous! How could such a thing happen? Nobody ever tore off rudders at Red House, especially at this easy river stage.

"Take a fuel flat on your head and go there; I'm going along," directed Capt. E.A.

In short order the LANE was plowing up the Kanawha, 'scaping out of one stack and then the other, the wreck train bound for the scene of the accident. I felt rather important at the wheel. Snow flurries played across her as the wind souged around the pilothouse. Her smoke was borne down to the water astern.

We got there after dark. Below Winfield we caught sight of the GILLHAM's lights. She wasn't in Red House Chute---she was above there. Soon we were alongside and her skipper Capt. Tom Wright unfolded the story.

The GILLHAM came up through the chute with her empties in fine style. But, as she started around the bend just above, she was hit with a snow squall and a gale. She was blown into the bend in a visibility of practically zero. The pilot kicked her a bit to throw the head of the tow out and then he drove her full power.

If you will take a look at Capt. Jesse Hughes' map, you'll see a nest of rock at the upper government light. Well, that's where this event happened. While the GILLHAM was being driven out at the light her rudders struck those rocks. There was a considerable rumble. Charlie Young, her mate, got a line ashore.

When Capt. Tom Wright related this he made it sound like he was personally on watch. But later it was understood that Loyal Wright, his steersman, was at the wheel. No discredit to Loyal, who was one of the very good steersmen. He just happened to be on watch at the time. Anyhow, there was supposed to be enough water over those rocks.

We made a tour of inspection of the rudders. All save the one on the river side were pretty badly used up. The center rudder had taken the brunt of it, jacked right up, hinge clamps and pintle sheared off. The stock and tiller leaned to starboard. The connecting bar between tiller and steering engine was bent into a curve. The tiller line had parted. The shoreward rudder was off its hinges and pintle broken.

From the vantagepoint of the fantail we saw that the center

rudder had pushed into the wheel buckets, cutting a swath like the famous Australian Wood Cutters might have performed with their axes. Harry Burnside and Irven Wright were the GILLHAM's engineers, both in the engineroom at the time.

We coupled two barges tandem ahead of the LANE, faced her to them, then put the crippled GILLHAM alongside them and ahead of the fuel flat on the port side. The crippled rudders were chained to keep them from slipping down.

And while this was being attended to, Capt. E.A. was rowed down to Red House where he got somebody out of bed and access to a telephone. He arranged with Mr. Rensford at Dana to have the ways ready. Then he broke the sad news to Mr. Gillham in Cincinnati. Sad indeed. At this particular moment in history, the Campbell's Creek Coal Co. had only the GILLHAM and LANE. The EUGENE DANA SMITH was being built but was not yet ready for service.

Then we took off with our unfortunate sister in tow for the marine ways at Dana, above Charleston. We watched her as she was pulled out, and then returned downriver to gather in her empties. Capt. E.A. did charter the ELIZA to help out. James T. Hatfield offered the services of any of their four boats if needed.

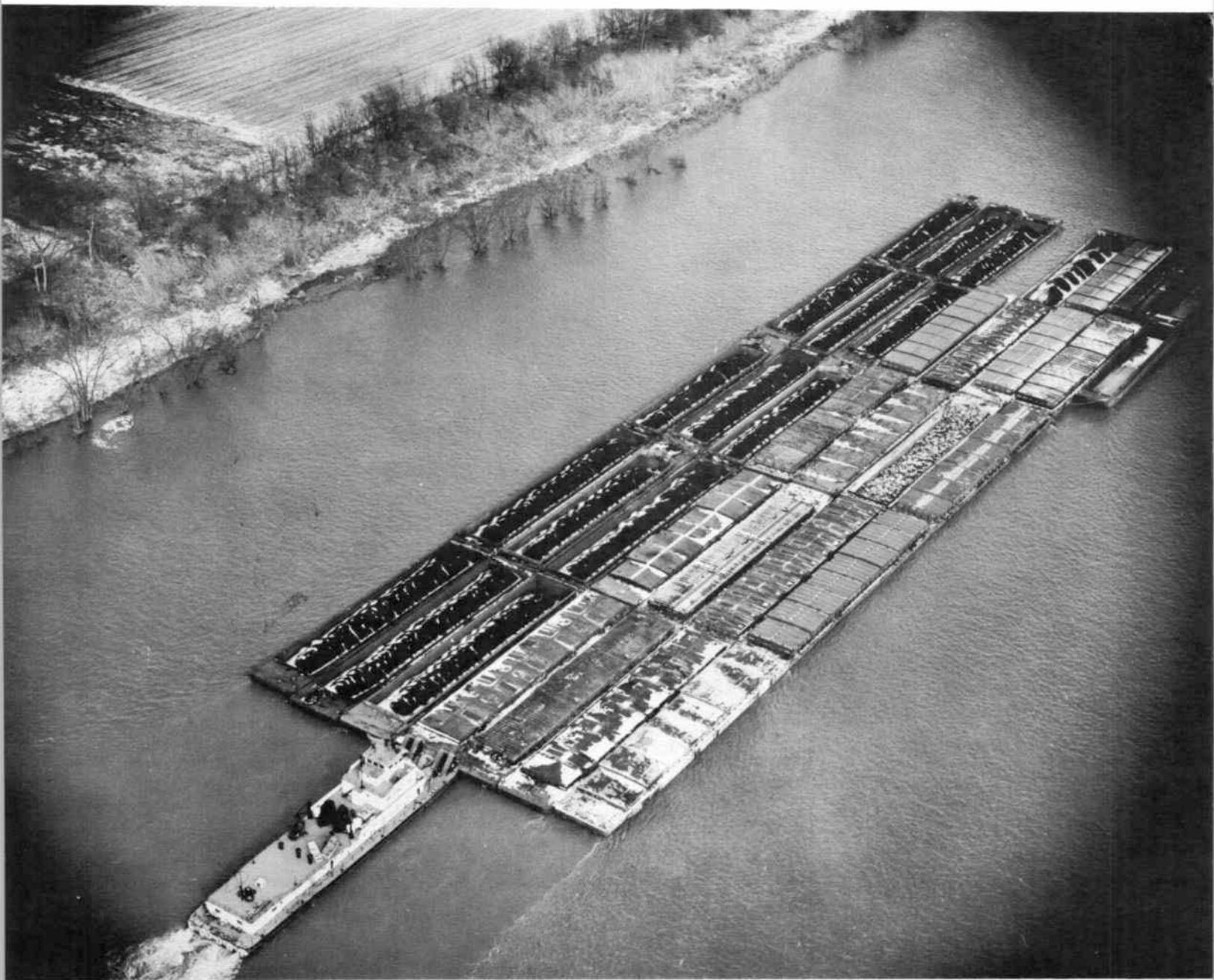
Yes, if that vacationin' deckhand had chosen this opportune time to see one of the three wonders of the Kanawha River, Red House Chute, he could have taken in the other two all in one package, "Capt. E. A. Burnside, the ROBT. P. GILLHAM and Red House Chute."

There was an itinerant cook on Kanawha River boats those days we called "Frenchy." Yes, he was French, and he called Red House "Maison Rouge." How romantic and euphonious! Like Maupin and Vintaux (which were landings) and Loup Creek. Even the town of Montgomery, the anglicizing of old Norman-French "Mont Gomeri."

The story just told could aptly be called "A Bum Steer at Maison Rouge."

Joseph E. Goold,
4189 S. Harris Hill Road,
Williamsville, N.Y. 14221

We heard a towboat pilot say there is a small Hungarian yawl called a hunky-dory and he was getting a lot of static from the lazy bench.



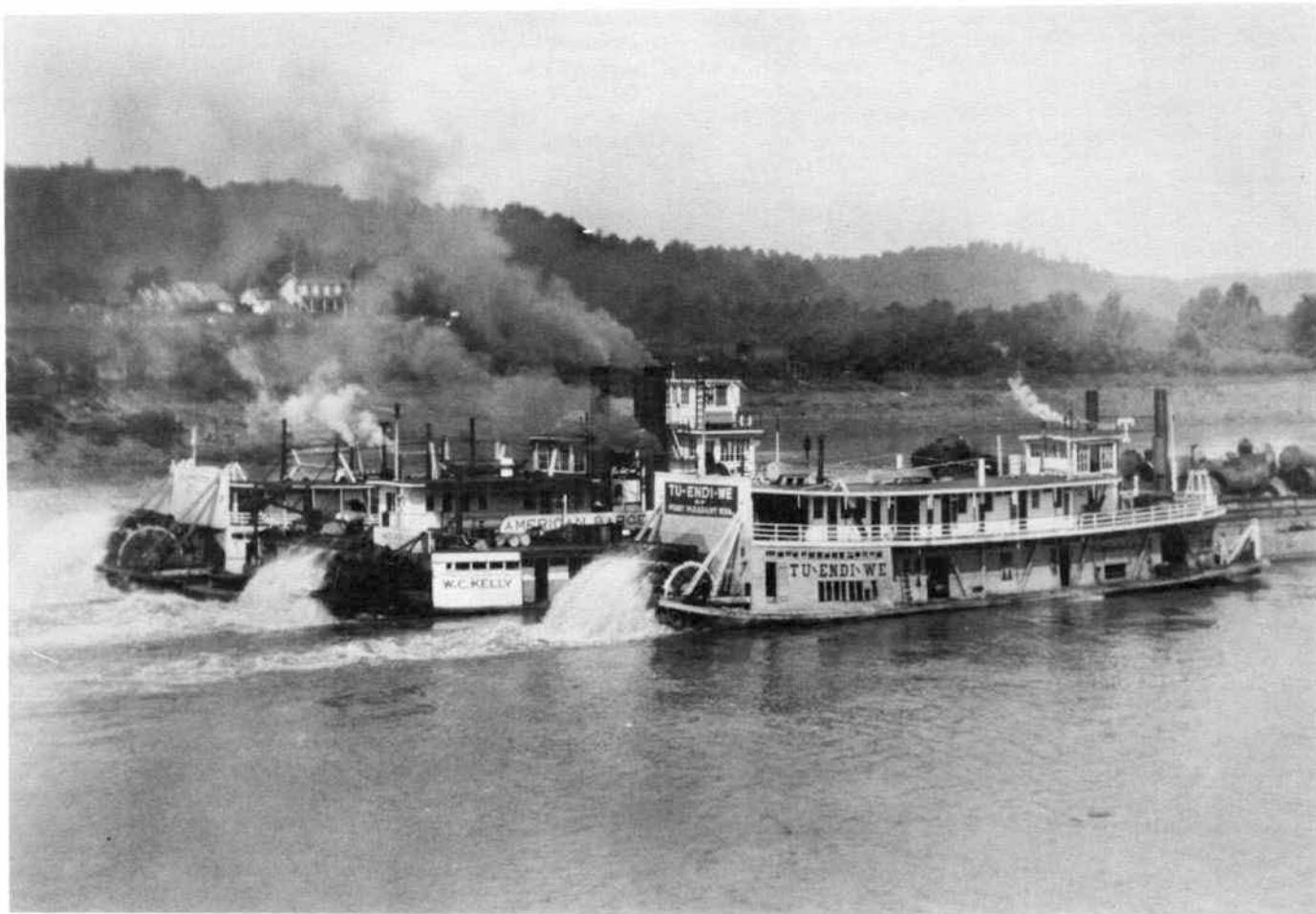
This 36-barge tow (all loads save three) is making about three miles an hour upbound on the Ohio River fighting a considerable current. This was taken from an airplane near Brandenburg, Ky. by Billy Davis of the Louisville "Times." The fifteen loads three wide five long on the port side contain coal; the rest are mostly covered cargo types containing scrap iron, alloys, salt, lime and chemicals.

Believed to be the largest tonnage ever shoved up the Ohio (about 47,000 tons) by a single towboat, the barges were assembled above Cannelton Locks and delivered to a point below the McAlpine Locks, 120 miles. This is an American Commercial Barge Line tow, shoved by the 5000 hp. twin Alco diesel towboat HUGH C. BLASKE. The picture was taken on Thursday, February 5, 1970. Our thanks to Capt. Ross Rogers, Jr. for alerting us of this whopper tow; to R. W. Greene III of American Com-

mercial for details; and to the Louisville Times for the superb picture. Our compliments to Capt. James E. Philpott, 119 Fairmede Road, St. Matthews (Louisville), skipper of the BLASKE, and to his crew, for such a noteworthy feat.

It should be emphasized that the river was "up" when this upstream tonnage was moved. Notice the water up in the willows along the shoreline. On dead pool conditions such a performance would not be quite so unlikely. The area covered by the barges was estimated at about six acres.

Your attention is invited to the picture across the way, on the opposite page, illustrating the dramatic progress of American Commercial, and of towboat push-power, since 1936. At that time an upstream movement of very few loaded barges required the combined energies of three company towboats and also that of a good Samaritan which happened along at the opportune moment.



This picture was taken just below old Lock and Dam 29, Ohio River, at Ashland, Ky., in the summer of 1936. The American Barge Line was shoving an upbound tow of loads (not over seven) on open river. A considerable portion of ABL's towing resources was harnessed to the job. The stern-wheeler on the port (far) side is the PLYMOUTH; next to her is the DUNCAN BRUCE; then the W. C.

KELLY; and on this side is the TU-ENDI-WE. Capt. Charles C. Stone of Pt. Pleasant, owner of the TU-ENDI-WE, recently looked at this picture and recalled that he had taken an empty cement barge that day to Ironton, O. for Dravo, was returning to Pt. Pleasant light-boat, and "so I hooked in to help those ABL boats over the pass at Dam 29."

The Philadelphia "Inquirer" ran a society column about the DELTA QUEEN in their March 5 issue. Hi de ho. The National Trust for Historic Preservation chartered the DQ for two spring cruises out of New Orleans to Memphis. Ruth Seltzer, society editor for the "Times," goes on about who was signed up for the second one.

"Signed up for the upcoming trip are Mr. and Mrs. James Biddle, Mrs. Joseph Carson and Mrs. Clare Elliott Nelson, to mention some Delaware Valley people who'll be cruising on the QUEEN. Mr. Biddle, of the Andalusia Biddles, is president of the National Trust. His wife, Louisa, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lammont du Pont Copeland."

The purpose of the cruises was "To call attention to this historic and traditionally American means of travel."

From what we heard later, the

good natives of the Philly-Wilmington area who made the trips were sending telegrams to President Nixon to "Save the Queen!" Her Ladyship's tidewater training may prove useful. And a ho de hi to that.

The Louisville "Times" got itself into a flap when a story and picture was run of the HUGH C. BLASKE upbound near Brandenburg with 36 barges (see elsewhere in this issue). The newspaper's telephone started ringing. The callers were talking about what the SPRAGUE had done--shoved a tow of 56 loaded coalboats and 4 fuels, total of 67,307 tons. One of the callers was Albert Bryant, 5113 Stewart Drive, Pleasure Ridge Park. S&D'r Albert Bryant told the "News" that the SPRAGUE whistle was blown at a Whistle Blow (and again will be this June

6th). The difference was, as the "Times" learned, that the SPRAGUE was downbound; the BLASKE was upbound.

A handsome scale model of the diesel towboat HERBERT HOOVER has been added to the collection in the River Museum, Marietta. The donor is Rex Vivian, 230 East 48th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. The HOOVER was one of the first of the larger class diesel-prop towboats, built in 1930 by Dubuque Boat & Boiler Co., originally rated 2200 hp. Not only was she the largest in dimension, but she was the most powerful towboat on the rivers when new. The Mississippi Valley Barge Line bought her in 1948, changed the name to NEW ORLEANS, put in new diesels and upped the hp. to 3200. She was retired from service only a year or so ago.

We have been handed a letter by Robert Dickson, a Cleveland, O. philatelist. It reads:

Cincinnati,
June 22nd, 1868

Capt. Wm. B. Anderson,
Shousetown, Pa.

Dear Uncle:

Captain Isaac Whittaker got a dispatch today for him and Lew Vandergrift to come to Pittsburgh immediately and take the CHARMER out. They are going this evening. Ike says he knows it will be a steady berth on the CHARMER and he says he knows you wont want to pay him wages on the R. C. GRAY while she lays up and his object is to make something if possible and for that reason he accepts the berth on the CHARMER.

My kindest regards to all the family.

Your aff. nephew,
Ezra P. Young.

--And so it transpired that Capt. Lew Vandergrift, late of the ARGOSY, went in command of the CHARMER, and Isaac Whittaker became the first clerk. They loaded and left Pittsburgh on 25th of June, 1868 for St. Louis.

Subsequent dispatches from down the river follow:

Evansville, July 14:- Captain Vandergrift and clerk Whittaker have been doing nicely with the CHARMER; have paid off her debts, and have redeemed her reputation.

Cincinnati, July 18:- Pilot Charles S. Devine, of the CHARMER, a licensed Cincinnati and St. Louis pilot for eleven years, was arrested for the seduction of a sister-in-law of one of the owners of the boat, a young lady of sixteen or seventeen, who now is at the Galt House. Devine was arraigned in the Police Court here.

Evansville, Oct. 8:- The CHARMER got a very nice trip out of here including Mrs. Fuller, proprietress of the "Coraste" and her beautiful damsels. A number of the young beaux of the city followed them to the river, where, with a tear glistening in eyes, they took a solemn good-bye.

When I did well,
I heard it never;
When I did ill,
I heard it ever.

Messrs. Vandergrift and Whittaker sold the CHARMER to Capt. G. W. Thompson who put her in the Marietta and Cincinnati trade.

Pilots who maneuver downbound loads during high river stages sometimes have mishaps. The show is usually played to a scant audience. The on-watch crew is too busy in such crisis to observe or report the agony in the pilot-house.

But finally it happened. The towboat J. W. HERSHEY was running the Cincinnati bridges last February 17th with eight barges. The boat's skipper, Captain Julian Singletary, had run the gantlet of all save the last, the Southern RR. Looking over his shoulder was Paul M. Branzburg, staff writer for the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Here's how it looked to a land-lubber newsman:

"At 10:17 a.m., with the bright sun pouring down on his boat, Capt. Singletary's luck ran out.

"Singletary's hands tightened on the controls until his knuckles went white. Then he said, calmly:

"You watch out. I'm fixin' to hit that son-of-a-gun. I'm going to hit it good."

"The barges were still a quarter-mile from the Southern Railway Bridge, but the current was carrying the J. W. HERSHEY into one of the bridge supports.

"The stone support came closer and closer to the pilothouse windows. Then the barges crashed.

"The cable that held the barges together snapped as easily as a kite string.

"Barges with over 1,000 tons of cargo lifted into the air like toy boats in a little boy's bathtub. A heavy steel structure on the J. W. HERSHEY was squashed as if it were little more than an empty beer can.

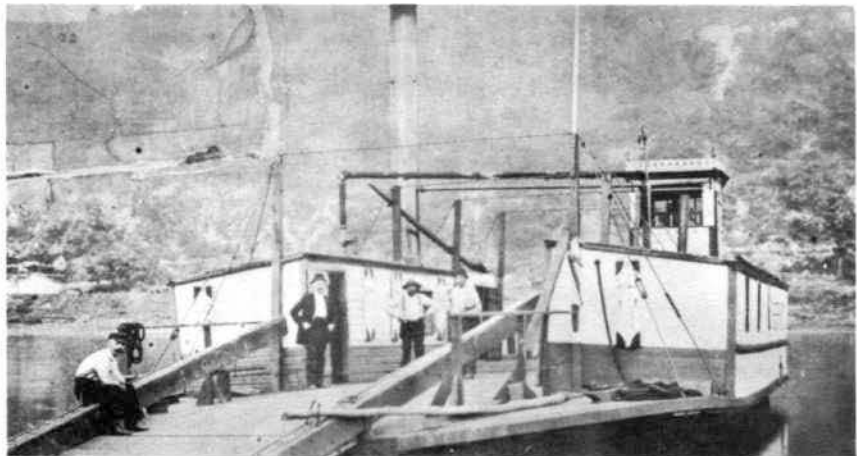
"The barges were scattered all over the river.

"Ultimately, Capt. Singletary was able to round up the barges and lash them together, then resume his journey down the Ohio.

"I was a little too cocky," he said later. "I should have slowed up and flanked. Once I saw I was going to hit, it was too late."

"If any conclusion can be drawn from such an episode, it is probably this: It doesn't happen often, but it is always a real possibility, and it's part of life on the river."

The steam ferry SHERRARD (see picture below) was built on the wharf at Steubenville, O. in 1886 and had a hull 73.5 by 18. She operated from Toronto, O. to Zalia, West Va., just opposite. There were clay plants at Zalia and many Toronto persons worked in them. The short man with the suspenders and straw hat is William Milby, in charge. Seated on the apron is John Null, pilot. Mrs. Donald Milby saved the picture and we are indebted to H. O. Reynolds of New Cumberland, W. Va. for a copy. The ferry had a long career, into the early years of this century. She's a double-ender, side-wheel, and note the main steam line crossing overhead from the boiler house to the port engine. How they supported the weight of the boiler on the overhanging starboard guard is a good problem in mechanics, and another feat is how they compensated the weight of the boiler on the opposite side so she wouldn't careen to starboard.



Ferry SHERRARD

See the story in the right column above.

-William E. Reed
copy photo.

Sirs: I was pleasantly surprised to see the article about MINNE-HA-HA in the December '69 issue. If my memory is reliable, this is the first time the S&D REFLECTOR has taken official notice of a steamboat in waters not tributary to Ole Miss. It was the Western Rivers style design that did it?

The MINNE-HA-HA is the first sternwheel steamboat on Lake George ever. There is a splendid history, THE STEAMBOATS OF LAKE GEORGE, published by L G Steamboat Co. in 1932 (on the occasion of the 60th anniversary of the company) and all vessels on that lake previously have been either Eastern-style side-wheelers or propeller.

The article in S&D REFLECTOR says she is the first sternwheeler since 1902. That date probably refers to the SAGAMORE, a 3-deck side-wheeler 223 feet long. There was still another and bigger side-wheeler HORICON built in 1911, 230 feet long, a good-sized vessel for a lake 40 miles long.

The Lake George Steamboat Co. was founded in 1872. What inspired them to build the MINNE-HA-HA as a Western-style sternwheeler is anybody's guess. Perhaps to attract tourists out of their autos, or, since there is no longer any decent shipyard on the Lake, the straighter lines of hull and cabins presented less problems than to copy a side-wheeler. Too, Mr. Semple was around to build the engines. There is nobody, and I mean nobody, who has plant facilities or know-how to build a beam engine.

I am not one of those who look down their noses at MINNE-HA-HA because she does not conform to local tradition. I'm very happy that Lake George has a new boat, to (probably) replace the 1908 propeller MOHICAN. Since Lake George is landlocked, MINNE will no doubt be around for some years to come. And it's good to see another steamboat, even if her whistle is two octaves too shrill.

PS: I'm not one of those who insist on steam. As long as it floats and I can get out on the water it can be diesel, gasoline, or propelled by seven dwarfs turning cranks.

James T. Wilson,
414 Pelton Ave.,
Staten Island, N.Y. 10310

=Jim Wilson is a past president of Steamship Historical Society of America. He reminds us that MINNE-HA-HA got her name from an old-time predecessor of that same name on Lake George 1857-1877. -Ed.



MINNE-HA-HA on Lake George

The young man in the foreground is Craig Gerard of Chicago whose dad, Charlie Gerard, recently authored "Illinois River Hokeypokey." Photo was made last August. Incidentally, Charlie Gerard's book was picked as one of the outstanding novels of 1969 by August Derleth, reviewer for The Capital Times. "Thanks to the advance information in the S&D REFLECTOR," writes Charlie Gerard, "we were able to find the MINNE-HA-HA about three weeks after its launching." Also he says, "It sure was a thrill to hear a steam whistle on Lake George. She's a fine, neat boat, with pitmans and everything like old times. She was already attracting big crowds for excursions."

Sirs: I don't know how to thank you and tell you how much I appreciate the Dec. '69 issue. I have read it from cover to cover, and the part about the HOMER SMITH several times. I felt as if I were a part of the crew as Uncle Billy (Lepper) gave me a job selling tickets on the bank at Madison for those Sunday excursions and I was probably in the crowd in the picture taken by Hubert M. Flora.

The article mentions Jack Yates the orchestra leader. I remember an innovation of his that really pleased the passengers. He arranged a signal from the orchestra bandstand to the engineroom. The beat of the paddlewheel was adjusted to the tempo of the music. This was very effective with a waltz. I also remember the blind saxophone player and he was real good.

This HOMER SMITH story is a real treasure.

Rhoyden Vawters,
Louisville, Ky.

=We are indebted to Alene Stottlebower for the above; the letter was written to her. -Ed.

We have had a call from William White, son of the late Capt.

Volney E. (Stogie) White. Bill is collecting together the set of etchings released some years ago by Neare, Gibbs & Co. He has all of them except the SPRAGUE and would like to get in touch with somebody who has one to spare. He works with Procter & Gamble in Cincinnati and his home address is 33 Majestic Drive, Fort Thomas, Ky. 41075.

In our June '69 issue, page 3, we blooped in giving the origin of the Weaver Skiff Works, Racine, O. The business was started in 1869 by Capt. George Smith, Sr., says J. W. Weaver, Jr., the present proprietor. "Captain Smith's son John Quincy Smith continued it, and then my Dad and me." Elias Smith, brother of John Q., had his own boat business, a separate endeavor.

Sirs: You said in the March '70 issue that your map did not show Santa Rosa, Florida, where the JULIA BELLE SWAIN was built. The town is located on U.S. 98 just east of Destin on Choctawhatchee Bay.

Charles W. Milner III,
457 Starks Building,
Louisville, Ky. 40202

H. M. HOXIE Explosion

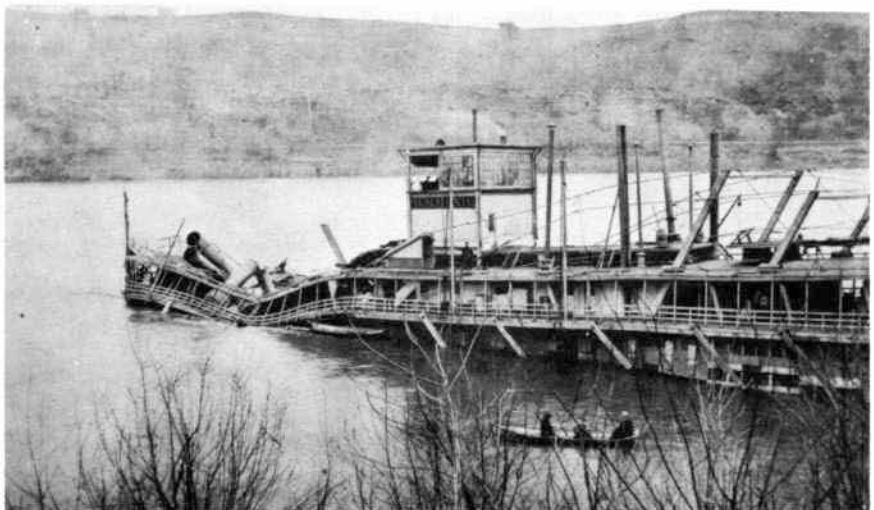
The top picture at the right is the large towboat H. M. HOXIE moored at the Howard Ship Yard, Jeffersonville, Ind. She was built on a wood hull 213.2 feet long in 1887 at Cincinnati for the St. Louis & Mississippi Valley Transportation Co., a barge line (principally grain) fostered by railroads. H. M. Hoxie, Esq. grew up with the Union Pacific Railway, as did S. H. H. Clark for whom another towboat of the line was named.

The HOXIE was a six-boiler job and had 28's- 8 ft. stroke engines, high pressure. These engines once were the subject of considerable correspondence in The Waterways Journal. They originated on a large stern-wheel packet named M. J. WICKES distinguished principally by the briefness of her career. She was built in 1870 and was dismantled in 1872. Capt. Charles B. Church was a chief factor--the same Captain Church told about elsewhere in this issue as the watchman on the HUDSON when that boat burned at Cincinnati. The Mississippi Valley Transportation Co. bought the WICKES, used the hull for a model barge, and put the machinery on a new towboat they named FUTURE CITY, built in 1873. Eventually, so says the late Capt. Henry Lindburn, they went on the H. M. HOXIE.

The railroaders by 1904 had diverted the grain traffic to the railroads and sold their river fleet of model barges and towboats. The Pittsburgh "Combine" bought the H. M. HOXIE in November, 1904, and the upper picture on this page was probably taken shortly after. The Texas was removed and she started towing coal.

Capt. James Woodward was in command and S. R. Campbell was the chief engineer on the early morning of Sunday, April 8, 1906 when the HOXIE exploded her boilers at the upper end of Portland, O. (Ohio River Mile 215.9). She was upbound with empties at the time, and had been "warmed up" to make the tough shove through Buffington Island. She made it in fine style and was just calming down to her usual gait when the catastrophe occurred.

The actual time of the affair was recorded at 5:30 a.m., just before watch-change. After the initial concussion, and when the steam had cleared away, Captain Jim found himself standing in the pilothouse gazing into a vacancy where the front end of the boat had been moments before. Captain Jim was somewhat attuned to such situation, for he had been skipper on the towboat DEFENDER at Huntington a year before when she

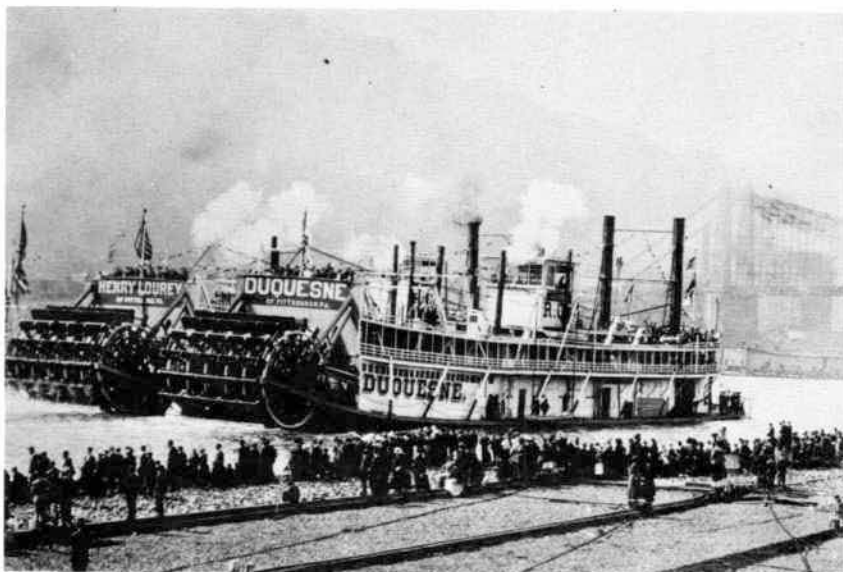
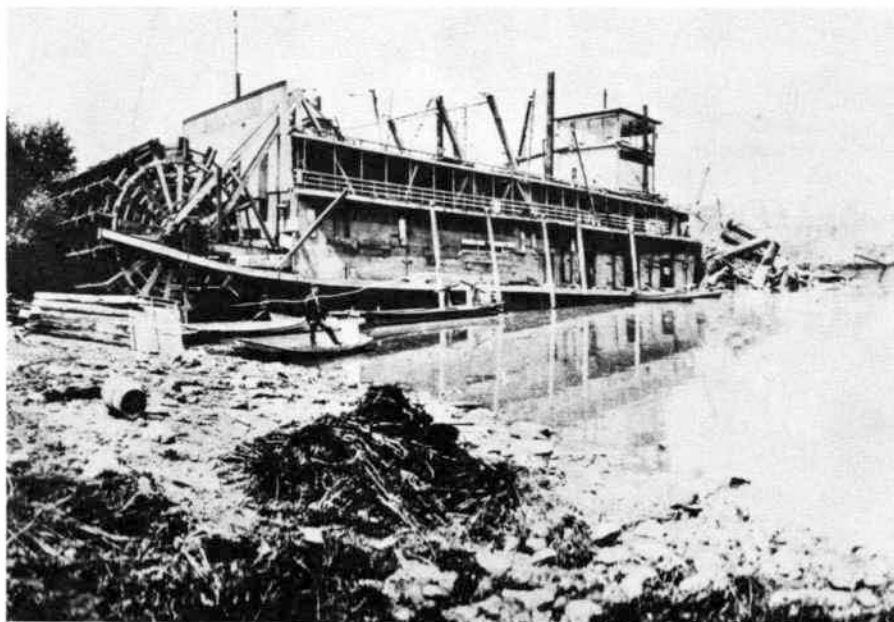




blew to atoms. He didn't get a single scratch either time and lived to be captain on the EUGENE DANA SMITH in 1920 to persecute cub pilots, and went on living after that until he was nearly 100.

The Combine waited until low water that summer of 1906 (one of these pictures shows how the river fell) before raising the wreck. They towed it to Elizabeth, Pa. with the W. W. O'NEIL and ENTERPRISE, rebuilt it that winter, and she came out again in April, 1907 renamed DUCUESNE in charge of Capt. Tom Dunlevy. One of her cub pilots was Charles T. Campbell, this before he changed his mind and decided to become a river engineer. Later he headed the Water Transport Co., Union Barge Line and Campbell Transportation Co. As the DUCUESNE she towed coal for the Combine until she was sent to the boneyard in 1915.

Since S&D REFLECTOR was started seven years ago we have become aware of a phenomenon so strange, yet so frequent in its repetition, that we are obliged to mention it. At first we called it happy coincidence when we prepared a historical article for presentation wishing there was in existence a photograph to illustrate it--knowing full well there was none--and then, almost at deadline, the picture shows up--somebody sends it in the mail or brings it to us; the donor innocent of our immediate need for what he has brought. This sort of thing puts an editor on Cloud Nine. Another manifestation of this mystery:- After fifty years of collecting boat pictures we have never obtained one of a particular boat. Then--presto--somebody sends it and--again presto--within a few days a second picture of that boat comes from someone else. For fifty years we had none; now we have two. Is this coincidence? The first time, yes; the second and third times, we commence to wonder. It's uncanny. There is still another demonstration of this peculiarity. In the March '70 issue we featured "Will Chapman's Dog Story" by Virgil E. Bennett, a tale emphasizing the hamlet of Portland, Ohio. Even before the issue was released, and unknown to us, H. D. Smith of East Palestine, Ohio, brought to the River Museum a series of photographs taken at Portland of the H. M. HOXIE explosion. Maybe these coincidences are just coincidences. But we are bewildered that such photographic material, dormant for years, reveals itself so often at precise opportune moments and with no prior correspondence or communication between the donor and editor. Other editors must surely have had parallel happenings sometimes to the point of being bizarre. We must ask around a bit.



Sirs: Recently Captain Dennis Trone, v. p. of Dubuque Boat & Boiler Co. called my attention to the June '69 issue of S&D REFLECTOR. He referred to a story about a Capt. Jesse Bowell who died rather ingloriously from a rock thrown by an unfriendly river boat captain. While the story is tragic it is also rather amusing.

In any case I fear the dead Captain Bowell was a relative and I would be most interested in finding out any additional information about the captain and his boat. Our family is native to Minnesota but my grandfather and great grandfather lived in Indiana. The family originally was Pennsylvania Dutch but migrated down the Ohio to Clark County in Indiana.

Capt. William D. Bowell,
704 South Third St.,
Stillwater, Minn. 55082

=Bill Bowell has a diesel excursion boat built by Dubuque Boat & Boiler this year named JONATHAN PADELFOED operating out of Stillwater. In the early 1950's he was curator of the steamboat photograph collection of the Wisconsin Historical Society. -Ed.

Our attention has been directed to a copy of the Cincinnati "Enquirer" dated February 6, 1905 in which appears an account of the burning of the packet HUDSON. In this disaster a dog played a vital role, perhaps the same "Shep" which figured in the story by Virgil E. Bennett. (see March '70 issue.)

The HUDSON in 1904 had been in the Cincinnati-Coney Island Park trade. That winter she was laid up at the foot of Hazen Street in Cincinnati's East End. Ice was heavy, gorges formed, and the big twin-stage packet was shoved out on the shore. No attempt was made to refloat her, the owners saying "she is safer as she is."

Late on the night of Feb. 5, 1905 watchman A. Spangler was making his usual rounds over the HUDSON's decks. He had with him a dog. As Spangler prepared to make a round in the hull he was attracted by the dog's unusual antics. The animal whined and scratched at his legs, wanting to go up the main stairway.

Figuring that the dog sensed something was wrong, Spangler changed his course and followed the dog to the boiler deck. The main cabin was filled with smoke and flames.

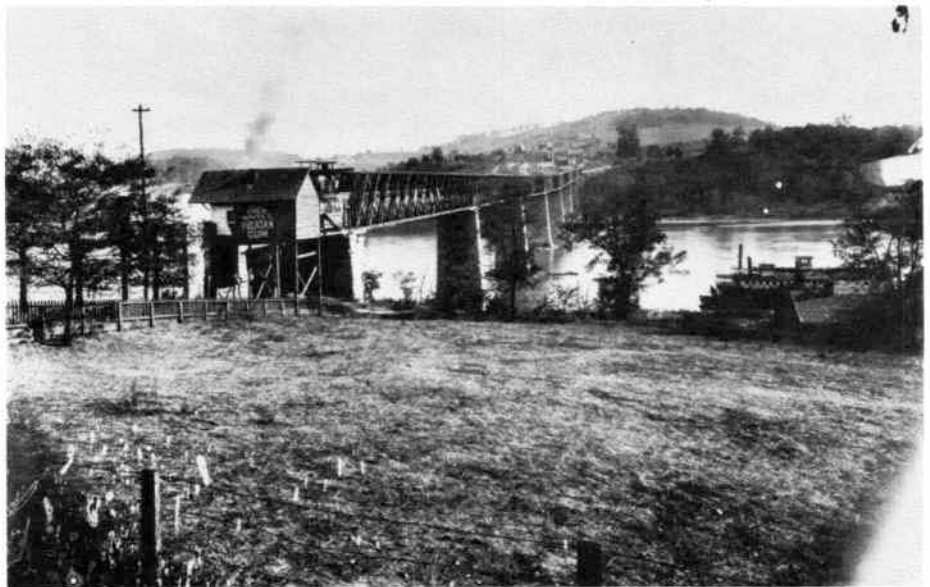
Spangler hurried to the barber-

shop opposite the office where his watchman partner Capt. Charles B. Church was sleeping, due to come on watch at one a.m. Captain Church was roused and got out on the double. He did not have time to grab his clothes.

The wind was blowing offshore, a circumstance which undoubtedly saved Crane's Lumber Yard. The HUDSON was too far from shore in the ice pack for city firemen to reach effectively. Even so, due to the wind, she did not entirely burn. When the flames died out, her port engineroom bulkhead was still intact, part of the cabin was still there, the 'scape pipes did not fall, the jackstaff was in place and the starboard stage derrick remained in position. The hull, although saved, was of little value.

Capt. Charles B. Church, who owed his life to a mascot dog, was a resident of Aberdeen, O. He was up in years, and formerly had operated packets in the Cincinnati and New Orleans trade, one of which was named in his honor, the sternwheel CHARLES B. CHURCH, built at Jeffersonville, Ind. in 1870. He died at Seymour, Ind. in February, 1917.

We have received a notice of change of address for S&D member S. Coventry. He has removed from London and now resides at 61, Chedison Street, in Halesworth, Suffolk, England.



This was taken at Knoxville, Tenn. about 1899. You are looking upstream at the Gay Street highway bridge. Knoxville is behind the camera, and across the river is the section called South Knoxville. The shed at the end of the bridge is probably a toll house. The boats at the right, below the bridge, are the TELEPHONE (shoreward) and the ONEGA. When the AVALON and GORDON C. GREENE visited Knoxville they landed one street downstream, at Market (off to the right). The old packet landing was above the Gay St. bridge at First Creek (earlier called Cripple Creek). Our thanks to Earl Olson for sending this.

Sirs: I was raised at Rock Island, Ill. and there started drawing steamboats. There was the old JAMES PEARSON, the ferry W. J. QUINLAN, the PEARL (a dilapidated old sternwheeler) and the LONE STAR. Then the AVALON came along and I chanced to meet "Doc" Hawley, the mate. Also I met Capt. Ernest Wagner. Since then I have been in the Air Corps and after my discharge I plan to attend Univ. of Texas to win my B.A. in art. I plan to pursue painting as a fine art and hope to do such boats as the JOS. B. WILLIAMS, BETSY ANN, SAINT PAUL and SPRAGUE.

Jerry L. Canavit,
155 Rustleaf/18C,
San Antonio, Texas 78242

Sirs: I have been given an old book containing copies of bills of lading for goods shipped on the LIZZIE BAY, JESSIE, MINNIE BAY and B. T. ENOS by Samuel and Peter Kinney Walker, sons of the builder and original owner of the farmhouse and property at Walker Landing, Ky., across from the Detroit Steel plant.

I have bought the old place and if we live long enough may get it cleaned up and liveable.

Dr. T. R. Rabourn,
Box 117,
South Shore, Ky. 41175

The Early Lighthouse Service



14th Lighthouse District LILY
Perhaps the earliest photograph of a U.S. Lighthouse tender on inland streams. Known to have been taken when Capt. W. R. Hoel commanded, perhaps as early as 1878 when he changed the whistle (see text).

In the summer of 1882 when Samuel Clemens revisited the Mississippi River after an absence of twenty-one years he found many changes. A few things were better; much was worse. He boarded the Anchor Line side-wheeler GOLD DUST at St. Louis. "The national government has turned the Mississippi into a sort of a two-thousand-mile torchlight procession," he wrote.

"In the head of every crossing, and in the foot of every crossing, the government has set up a clear-burning lamp. You are never entirely in the dark, now; there is always a beacon in sight, either before you, or behind you, or abreast. One might almost say that lamps have been squandered there. Dozens of crossings are lighted which were not shoal when they were created, and have never been shoal since; crossings so plain, too, and also so straight, that a steamboat can take herself through them without any help, after she has been through once. Lamps in such places are of course not wasted; it is much more convenient for a pilot to hold on them than on a spread of formless blackness that won't stay still; and the money is saved to the boat, at the same time, for she can of course make more miles with her rudder amidships than she can with it squared across her stern and holding her back. But this thing has knocked the romance out of piloting, to a large extent."

The idea of shore lights to aid pilots on the Mississippi and its tributaries was thought up and used long before the government got into the picture. Steamboat owners, and sometimes pilots, persuaded--or paid--woodyard proprietors or other persons with pursuits on shore to maintain private lamps. Capt. Jack Grammar of the Evansville & Paducah Packet Co. caused such aids to be lit and maintained in that territory of the Ohio River prior to 1874.

That was the year--1874--when Congress passed an act (18 Stat. L., 204, 220) extending the jurisdiction of the U.S. Lighthouse Board to the inland streams, particularly the Mississippi, Missouri, and the Ohio. The act called for "the establishment of such beacon-lights, day-beacons and buoys as may be necessary for the use of vessels navigating these streams."

The first two "government lights" (as pilots have termed them since) were erected in December, 1874. They were at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, and at Twin Hollows, Mo.

Twin Hollow Light is still there, now a white flasher 166.2 miles above Cairo. The highway bridge at Jefferson Barracks, 3½ miles above, ended the usefulness of that one. The first "lighthouse tender" was a side-wheeler named ALICE. We can't tell you where she was built or when, but in the early spring of 1875 this ALICE came up the Ohio to Pittsburgh, poking ashore at strategic points, setting up posts, engaging keepers, distributing kerosene (pardon, coal oil) and probably treating a few of the shore party for dog bites, ivy poisoning, and maybe a snake bite or so. The ALICE tended to the whole of the Ohio River, to the Mississippi (or a portion thereof, for two districts were originally set up) and in the spring of 1876 she was up the Missouri to Kansas City. On a servicing trip up the Missouri early in 1878 she broke 60 or 70 hull timbers and spent most of March and April patching at a St. Louis dock.

The LILY was built in 1876 for the Ohio River, then known as the 14th District. Thereafter the ALICE continued on the Missouri and made trips through to New Orleans. Her skipper in 1878 was Capt. William Crapster according to a contemporary newspaper item.

The first skipper on the LILY was Capt. Owen B. Jolly, who didn't last long. Too bad he did not scribble his version of it. The master of a lighthouse boat was continually plagued with criticism from all and sundry; when he placed a light in the bite of a bend, he should have put it lower down, or higher up, or across the river; nobody but a brainless ass would have placed it like he placed it; but that's the government for you, everything bass-ackwards, no system, no intelligence. You see the lights were placed to suit the steamboat pilots who used them, a breed consistent in its inconsistency and noted for its vocal discordance. The captains of the LILY and the ALICE could bank on one fact; whatever they did met immediate and loud objection from a bevy of navigators.

Captain William R. Hoel, of Civil War gunboat fame, took charge of the LILY the second season in 1876. Apparently he had what it took. There survives a log book he kept aboard. An entry dated July 15, 1878 says this: "Received 100 gal. cream colored paint (for the outside of the boat) also 6 paint brushes, 5 gal. gloss paint and 5 gal. turpentine." Apparently the LILY was not white, like other boats, during Hoel's regime. Newspapers had a habit of reporting her comings and goings calling her the U.S. Tender Lily. Many shore-dwellers thought her name was TENDER LILY (with a cream finish, no doubt.)

Next day, July 16, 1878, Captain Hoel records: "Workmen engaged putting up new whistles, the old one not being sufficient volume, being composed of only one whistle, adding three new ones."

The river news editor of the Pittsburgh Gazette ran an item on July 4, 1878 saying "The annual cost of running the LILY last year was \$44,000, including all wages and supplies; her run is from Pittsburgh to Cairo, and she tends about 240 lights."

Capt. George Vandergrift of the Cincinnati area was next in command, having disposed of his iron-hull towboat ALEX SWIFT, the first one on the Ohio River. He was in charge when, during low water, on Sept. 20, 1884, all laid up at Cincinnati, the packets MORNING MAIL, BONANZA and the LILY all burned. Damage to the LILY was set at \$10,000.

Thereupon a new LILY was built at Madison, Ind. using what was recoverable from the wreck of the first one, a quite handsome creation (see her picture on the front page of this issue) with a hull measuring 178 by 28. Capt. George Vandergrift was in charge of the building of her, and continued aboard during 1885, resigning that fall to manage the Burnet House at Cincinnati. His successor was Capt. Charles Dufour, late of the U.S. Mail Line.

River "government lights" were built on a plain inexpensive pattern. An upright post, braced, supported a lantern-shelf high up. Wooden steps, or ladder, angled upward for easy access. Cross-boards, similar to the old-time STOP LOOK LISTEN railroad warnings, winged out behind the lamp. Each post light was numbered plainly; originally on the Ohio River the first one at Cairo was #1 and so on to Pittsburgh. (This scribe spent many a boat-watching afternoon at #594, Deadman Island Upper, 14 miles below Pittsburgh.) The lamp was an ordinary 14-inch globe flat-wick lantern of the Dietz or Cold Blast type, placed in either a triangular or square glass-paned box; usually the glass was clear, but sometimes with a red glass front.

The Lighthouse Service was persnickety about the lantern oil, same as they were for seacoast lighthouses. Warden & Oxnard's Elaine Oil was widely used for years. John Warden of this firm lived in Sewickley, and his brother William was a pioneer with Standard Oil.

The light-keepers were a devoted lot, mainly; sometimes the care of a light was entrusted to one family for years, handed along from father to son. The light at the upper end of Letart Island was contracted by A. B. Alexander when the ALICE first came up there on May 15, 1875, and in 1907, 62 years later, A. B. Alexander was still tending

it. Passing steamboats, noting a light unlit, were requested to blow one long and three shorts, to alert the keeper. Cards were supplied by the Lighthouse Service for pilots to fill in and sign when they noted unlit lights. Then the Service sent the keeper an admonition, and a form to fill out. One of the questions on the form was: How many days in the last month was your light unlit? To which one cantankerous keeper replied, "I don't burn her by day, I burn her by night."

The side-wheel JOSEPH HENRY was built at Jeffersonville, Ind. in 1880 for Mississippi River service, replacing the ALICE. She was 180 by 32, well designed, and powerful for her size. Her engines were 18'-6 ft. stroke, high pressure, and she had three boilers. Although she had a wooden hull, it was stiffened internally with three longitudinal iron bulkheads and five transverse iron bulkheads.

As each new light was placed on the river shores it was given a name, just as a child is named, a tradition which carries on even until the present time. The captain of the tender suggested a name for his newly-born beacon to his superiors, and they usually approved. The majority became place names identifying the light with its proximity to islands, towheads, towns and the like. Some were named for old steamboats, and to this day on the Mississippi you'll find Gold Dust, Kate Aubrey, Josie Harry, Kate Adams, Ben Hur, Fashion and one named for the old tender itself, Joseph Henry. Some got odd names; Hole In Wall, Skullbone, Battle Axe, Horse Shoe, these on the lower Mississippi. On the Missouri you'll find Bootlegger and Bushwhacker. On the Tennessee are The Pot, The Skillet and The Pan.

Later on newspaper men who wrote river columns came in for recognition, and we have George Zerr Light and Gamble Light on the Ohio, and Joe Curtis Light near Memphis. Mark Twain and Ben Bur-

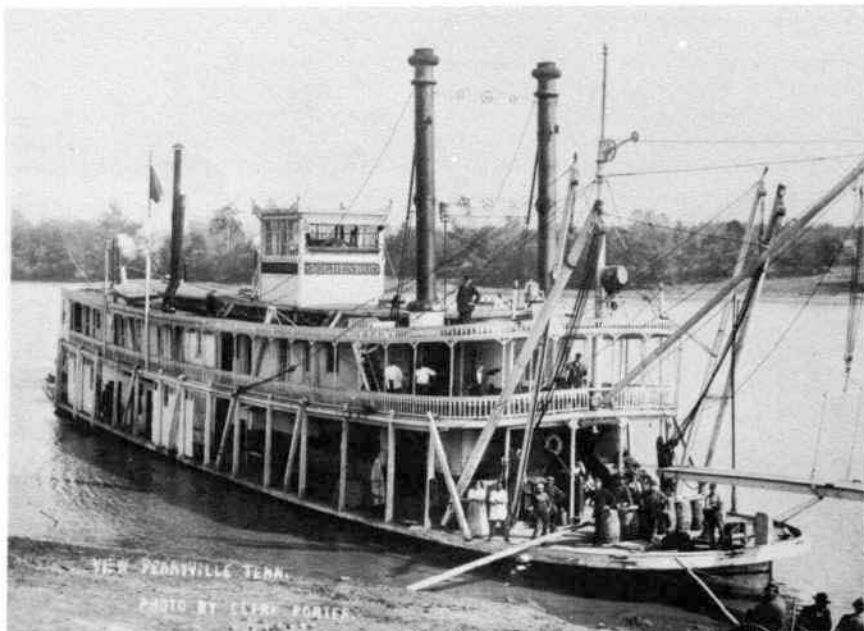


The first LILY tending

Taken at Cox Ripple Light, Ohio River, mile 72.8 below Pittsburgh, date about 1886. The original was handed to us years ago by John M. Sweeney. He said in the interest of obtaining good boat pictures he bought a special lens for a Wheeling commercial photographer and persuaded him to take a few. This is one of them.

The GOLDENROD is landed at Perryville, Tenn. on the Tennessee River, mile 134.9 above the mouth. The old picture from which this was made records that Capt. William Eagon is on the roof; Leslie Hill, mate, is on the forecastle; Harry Layfield, engineer, is sitting on the front steps along with Bernard W. Southgate. No date is given.

Well, Harry Layfield went second engineer on her in 1903, became chief in 1912 and resigned in 1917. Capt. Eagon went on the LILY, at which time Leslie Hill took charge of the GOLDENROD and remained as long as she was in service. So this was taken about 1905. Mr. Southgate became superintendent of the 14th District. Southgate Light at Ohio River mile 489.6 was named for him.



man have lights named for them. A few noteworthy river pilots are remembered; Quaker Oats and Henry Nye Lights are not far below Cairo, the former remembering Capt. Cal Blazier--both he and Nye were partners on the SPRAGUE. On the Kanawha are Patrick, Wright and Jim Hooff Lights. The long-time publisher of The Waterways Journal is remembered with Donald T. Wright Daymark on the Upper Allegheny. (He started out as a light, but was demoted apparently.)

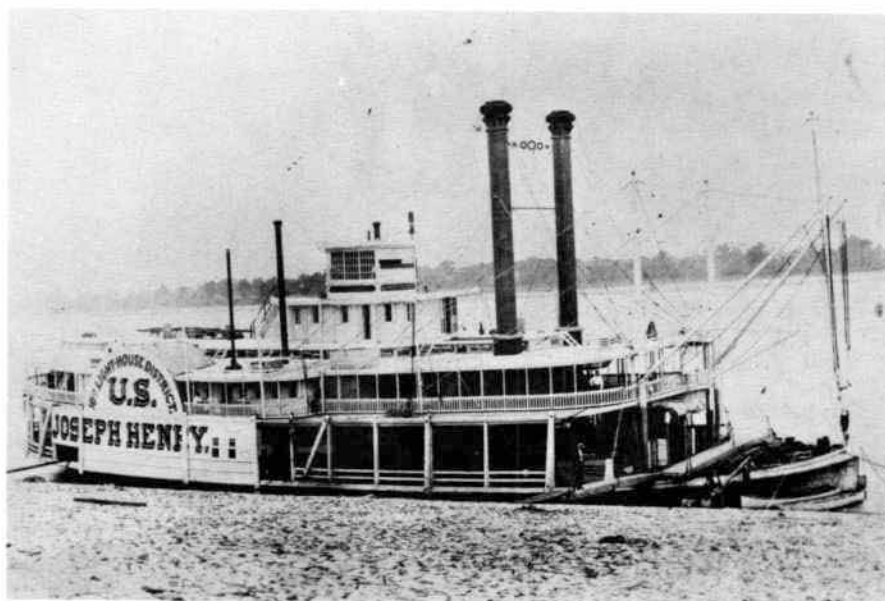
The Upper Mississippi has a Diamond Jo Daymark and a Streckfus Daymark, honoring old packet operators. On the Ohio are Oscar F. Barrett, Gordon Greene and Tom Greene. LaBarge is on the Missouri.

The first sternwheeler in the Lighthouse Service was the GOLDENROD built in 1888 at Jeffersonville; also she was the first with a steel hull, measuring 150 by 26.5. She was modestly powered with 12's- 5 ft. stroke, high pressure, with two boilers. She took over the Ohio River and tributaries. The LILY went to the Upper Mis-

issippi and Missouri, and the JOSEPH HENRY continued on the Lower Mississippi.

The second sternwheeler was the OLEANDER built at Dubuque, 1903, not unlike the BETSY ANN in size and shape, with a steel hull. She retired the JOSEPH HENRY which was sold to become an excursion boat in private hands. As it must to most wood hull boats on the Missouri, the LILY got her everlasting on a snag in November, 1911, at approximately Mile 49, the head of Centaur Chute. The machinery, boilers, and so on were salvaged but the bleached bones were still visible only a few years ago. In her stead, the Service bought the raftboat F. WEYERHAEUSER and did her over to become the DANDELION, a Lighthouse boat well remembered along the Upper Mississippi.

Capt. Thomas B. Good was on the OLEANDER when she carried U.S. president Howard Taft from St. Louis to Memphis in 1909, and today you'll find a Tom Good Lighted Buoy on the Mississippi, and there is an Oleander Light, too. Capt. Russell Warner bought the old OLEANDER at public sale in



The marking on the paddlebox of the JOSEPH HENRY reads 15th LIGHTHOUSE DISTRICT and looks like this was taken at Memphis. Notice she carries double swinging stages. She kept these, as well as that odd looking whistle, when sold to the Bluff City Excursion Co. who renamed her LOUISIANA. During the 1904 St. Louis World's Fair Capts. Gordon C. Greene and Jesse P. Hughes rode her to Alton and back. Then Capt. Ed Nowland and others at Memphis renamed her PATTONA, and she wound up her days in that area. In March, 1967, a side-wheel wreck was exposed at Mud Island, thought to be this boat.

1930, stripped off the elaborate cabin (she boasted a presidential suite) and in the hard times of that era he gave away the wreckage to needy families in Memphis for firewood. The Ohio River Company got the steel hull for a landing barge at Huntington, W. Va., and improved it by putting on a steam hoist. They coaled steamboats with it. The side-wheel WILLOW replaced her in the Lighthouse Service.

The GOLDENROD had terminated her usefulness by 1925 and was replaced by the steel-hull stern-wheel GREENBRIER built by Ward at Charleston, W. Va. John Lyons of Middleport, O. got the old GOLDENROD, kept her at pasture behind the ice piers there. Along came a flood, tore her loose, and she was lost.

The DANDELION was sold at a public sale held at Rock Island, Ill. in 1927. John F. Klein, a boat broker, bought her and took her to Cairo. She was involved in a collision with the HERBERT HOOVER in 1929 and lost. Meanwhile the WAKEROBIN built by Dravo replaced her on the Upper Miss.

The old oil lantern government lights started going off the gold standard in the early 1930's when battery-operated electric flashers came in. The U.S. Coast Guard took over the reins during World War II with districts based at New Orleans and St. Louis. Today they have about forty diesel tenders busy tending.



Here is the DANDELION on the Upper Miss. Maybe some reader will recognize where this was taken; the bridge at the right is a clue. Note the unusual hogchaining. The Lighthouse Service must have changed it this way; the rafter F. WEYERHAEUSER (which she was originally) had usual-style chains. The fancy-topped smokestacks are a carry-over from her raftboat days. The Weyerhaeusers, with lumbering operations based at Rock Island, Ill., transplanted themselves to the Pacific Northwest and today are progressive leaders in reforestation and conservation.

During April spring vacation C. W. Stoll took his son Charles on a sight-seeing tour of Washington, D.C. They visited the Smithsonian Museum of History and Technology and there found, in the Merchant Marine Section, a bevy of steamboat models. Amongst them, and one of the best, is that of the JOSEPH HENRY, the U.S. Lighthouse tender described and pictured in the article terminating on this page. Also the GREENBRIER is there.

Other models at Smithsonian are the U.S. Engineer sternwheeler CHARLES H. WEST, the P&C packet KEYSTONE STATE, and the CHICOT, a towboat of the U.S. Engineer fleet, later the JEROME D. BEELER of Commercial Barge Lines, and still later the ALEC PARNIE. When last we saw her she was in the fleet of Capt. Charles C. Stone at Pt. Pleasant, some 22 years ago.

The latest Smithsonian addition is the VALLEY BELLE, a model by John L. Fryant, showing her in her less illustrious latter towboat days. Somehow we are tickled with the idea that the ol' VALLEY BELLE has a niche in the Smithsonian.

John J. Strader made the "Show Business" section of TIME Magazine in the April 27th issue. In Cincinnati the Gayety Burlesk, last of the live epidermis emporiums there, was closing down. The mourners staged a two-night extravaganza in the nearby Shubert Theater and post-performance parties were thrown at the Gayety. Said TIME:

"John J. Strader, a wealthy Cincinnati, lovingly cradled six boxes of G strings and pasties as he said: 'I've bought these to give to old friends, to the lovers of the better things in

life.' Added his wife: 'We like to see a little Americana left. If we don't preserve some of the things that make up our history, we'll end up with a country full of parking lots.'"

S&D members Jack and Joan Strader live on Clifton Avenue, Cincinnati, and Jack is grandson of the esteemed gentleman for whom the side-wheel JACOB STRADER was named.



S. Durward Hoag took a picture of this somewhat startling sign at Bradenton, Florida, on March 13, 1959. Tourists were supposed to be attracted to come visit the old GORDON C. GREENE, which apparently they did not do. The diningroom had been closed prior to Steve's visit.

Jim Paisley has sent us a Xerox copy taken from the Saturday a.m. issue, November 26, 1862, of the Wheeling Daily Intelligencer. It contains in the river news column notice of the new packet BERTRAND which has been featured in the S&D REFLECTOR since her bones were disinterred above Omaha on the Missouri River. The account follows:

"The BERTRAND leaves today on her first trip for St. Louis. She has six thousand kegs of nails and other freight, making a good load. She is a nice, trim little steamer, neat but not gaudy, and sits upon the water like a duck. She has a hundred and sixty-two feet deck, draws when light about 18 inches. Her hull was built by Dunlevy & Co., her machinery by Sweeneys; her cabin by Gullet of Pittsburgh, and furnished by Mendels. Her captain, Ben Goodwin, is a well known riverman, and Jerry Cochrane goes as clerk. If the people down on the lower waters only knew Jerry as well as they do up here, they'd all want to travel on his boat--that's all."

Lowell Nussbaum runs a column of miscellany in the Indianapolis "Star." He made a crack not long ago saying that the White River is not a navigable stream. Duge Butler, Jr., an Indianapolis attorney, set him straight. The Indiana Supreme Court ruled about twenty years ago that the White River is navigable in fact, at least to Martinsville, Ind. The court's ruling was based on established evidence that a flatboat engaged in commerce had come to Martinsville, from below, once in the distant past. The court ruled out an objection that the flatboat had come during high water. The fact that it had come was the clincher.

WESTERN UNION MARCH 12, 1970
KEEL WAS LAID TODAY FOR JULIA BELLE SWAIN COMPLETION SCHEDULED FOR SEPTEMBER FIRST 1970 YOU ARE THE FIRST TO KNOW =DENNIS TRONE

The JULIA BELLE SWAIN honors the name of Mrs. Dolph Russ Westphal, daughter of the late Capt. Percy Swain. The family removed from Peoria to California in 1923. When the side-wheel JULIA BELLE SWAIN first came to Pittsburgh in 1924 both Capt. Percy Swain and his brother Capt. Verne Swain made the trip. In July, 1918, while the side-wheel VERNE SWAIN was being delivered to

Pittsburgh, Capt. David M. Swain died enroute, grandfather of Mrs. Westphal.

Capt. David Swain was the first skipper of the side-wheel JULIA BELLE SWAIN, commencing in 1916. Capt. Verne Swain was in command when she operated as an excursion boat on the Illinois in the 1921-1924 period. Prior to that the JULIA BELLE was in the St. Louis-Alton trade under charter to the Eagle Packet Co.

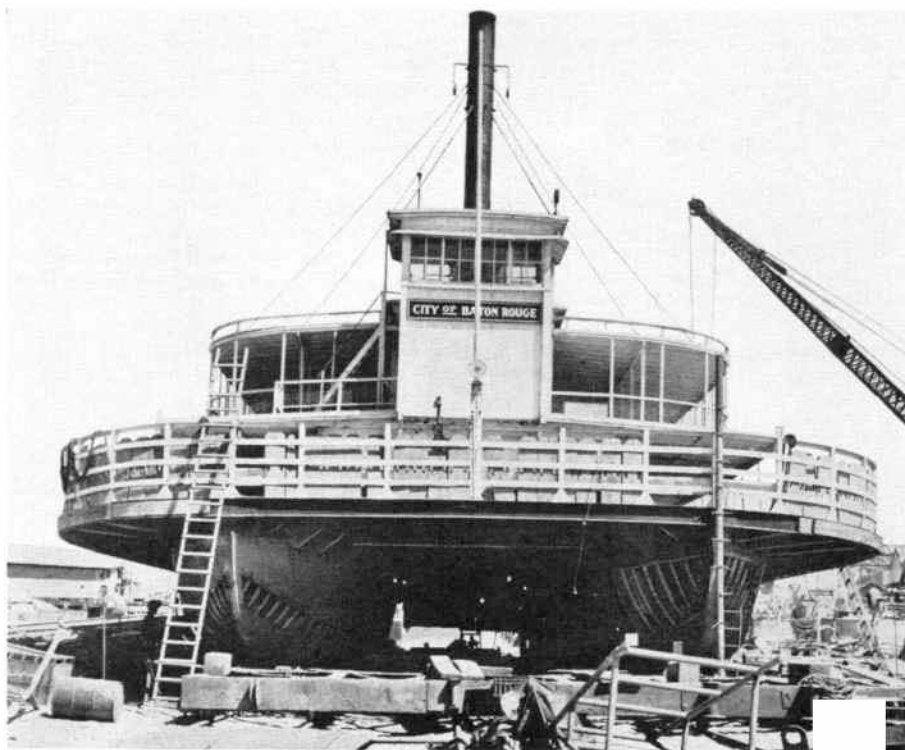
Sirs: Governor James M. Cox is the bareheaded man in the stern of the skiff, shown in the March issue, page 12. I don't know who the man in the bow is. Cox must have moved just as the picture was taken; his face is somewhat blurred. Some of the more recent histories of Ohio contain his picture where you may verify.

Paul E. Rieger,
5031 Westminster Road,
Sylvania, Ohio 43560

Anent the story of the Flood of 1913 in our last issue, Walt McCoy says in West Virginia there are three grades of floods and the natives sort them into these categories:

- Brush mover.....mild
- Gully washer.....tolerable
- Pig drowner.....all out.

Lloyd Hawthorne, the artist who created the Henry M. Shreve picture shown on page 14 sends us a little historical background. "The snagboat I depicted in the painting is the ARCHIMEDES. It and the HELIOPOLIS, credited as being his first, were identical in design. Both were built at New Albany, Ind. in 1829 but the HELIOPOLIS was used exclusively on the Mississippi and Ohio. Before Capt. Shreve finished the job on the Red River he completed two more snagboats, the ERADI-CATOR and CAPT. HENRY M. SHREVE.



CITY OF BATON ROUGE

She has a catamaran-style hull...

We have been getting some static for having said the hull of the old ferry CITY OF BATON ROUGE was built catamaran style. Our Webster's says a catamaran "is a boat with two parallel hulls." So gaze above and that's what you see. The paddlewheel was set between the hulls toward the stern. Such construction permitted much excess width. The first car on board went across the bow, down the guard, across the stern, and up the yon side; it was the first one off. The engines from this ferry will propel the new JULIA BELLE SWAIN; see telegram and article at the left. You'll have a chance to go aboard this catamaran at Peoria come vacation-time in 1971; it will bloom forth into an elaborate wharfboat for the new JULIA BELLE SWAIN.

Who says the days of steam are dead? William W. Willock, Jr., Rolphs Wharf Road, Chestertown, Maryland 21620 has been tinkering with steamboats for some time past. A couple of years ago a shipyard fire destroyed his first one, so he went to the Bass Harbor Boat Shop, Bernard, Maine, and had built the 26-foot BENJ. F. JONES shown in the accompanying picture.

He runs her on the Chester River, an estuary of Chesapeake Bay. She has a single cylinder high pressure 5" x 5" engine turning a 24 x 36 four-blade prop at 225 rpm. The boiler is a vertical fire tube job, 150 psi. She was new in 1965 and is rated 10 hp.

The BENJ. F. JONES is named for Bill Willock's maternal grandfather, one of the founders of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp. in Pittsburgh. B. F. Jones was associated with Pennsylvania Canal operations in his youth and switched to iron and steel in 1851. James Laughlin joined him in 1854 and the firm became Jones & Laughlin. Bill's mother (ne Alice Jones) was a sister of B. F. Jones, Jr. The Willocks and the Jones, Jr. families had mansions and estates on Sewickley Heights in the lush pre-income tax days.

Bill says "Incidentally, for some years I held master's and engineer's licenses for inland waters in the state of Maine. They repealed the law a couple of years ago; I was the only one left; and I guess they didn't think it was worth the bother."

"Medical Economics" is a slick-stock magazine (\$2 the copy) with feature articles relating doctors with modern-day patients ("Your Role In the Sexual Revolution.") In the 256-page issue of March 2, 1970, mixed in with full-page color ads for Dimetapp Extentabs, Premarin, Robitussin-PE, et cetera is a nine page copiously illustrated story entitled "How about a real riverboat vacation?" by staff Washington editor James A. Reynolds. Editor Reynolds and his good wife round-tripped on the DELTA QUEEN last summer, Cincinnati to Pittsburgh and back. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds snuk up into the pilothouse, strictly illegal, and heard Doc Hawley say: "This boat isn't a piece of machinery; she's a true antique." Also the pilot on watch was doing a bit of vocal broadcasting, reported at some length and with complete accuracy. For the information of the U.S. Coast Guard,



BENJ. F. JONES

She's named for a Pittsburgh steel pioneer.
(see article in left column)

this scribe, who had hold of the levers while this was going on, retains no knowledge of any visitors. The night was dark and the squawk-box was squawking.

Sirs: Virgil E. Bennett's story about Will Chapman and the dog Shep in the March issue is truly remarkable. Present plans are for us to leave Florida and return to Louisville about the first of May.

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

Reluctant spring finally sprung and on warm sunshiny April 10 we were pleased with a surprise visit from William E. (Slim) Brandt of Steubenville and his crew of two worthies, H. O. Reynolds of New Cumberland, W. Va. and Clyde W. Daily of Toronto, O. Slim Brandt, vice president of the Wellsville (O.) River Museum was bearer of the good news that The Wellsville Museum will be re-activated and opened to visitors all this summer, at least until September. It will be at the old location in the attractive stone Aten house. Clyde Daily reported that his towboat VOYAGER was being repaired at the site of old Ohio River Lock 10 for the coming summer season. The sternwheel LOUISE which he sold to Capt. Tom Corlet in April, 1969, has been given a new hull and other improvements in Florida and is in active operation there. H. O. Reynolds recounted an excursion aboard the sternwheel ST. JAMES

which he took in 1915. The boat grounded below Ohio River Lock 9 and could not be released. Her multitude of passengers were taken off in ferry flats recruited from New Cumberland and Toronto.

Dr. Herbert P. Kagen, Department of Chemistry, West Virginia State College, Institute, W. Va. 25112 is researching the postal history of U.S. Mail by steamboat on West Virginia's rivers. He is interested in obtaining photographs, letters, envelopes.

Sirs: I really enjoyed the side-wheel CINCINNATI on the cover of the March issue. As a boy I rode her to Louisville many times; also the QUEEN CITY and the JOHN W. HUBBARD. If only the clock could be turned back.

Bernard F. Eichholz,
8 West 16th Street,
Covington, Kentucky 41011

NOMENCLATURE DEPT.

There is a coal-mining town on the Levisa Fork of Big Sandy named Thealka, zip code 41259. It is situated in Johnson County, Kentucky, and the last available census report we have on it shows a pop. of 520. Not far from Paintsville; on the C&O. Thealka was named for the bat-wing packet THEALKA, the only possible way it could have such a name. The boat was named for Alka Meek which logically would make its name ALKA. But the lettering artist put THE in front and left no space between the words.

Sirs: The pictures and story of the FRANCIS J. TORRANCE in the last issue reminds me of her when she was the PRINCESS, the name she carried for at least two-thirds of her life. When I was a lad in Cincinnati one of the most convenient and very frugal forms of entertainment was to ride the excursion boat to Coney Island. The procedure was to pack a shoe-box picnic lunch to take along. We usually rode the larger ISLAND QUEEN (first) leaving on the late afternoon trip. Many people (including us) did not get off at the park, and stayed aboard for the return to Cincinnati. Another reason we rode the QUEEN is because my Dad thought the PRINCESS was too high for her beam, a concern which was shared by many including Capt. Emerson Moore, her master. Later on, when he was on the OTTAWA he used to regale me with tales of the PRINCESS.

Cincinnati city water was a bit suspect those days, and even though the Coney boats had signs over the drinking water spigots saying the water was safe, my parents saw to it that we drank pop instead, which we did in quantities. Of course the basic H2O content of the pop might have been as questionable---but no one seems to have worried about that.

Now to abruptly change the subject, but still sticking to the March issue, look again at the picture of the CINCINNATI on the front page. You will observe faced at the end of the wharfboat a scow-bow cabin-style pleasure boat. That is a rather important and unusual specimen of the type.

Cummins demonstrator

The Cummins diesel people of Columbus, Ind. were among the first (maybe THE first) to build diesel engines with weight and horsepower comparable with the gas engine. Cummins diesels led in higher rpm., flexibility, and in having electric starters. This was important to operators of the smaller boats--no air tanks, compressor; no assorted leakages and headaches which were standard procedure with air starting. In all this Cummins was a leader.

Now, Columbus, Ind. is not a river town, but Madison is, and the Cummins people had a demonstrator boat there. I am sure the one in the CINCINNATI picture is it.

Hey, in that March issue you show a picture of the MARY McCONNELL. Anybody that ever boated in the 1920s between Rosiclare and Shawneetown knew her owner,

Richard McConnell. Captain Dick knew that part of the river like the back of his hand; as long as the bottom was wet the MARY McCONNELL ran. The boys on dredges (the U. S. Engineers were doing a lot of work there) were eternally grateful to Capt. Dick who never failed to run in close and sling over a bundle of newspapers for the benefit of those isolated and news-starved rivermen who had no radios or TVs. Also that boat was the one sure way to get to town. Capt. Dick had another boat, too, the KATHERINE M., and ran her downstream while the MARY McCONNELL was running above Cave In Rock.

Colored glass transoms

That MARY McCONNELL was a pretty little boat, more like a present-day houseboat cruiser. She had twin engines, F-M's, I think. Notice that her windows have an upper part more like a transom--this upper part had colored glass and when her cabin was lighted she made a striking picture. What became of her I cannot say.

How long may a letter be? What was said in the March issue about the ferry boats playing out at Bellaire in 1927 is true, but the RUTH ANN and CHARON lay around for a year. In 1928 they "departed south." If my memory is correct both were crossed out by the Inspectors but RUTH ANN was given temporary reprieve to tow the CHARON to Pt. Pleasant for dock work on both. The slight mishap at Lock 23 changed the plans considerably. Those two views of the CHARON are quite some pictures, and the RUTH ANN later tried the ferry trade between Levanna, O. and Dover, Ky. She didn't make it, and finally sank about where the Barrett ship yard is there at Levanna.

Side-wheeler has monkey rudders

Oh boy, the PIONEER. How that monster came to be in ABL would be a story in itself. It might be safe to tell it at this late date but I'll desist. When she arrived in New Orleans from the East Coast she was given monkey rudders, one aft of each side-wheel. Of course she also got tow knees, built DOWN from the head instead of UP so's to connect with loads. The deck crew had to go down ladders to hook up loads to fastenings in the forward part of the hull.

Her living quarters were cool because there was clearance enough for a railroad box car between the main deck and those

living quarters. Machinery and boilers were in the hull, hence those spaces were not cool; quite the reverse.

I spent a one-day hitch aboard the PIONEER, rather short and rather vivid in my memory. In the early 1930's ABL had the big sternwheel MONONGAHELA chartered from OBL and at this particular time Capt. Allen B. Wood was on her as master and I was pilot. We got to Louisville downbound and orders came aboard to lay her up at the foot of Preston Street, ABL's main landing. The crew (most, anyhow) were to transfer over to the PIONEER which had an engineroom crew and they had her steamed up. In the usual confusion Capt. Wood had things to do and I was elected to deliver barges from the MONONGAHELA's tow and pick up barges to be added to the downstream tow, and make up the whole business and proceed downstream. Get it straight; I was to do all of this piloting this 240-foot side-wheel would-be harbor tug PIONEER. It was quite a day.

Let it be said that the reason the MONONGAHELA was laying up was because she needed repairs. This junket with the PIONEER was a pinch-hit proposition. We were to take the tow down and turn one of the other ABL towboats usually kept on the Mississippi. Then we were to come back with her to Louisville, lay her up, and go back aboard the MONONGAHELA. The PIONEER couldn't stand much continuous operation lest she cause a fuel oil shortage in the country and bankruptcy for ABL.

Harry Hamilton came aboard

I had no license below Louisville, so Harry Hamilton was to be pilot and I became steersman. In the crossing from Lock 41 to New Albany she ran aground on a bar that the whole tow had passed over, an accomplishment of sorts. Finally she wiggled off and went on down the river.

I tell this because the outcome of that delay became important. When we got to the Standard Oil landing at West Louisville I got word that my mother was seriously ill--critically ill-- and it was of course adamant that I leave the PIONEER and go home. Had not the grounding happened, as events proved, I would not have gotten the message. In those days before radio it's hard to tell how far we might have gone before the serious message was delivered to me.

The Standard Oil people had a

car ready and drove me across their tremendous reservation to the highway. Also they had ordered a cab to meet me at the gate, and it was waiting. I have been very grateful to those persons at Standard ever since.

As postscript to all of this, as though it were not too long already, that same night there was a bad fire at Louisville with the destruction of the tug NUGENT and the towboats W. L. BERRY and DUNCAN BRUCE; also at least one derrick boat. We had moored the MONONGAHELA just below where the blaze occurred. Capt. Berkley Wright and "Slim" Carpenter were credited with saving her. Fortunately there was steam on her nigger boiler, so they cut her loose and jerked her out on a nigger line using the capstan. No credit went to the fireman who had steam on the boiler, but that is life.

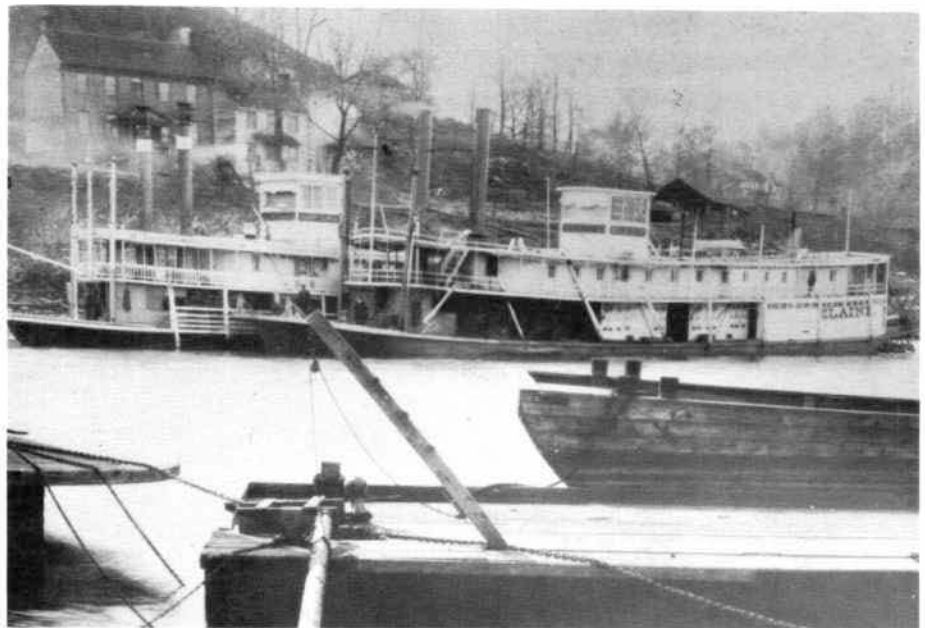
The only real good thing that came out of the acquisition of the PIONEER for ABL is that they also acquired her chief engineer, Cecil Truitt, who without hesitation I nominate as one of the best engineers, steam or diesel, that ever boated on inland rivers and he also was one of the nicest men that I ever met.

Well, so much for the March issue. The arrival of the S&D REFLECTOR is sort of like nightfall in Marietta when all the boulevard lights come on the length of Third Street. Only different. Those lights are all the same wattage. The REFLECTOR lights up my recollections in varying intensity, some dim and others very bright.

Lewis B. Reade,
222 Caro Lane,
Marietta, Ohio 45750

A late bulletin in from C. W. Stoll informs us that the picture of the stagecoach loaded on the ferry shown on page 3 may have been taken as late as 1916. He does not amplify. Maybe so. We recollect such a stagecoach operating between Creston and Grantsville on the Little Kanawha in 1918.

Everybody knows by this time of Capt. Clarke (Doc) Wawley leaving the DELTA QUEEN at St. Louis to share the command of the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE with Capt. Charlie Brasher. Our good wishes to both and a special harbor salute to Capt. Ernie Wagner.



THE ELUSIVE ELAINE

Capt. Harry Kraft had it all the time...

Locating a photograph of the ELAINE has baffled all collectors for thirty years. Now that one's been found the answer to the quest was absurdly simple. Capt. Harry Kraft had it all the time. William E. (Slim) Brandt of Steubenville acquired Captain Kraft's album of boat pictures and discovered it. Thanks to him we now present the elusive ELAINE built in 1882, the hull and joiner work at Clarrington and the machinery, boilers and outfitting put on at Wheeling. Her hull measured 142.5 by 25. She plied the Wheeling-Parkersburg trade in her early days. Freight bills dated 1885 and 1886 show Capt. F. Kimpel, Jr., master; Ed Dunn, clerk. In 1888 she was still there, making one trip a week through to Pittsburgh, Capt. S. Walker Litton, master. In 1890 when the ABNER O'NEAL was sold to the Missouri River, Capt. G. W. Conant came to the ELAINE and ran her variously in the Pittsburgh-Wheeling and Wheeling-Parkersburg trade in connection with the MATT F. ALLEN and BEN HUR. The ELAINE was very light draft and often replaced heavier packets during summer and fall low water. This scribe admits considerable surprise at the architecture; she looks like a towboat; even has small towing knees. We had heard she carried a whistle very similar to the one on the BEN HUR, later on the last LIBERTY, and this picture shows this to be a fact. Note she has no swinging stage, no bullrails, no stationaries. She has towboat railings around the boiler deck, and plain towboat stacks. This picture was made at Parkersburg, W. Va. in the mouth of the Little Kanawha, just below the wharfboat. There doesn't seem to be any symptom of the Ohio River Railroad (later B&O) behind, so it was taken in the early 1880's. The HARRY D. KNOX is moored at shore (left) owned then by Capt. Ed Cooper who ran her to Belleville, W. Va. and to Ravenswood, W. Va. The last news we have on the ELAINE is that in the summer of 1900 she was running Pittsburgh-Parkersburg with Capt. G. W. Conant, master, and Theodore C. Poe, clerk. There is a tradition that her machinery went to the AVALON run by Capt. Lanford Cramer; if so it must have gone on her in 1901 when the AVALON was lengthened at Parkersburg. But that's just a guess.

Lewis Pope & Sons,

Wholesale Dealers in

RAILROAD TIES AND LUMBER

306 Jullans Street

Parkersburg, W. Va.,



U.S. Revenue Cutter WILLIAM WINDOM
She was built for Chesapeake Bay service..

One of the lesser known boats built at Dubuque, Iowa, was the U.S. Revenue Cutter WILLIAM WINDOM, completed in 1895. This sleek twin-prop triple expansion engine craft, with a Scotch marine boiler, was over 170 feet long and drew seven feet. She left Dubuque with her masts and sails unshipped. Her armament consisted of one 5-pounder and two 1-pounder rapid firing guns. Her arms locker contained 30 Jorgensen rifles, and an equal number of cutlasses and revolvers. She was designed for service in the Chesapeake Bay area based at Baltimore and Washington.

The job getting her out to St. Louis presented some problems. The Upper Mississippi was at a low stage in October, 1895. Consequently the slim (27 ft. beam) gray-painted greyhound was slung between two barges. Several sets of chains parted in attempting to raise her up, and finally heavy chain was procured from Pittsburgh. By such means her draft was reduced to 3½ feet. Even so there was only six inches to spare in Illinois Chute, at the head of Benton Island between Oquawka and Keithsburg, and at Buffalo. President Dickey of the Iowa Machine Works, builders of the boat, called in the pilot of the Diamond Jo Line steamer PITTSBURGH, Captain Hill, to do the job. The old Diamond Jo packet JOSEPHINE did the towing. They ran daylight only, tied up one night at Fort Madison, and below Montrose got into high wind and had to lay up. That night they were below the locks at Keokuk.

The contract price for the WINDOM was \$98,500, and the keel was laid in August, 1893. Delivery was made at Mound City, Ill. where the masts were shipped.

The above picture taken at Dubuque shows the one-stack WILLIAM WINDOM with barges alongside in preparation for lifting her. Shoreward is the JOSEPHINE (left) which towed her downriver. On the outside (right) is the rafter CHANCY LAMB. Across the harbor (extreme right) is the Diamond Jo packet PITTSBURGH whose pilot Capt. Hill was borrowed to take the WINDOM south. She is moored at the Diamond Jo warehouse and wharf. This may be about the last photograph made of the PITTSBURGH. One year later she was demolished in a tornado at St. Louis; then rebuilt to become the packet DUBUCUE. We are indebted to David J. Tschiggfrie and the Dubuque Historical Society for the picture.



LADY OF THE SCIOTO

A gilded plaque, "The Lady of the Scioto," was recently presented and now is on display at the River Museum, Marietta. It once decorated the cabin of the side-wheel SCIOTO and was saved following the collision and sinking at Mingo Junction, Ohio on the Fourth of July, 1882. The donor of the relic is Merrill Freese of Clarksburg, West Va. Originally the plaque was given to his grand-aunt and has been in the family since.

Mrs. Catherine Remley, curator of Campus Martius, reported an unusually large influx of visitors to the Museum in March. Some 3,000 passed through the exhibits, only 375 of whom came in groups. The majority were transients, registering from 29 states, the District of Columbia, Puerto Rico, Canada and Thailand.

Another acquisition, a model of the HERBERT HOOVER, is reported on another page in this issue.



Last issue we showed the JULIUS C. WILKIE at Winona, Minn. and mentioned that she was built originally as the steam towboat JAMES P. PEARSON in 1898. Frederick J. McCabe of Beallsville, O. read the account and remembered that Harold Henning of Ashland City, Tenn. had taken a picture of the PEARSON at Winona on July 7, 1957 while on a St. Paul cruise. That's what you see above thanks to these two.

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA
PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL AND MUSEUM COMMISSION
FORT PITT MUSEUM
POINT STATE PARK
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA 15222



"Earth Day" on April 22nd last was celebrated at Pittsburgh with a special river display in the new Fort Pitt Museum located near the Point. We went there and were welcomed by Rex T. Lohmann, a curator with Henderson, Ky. background. "So glad you came!" cried Mr. Lohmann who suggested a tour of the exhibits. Immediately there was an interruption as we spied William E. Reed and Lou Sesh-er. They were looking at two of Bill Reed's oil paintings liberated from the long-closed River-boat Room at the Wm. Penn Hotel for the occasion. Bill's eagle eyes spotted brown spots on that of the QUEEN CITY, so we vaulted across a velvet rope to find out what the trouble was. Some gentle rubbing with a dampened handkerchief cleared up the situation somewhat, and Bill surmised that somebody had popped a cork of Sparkling Burgundy. That's what it looked like. The painting of the GRAND REPUBLIC was in better shape.

An excellent scale model of U.S. Steel's stern-wheel DUQUESNE, made by R. D. Latta, occupied the foreground, flanked by models of the QUEEN CITY and W. W. O'NEIL, and also of the ERNEST T. WEIR.

In another moment along came Vernon L. Colbert, internal auditor for the Bell Telephone Co., but when we last saw him some thirty years ago he was deckhand and watchman on the Streckfus excursion boats WASHINGTON and SAINT PAUL. Vernon had an album along of pictures taken at that time, Eddie Mabrey, Clarence Elder, Kent Booth, Tom Posey all looking like kids.

An attractive lady asked "Do you know about Capt. Ralph Emerson?" Here she turns out to be his niece, Florence Powell, making her home in Pittsburgh at 1430 Muldowney Avenue. She had some pictures, too--one a dandy of the Gaches' (for Emerson's real name was Gaches) gingerbread-bedecked frame home at Letart, Ohio. She says it still stands.

We hunted up curator Rex Lohmann for the escorted tour he had offered but gee it was quitting time and his wife had come for him so we took a rain check and wandered toward Gateway Center in company with Lou Sesh-er and Bill Reed. Two youngsters dressed hippie-style were picking up scrap paper from the beautiful green lawn and putting it in a carton. They were a boy and girl from San Francisco out to see the world. "We had expected to visit the Fort Pitt Museum," the young lady with a freckled face said, "but this lawn needed picking up worse." We asked her how she had come by the carton, and she said the secretary at the Museum provided it. Ah yes, that was Mrs. Marlene J. Schwartz.



"WHITE COLLAR LINE"

W. A. BLAIR, Manager
W. H. LAMONT, General Agent
DAVENPORT, IOWA

IN NEW BRUNSWICK YOU'LL FIND IT . . .

This poem was handed to us by S&D's architect-bard Bob Schmertz who disclaims authorship and says he has no idea who wrote it. The Ouachita and Atchafalaya, the Apalachicola and Chattahoo-chiee, the Caloosahatchee and Apalachicola extend greetings to these kinsmen of the Canadian frontier. -Ed.

Sweet maiden of Passamaquoddy,
Shall we seek for communion of souls
Where the deep Mississippi meanders,
Or the distant Saskatchewan rolls?
Ah, no! in New Brunswick we'll find it,
A sweetly sequestered nook--
Where the swift gliding Skoodawabskooksis
Unites with the Skoodawabskook.

Meduxnekeag waters are bluer;
Nepisiguit's pools are more black;
More green is the bright Oromocto,
And browner the Petitcodiac;
But colours more radiant in autumn
I see when I'm casting my hook
In the waves of the Skoodawabskooksis,
Or perhaps in the Skoodawabskook.

Let others sing loudly of Saco,
Of Passadumkeag or Miscouche,
Of Kennebecasis or Quaco,
Of Miramichi or Buctouche;
Or boast of the Tobique or Mispec,
The Musquash or dark Memramcook;
There's none like the Skoodawabskookis,
Excepting the Skoodawabskook.


Think not, though the Ma-ga-gua-da-vic
Or Bocabec pleases the eye,
Though Chi-put-nec-ti-cook is more lovely,
That to either of these we will fly;
No, when in love's union we're plighted
We'll build our log house by a brook
Which flows to the Skoodawabskookis,
Where it joins the Skoodawabskook.

Then never of Waweig or Chamcook
I'll think, having you in my arms;
We'll reck not of Digequash beauties,
We'll care not for Pocologan's charms;
But as emblems of union forever,
Upon two fair rivers we'll look;
While you'll be the Skoodawabskookis,
I'll be the Skoodawabskook.



The PIONEER with propellers

Roy Thistle of Sistersville sends us this picture he snapped on May 10, 1941 below Wells Island on the Ohio. "So far as I know this was the only trip she made into this section; she changed tows just below Lock 15." There is more news of the PIONEER in her side-wheel days from Lew Reade on pages 43 and 44 in this issue.



Hang Down Your Head DELTA QUEEN

The DELTA QUEEN is of course in a peck of trouble, condemned to cease blowing for her landings come November, 1970. This desist order is due solely to U.S. legislation enacted a few years ago. Vessels flying the U.S. flag carrying overnight passengers in excess of 50 persons must comply with new safety standards. The crime of the QUEEN is her wooden superstructure. Boats in such service henceforth must have non-flammable housing where the tourist is confined, and in which he plays bingo, eats, sleeps, and where he writes post cards to those peons he left ashore when the stage is hoisted.

Oh the QUEEN is guilty all right. She has an upstairs concocted of Oregon cedar, mainly, the finest lumber known to the art of shipbuilding. Her ornate staircases and the cabin interior panelling are of seasoned white oak put up by California craftsmen with such agonizing care--it's really so--twice they tore down one staircase and built it up the third time to get the precise sweep and verve. Nothing was too good for the QUEEN; she was conceived to become a queen in fact: the Queen of the Delta. Men-folk coming aboard at San Francisco to gander her gorgeousness for the first time stood in awe and quietly took off their hats, and nobody to this day knows exactly just why that ceremony was so predictable. When a man came in the cabin he took off his hat. Like he was in the presence of royalty.

Oh the QUEEN is guilty all right. She's sort of old-fashioned in her crinoline and sachet and old lace. She was brought to the Mississippi to replace a tourist boat two years her senior, the old GORDON C. GREENE. The GREENE had become too small for the traffic. Nobody had complained that she was made of wood; she was just hanging in there refusing to die.

Old-time wooden inland passenger boats did not give up easily. Another Mississippi-Ohio queen, the QUEEN CITY, wood hull, wood cabin, sleeping 160 tourists in her staterooms, ran from the time of her building in 1897 until she was outdated, outmoded, but never outclassed; she kept on running until 1933, thirty-six years, and only then did her owners put her out to pasture for they couldn't stand the thought of cleaving her into kindling. She lasted seven more years as a menial wharfboat and finally a mercy killing was administered.

The last time a passenger boat got its passengers in trouble on the Ohio River was in 1902 when the proud CITY OF PITTSBURG caught fire because the mate had stowed a cargo of baled hay at the foot of the main front stairway. The lawmakers didn't condemn wooden boats because of that; no; but they did do a little regulating on the subject of hay bales.

There really was no effective way of killing a passenger boat in the days of wood except by stabbing a snag. Wood hulls were stout but some snags were stouter. Sometimes those old boats blew to kingdom-come in boiler explosions, scattering kindling over four counties. There's sort of a lingering myth that most of them ended in such violence but hardly so, about two per cent.

The majority went to the coroner with the notation "broken up," a quaint way of saying they had to be chopped down like dead trees.

Oh the QUEEN is guilty all right. Not that she's done anything wrong except to come from a proud lineage built of wood. The QUEEN hasn't committed any breach of morals; she hasn't caused pain or suffering. She did not transgress or break the commandment. There wasn't anything in the books they could hang on her, so a new law was created atop of Capitol Hill. Thou shalt not be made of wood.

In San Francisco Bay during World War II the QUEEN ferried thousands of soldiers and sailors from dockside to ship in Navy service. None of those boys ever forgot his ride in her; many hunted her up later on for a nostalgic look. Is it so strange they did this? Is it so strange that no one of that multitude carved his initials in her teakwood deck rails? He who honors sentiment and refinement of every sort respects its possessor. The QUEEN is guilty of that all right.

We asked Bill Muster and Betty Blake of the Greene Line why in the name of conscience aren't they going ahead with the building of a new replacement for the DELTA QUEEN. Here's what they say:

"Our new blood, Overseas National Airways, who bought Greene Line and the DELTA QUEEN last November, is having problems. ONA's profit picture seriously deteriorated in 1969, the stock tumbling from 38 to 4.

"We have explored various plans to rebuild the DELTA QUEEN to meet modern Coast Guard requirements instead of building a new boat. Not only would she have to be torn down to the bare hull and a new fireproof superstructure placed, but requirements for steam and electrical machinery are different now. Such a plan would be so expensive and time-consuming we have reluctantly discarded any hope at the present time.

"The prices for new ship construction in the U.S. are prohibitive. Some time ago we asked for bids on a replacement boat and the figure came to \$10 million, not including outfitting. A luxury class ocean vessel with more than twice the passenger capacity we asked for can be built today in Europe for less than \$15 million. There are excellent river boats on the Rhine carrying 130 passengers and built for \$1½ million, one of them within the past year.

"Interest rates are prohibitive. Should we go to bankers we must pay perhaps 8% or more. This would require raising passage fares \$10 more per day.

"Even if the financial path were cleared today, we could not hope for a new boat until the 1973 season.

"In any event, new construction would mean a diesel propeller craft. The river industry is geared for this type of propulsion. A paddle-wheel steamboat would have to be custom built at enormous expense.

"The only recourse to stay in business is to keep the DELTA QUEEN. This means a law exempting the boat from existing Public Law 89-777 (the Safety-at-Sea Law) which must go through the usual channels; committee hearings, House and Senate passage, and the signature of the President of the United States."



This was taken during the construction of Lock and Dam No. 11, Muskingum River, on Thursday, April 2, 1908, at 3:20 p.m. Such a picture as this would of course never have gotten off the launching pad save for the interesting incidental background. The photographer thoughtfully labeled the original: "Walker's Boat Passing." Need we add that this boat takes all awards as the most uncivilized steamboat we have yet laid eyes on.

We have no idea at this writing who Mr. Walker was, save that he's in the past tense now, but it is fairly safe to assume he is the gentleman at the boiler doubling as engineer and fireman. His pilot is scroonched in the bow operating a long-blade gouger. For, of course, Walker's boat has no rudder. The machinery has us a bit baffled, but looks like a horizontal single-cylinder steam engine with a sprocket take-off on the port side, activating link chain over a big sprocket on the paddlewheel. The objection to such theory is how in such case does the chain return aboard from the underside?

A further note on the original photograph adds to the confusion. It says in a matter of fact statement: "Boat and Crew Disappeared On the Return Trip." That's how we knew in writing of this business to put Mr. Walker in the past tense. Thanks to Jerry Sutphin for this one.

Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen

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