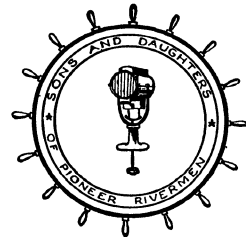


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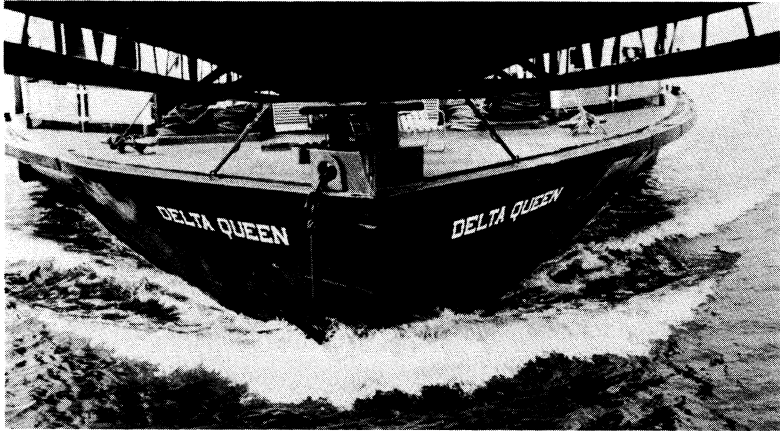
1971

INCREDIBLE JOURNEY



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BY FREDERICK WAY, JR.



Flight 459 United Air Lines departs daily from the Greater Pittsburgh Airport at 7:20 p.m. for New Orleans with one stop enroute, a 40-minute layover in Atlanta. This certainly is the easy way to get there, a matter of less than three hours enroute, priced \$67, comparable to the one-way fare charged on the QUEEN CITY in 1912 when she did the same stint down the Ohio and the Mississippi bound for Mardi Gras, one full week on the way.

So there we were in New Orleans in nothing flat so to speak thanks to the Jet Age so that we could accomplish what we started out to do, viz: retrace our route back to the Greater Pittsburgh Airport by steamboat to Cincinnati and thence by rental car to the original point of embarkation. It took 15 days to do this backward turn backward oh time in thy flight return stint, plus two more days purposely allotted for New Orleans visiting around. There is scant profit going to New Orleans unless you stay a day or two, or a week, or a month. Two days is about the legal minimum.

With us on the plane were two Pittsburghers fired up with the romantic and not too impractical idea of procuring a floating office and store boat to be moored in the Golden Triangle area, along the shore of the Monongahela or the Allegheny. Grant Curry, Jr., an architect of some note in Pittsburgh, with offices at 100 Ross St., had learned that the old U.S. Lighthouse tender WILLOW was moored in the Harvey Canal, opposite New Orleans, for sale. He brought with him a dealer in rugs and carpeting, Saul Franklin, who lives at 28 Barton Drive, Pittsburgh. These two asked me to come with them on this prospecting tour to find the WILLOW.

So early next morning by taxi we crossed the Greater New Orleans highway bridge headed into the sunrise bound for Harvey which ostensibly is on the yon side of the Mississippi from New Or-

leans, to the west. On this bridge you abandon all laws of geography, head over it due east to get west, and conversely when you barrel across it coming the other way, from Texas, you make a 6 p.m. arrival in New Orleans looking right into the setting sun ahead of you. This is because the river flows north where the bridge is, and the taxi driver told us to quit talking about it. He said in his 24 years of taxi driving he'd learned one thing--never mention north, east, south or west to a fare from out of town.

The WILLOW was where she was supposed to be, at the Hunt Tool Co. yard along Peters Road, about opposite the Avondale Repair Yard where we originally brought the DELTA QUEEN in 1947 fresh from San Francisco. Hunt Tool has two yards, but never mind that, for we stumbled in to the right one by accident. Poor old WILLOW, a shell of her original splendor when launched at the Dubuque Boat & Boiler Co. in 1927, originally a sidewheeler, steam. She was decommissioned in 1945 and since then has been lying around owned by various owners who had big ideas which came to naught. The latest, barely a year ago, was to convert her into a lobster factory for use in Honduras. The Hunt yard patched the hull to get her there, and she never went. So here she was, in the Harvey Canal, sound asleep, without engines, without paddlewheels, without boilers, and all the furniture gone, and even the doorknobs gone. Her architecture had been switched around so many times it was hard to tell where the paddlewheels were in the first place.

Anyhow architect Grant Curry, Jr. was happy with the possibilities, and while he measured her for conversion into a new life I was pondering a sight across the canal. Over there riverward of the Avondale yard was a real honest-to-john paddlewheel out on shore, and nearby was a pilot-house obviously from an old sternwheeler complete with the pilotwheel still in it. We never did learn what we were looking at.

So westward ho in another taxi to New Orleans and a delightful lunch of oysters on the half shell and beer and shrimp and things, whereupon Saul Franklin caught a plane to Houston and Grant Curry to Pittsburgh, and I made a meet at the Downtown Howard Johnson with H. C. Putnam fresh in from Texas who was to be my travel-partner on the DELTA QUEEN and otherwise for the return to the northern lands of early spring, for this was in mid-April.

Harold Putnam scarcely needs an introduction to S&D members but, and anyhow, "Putty" (as I will call him henceforth) was the long-time secretary-treasurer of the New Process Company, Warren, Pa., mail-order distributors of socks, shirts, neckties and the like, and now he is retired, still lives in Warren, and harbors a river-yen inherited apparently from his Grandpa Chase who once rafted lumber down the Allegheny and the Ohio rivers. Putty, who has been identified with S&D for years, is one of the nine board members.

We were invited to meet with Ray Samuel at the International City Bank & Trust Company, 321 St. Charles Avenue at 5 o'clock p.m., so we hied forth afoot and went there, a matter of several blocks from the hotel, to discover that 321 St.

Charles is, outwardly, the headquarters for the United Fruit Company. There have been changes. Five years ago United Fruit moved upstairs and this new bank set up housekeeping in the street level floor which then was, and still is, moreso, one of the elaborate and showplace business quarters in New Orleans. The Palace of Versailles in North America replete with red carpeting soft as mush and we sank to our ankles walking in it. Ray Samuel is the senior vice president of this five-year-old International Bank which already has five branch offices. When we first knew Ray some years ago he was a reporter on the Times-Picayune.

Back in Ray's private quarters the decor is in elegant keeping with the half-mile of plush rug used up getting there. But here the motif takes an abrupt change and turns into a steamboat office. Ray has a piece of furniture in there we'd seen in photographs of old side-wheel cabins, a series of wooden frames each holding an advertisement. This one came from the WILD WAGONER built in Cincinnati in 1864 for Capt. Henry H. Drown of Marietta, which later ran in the New Orleans and Natchez trade, Capt. A. C. Goddin. The old advertisements in the frames are originals, painstakingly restored. Putty and I were permitted to sit in chairs from the racer NATCHEZ while we surveyed the prints, paintings and boat pictures on the walls.

The focal point of modern New Orleans is the International Trade Mart at the foot of Canal Street, right at the river, not unlike the Tower of Pisa (without the lean) and high aloft in its anatomy is headquarters for the Plimsoll Club. It got its name, of course, for the Plimsoll mark internationally adopted for the lawful lading of ships and barges, and the club's insignia is the mark itself, sort of an Aztec-looking symbol. The club's board room is most attractive, done in tiles imported from Spain. It was in this club that Ray Samuel introduced us to a New Orleans favorite, the Sazerac (spelling confirmed from the writings of Frances Parkinson Keyes although sometimes appearing as Sazarac with a middle "a" instead of an "e") originally compounded with a dash of absinthe. A squirt of Pernod suffices these days, literally absinthe without its lethal wormwood, a lump of sugar soaked in Peychaud bitters, a twist of lemon and orange, all blended into an ounce of whiskey. Some demand bourbon and some demand rye---there seems to be a great cleavage of opinion here--and indeed from cursory research the spelling of the drink tends to differ; when Sazerac the ryes have it; when Sazarac the bourbons are in the saddle. But this may be jumping to conclusions.

The point being, if point is indicated, that Sazerac in hand Putty and I were escorted to the plate glass picture windows casing the Plimsoll Club to gaze from this dizzy height upon the New Orleans crescent at twilight. There below, a toy upon the waters of the Mississippi, lay the DELTA QUEEN at the foot of Canal Street, the vessel we were scheduled to board for the trip to Cincinnati. Eureka.

New Orleans still has a street car line running out St. Charles Avenue, the sole remnant. The four-lane car tracks on Canal Street were ripped up some years ago, and the street car named De-

sire is but a memory. Ray drove us out St. Charles to ogle the fabled residences of the Garden district, and suddenly we were looking upon the former home of Capt. T. P. Leathers pictured in the June, '70 issue of this magazine. Ray stopped briefly in the midst of traffic to point out to us the spot where Captain Leathers was struck by a bicyclist in 1896 when he was 80, resulting in his death. Mockingbirds were singing their erratic, liquid, unrehearsed songs in the branches of magnolia trees, and perched on wires.

Mrs. Samuel (Martha Ann) joined us for dinner at Commander's Palace in the Lafayette Gardens area, a big old-timey looking place like a converted ante-bellum home, although we were told it wasn't, and quite popular with the Lafayette Gardens natives---apparently and fortunately off the beaten tourist ruts. Lovely, lovely.

The Samuels live within walking distance of the aforementioned restaurant, at 1225 Washington Avenue. They have two beautifully refinished chairs from the last side-wheel J. M. WHITE in the livingroom. The first thing any ordinary mortal does upon entering these fine homes is to throw back his head and search upward in the blue yonder for the ceiling---12 and 14-foot walls are usual. Ray Samuel has an oil painting by an unknown artist of a Mississippi River scene second to none, and we gave him one-two-three for not having color transparencies made of it. Maybe if he reads this he will do something about getting it done.

Next morning by taxi down Canal Street to pay our respects to Capt. Verne Streckfus aboard the side-wheel PRESIDENT, first time we had shaken his hand since he commanded the side-wheel J. S. on a tramping trip up the Ohio to New Martinsville, W. Va. in the summer of 1935. That also, incidentally, was the first side-wheeler this scribe piloted, the old J.S., originally the QUINCY of St. Louis - St. Paul packet fame. Capt. Verne Streckfus was named for Capt. Verne Swain, a gentleman somewhat eulogized in this issue. On the receiving line also was Capt. Curran Streckfus, son of the late Capt. J. Curran Streckfus and grandson of the late Capt. Roy Streckfus. He told us of the recent jaunt across the Gulf from Tampa of one of the company's diesel excursion boats, a hurricane imminent. All ended well. The PRESIDENT, in addition to being one of the more lovable fixtures of New Orleans has the largest dancefloor available in the area.

We hied over to Jackson Square, Putty and I, and paid admission to enter the Cabildo (50¢ each) to see the steamboat relics, pictures and paintings, and drew a total blank--not there--so to pursue the error we paid admission at the adjoining Presbytere (50¢ each), searched high and low--another total blank--and finally did what we should have done in the first place, ask. Oh, my no, we were told politely, all of that material is in storage. This means that priceless relics from the NATCHEZ, an original oil of the ROBT. E. LEE by Norsia, and other New Orleans river treasures have been side-tracked in a grand "rehabilitation project" which has cost a lot of money to do and six years to accomplish at the mercies of trained museum experts.

The Presbytere-Cabildo new look sans river at-

mosphere apparently disappointed no visitors save us, for the rooms were lively with visitors and the good ladies running it were aflutter over the imminent prospect of a cocktail party slated for 5 o'clock. They were playing host to members of the National Trust for Historic Preservation who had flown in, complete with their president James Biddle of Andalusia, Bucks County, Pa., for the occasion. These Preservationists count amongst their triumphs the restoration of The Shadows-On-The-Teche, a showpiece home in New Iberia, La. And, after all, Jim Biddle's mother, Mrs. Charles J. Biddle, is the former Katharine J. Legendre who spent her first twenty-four years growing up in New Orleans. It promised to be quite a party, with Mrs. Biddle, Sr. there, paying a call upon her old home town.

Ray Samuel, handling one of the steering oars for the Preservationist reception, invited Putty and me to attend and participate (albeit at the moment we were not enrolled as Preservationists) and in the same breath Ray advised us not to, aware that we were invited to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard V. Huber at the same hour. Inasmuch as the Preservationists had chartered the DELTA QUEEN we would be seeing them for the next seven days enroute up the Mississippi. Really there was no question of what Putty and I intended doing--go see the Hubers--so at 5 o'clock p.m. we were at 4841 Canal Street, a fur piece from the Presbytere.

4841 Canal St. is away out toward Pontchartrain in the cemetery section and the address is that of the Hope Mausoleum, a block long, block wide, two-story marble structure owned by the Huber family containing 6,000 vaults or crypts, for in New Orleans with the water table a bare two feet underground all burials must be on the first or second deck, so to speak, and not in the hold. This imposing achievement, the Hope Mausoleum, has automatic elevators, exquisite stained glass windows, plentiful natural light from skylights and the general impression one gets is cheerfulness. I was some surprised to see the resting place of Glendy Burke, 1806-1879, the New Orleans merchant for whom the steamboat GLENDY BURKE was named and the title of a song by Stephen Collins Foster.

Leonard Huber is Mr. New Orleans, a title he is too modest to claim, the authority on the city's colorful past. He has done many books, largely illustrated with reproductions of old prints and photographs he keeps meticulously filed at his home nearby the Mausoleum at 204 Fairway Drive. He shows up now and again in the American Heritage, and some years ago the Steamship Historical Society did a book of his, "Advertisements of Mississippi Steamboats." Presently he is anticipating the release of a new book of his containing some 1,000 illustrations, all about New Orleans. He and Ray Samuel co-authored "Tales of The Mississippi," a book still available and quite in demand. Another book he co-authored is "If Ever I Cease To Love," a tale of century-old Rex, King of the Carnival, still going strong ever since Russian Grand Duke Alexis arrived for Mardi Gras aboard the JAMES HOWARD in 1872. The Rex Organization in New Orleans understandably is The Establishment.

Leonard's wife Audrey, a "daughter" of the Sons

and Daughters of long standing, served dinner for us in her own home, following which Leonard let us peek into the seemingly endless files of his historic material, everything in apple-pie order, a far cry from the hurly-burly of the cellar at 121 River Avenue, Sewickley. The odd part is that ten years hence, when much will be forgotten, and provided I still am afloat, my thoughts will turn to the beauty and serenity of the court and garden which I saw from the Huber kitchen, a bower of beauty, lively with singing birds.

Now we come to the beginning, the trip up the Mississippi and Ohio aboard the DELTA QUEEN. Putty and I arrived bag and baggage about 10 a.m. on departure day, Friday, April 16, 1971, foot of Canal Street, the boat berthed in headed upriver, and Betty Blake handed us a SCHEDULE OF ACTIVITIES which predicted a Bon Voyage Mint Julep Party at 11:15 to be terminated when the boat sailed at noon.

Maybe there was one at that. Aboard came my friend of long standing L. M. McLeod armed with a folder of correspondence dating in the early 1940's when "Mac" McLeod was acting as agent for the Isbrandtsen Line which had acquired both the DELTA KING and DELTA QUEEN. The original idea was to bring them to the Mississippi River, but plans were later changed and they were to go to the Hudson. If ever I had known this, I had long forgotten it, and Mac's correspondence proved the point. The coming of World War II negated all of the Isbrandtsen plans.

Also to see us off came Nelson Spencer, now in charge of the new Waterways Journal office in the Trade Mart. And Mary Sexton, the St. Paul young lady boat fan who is attending college at New Orleans and who is more likely than not to show up most anywhere. Ray Samuel also was there to say goodbye. Bands played, an elderly Negro in picturesque dishevel and a smile from ear to ear did an impromptu shuffle, people cheered, and Jim Biddle bade his Preservationists hail and farewell and said he would see us in Memphis.

The DELTA QUEEN gave three blasts of her gold-plated whistle (no kidding, it IS gold-plated), set herself out in the stream, and after a few deft maneuvers headed due south for Memphis, Cairo and Cincinnati. (If she had been put on automatic pilot and had been allowed to pursue a compass course she would have sailed serenely over rice paddies and oceans across the Isthmus at Guatemala to wind up in the Galapagos). But that's how it is leaving New Orleans bound up the river.

This upbound voyage of the DELTA QUEEN was the return of the prodigal, in this case meaning the spendthrift. Appropriately at the Avondale Shipyard thousands, literally, of workers took time out to shout and wave and cheer (we shudder to think of the lost man-hours) as the prodigal went by. The 1971 refurbishing of the DQ at that yard had cost Greene Line aplenty. Bill Muster, the Greene Line president, said softly with a shoulder shrug, "We haven't seen the final bill yet." The consensus is that the DQ is committed for more than she can hope to make in the three years of future granted her by the Congress and the President of the U.S. The general opinion also is that Avondale made of the boat a better craft

than she was on her maiden voyage on the Sacramento. Imagine gold-plating the whistle. And the calliope whistles, too, yet.

Buffet luncheon was announced in the Orleans Room 12:30-2:30, allowing us to sup and dine and at the same time survey the 114 members and officials of The National Trust for Historic Preservation in the United States, to display its full corporate title, who had come aboard. This was to be their boat, after all, for the next thirteen days. The DQ normally berths 192 passengers, yet these 114 had in some unobtrusive way managed to use up every available room. There were a few ghosts aboard other than Putty and me, not announced on the official registration sheet, among them Frederick Haupt, III, director of public affairs with the National Trust, and Susan Gullia with the travel service which had booked the trip and shared responsibility for the programming of events. Another such ghost was Capt. R. S. (Jake) Jacobs, marine surveyor of 9832 Longwood Circle, Anchorage, Ky. 40223, who turned out to be a most pleasant person.

The SCHEDULE OF ACTIVITIES proclaimed that at 3:30 p.m. Capt. Fred Way, historian, author and pilot "will acquaint passengers with the Mississippi River." Rather a big order, and for the lecture Betty Blake had scoured New Orleans and had procured a nice big new green blackboard, a supply of chalk and an eraser. After 30-40 minutes of this everybody in the National Trust party knew who Fred Way was, and Fred Way still did not know any one of the 114 he was talking to.

The mention of Sewickley will up hotel rates in New York by \$4 a day, and an affable gentleman introduced himself as Erdman Harris, and staked claim having lived in Sewickley, and was related to the Harbisons, and had gone to Miss Mollie Chaplin's dancing school. And so the ice was broken. He had a sympathizer, for I had suffered through the schottische in 2/4 time, and the two-step likewise, and ballroom waltzing in 3/4 at the same emporium where young men were taught, as were young ladies, "to have a good time," although but few of them, especially the males, suspected it, or would have believed it, had they been so informed. Erdman Harris had moved away from Sewickley to become a Doctor of Theology. He did not look like a minister. When I told our pilot Harry Hamilton that Erdman Harris was a preacher-man Harry said, "Listen I know a preacher when I see one and he's no preacher, take it from me." Were I a Doctor of Theology I'd take that as a gold-plated compliment. Dr. Harris is an excellent piano player, led song-fests, and was quite some addition to the party. He and Mrs. Harris now make their home in Hamden, Conn.

Meanwhile the DELTA QUEEN was shoving up the river past Destrehan and Reserve. In 1922 I was aboard the QUEEN CITY upbound when she landed at the Godchaux plant at Reserve and loaded aboard 22,000 sacks of sugar consigned to Louisville. Earl Seabrook and I took turns checking them on. Now here I am on the DQ, with bigger capacity than the QC, no freight aboard at all, and not wanting any. I can never quite get used to a tourist boat.

That evening after supper Fred Haupt briefed and updated the National Trust folks, telling them they now have 25,000 members (anyone may

join for \$10 annually) and that a San Francisco branch is being opened. One of their current activities is an exhibition of the late John F. Kennedy's ship models at Decatur House, Washington, D.C. through June 30.

Following that, Robert W. Heck of Louisiana State University gave a slide talk about old homes in the Baton Rouge vicinity, a colorful and appropriate briefing inasmuch as many of these places will be visited by bus next morning.

And sure enough, the DQ was moored at Baton Rouge bright and early the morning of Saturday, April 17 with buffet breakfast commencing at 6:30 so the buses could depart at 8:30, which they did with most everybody aboard. Putty and I remained aboard the boat inasmuch as the DQ was to proceed upriver to Bayou Sara there to pick up the crowd at 6:15 p.m. Prior to landing at Baton Rouge I had my first look at the Port Allen Lock, 1180 by 84 feet, which handles traffic between the Mississippi River and Morgan City via the Intracoastal Canal.

Thus for the next 35 miles we rode in solitude and style, the DQ virtually emptied of her passengers save us, and save for an ambitious lady armed with camera down on her knees on the cabin carpeting trying to photograph a page in the Map Book issued by the Mississippi River Commission. She had the side door open to get some light and this let the wind blow in, and every time she rose up to snap her picture the page flipped. I offered to hold down the page. She said she could very well manage thanks. But the big page (they measure 13½ by 20 inches) kept on like a bed sheet in a gale so I got down on my knees and nailed it with my fingers while she backed off and went click.

Her name was Anne Plettinger, a shutter-bug by avocation, for years an instructor at the University of Chicago in nuclear physics and the like, and a native of St. Francisville, La. which is the up-the-hill annex to what used to be Bayou Sara which is no more. All very complicated. Anne was photographing the map page showing Bayou Sara. She had been associated in 1942 with the Stagg Field initial and self-maintaining nuclear chain reaction at Chicago U. and of course she remembered my first cousin Kate Way who also was associated with the project. Little world.

Anne had gotten aboard at New Orleans and was getting off at St. Francisville for a visit with her sister Margaret Plettinger. No sooner had the DQ tied up at Bayou Sara when Anne hailed the editor of the St. Francisville Democrat (weekly), James M. Robinson, who is chief of the fire department as well. Thanks to Jim Robinson we had a conducted tour of what remains of Bayou Sara, not much, but of entrancing interest to me inasmuch as my old BETSY ANN was built to run, and did run for years, in the Natchez-Bayou Sara trade. St. Francisville is "up the hill" just beyond and above the old Bayou Sara landing. We went there to call upon the good ladies of the West Feliciana Historical Society who have lately opened a museum of some consequence headed up by Mrs. Stephen Dart. They have a good photograph of the steam tug SADIE PARKER, taken at Bayou Sara, when owned by J. F. Irvine & Son, and later

owned by the Combine. More surprising was an excellent view of the propeller packet MORNING STAR built in 1879 at Mason City, W. Va. for Capt. Henry W. Pennywitt (who later became Pittsburgh's weather forecaster) and ran in the Augusta-Vanceburg trade until sold south for the Bayou Sara-Natchez trade, carrying passengers and the U.S. Mail. She paved the way for the building of the sternwheel JULIAN POYDRAS. Anne Plettinger has contributed an admirable collection of photo enlargements depicting the region.

A prize possession of that museum, and the reader may be interested in this, is a "middle buster" plow manufactured at Maysville, Ky. Also they have in the side yard a considerable stone monument inscribed G. B. MILLER 1820-1860, lying on its side, lately moved up from the Bayou Sara landing where it lay abandoned for over a century and nobody knows the identity of G. B. Miller or why the monument was there all that time.

The skies were weeping a gentle drizzle as we explored the old live oak and hanging moss studded graveyard and edifice of Grace Episcopal Church there in St. Francisville, dark, dewy, damp, beautiful; casting a spell, a sigh for the Old South. Flowers, shrubs--the blossom of one tree overpoweringly fragrant, a liquid-sweet banana scent--what was it we wonder?

Our tourists returned from their buses, filed aboard, the stage went up with the usual clatter and hiss of steam, and the DQ backed out from old Bayou Sara. Incidentally the ferry ST. FRANCISVILLE and her new steel landing float, built in 1967, was the most modern touch we saw. It takes you across to Point Coupee, and not far above is St. Maurice where the J. M. WHITE burned in 1886.

All that night and well into Sunday morning, April 18 we ran upbound in the BETSY ANN's old trade. A lecture was scheduled at 10 a.m. to be given by Mrs. James Purzer who for some reason or other had failed to appear aboard. I was requisitioned to pinch-hit, knowing nothing of Natchez whatever and never once mentioned the place in my discourse until the final sentence. I said then, "You'll have Natchez running out of your ears all afternoon so now the less said about it the better." There was an appalling silence. Many a lecturer has been ship-wrecked for less than what I had just done. Then applause--never was I more grateful for applause.

The DQ could not land at Natchez; no place to tie up there. So we came in across at Vidalia, below the bridge, at a very neat landing place on the site of the U.S. Engineers' casting plant. Sun was shining and the day balmy. Fine. During luncheon the missing Mrs. James Purzer did indeed show up, a stunning lady, and welcomed the visitors to Natchez. Soon they were all off in buses to inspect Cherokee, Twin Oaks, Longwood, Hope Farm and then cocktails at Stanton Hall. There is a highway bridge connecting Vidalia and Natchez these days.

Howard B. Peabody, Jr. and his wife Peggy called at the DQ and picked up Putty and me, the first time any of us had met, and what a joy it was. For one thing Howard has an interest in a fabulous tug moored there at Natchez, the LIZZIE B., built in 1884 with an iron hull and used in

jetty work by Capt. James B. Eads. Also he is of the Learned clan, and it was R. F. Learned who built and ran the BETSY ANN. In the yard of the Peabody home, built on the Learned property, is the roof bell of the packet J. M. KERR, about the last thing I expected to see. The KERR was built at Chambersburg, O. in 1876 for Capt. Ed Maddy of Gallipolis, who ran her several years in the Pittsburgh-Wheeling trade, then was sold to the Schwartz Brothers operating on the Illinois, their first steamboat (they later built the BELLE OF CALHOUN) and by 1880 she was sold south and ran between Natchez and the mouth of Red River, three trips a week. What happened to her is debatable, but no argument about where the roof bell is today--at the Peabody home in Natchez.

The family homestead burned to the ground some years ago and the Peabodys built a new home on the identical spot, a phoenix from the ashes, and a lovelier place does not exist in the region. In the parlor are excellent portraits in oils of R. F. Learned and of his good wife Maggie whose pet name--so called by her husband--was Betsey Ann for whom the BETSY ANN was named.

Somehow or other Mrs. Charles J. Biddle, mother of National Trust's president Jim Biddle, played hookey from the bus tour and showed up at the Peabody home, bringing with her a sprig of those odiferous flowers we were wondering about in the Grace Episcopal churchyard yesterday. They are camellias of a special variety, C. Sasanqua I do believe, and probably will hear about this if I'm wrong. Mrs. Biddle pinned one on my coat lapel "as a gift for your lovely talk about Natchez," she said, her eyes twinkling.

Howard Peabody has an enviable collection of steamboat pictures which he depreciated saying we simply must call at Myrtle Banks upon Dr. Thomas H. Gandy. We arrived at Dr. Gandy's back door and entered so abruptly we did not realize the beauty of the house itself, as seen from the front approach. Dr. Gandy is an M.D. in active pursuit of his profession, the first floor a gallery of Natchez photographs, and the cellar a photographer's dream-come-true; stacks of old glass plates among them some 11 x 14's taken many years ago--first I ever saw so large), and all the trappings and chemicals. Dr. Gandy's penchant is seeking out portions of old plates and blowing them up into surprisingly lifelike enlargements. As example he sees a complete picture in about a 2 by 2-inch portion of an 8 by 10 plate and that's what he uses. He's gotten it down to an art. One of those he showed us has as its theme a canalboat converted into a steamboat moored at Natchez. You can read the name on her and it's BUSKIRK. She was built at Portsmouth, O. in 1864 and according to Lytle was lost on the Mississippi River in 1866.

We have been talking with some of the National Trust members and it is surprising who you run into. Just now we've spent a pleasant half hour with Mrs. Charles D. Winman, 817 Eleventh Ave., Moline, Ill. 61265, one of the Deere family, who recalls with some pleasure an excursion down the Mississippi aboard the Deere family private houseboat MARKATANA, towed by the sternwheel KALITAN. They went from Moline to New Orleans. Mrs. Winman was wondering what became of the KALITAN

eventually and we've just now looked up the matter. Yes, the MARKATANA was towed by KALITAN to New Orleans in the winter of 1927-1928. After that Capt. J. W. Menke used the KALITAN towing his showboat, following which she was laid up in Atchafalaya River several years. The Bissos at New Orleans bought her, took her there, and used the machinery converting the ferry GEORGE PRINCE from diesel to steam (which was a switch with scant precedent). Mrs. Winman says the MARKATANA got its name by compounding the names of the three Deere girls, Mary, Katherine and Anna. She could not recall where the name KALITAN came from. The GEORGE PRINCE, we will remark, is now back to diesel, and we saw her in operation as a ferry between Luling and Destrehan.

In odd moments we wander to the pilothouse and pass the time of day with pilots Robert J. (Bob) Zang and Harry A. Hamilton. The Mississippi River has been on a slow fall ever since we left New Orleans, some of the dikes are showing, and acres of sandbar are out for the air. Every now and again one of these integrated tows, loaded, and shoved with a gob of horsepower from the towboat behind, comes up overtaking Her Ladyship like she was standing still. The barge traffic is impressive; seldom a time without one towboat and tow in sight; more often more than one. This goes on day and night, for miles and miles and miles, until a body wonders where they all come from, or are going to.

This morning, Monday, April 19, we are up the Yazoo River at Vicksburg moored alongside the SPRAGUE. The DQ is the biggest boat in point of tonnage on the Mississippi System but she looks dwarfed alongside Big Mama. We came alongside as gently as could be, hardly a nudge, for the hull of the SPRAGUE has seriously deteriorated and those who supervise and work aboard are watchful and uneasy. Some 29,000 visitors were aboard in 1970 paying \$1 for adults and 25¢ for kids under 12. School groups are granted a rate of 10¢ per head.

Our National Trust persons took off in buses at 8:45 a.m. to visit the Old Court House Museum, Cedar Grove and the battlefield. Putty and I huffed and puffed up the hill on shank's mare and paid a call at the offices of the Mississippi River Commission. In the Map Section we discovered a set of five-color "Early Stream Channel" maps, Cairo to Baton Rouge, showing the meander at intervals since 1765 and updated to 1931-1932. There are 12 of these maps to a set, priced 25¢ a sheet or \$3 for all. Each sheet is 19 by 52 inches of surrealist art--what a deal to wallpaper a rumpus room!

Our luncheon partners today were Mr. and Mrs. Jesse E. Wills, 1201 Belle Mead Boulevard, Nashville, good friends of Mary Stahlman Douglas, and with great admiration for her late husband Byrd Douglas who authored "Steamboatin' On the Cumberland."

This afternoon as we proceeded up the river I presented another "lecture" with the green blackboard. Vic Tooker, ship's musician, does the announcing and introducing, and one of the pleasures of this voyage has been the opportunity to know Vic. Also his mother and father; for the

elder Mr. and Mrs. Guy Tooker take active part in musicals and variety shows. Guy Tooker is 81 and once played aboard French's New Sensation Showboat when it was operated by Edwin A. Price of New Martinsville, W. Va. One of Vic's relatives, George Miller, was associated with the packet LIZZIE CASSEL on the Muskingum. The Tookers put on a good act, and it's all good, clean, wholesome steamboat fun.

At dinner tonight a man at the next table was telling his partner that the boat we landed along side at Vicksburg was the hulk of the old NATCHEZ that raced the ROB'T. E. LEE. That's what comes of eavesdropping. He who peeps through a hole may see what will vex him. More to the point we have been talking with a gentleman who seems to be well acquainted with the people and doings in the Huntington-Gallipolis-Charleston area, and now we discover (by asking him) that he is William M. Davis, Box 2491, Charleston, West Va. I had mentioned the celebrated columnist O. O. McIntyre in my talk today, and Bill Davis recalled that Mrs. McIntyre's chauffeur was one of the victims of the Silver Bridge collapse at Point Pleasant several years ago.

This morning, Tuesday, April 20, we have left the Mississippi and are cautiously cruising up through Lake Ferguson to land at Greenville, Mississippi. No sooner docked than a distinguished gentleman came aboard, Col. Milton Barschdorf, director of the local Port Commission, armed with a slide projector. He presented a convincing case that Greenville is an up-and-comer town with 27 towboat concerns making headquarters, and operating 68 towboats. He elaborated about the MINI container ship service inaugurated between Greenville and South American countries in September, 1970, 6 now in operation and 24 more to come. Plywood comes to Greenville from Korea; Firestone tires from Costa Rica. LASH barges are loaded for Rotterdam delivery, then are floated to West Germany destinations.

The story of Greenville is more than that of its present commercial vanity. A beautiful, attention-getting building on the main thoroughfare to the city landing is marked William Alexander Percy Memorial Library. I stood looking at it, wondering vaguely if anyone outside of Greenville knew of, or had any idea, who Will Percy was. He wrote "Lanterns On The Levee," one of the best; poetry set to prose. When Hodding Carter wrote "Lower Mississippi" for the Rivers of America Series, he devoted the entire Chapter 26 to Will Percy of Greenville. And he didn't do as much for anyone else.

The National Trust group, as had become their custom, toured Greenville by bus. They were exposed not to old homes and tradition, but rather to industrial growth, shipyards and commerce. On the return to the boat, coming down the street, the Percy Library caught the attention of Peggy Newbold of Devon, Pa. Good merciful goodness, she didn't even know Will Percy had come from Greenville. That evening aboard the DQ she was still shaken to her timbers. "My husband was dying; I was trying my best to do anything--just any little thing--and John asked me to read from his favorite book. It was this 'Lanterns On The Levee' by this Will Percy---so I was just reading along--just reading along--and that's how my hus-

band died." So others who do not live in Greenville know about Will Percy, to answer the question I asked myself this morning.

Wednesday, April 21 was to differ from all other days of this cruise; no shore stop was on the schedule. Nor was there anything of special moment scheduled until 6:30 o'clock when a cocktail party hosted by Williams World Travel was to precede a Captain's Dinner. Maybe all for the better; the two school-age young ladies aboard, the Misses Helen and Jane Hammond, dug out books and tablets and did required school work. They had been allowed to come by their Branford, Connecticut school principal who opined that they would learn more on a trip such as this than they would absorb in classrooms. With the proviso, probably a right one, that assignments travel with them.

Mate James Richard (Jim) Blum brought forth a series of photographs he had taken at Avondale during the DQ's renovation, of great interest, as they detailed the replating of the hull. Some there are who regard the salvation of the DQ as a miracle, a state of having risen from the dead, a resurrection. And now what? Erdman Harris was sitting there and gave a beautiful answer which we dare not print. The Smothers brothers tried it and got kicked off the air.

No mention has been made thus far of Capt. Ernest E. (Ernie) Wagner, the DQ's master. I am reminded to say something of him now inasmuch as a lady passenger has just blandly asked, "I see him so seldom; does he do anything?" Mate Donald J. (Don) Sanders sucked in his breath and let his jaw fall open; that anyone could have seriously asked such a question was a bit beyond human comprehension. Putting a big boat back together after major overhaul is like repairing a broken hard boiled egg with the slight difference that the boat must go back together and the egg can't. --Or they say it can't; but a boat must. All the way up the river Captain Ernie has been doing this, a job that tries a man's soul fourteen times on a watch, and never deserts him for an instant when he's supposedly off watch. Oh, yes does he do anything? Capt. Ernie went through his act tonight after dinner, rattling the bones. He can do this, and does do it, totally oblivious that the watchful audience senses his leadership; that the DELTA QUEEN is the lengthened shadow of his presence.

We are in Memphis this morning, Thursday, April 22 just as the schedule predicted, tied at the wharfboat of Waterways Marine, foot of Beale Street. Most of our National Trust people are packed up, preoccupied with air line schedules and taxicabs, for their DQ journey is over. Tomorrow morning a new batch of National Trusters is to come aboard for the balance of the trip. We bid adieu to these departing ones; the school girls Helen and Jane Hammond are at the point of tears; sweet sorrow. Oh lordy, leaving a steamboat rips the living heart out of anybody. It has been a delight to know you individuals, and the chances are slight that we will ever meet again. That is the tragedy of it all.

Suddenly the boat was empty as a church on Mon-

day morning, and as quiet. There was a slight shuffle at the stairway and I looked up to see Bruce Edgington, the patriarch of Aberdeen. "Say have you ever seen this?" he asked, thrusting a sheet of paper forward. "It was found in Old Saint Paul's Church in Baltimore and it's dated in 1692, says so right there." Bruce just appears like that, out of nowhere, and tomorrow he will disappear the same way. He haunts the DELTA QUEEN. "You can have that," he said, "I have another copy here for Vic Tooker."

What did Putty and I do in Memphis? Not much, really. We wandered up to the Peabody Hotel to check whether the ducks were still swimming in the lobby pool (they were) and during the afternoon Louise Meldahl Carley called at the boat to say hello and we had a pleasant visit--her daddy was Capt. Anthony Meldahl whose name now graces an Ohio River locks and dam. Ruth Wykoff Hunt stopped by, whose daddy was associated with the IDLEWILD, now the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE. Betty Blake was glad enough to scoot away from boat details to have dinner with us uptown. I called Lady Grace who assured me everything was still right side up at Sewickley. Sometime during that night, before daylight, a great storm swept over Memphis, gale winds, hail and all the trimmings, leaving chilly weather in its wake.

Shortly after noon next day, Friday, April 23, we backed down Wolf River and into the Mississippi with about 85 National Trust people aboard, most of them newcomers. President James Biddle, true to his word, now was aboard; also his wife Louisa Copeland Biddle, and her mother Mrs. Lamot Du Pont Copeland. Jim Biddle's mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Biddle, did not desert ship at Memphis, as did so many, a most happy outcome for they are the boat's favorite passengers. The temptation is to squander a paragraph or so introducing these persons to the reader but I will desist and get to the immediate point: Jim Biddle, president of National Trust, is just a kid (viewing him from the 70 years I have spent on Planet Earth) born in 1929--so he is 42 give or take, Princeton '51, and was curator of the American wing, Metropolitan Museum of Art 1963-1967 when he became identified with the National Trust as its president.

Frederick Haupt, III, director of Trust's public affairs, was one of those who left us at Memphis, and his replacement becomes Sabin Robbins, Jr., assistant director.

Mrs. Hulbert Taft of Cincinnati was supposed to appear aboard, but did not, due to a last minute intervention. Her good friends Mrs. Benjamin E. Tate and Mrs. Lucien Wulsin, also of Cincinnati, both were aboard, and through them we met Mrs. Stanley M. Rowe, an ex-Memphis girl whose family had roots away back in that city, but now living in Cincinnati "and no kin to John J. Rowe" as she quickly pointed out. Enough of introductions for the present.

On Saturday, April 24 the weather had cleared and warmed up considerably. Jim Biddle introduced me for my first "lecture" to this second-section of the National Trust, for which purpose I had boned up on earthquakes inasmuch as the afternoon was to be spent at Reelfoot Lake, formed by the shakes of 1811-1812. It is a fascinating

story if told properly (which I don't claim to have accomplished) of the first steamboat NEW ORLEANS downbound on her maiden voyage encountering this major upheaval epicentered near New Madrid and Tiptonville. There were three separate major quakes within weeks, each rated 12 on the Mercalli Intensity Scale. And 12 is "total damage;" the worst.

The Kiwanis Club at Tiptonville had arranged private cars to take us to Reelfoot, some five miles. Our car was piloted by Mrs. John Lueders who had run a liquor store there in Tiptonville for some 24 years, had recently remarried, and her son Charles Dial currently is pilot on the towboat FRANK PHIPPS. This is the first time I have seen Reelfoot Lake and my mental ideas were considerably altered. Somehow I visioned it as a cypress-stump swamp, but no, no such thing, it is a very usual lake, albeit rimmed with cypress stumps.

Now it so happens that one of our passengers is General L. Kemper Williams, 1323 Whitney Bank Building, New Orleans 70130. General Williams is veteran of World Wars I and 2, and his daddy was F. B. Williams of the F. B. Williams Lumber Co., Patterson, La. He showed me a photo of the family towboat SEWANEE which towed cypress logs, and I recall in 1932 when she brought a couple of bargeloads of sugar to Louisville, then owned, I think, by Capt. R. D. McNeely. Anyhow, the Williams cypress operations ceased when the timber played out, but the family held on to the acres, and now those acres spout oil. General Williams has known Mrs. Biddle, Sr. since her New Orleans girlhood, and he recalls Mrs. W. P. Snyder, Jr. of Sewickley, the former Marie Elise Whitney from New Orleans.

Due to which, and thanks to Mrs. Lueders and General Williams, Reelfoot Lake was more than a successful jaunt. Taken by itself I suspect the outcome would have been otherwise.

Bill Muster, Greene Line's president, is again aboard (we lost him down the line somewhere for a time) and he has adopted an unique policy. While the National Trust folks are off the boat on bus excursions there always are crowds of people on shore looking at the DQ. These folks young and old, black and white, are invited aboard for a look-see. They are taken around in groups, escorted by crew members, and short lectures are given in the main cabin, at the calliope, at the big roof bell, and so on. At Greenville, as example, over 2,000 made such tours. Bill Muster says this: "They helped save the boat; it's the least we can do to say thank you to them." We have seen the same courtesy extended on the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE which, when you come down to it, is owned by the citizenry of the area.

By dawn's early light the DQ did a right turn and passed into the Ohio River on the morning of Sunday, April 25. Devotional services were held in the Orleans Room conducted by Vic Tooker. I had not seen or heard Vic in this role, so went to observe. The text he used was from the gospel of Bruce Edgington, "Go placidly amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence." Vic was reading the text of the page Bruce had handed him, found in Old Saint Paul's Church, Baltimore, dated 1692. Vic glanced my direction once, while he was reading "Take

kindly the counsel of years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth." Then we sang from the song book "Softly and Tenderly" and I could not help but note that the composer was Will L. Thompson. Will Thompson was born at Smith's Ferry on the Ohio River and lived for a time at East Liverpool. In the congregation this morning are Mrs. and Mrs. Dale D. Thompson, also of East Liverpool. Will Thompson was Dale's uncle. Dale was associated with the Thompson pottery which used to be located above the bridge there.

Putty and I had at dinner today, sharing our table, a writer from the Saturday Review, New York. This dedicated young man of great expectations is David Butwin, mentioned in our March '71 issue as author of a piece about New Orleans. He is on the DQ to study the river, who knows, maybe to do a book.

We landed at Paducah, greeted by bands and people in costume, and buses (those omnipresent buses!) were lined up for the usual sight-seeing tour. Asked to go along, I declined with thanks, saying that I would prefer above all else to meet Miss Mary Wheeler who did a bang-up book on roustabout songs lo many years ago. No sooner said than done, for on board was Mrs. Robert (Bertha) Wenzel of Highland Church Road, Paducah, and she and her son Jim squired me up town in their car to the Old Market House Museum and in there, in the living flesh, was Miss Mary Wheeler. I started to explain who I was, but she let out a whoop; she had remembered.

Did I wish to visit anyone else? Why certainly I did; Gordon Cooper, Fred McCandless. One thing at a time, so Mary Wheeler and Mrs. Wenzel and Jim whizzed me to the Irvin Cobb Hotel where Gordon Cooper lives, and of course he wasn't there-- he was down at the DELTA QUEEN. So back we all came (a parking problem, too, with all the crowd) and upstairs in the cabin was the handsome Gordon Cooper. Readers may remember in the summer of 1966 when Gordon Cooper built a raft and sailed it to New Orleans from Paducah with 16 college girls aboard, all of them from Hollins College, Virginia.

We got talking about that trip, and Gordon said he usually laid up the raft at night, but did keep going until 11 o'clock to get to Natchez where rooms were made available. The weather was stormy and Gordon elected to stay by the river to watch the raft. When the girls learned of this, they refused the uptown hospitality and stayed there on the levee, having built a big bonfire, and placed their sleeping bags around, their heads toward the fire. "Precious little sleep did I get that night," said Gordon Cooper. "I kept worrying about those girls catching their hair afire." None did, and this cargo of feminine pulchritude was safely delivered in N.O.

"There was sort of a funny ending in New Orleans," he continued. "I was browsing around on Royal Street and every so often a group of the girls would spy me, yell 'Oh, Captain Cooper!' and come up to hug me. By-the-by I got a tap on the shoulder and looked around to find an old salt standing there. 'For forty-two years I've skippered out of Norway,' he said, 'and begging your pardon, sir, but how do you do it with all these girls you meet? ---and I'm wishing to know

just what the hell kind of 'Captain' are you?'"

At Paducah we dropped off pilot Bob Zang whose license only comes up the Ohio that far and I was sad to lose him. Bob has a fund of stories from all over--he was telling us one about a visit to Capt. Ed Heckman in Hermann, Mo. for instance. In his place Harry Lowden came aboard, some consolation, for Harry and I have stood many watches together.

There was a minor mutiny this p.m. The official SCHEDULE OF ACTIVITIES, a rather rigid programming, today announced a National Trust film would be shown in the Orleans Room at 4 o'clock. So fine. But during luncheon Sabin Robbins, Jr. came to our table looking somewhat disturbed and admitted he had a problem. Some sort of a caucus had been held amongst the higher-uppers and they wanted me to speak instead. Which is how it turned out.

As we were paddling along by Golconda this evening, all guests enjoying supper, a massive cake was brought out studded with lighted candles. Pictured on it in frosting was Andalusia, the Biddle home in Bucks County, Pa. With due pomp it was placed before Mr. and Mrs. James Biddle, celebrating their twelfth wedding anniversary. Betty Blake, it seems, had dreamed up the idea--maybe with a mite of conspiracy on the part of Jim's mother. In any event the elder Mrs. Biddle promptly responded by presenting to the DELTA QUEEN, Betty accepting, two magnificent gold champagne goblets contained in a special case. Whereupon Mrs. Lamot du Pont Copeland, Sr., mother of Jim's wife, came to the microphone and added her word of cheer to the occasion.

On Monday, April 26 we were due at Evansville (so predicted the schedule) at 8:30 a.m. There had been lock delays and, instead, we were going by Mount Vernon. The immediate monkey-wrench involved plans of the Ohio-Wabash Valley Historical Society sponsoring a bus tour of Evansville. This had to be rescheduled for 2 p.m. Although there was very little talk of the matter, it was clear that a scheduled race with the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE tomorrow was already jeopardized if not outright sabotaged. The only way the DQ could possibly get to Louisville in time would be to cancel the Evansville shore stop which could not be done. The DQ had to take fuel there from trucks. Moreover the National Trust was committed to the acceptance of Evansville hospitality. Be this as it may, instead of biting fingernails I accepted an invitation from Mrs. Charles J. Biddle to join her husband and Mrs. Julius Fleischmann of Cincinnati for a pre-luncheon cocktail. Which was more to the point.

Every time I get a cocktail in my hand (two a day--(self-enforced rule) I get some disapproving frowns from a youngster named Christopher Scholz who is aboard with his parents, and his father is a celebrated concert violist. Chris was the recipient of a birthday cake also at last evening's festivities--13th, I think. He's a smart cookie, that kid, completely adapted to a nomadic life, and at ease with his elders. To jump the gun a bit, some of the National Trusters thought it would be amusing to publicly present an award to the member who ran up the highest bar bill and there was no doubt about who he was, a person of

considerable repute. When the time came to do this I made sure I was out of range of the firing line but close enough to witness the repercussion bound to follow. But better judgment had prevailed and, instead, the award went to Chris Scholz for having the least bar bill. Chris went to the microphone, as collected as can be, and made an acceptance speech. He brought down the house. Every passenger on this voyage is a genius in his or her own right. I have never seen the equal.

Yes, we did make it to Evansville by 2 o'clock, and the buses were there. Putty and I decided to go see a doctor and when we got there, at 124 S. E. First Street, who was in bed flat on his back? You've guessed it, the doctor. In such a way did we visit Dr. Charles F. Leich, presenting to him our best bedside manner. He had a sprained back, I suppose you'd call it, brought on by doing nothing spectacular whatever, nor anything stupid either; it just went clunk. Charlie Leich is a special person and the railroad exhibits in the new Evansville riverfront museum are a bit of his conniving and--after all--he has an abiding yen for steamboats. Mrs. Leich kindly drove us back to the DQ and we hopped aboard about the time the stage went up.

Tuesday, April 27. I awakened hearing Vic Tooker's voice on the loud speaker system. "And in two minutes Capt. Way will discuss The Art of Steamboat Racing in the Orleans Room, thank you." It is wonderful what the human body, even at 70, will accomplish. I was down there on time still pulling on necktie and jacket. Audiences should not be subjected to lectures at 10 o'clock in the morning anyhow.

Instead of being at Louisville at 1:30 p.m., as per schedule, we were winding through the oxbows. It's a beautiful piece of river when everybody is taking it easy, which they weren't.

At 2:50 p.m. we attempted a landing opposite Brandenburg to get off passengers who wanted to go see the Derby Trials. The buses were there, the water was too shallow, the stage would not reach. The DQ gave it up and crossed the river to Brandenburg. The buses skiddo'd across the bridge and made a meet with us.

In exchange these buses brought to us a swarm of newspaper reporters and photographers---at least 30---who's job it was to gather for print every last detail of the Great Steamboat Race of 1971 which obvious to all just could not possibly happen.

Bill Muster held a formal briefing in the aft end of the main cabin, dishing out persuasive reasons why the DQ was late. Also he drew some diagrams on the green chalkboard. He told the newsmen of shallow water, lock delays, and he said the DQ had gone through a bad case of "over-haul-itis." Every word was scribbled on to note pads.

Capt. Ernie Wagner was called to testify. One reporter asked, "What do you think of the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE running a solo race this afternoon without you?"

Said Ernie promptly: "That don't sound too

right to me."

Somewhere during these proceedings I stepped out on the guard for a whiff of fresh air, just in time to run into chief engineer Cal Benefiel. "It's been a rough one, this trip," he said. And coming from Cal, this was an oration understandable enough for river people. There had been water in the fuel lines, new brasses to work in, a knock in the h.p. engine (which was working in new rings) plus sanitary drain stop-ups, et cetera. Cal's one comment told it all.

Just before supper we landed again. We were at a motorboat harbor along the Kentucky shore called Pleasant Ridge. The buses were there, bringing back the Derby Trials people in time for supper. First across the stage was Mrs. Charles J. Biddle looking for all the world like she was leading the animals on to the Ark. "My goodness" she said later, "I was watching that big black cloud with the lightning in it."

No fooling about that. The rains descended. I stood on the guard and watched that wall of water coming up river toward the boat with its steady slate-sound. But no passengers got wet. They had climbed aboard in the nick. Margaret McKean shared supper with us, a neighbor of long standing who lives in the hills yonder across from Sewickley in Coraopolis Heights. It's good to have her aboard.

After dark we again landed, this time at New Albany, Ind., to disgorge into buses those passengers who were to pay a call upon Dr. and Mrs. Irvin Abell, Jr. in Louisville. Nearly everyone went, cheered somewhat by the clearing skies. Well, la, la, out there on the wharf grade was the wreck of an old rusty sternwheeler, and she turns out to be the HELEN Z, or the remnants thereof, named years ago for Helen Zubik who now is Mrs. Ed Smith, with a lot more get-up-and-go than her bereaved namesake. --And who climbed aboard here at New Albany? Mary Sexton, natch.

It was near 11 o'clock that night when the DQ slunk into Cox Park landing, Louisville, to gather back aboard her passengers. Capt. Doc Hawley came aboard from the BELLE to pay respects and visit with his friends. The BELLE--yes--had run around the race course loaded with race fans who had paid \$15 a head (some tickets were being scalped for \$40 we heard) and although there was no race to watch, they did manage to get involved in the middle of the thunderstorm. Enough excitement for one day so we went to bed, and so missed a visit from C. W. Stoll.

On the morning of Wednesday, April 28 the DQ was approaching Madison, Ind., now back on her advertised schedule like nothing had happened. We had breakfast with a young man who introduced himself as Jack Jenkins, on the reportorial staff of the Farm Quarterly magazine. "Farm Quarterly, four times a year?" we asked rather stupidly.

"No, sir, six."

"A quarterly six times a year?"

"We can't call it a sexterly."

"How about hexterly?"

"Too hectic."

"I see. So the Farm Quarterly comes out six times a year, and what does that have to do, pray tell, with steamboat navigation?"

"Well, you see, it's all sort of sixterly."

I like that guy Jack Jenkins and wish him a brilliant future. In his quiet way he in one hour milked me of more intelligence about boats than I knew I contained.

Madison, Ind. was in a gala mood, at somewhat of a disadvantage, for a northerly cold front was blowing in on the wake of yesterday's storm, and the river was lashed into big lake waves, and the welcomers looked a bit goose-pimplish. But the bands were out, and the buses were ready. If all of the buses we have seen meeting the DQ this trip were nudged end to end the line would reach to Bussey, Iowa (Marion County, pop. 632).

Putty and I decided to stay aboard, that is, until along came kindly John Scott in his Lincoln Continental, saying he was ready and willing to take stragglers up the hill. We joined the tour at the Shrewsbury House and left it at the Lanier Homestead, all the more fun because the bus spieler was a retired school marm with keen wit and humor and with a genuine love for her hometown. Slap us down for not getting her name. She is a dandy.

Capt. William H. Tippet, Hernando, Miss.; Capt. Roy L. Barkhau, Louisville; Mrs. Marsh Jones, Jr. and Mrs. Frank Howard, Jr., both of Crawfordsville, Ind. and Mrs. Frank Meek visited aboard at Madison. With them was Alene Stottlebower, a Madison girl and a river fan dating back--hush--to the scribblings of "Little Ike and Little Mike" in The Waterways Journal, when she and Earl Seabrook were contributors. We had a happy reunion.

The Captain's Dinner was staged this evening in the Orleans Room with its champagne and splendor. We found ourself gazing at the multitude vaguely wondering where they all would distribute themselves to on the morrow, and what impressions they would take with them, and what they would tell their home-folks. Those who left us at Memphis are probably mowing their lawns, being good suburbanites. Ah me. Wonder what Bob and Betty Coffin, Long Grove, Ill. are doing right now? And Judge and Mrs. E. Forrest Sanders of Las Cruces, New Mexico? It's a pity Fred Haupt had to leave also at Memphis.

On Thursday, April 29, still cool, windy, chilly, Her Ladyship DELTA QUEEN returned to Cincinnati at 9 o'clock a.m. The ovation, the bands, the people, the pleasure craft, the speeches, all were a bit overwhelming. And believe it or not, the usual buses were there to take the National Trust folks for a tour of the city. Some of them actually did it. People swarmed aboard, the Lloyd Ostendorfs, the Browns, Ethel Walker, Dorothy Frye, to name a few, Dorothy and Roscoe Frye's son Mickey is purser of the DQ, sharing responsibilities with Gabriel Chengery. Young faces in responsible positions, good to see, even so to the engineroom with Kenneth P. Howe, Jr. handling the throttle.

It's over. Ethel Walker drove us uptown where we picked up a new Plymouth at a rent-a-car and ere noon Putty and I were gliding out Route 50 homeward bound. "By the way," I asked him after a time, "did you join up with the National Trust while you were aboard?" "No," he opined, "I did not, but, do you know, they have something going there quite worth while; let's join."