

S&D

REFLECTOR

Published by Sons and Daughters
of Pioneer Rivermen



Vol. 12, No. 1

Marietta, Ohio

March, 1975



HERE'S ONE worth pasting on the wall. Standing (from left) Capt. Jim Blum, Streckfus Steamers; Capt. Dennis Trone, JULIA BELLE SWAIN; Betty Blake, DELTA QUEEN; Capt. Clarke Hawley, NATCHEZ; Capt. Roddy Hammett, NATCHEZ; Capt. C. W. Stoll, BELLE OF LOUISVILLE. Seated (from left) Marion

Frommel; Capt. Charlie Brasher, BELLE OF LOUISVILLE; Ye Ed, S&D REFLECTOR; Capt. Ernie Wagner, DELTA QUEEN and Capt. Floyd H. Blaske, president of Jeffboat, Inc. and American Commercial Barge Line. -Photo taken at Jeffersonville, Ind., November 30, 1974, courtesy Delta Queen Steamboat Company.

On Friday, Dec. 29th last a new, sleek, orange and white diesel locomotive pulled a drag out of the Chicago yards of the Illinois Central Gulf RR headed for New Orleans. She bore the number 9600, the vanguard of 40 new engines for that run. Something new had been added--ICG officials had decided to put names on the cabs. Under 9600 in block letters is CASEY JONES.

As other new engines become operational they too will have names on the cabs. One will be SAM WEBB for the black fireman who jumped to safety when Casey's #638 left the rails of the IC RR between Jackson, Tenn. and Water Valley, Miss. Others will be christened ABRAHAM LINCOLN and STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS. For the most part the names will honor men once prominent in the railroad's history.

Casey's real name was John Luther Jones. Biographer Fred J. Lee said he was born in southwestern Missouri March 14, 1864. His family moved to Cayce, Ky., pronounced kaycee, from whence he got his nickname. He joined the IC in 1888 as a fireman, became an engineer at age of 26, and had a six-tone calliope whistle on #638 which he trilled whippoorwill style.

Casey's wife was Jane Brady from Jackson, Tenn. Runs in our mind she once rode the GORDON C. GREENE and had her picture taken in company with "Ma" Greene. Are we just dreaming or did this really happen?

James R. Elliott of the Wabasha (Minn.) Marina informs us that a harbor work boat they own and operate is named PHILIP L. BETTLER, honoring Dr. Bettler who pioneered the Wabasha Marina while maintaining his medical practice at Sioux City, Iowa. Dr. Bettler owns and operates the pleasure sternwheeler RUFUS B II, and two years ago sold the Wabasha Marina to Jim Elliott.

The PHILIP L. BETTLER is 22 by 10, has a single Nordberg gas engine 110 hp., and was built at the Marina in 1973.

"I know this is a little one," writes Jim Elliott, "but the story behind it is worth mention, I hope. Dr. Bettler is truly a riverman of the first water."

Capt. Sam Brown's blue grass farm was not along the Ohio River. Conclusive evidence has been presented by Dr. J. Winston Coleman, Jr., Lexington, Ky., who locates the Capt. S. S. Brown farm in Franklin County, Ky. on the Iron Works Pike (near the Georgetown Pike). "Squire" Coleman consulted the book "Country Estates of the Blue Grass," by Knight and Greene, published in 1904 at Cleveland, O. Captain Brown's place is identified as Senorita Farm, about 3,000 acres, near the Southern RR's station Donerail.

"Captain Brown may have named one of his horses 'Donerail' after the nearby station," says Squire Coleman. "Originally about 1872

when the Southern RR was being constructed through this county, a number of Irishmen were imported to do the heavy work. Someone named the station 'Donneraille' but it was later shortened to Donerail, and is known by that today."

Squire Coleman adds some later history to the Brown farm. "Later the farm came into possession of the late L. V. Harkness and was known as Walnut Hill Farm. Today it is divided into Walnut Hill Farm and Walnut Hill Stock Farm, the latter still a large horse-breeding establishment."

All of which seems to scotch the idea that Capt. Sam Brown had a mansion and farm in the vicinity of Westport, Ky. For the above we are indebted to C. W. Stoll who made the inquiry direct to Squire Coleman and kindly sent us the reply.

Sirs: I've just seen the movie "How the West Was Won" on TV and shown in it was a steamboat I've never seen before. Looked like the DELTA QUEEN but had two smokestacks. Do you know anything about it?

Ted Davis,
2400 West 96th St.,
Bloomington, Minn. 55431

=It was the DELTA QUEEN. Fake smokestacks were placed on her sun deck roof provided with smokepots. -Ed.

Steamboat races usually are run for fun; sometimes not. In latter February 1900 about 10 a.m. the VALLEY BELLE and WM. DUFFEY both downbound from Marietta got side by side at Neale's Island trying to beat one another to the Parkersburg wharfboat. At the foot of Neale's they locked horns. A news reporter from the Parkersburg Journal told it this way:-

"One man of the VALLEY BELLE's crew became so enraged that he drew a revolver and fired at the fireman on the DUFFEY but fortunately missed him. Then one of the DUFFEY's crew got hold of an ax and made an attempt to sink it into the head of one of the opposite crew. The fight reached such proportions that the crews of both boats deserted their stations to take part in it.

"This dangerous state of affairs kept up until the two boats got close to the B&O bridge, at which place the DUFFEY forged ahead and rounded in at the wharf. A heavy wind was blowing and the DUFFEY was slightly damaged as she landed there.

"The affair is without parallel in the local history of the Ohio River. Legal action will probably be taken in the matter and if so someone will have to answer before the federal court for endangering the lives of passengers on the two boats."

=Our thanks to Jerry Devol for the above. -Ed.



FRANK L. TEUTON AND THE BOAT HE RODE ON

Yes, once upon a time Frank L. Teuton once rode the CHAPERON. --And he's mighty pleased with the model built by John L. Fryant. Elsewhere in this issue is notice of the reissue of "Steamboat Days On the Tennessee River," the story of the St. Louis & Tennessee River Packet Co. authored by Frank Teuton. -Picture taken 1974 by John Fryant.

During the course of the OVIA meeting at Louisville last November C. W. Stoll, James V. Swift and your editor called on Capt. Roy L. Barkhau. His address is Ann Rest Home Annex, 243 E. Walnut St., Louisville, Ky. 40202. Several days later Cap'n Roy joined with C. W. and y.t. to visit Mrs. Loretta M. Howard and found her in right spry shape at her home address, 1031 E. Market St., Jeffersonville, Ind. 47130.

One of Doc Hawley's souvenirs is a metal beer can (Schmidt) with a color picture of BETSY ANN on it.

Sirs: Is it not a bit strange that Combine towboats continued to carry "R.C." on pilothouses after the Monongahela River Consolidated Coal & Coke Co. was transferred to the Pittsburgh Coal Co. in 1916? On page 13 of the Sept. '74 issue we note that the BEACON is so marked c. 1920. On page 28 of the Dec. '74 issue we see "R.C." on the pilothouse of the JIM WOOD in 1917; and on page 42, same issue, there it is on the brand-new ACTIVE in 1916. I would presume that the Pittsburgh Coal Co. was carrying on the acronym.

Jack E. Custer,
223 Carden Ave.,
Nashville, Tenn. 37205

=On another page in this issue see the CONQUEROR pictured new in April 1917 with no "R.C." on her pilothouse. But don't let this fool you; the lettering artist was just about to do this. When the CRUISER was built at Elizabeth, Pa. in 1923 for Pgh. Coal, she also had "R.C." on her pilothouse and retained it until her latter days when, if memory serves right, a change was made to "P.C." This also was true of Pgh. Coal's towboat VOYAGER. -Ed.

S&D IS TAX EXEMPT

Sirs: Based on information supplied, and assuming your operations will be as stated in your application for recognition of exemption, we have determined you are exempt from Federal income tax under section 301(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code.

Donors may deduct contributions to Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen as provided in section 170 of the Code. Bequests, legacies, devises, transfers, or gifts to you or for your use are deductible for Federal estate and gift tax purposes if they meet the applicable provisions of sections 2055, 2106, and 2522 of the Code.

Internal Revenue Service,
D. L. James, Jr.,
District Director,
Box 476,
Cincinnati, Ohio 45201
Nov. 6, 1974.



From the left:- John Killoran and wife Nancy, Gene and Claire Fitch, and Charles E. Arnold, Jr. In the background is ol' #6 of the Cass Scenic Railroad, a geared "Heisler" steam locomotive, which hauled this S&D crew on a 60-mile all-day jaunt in West Virginia. The picture was taken at High Bridge over Shavers Fork River in the remote and wild country near Bemis. The occasion was the annual trek of a Cass train to the Mountain State Forest Festival at Elkins. The Cass RR has ten steam locomotives authentically restored which haul public excursions to the summit of the West Virginia's second-highest mountain. This group concocted the excursion during the last S&D meeting. John Killoran is assistant chief of West Va.'s state parks. Gene and Claire Fitch operate the sternwheeler CLAIRE-E and Charlie Arnold is S&D's good friend from Vienna, West Va.

We did some crowing in the Dec. issue, cock-a-doodle-doing that nobody had seen the picture shown of the Portsmouth ferryboat SUSIE BROWN. Pronto came a letter from Carl T. Ackerman, 1714 11th St., Portsmouth, O. 45662. He has that same picture, given to him by Sidney McMullen of South Shore, Ky. who was pilot many years on the ferry CAPTAIN JOHN. Mr. Ackerman says the SUSIE BROWN was operated in the Portsmouth-Fullerton (Ky.) service by the C&O RR. Also he says Portsmouth had still another ferry, the ROYAL, and he has a photograph of it. Yes, b'jabbers, ROYAL was built at Portsmouth 1872 and still was running 1881.

Sirs: In re. the picture of the QUEEN CITY's "embarrassing moment" shown in the Dec. '74 issue, page 37:-

I had just gotten off the QC at Madison, having taken a transfer trip. She lost her paddlewheel not far below here and her distress signal attracted the attention of the crew of the RICHARD ROE moored at the Madison wharf. The ROE went to the rescue and took off the QC's passengers, bringing them to Madison where some of them returned to their

homes by rail. Others went on to Louisville on the ROE.

The next day, Monday, I went down aboard the HANOVER with my camera. Capt. Sam Smith graciously steered in close to the QC so I could take the picture. Then he landed me at the Madison shipyard so's I could get home.

Alene Stottlebower,
614 West Second,
Madison, Ind. 47250

SPEAKING OF LAUNCHINGS

Roddy Hammett says launchings do not always come off as advertised. At La Spezia, Italy, the twin-stacker PRINCIPESSA was sent down the ways with thousands watching. The 500-foot liner, bedecked in flags and bunting, toppled to her side, rolled over and sank. The boilers were salvaged and the rest was junk. This in 1907.

A well documented aborted launch was that of THE BOAT in a two-reeler Buster Keaton comedy of 1921. She slid down the ramp bow first into the water and then down to the bottom. Three days were spent by the movie crew to assure the desired effect, even to drilling holes into the bow.

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Mrs. J. W. Rutter, secretary,
964 Worthington,
Birmingham, Mich. 48009

Membership cards may be used for free access to the steamer W. P. SNYDER, JR. at Marietta.

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Capt. Frederick Way, Jr.,
121 River Ave.,
Sewickley, Pa. 15143

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THE NAME'S THE GAME by Bert Fenn

UP AT CINCINNATI the officials of the Delta Queen Steamboat Company are agonizing over a name for their new steamboat. And I don't envy them their job. After all this promises to be the largest, most expensive sternwheeler ever built, and I imagine they expect to live with that name for a while. Besides, there's a grand tradition of thousands of steamboat names preceding them, some of which are outstanding.

Try these--aloud--for that's the only way to fully savor them: GREAT REPUBLIC, HIGH FLYER, STACKER LEE, QUICKSTEP, BELLE CREOLE, ECLIPSE, CRYSTAL PALACE, GLADIATOR, LADY WASHINGTON, BONANZA, SOUTHERNER, MORNING STAR, SULTANA, GRAND TURK, FLEETWOOD, SPREAD EAGLE, RAINBOW, BUCKEYE STATE, MAGENTA, IDLEWILD, TALISMAN.

Why there's poetry and pure fantasy in those names. And it doesn't do any good to tell me they're just words someone picked out of a hat. I know different. You have to consider how proud those rivermen were of their new boats, and how hard they'd want to try for the right names.

Oh, I suppose some of them came pretty easy, but it must have been a chore for those who tried for something original and meaningful. You just try coming up with BELLE OF THE BENDS when no one ever thought of it before.

No, I'm convinced that a lot of thought went into this steamboat christening business. And as firmly convinced there is a meaning behind most of the names.

Some are real easy to figure out. For sheer patriotism you can't beat BUNKER HILL or STAR SPANGLED BANNER. Or take FAIR PLAY, GOOD INTENT and GOLDEN RULE: do you know anything more inspiring of trust? And for out and out materialism, it would be hard to beat LEGAL TENDER and HARD CASH.

There was a TIME & TIDE that presumably waited for no man, the GREEK SLAVE named after Hiram Powers' famous statue, and a MAIL BOY proud of its service to Uncle Sam. But I get lost when I run into the likes of GANGES and ICELANDER. And what, pray tell, were the OCEAN WAVE, POLAR STAR and ALBATROSS doing on our western waters if their owners just didn't out and out like the way they sounded, or maybe strained a little too hard at the last minute.

I guess if a person were to tally up all the steamboat names and sort them into categories, heading the list would be the steamboats named after individuals. Whether this was a matter of pride and admiration, or because those names came easiest, would be hard to figure out. But there sure were a lot of daughters, wives, fathers and sons who were namesaked. And when all the relatives were taken care of there would be patriotic heroes. And if that still wasn't enough to choose from you could always fall back on a safe "Doctor, Lawyer, Merchant, Chief."

But you take a multi-syllabled name like NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, and especially when you throw in a middle initial as in JOSEPH B. WILLIAMS, well, whatever the reason behind it a name like that can be pretty impressive for a steamboat. Especially if you lean a little bit on that initial when you pronounce it aloud.

Of course you have to be careful how you handle these. Oh, a homey name like UNCLE OLIVER could cause you no trouble, and as far as that goes, a fellow could put SUSIE on anything that floats. But you come up with something like H. R. W. HILL, and you'd better have a full Texas and plenty in the engineroom before you paint that on a boat.

There were three other big classes of names, and after that it was a real Duke's Mixture with no holds barred. Second only to the names honoring individuals were probably the namesakes of cities and places, though I could never get excited about all the city names that went on steamboats. There were practical reasons why they should be used, of course, and you can get a lot of rhythm out of the best of them, like CITY OF LOUISVILLE and BELLE OF CALHOUN. But a lot of those names can be awfully empty if you have no affection for the city involved or the boat itself.

It was different with animal names. Here was a big selection and the steamboats appropriated some good ones: BUFFALO, LIONESS, REINDEER, ANTELOPE, BENGAL TIGER and the like. ELEPHANT is a little too lumbering for my taste; but for a vision of swiftness, besides sounding good, GAZELLE is pretty hard to beat. As for MUSTANG, well that was as good a name for a steamboat in 1848 as it is for an automobile today.

Race horse names were popular, too. Now here was something you could hang your hat on. You're dealing with a champion, a winner, speed and the like, and that is the exact impression most captains wanted to get across. Besides, they could always use a picture of a horse on their freight bill.

BLACK HAWK, BOSTON, DEXTER, FASHION, FLORA TEMPLE, GLENCOE, GREY EAGLE, LADY GAY, LANCET, LEXINGTON, MESSENGER, MOUNTAIN BOY, PALO ALTO, PEYTONA, POCAHONTAS, RED CLOUD, TACONY and VOLUNTEER were all fast horses and all had a steamboat namesake. And that's only a start of the list.

After all, this was a pretty pat situation. Somebody else was thinking up names for race horses. If the horse became famous--and the name had a nice ring to it--well, there was a set up for a new boat. And lots of owners jumped at the chance.

Come to think of it, those race horse people had about the same problems with names as the steamboat men. Just about the same. And they came up with some good ones too.

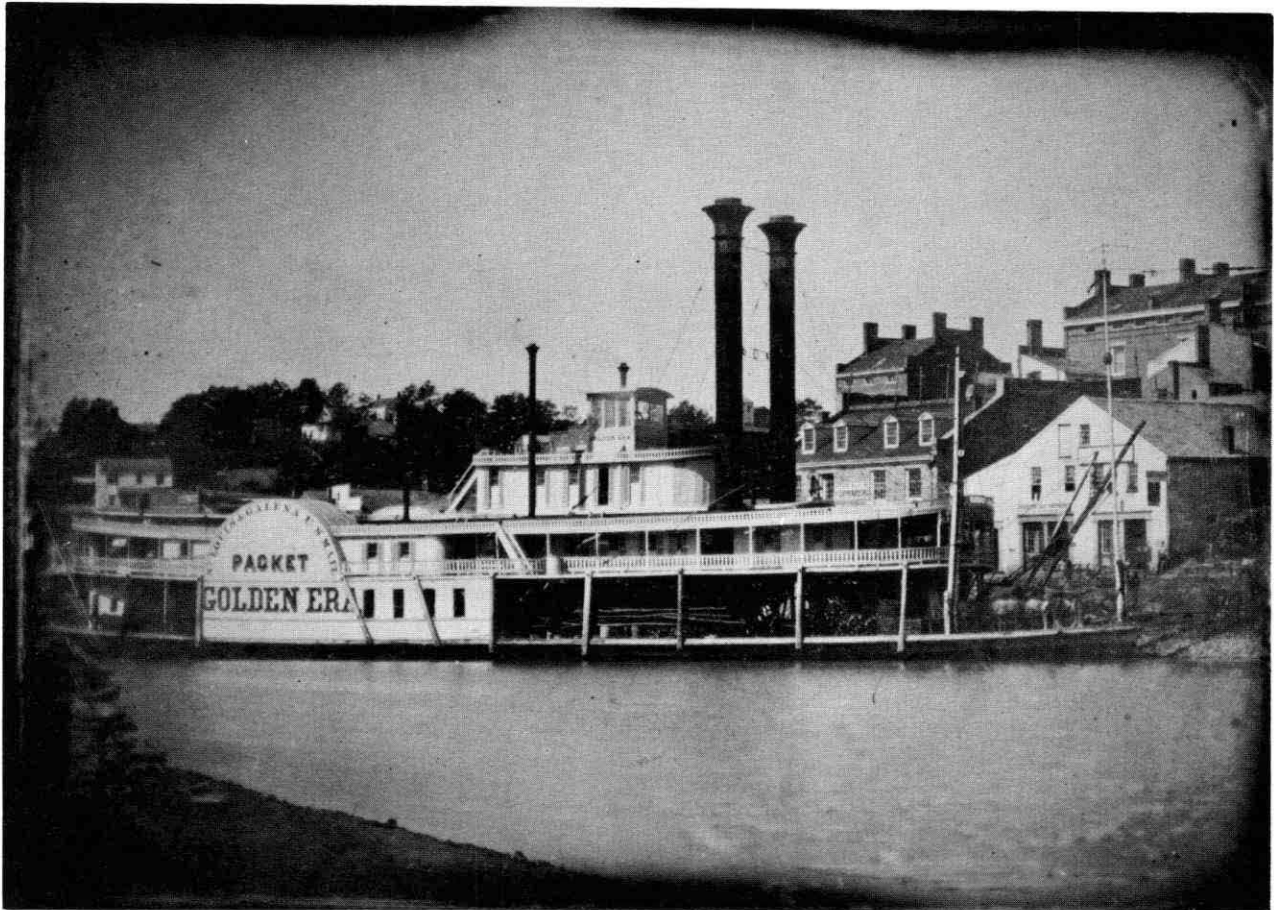
Back in the 1880's there was a man with a prom-

ising horse and no name for it. Like I say, when you start from scratch like this your job's cut out for you. You have to ponder and fret and whittle and spit, wondering what would be different that sounds speedy. Well sir, when inspiration finally hit this fellow, he'd turned the tables for sure. For when he named his horse STEAMBOAT we'd come full circle.

Don't ask me who this man was, where he lived, or what races STEAMBOAT won. I don't know. All I know is that in 1890 Currier and Ives published a print entitled "Trotting Stallion Steamboat." And since Messrs. Currier and Ives were in business to sell pictures, STEAMBOAT must have been a recognized champion or they would have called his picture "A Crack Trotter" or something of the sort.

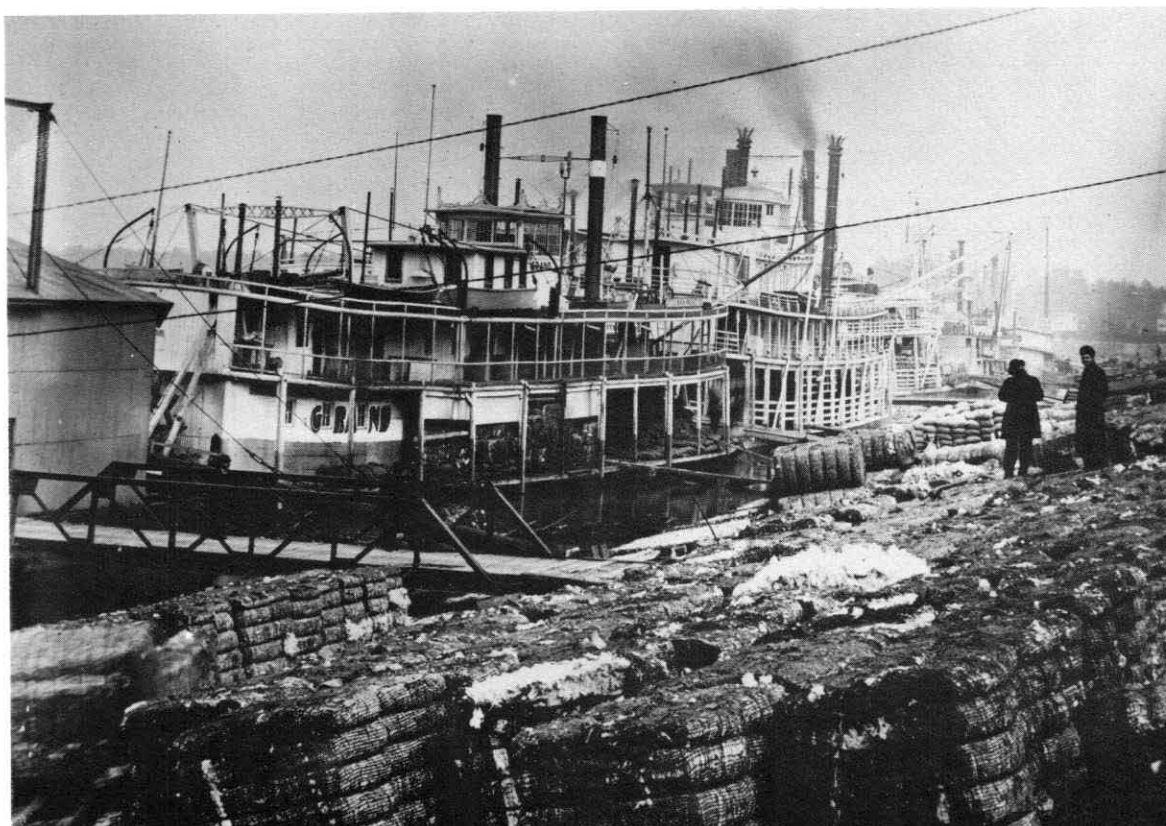
None of which helps the poor souls up at Cincinnati. They've sent out an S.O.S. in the form of ballots, inviting people to help them select a name. Are even offering prizes. All I can say is, I hope someone comes up with a better name than they've got listed on that ballot.

As for my name for the new steamboat, that'll come in due time. Fred Way has already announced his choice of PRISCILLA, and congresswoman Sullivan has been touting MISSISSIPPI QUEEN. They're both good names, but they came out with them too soon. No Siree, I'm waiting until closer to christening time. There's too much of a family tradition as to how my grandmother ended up with the name Kunigunda.



THIS PICTURE is made from an original daguerreotype taken at Galena, Ill. It was made available to us by Beaumont Newhall who copied the original owned by the Chicago Historical Society. The old daguerreotype measures 6½ by 8½ inches. The GOLDEN ERA was built at Wheeling in 1852 for the Minnesota Packet Co., commanded by Capt. Hiram Bersie. The first railroad to unite the Atlantic seaboard with the Mississippi River was the Chicago & Rock Island RR in 1854. A grand excursion culminated with a steamboat tour for the delegates from Davenport to the Falls of St. Anthony and return. Seven steamers participated including the GOLDEN ERA which had on board ex-U.S. president Millard Fillmore and his daughter Mary Abigail Fillmore. On the upbound trip a side-tour was run to Galena and we are given to understand that all seven packets went there. While landed at Trempealeau wooding up Fillmore's daughter mounted a

horse and scaled that "mighty rampart" to the cheers of the crowd and the blowing of whistles. The meals served aboard the GOLDEN ERA were later described by James F. Babcock of the New Haven (Conn.) "Palladium." "We had oysters and lobsters daily; two cows on the lower deck furnished us with fresh milk; there were meats for supper, with tea and coffee, with toast, dry and wet, cold bread, warm bread, Indian bread, biscuits, rolls, etc." Ex-president Fillmore presided over a meeting after \$300 had been raised to purchase a silver pitcher for Captain Bersie. The inscription read:- "Presented to Hiram Bersie, Master of the GOLDEN ERA, by the passengers of that Steamer, on their Excursion to the Falls of St. Anthony, while Guests of the Chicago & Rock Island Railroad Company, as a slight testimonial of their respect and their grateful appreciation for his urbanity, vigilance, and professional abilities, June, 1854."



The Michigan-built packet GRAND at Memphis during the peak of the cotton season. No alteration was made in her architecture; this is how she looked new at Grand Rapids in 1905. Picture taken by Coovert Studio about 1911. Capt. Joe Chotin got her in 1920 to handle rice into Morgan City and she burned in Bayou Teche the next May. Her duplicate, the RAPIDS, ran between Paducah and Cairo until sunk by ice at Paducah 1917.

Homer L. Burch, 5905 Coit Road, Grand Rapids, Mich. 49505 has dug up and sent to us an interesting account of the operation of two Mike-&-Ike packets, the GRAND and the RAPIDS. The story was published in the Grand Rapids Press, issue of April 25, 1971, authored by Don W. Farrant Jr. who has more than a passing interest in the subject inasmuch as his grandfather Walter S. Farrant was general manager of the Grand River Line operating the two boats. "Don Farrant is a very good friend of mine," writes Homer Burch. "He provided me with this extra copy of the story expressly for mailing on to you."

These two boats, built so far afield from the Mississippi System, were transferred after a few years by way of Lake Michigan, Green Bay, Wis., then via the Fox and Wisconsin rivers. Both did service on the Arkansas and the Mississippi and one of them, the RAPIDS, operated on the Ohio.

The compulsion to build the two boats came in 1904 when furniture manufacturers and other businessmen of Grand Rapids felt they were being soaked with some exorbitant freight rates by the Grand Trunk Railroad. The Grand River had been improved by the U.S. Engineers so that a six-foot channel was available from Grand Rapids to Grand Haven, the latter a port on Lake Michigan. A group of these Grand Rapids industrialists formed what they called the Grand Rapids & Lake Michigan Transportation Co. headed up by Robert W. Irwin, Jr., president, and with Walter S. Farrant as general manager.

They contracted with Maurice J. Godfrey to build two steamboats just alike. The yard was set up at Grand Rapids, on the west side of the Grand River, near Wealthy Street. Don Farrant's account does not identify M. J. Godfrey, but we would presume this is the same M. J. Godfrey who operated a yard at Lyons, Iowa, on the Mississippi where he built the "gospel boat" MEGIDDO in 1901 (see the March '74 issue, page 46).

Inasmuch as both boats were identical a single description will serve for both. They were 134.8 by 28.8 by 4.5. Engines were 12" dia. by 6 ft. stroke. Each had a single firebox boiler 54" dia. by 20 ft. long. From all indications the firedoors were in the deckroom contrary to usual procedure. Each had a full boiler deck, mostly open, and a small cabin. Pilot-house was on the roof--no skylight --and each had a short texas added to the aft end of the pilothouse. They carried swinging stages and had a few frills, like wire railings; had electric lights and apparently had carbon arc headlights.

These model bow, wood hull boats were a credit to the builder, M. J. Godfrey. The cost of each complete was \$23,000. By August 15, 1905 the first, the GRAND, was ready for launching. "The ways had been well soaped for the occasion and promptly at 2:30 p.m. Mr. Godfrey gave the signal to his men and the blocks were knocked away," reported the Evening Press. The construction at the time of launch had progressed to the completed hull and main deck, the

wheel timbers and fantails, and the hogchains. There was no formal christening ceremony. Most of the officials of the Grand River Line (as it was called for short) and members of the Board of Trade came over in buses of the Columbian Transfer Co. to witness the splash.

The RAPIDS was launched on Sept. 27, 1905 also with no christening. The GRAND was completed and ready to go on Tuesday, Oct. 24, 1905, fairly late in the season. The Grand Rapids Board of Trade held their annual excursion on board that day of the maiden voyage, and were taken to River Park, just east of the old M-50 bridge.

In 1906 operations commenced in earnest. The downriver trip took 4½ hours with a 6-hour return. Passenger fares were nominal. One way Grand Rapids to Grand Haven or vice versa 50¢. They made about nine intermediate landings. Old-time Grand River steamers made twenty-seven.

Although the furniture manufacturers routed their shipments to the Grand River Line they came to the realization that the charges they were paying were no cheaper, and often in excess, of the railroad. Passenger business started off with a flourish, then dwindled to a trickle. Many persons rode the boats once or twice for the novelty and then went back to riding Grand Trunk trains. The steamboat line found itself deep in red ink. By the end of the 1907 season creditors foreclosed and the boats were tied up.

Finding a purchaser for two riv-

er boats moored at Grand Rapids, Mich. posed something of a problem. Ultimately the solution came from the most unexpected direction, Little Rock, Ark. The merchants of that city, with an optimism and lack of experience matched by those of Grand Rapids, organized the Memphis & Little Rock Packet Co. The GRAND and the RAPIDS, good boats, new, ideally suited for the shallow Arkansas, and priced like bargain basement remnants, were bought fob. Grand Rapids, Mich. Next job was to get them transferred to the Mississippi System.

In that day and time, 1909, the one feasible solution was to take these boats across Lake Michigan and through Green Bay, something like 175 miles of open water. Don Farrant's story does not pursue this epic transit, not the trip through Fox River and so on into the Wisconsin. That's a tale we'd like to hear more about.

Sirs: In re. the picture of the SONOMA on page 43 last issue;- At the time it was taken, July 4, 1909, interurban street car tracks were being laid from Marietta to Beverly. Capt. Edward W. Webster had changed the SONOMA's schedule so that she left Beverly every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5 a.m. for McConnellsville, leaving there at 2 p.m. for the return to Beverly. On alternate days she left Beverly at 5 a.m. for Marietta, returning to Beverly that night. The interurban line started business in September 1909 but, despite the drain, the SONOMA adhered to schedule until she sank April 19, 1910 after hitting a snag between Luke Chute and Beverly. She was raised and repaired but her owners withdrew her from Muskingum River service.

Capt. Edward W. Webster was a "double-ender" with much engineering experience. He was engineer on the towboat J. H. McCONNELL 1877-1889 and left her to go on the SONOMA in which he acquired interest along with his brother Capt. Oscar Webster and William T. Blake.

Capt. Oscar Webster also was a "double-ender" having served in the engineer room of the J. H. McCONNELL as assistant engineer. In 1896 he sold his interest in the SONOMA to William T. Blake and built the packet LEROY, named for one of his sons. A year later he swapped her off for the packet JEWEL and ran her Lowell-Zanesville and later McConnellsville-Zanesville. This didn't last long and he sold out in April 1898. He is best remembered as master of the U.S. Engineer towboat MERRILL, on which he served 14 years. His wife was stewardess and cook on both JEWEL and MERRILL.

Capt's Ed and Oscar Webster were sons of Capt. Ed Webster, Sr. born 1832 in the old Beverly blockhouse. Capt. Ed Sr. was chief engineer on the packet L. C. McCORMICK when she exploded boilers 3½ miles below Beverly in 1879, and son Oscar Webster was second en-

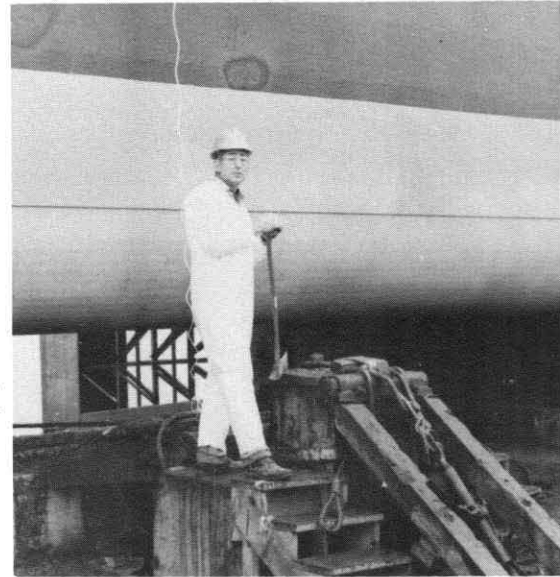
gineer.

Many S&D'rs will remember Capt. Earl Webster, son of Oscar, who built various diesel sternwheel towboats (the PROSPERITY was one) and the steam towboat MILDRED.

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

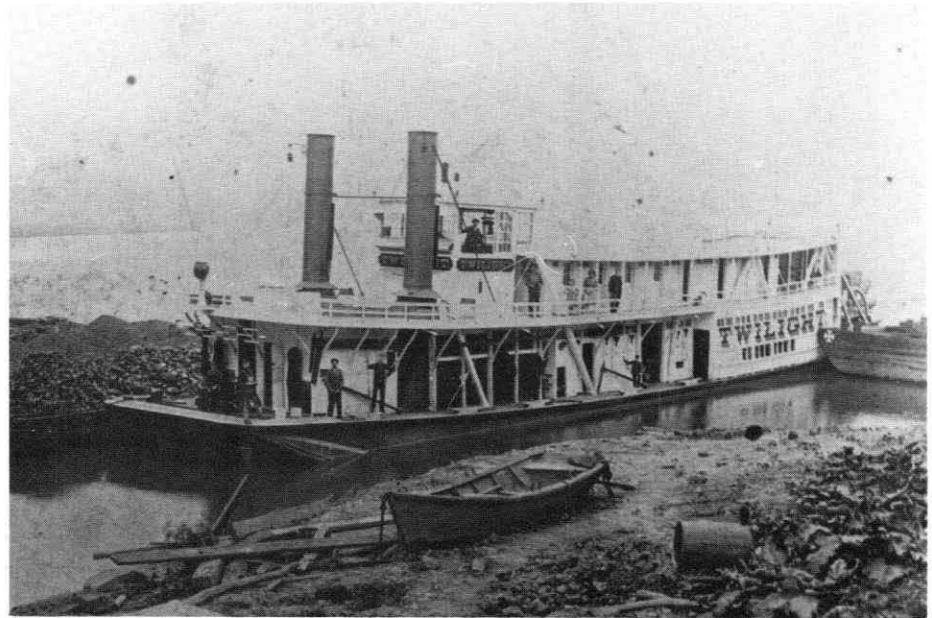
And now add to the list of capable steamboat model builders the name of Ralph C. Hendricks. The Marietta Times, Dec. 26th last, ran a picture of three of Ralph's models, GORDON C. GREENE, DELTA QUEEN and INDIANA, all built from plans furnished by Alan L. Bates, Louisville. He lives at Reno, O. and presently is building another DELTA QUEEN model on larger scale.

Latest on the list of new world-wide S&D members is Manfred H. Mueller of Western Germany. Somehow or other he knows Alan L. Bates, Louisville. Anyhow Manfred Mueller is gung-ho on our Western steamboats, and his address is Box 1223, D-8788 Bad Brueckenau 1, Western Germany.



READY TO CHOP

Bert Fenn took this picture prior to the launch of #2999 at Jeffboat last Nov. 30. The workman with ax was one of six who cleaved the synthetic ropes holding the boat.



STEVE MACKINACK, Elizabeth, Pa., sends this picture of the TWILIGHT taken many moons ago, doubtlessly before 1900, and before she had towing knees. Many S&D'rs will remember her as the J. H. McCRADY, the name she carried 1927-1944. She was built in 1882 on a wood hull 113 by 23, had two boilers and engines 15½" dia. by 5 ft. stroke. When we first met the TWILIGHT she was in the local sales division of the Combine making coal deliveries in the Pittsburgh area, and sometimes helping out the "lower river" towboats which customarily left Pittsburgh with a half-tow. Small boats such as the TWILIGHT followed with the other half-tow usually out to a point below Bellaire, O. This was done because of the narrow railroad bridge spans at Steubenville and Bellaire. The Rodgers Sand Co. lost their towboat ALICE in a boiler explosion above old Lock Two, Ohio River, in 1913 and bought the TWILIGHT from the Combine as a replacement. Renamed J. H. McCRADY in June 1927 she worked for McCradly-Rodgers until the early 1940s. Then she was decommissioned at the Manchester landing and Glenn Crain towed her up the Allegheny River with orders to get rid of her. He beached her between Natrona and Freeport on the left shore above Karns Island Lower Light, and some of her bones still may be there.

Twenty years ago S&D transferred a hefty backlog of library material to Cincinnati. The Public Library of Cincinnati and Hamilton County thereupon inaugurated what was called the Inland Rivers Library dedicated to the proposition of preserving, cataloguing, and making available to researchers the documentary story of traffic on the Mississippi System.

How well this has succeeded is recounted in a series of yearly reports issued in booklet form. The latest of these, "Report 1972-1974," is authored by Yeatman Anderson III, the library's curator of rare books and special collections. This is the first "double annual report," Andy apologizes, "a situation in part brought about because of the increasing difficulty of obtaining important items not already in our collection."

"Sometimes we acquire a book of no great historical importance but it is just plain fun to read," observes Andy. The case in point is a small privately printed book by Walter B. Stevens entitled "The Log of the ALTON, Being a Narrative of the Voyage of the Business

Men's League to New Orleans, October 25 to 30, 1909, St. Louis, 1909."

The ALTON, commanded by Commodore Henry Leyhe, was one of a fleet of steamboats accompanying the OLEANDER which had aboard U.S. president Howard Taft and party. On board the ALTON "they played cards, had a concert in aid of the Liverpool seaman's home, a program of singing, recitations, a grand march complete with 'ladies,' and a cakewalk contest." But the highlight of the trip came when President Taft was dined aboard the ALTON.

"The Inland Rivers Library has no pictures of this great event, which seems odd, indeed," comments Andy Anderson, and adds "in fact, it seems to be quite a forgotten incident in this history of steamboating. Maybe the editor of the S&D REFLECTOR can do something about this lamentable fact."

(As an initial, albeit feeble gesture toward 'doing something' we are showing two pictures taken at Natchez during the progress of that notable marine parade. -Ed.)

Having perused the Inland Rivers

Library Report 1972-1974 we are struck with the certainty that these "Reports" deserve perpetuation in the annals of The River Story.

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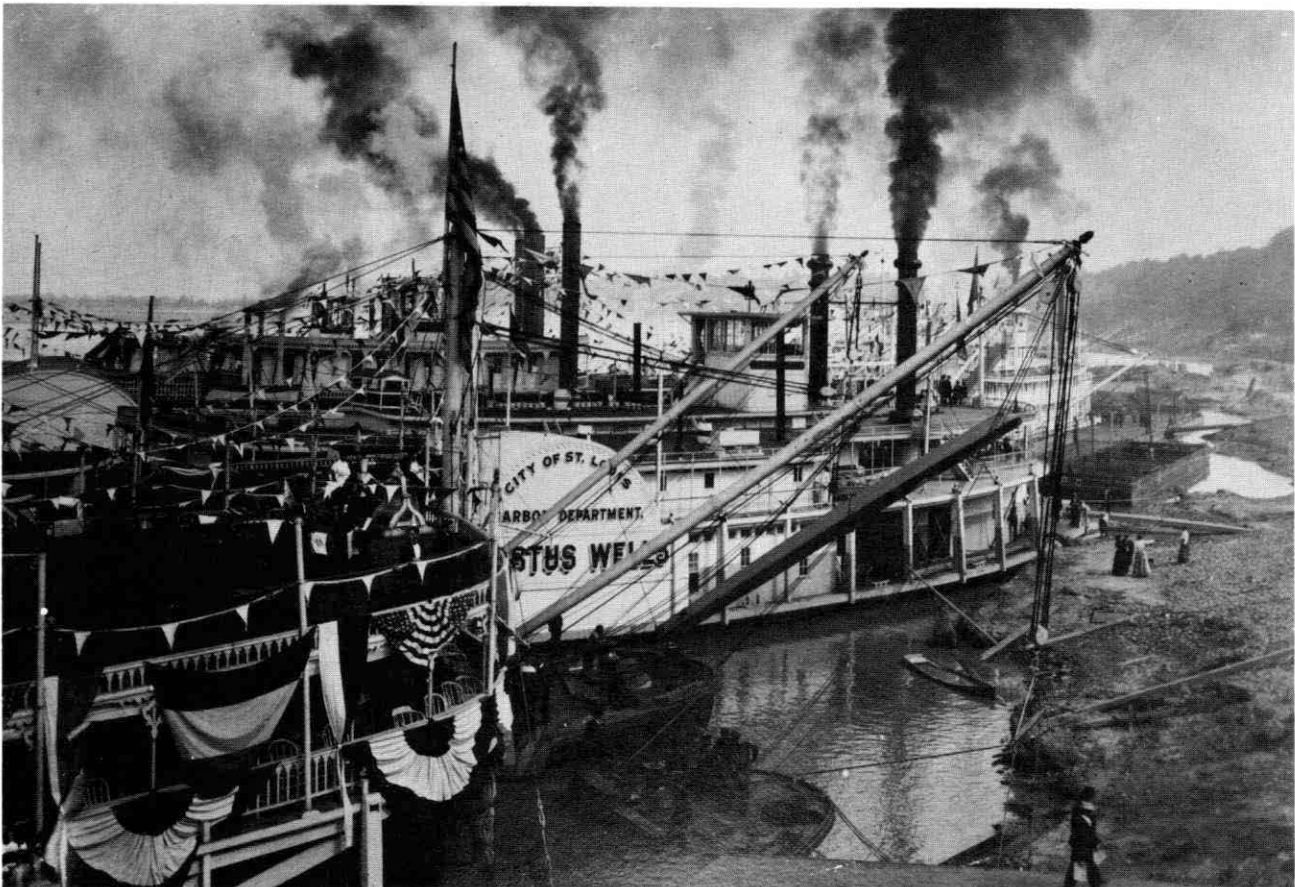
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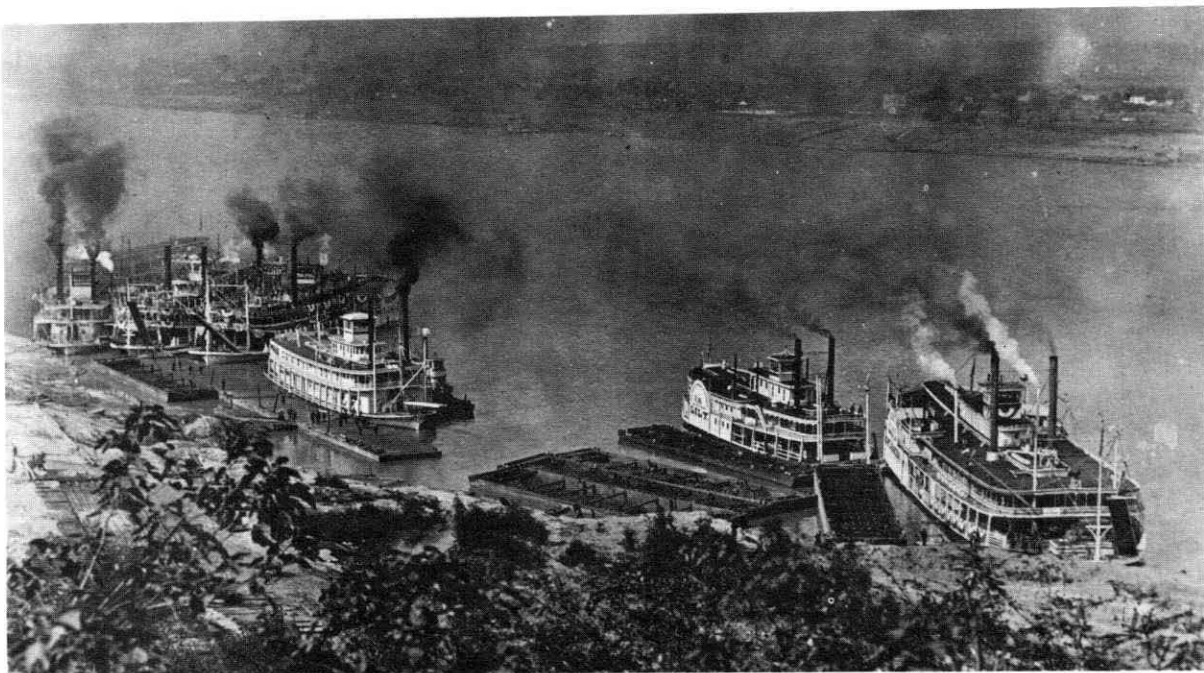
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Taken at Natchez, Miss. during the visit of the "Taft Parade" in October 1909. The event was sponsored by the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterways Association which at the termination of the boat trip from St. Louis held its fourth annual convention in New Orleans. The U.S. lighthouse tender OLEANDER, flagship, was commanded by Capt. Thomas B. Good, a veteran in lighthouse service. Captain Good en-

tered service on the JOSEPH HENRY in 1900, was on the OLEANDER all the days she ran, and then went to the WILLOW from which he retired on May 18, 1929. He died aged 76 at Los Angeles, Calif. on August 26, 1937. The last we remember of the OLEANDER was when the hull served as a coal hoist in the fleet of The Ohio River Company at Huntington in the late 1930s.



The Taft Parade at Natchez. The boats from the right: CAPE GIRARDEAU, LILY, OLEANDER, GREY EAGLE, ALTON and ERASTUS WELLS. The OLEANDER was spruced up for the occasion of conveying U.S. President Howard Taft, and one of the improvements was the installation of a tremendous bath-tub to accommodate the girth of this great person. Even so, says river tradition, Mr. Taft got wedged in the tub and had to be extricated.

Earl C. Leahy, a former resident of Clinton, Iowa, and who later lived in Chicago, came up with a poem. It appeared some years ago in the Clinton "Herald" and we are indebted to Irvin M. Shrake, 622 Bowen St., Savanna, Ill. 61074 for sending us a copy.

As I sit here reminiscing
Of the days of long ago
It takes me back to Old Man River
And the boats I used to know.
There was the PAULINE and JOSEPH-
INE

And LADY GRACE as well,
The SATURN and the SATELLITE
And the good old MOUNTAIN BELLE.
And the WANDERER and IDLER, and
A lovely SUMMER GIRL,
Who also had a CHAPERONE to watch
Her every swirl.

There was JO LONG and VERNE
SWAIN

And one called INVERNESS,
And MARY B. and MUSSER
And little GEORGIE S.
And the VIVIAN and the SCOTIA
And the little LUMBER BOY,
The C. W. COWLES and the LINEHAN,
And a stranger named SAN TOY.

The CHANCEY LAMB and ARTEMUS
I can hear their whistles blow
And far off in the distance
I can see the WEST RAMBO.
Here comes KIT CARSON

With a lumber raft in tow,
She has to have a little help
From a friend, RAINBOW.

The ROBERT DODDS and ARTEMUS
GATES

Come in with a load of sand.
The CITY OF WINONA
Looks for a place to land.
The SAINT PAUL and QUINCY,
DUBUQUE and SIDNEY, too,
You could take a little ride
And end up in old St. Lou.
I think I see the SAM ATLEE
And MARY MORTON too,
And the lighthouse tender LILY
Is coming into view.
The COL. BARNARD and MACKENZIE
Snag pullers are on the scene
To take out any obstructions

And keep the channel clean.
The WEYERHAUSER and W. J. YOUNG
Have a raft of logs in tow
Whistling for the drawbridge
To swing around and let them go.
The GARDIE EASTMAN and the RAIN-
BOW

Came in all alone,
And not so very far away
I see the old CYCLONE.
Now here's the R. J. WHEELER,
The E. RUTLEDGE and NEPTUNE,
The little old PATHFINDER,
And a stranger named NEW MOON,
And the ECLIPSE and the EVERETT,
And MINNIE SCHNEIDER small,
Hail to the COLUMBIA,
The speediest of them all.
There's one I'd most forgotten
By the name of BART MOLO,
Another the DOUGLASS BOARDMAN
I think I used to know.
Then the RED WING and SEA WING
And LILY TURNER fair;
And another one just landed,
Why there's the HELEN BLAIR.
The VAN SANT and the LYDIA
And J. W. VAN SANT, too.
The MEGIDDO and the NINA,
And the J. P. GAGE I knew.
There were rafters, there were
Packets and excursion boats ga-
lore,
And the saddest thing about it
We don't see them any more.

125 YEARS AGO
Jan. 3, 1850

I RESPECTFULLY inform my friends and the traveling community that I have taken over the hotel formerly known as the National Hotel, lately kept by Mr. James McFee, where I will be happy to see my old friends and the public generally. The hotel is situated directly opposite the steamboat landing at Natchez, Miss., making it most convenient for the traveler waiting for a boat. My table is furnished with the best the market affords and every effort is exerted to promote the ease and comfort

of guests. The bar is furnished with the best wines and liquors and is open at all hours. -THOMAS WRIGLEY.

100 YEARS AGO
Jan. 2, 1875

THE STEAMER JOHN B. MAUDE struck an old sunken barge last night near OK Landing 40 miles above Memphis and sank. No lives were lost, fortunately, as the steamer PHIL ALLIN happened by and conveyed the passengers back to Memphis. The freight, consisting of 400 bales of cotton, was damaged. The boat sunk up to her boilers, and is not thought to be a total loss. She was built two years ago and is valued at \$80,000.

25 YEARS AGO
Dec. 19, 1949

SUFFICIENT FUNDS to meet the needs of Tom C. Lee, aged Negro hero of the 1925 M. E. NORMAN disaster, have been raised. W. B. Fowler, city engineer in charge of the funds, said yesterday. Lee saved the lives of 32 people from the dark waters of the Mississippi when the M. E. NORMAN capsized. He pulled the victims out of the water into his own small boat and ferried them ashore two or three at a time. Lee, now suffering from cancer and destitute, has just undergone an operation at John Gaston Hospital. Mr. Fowler said \$619 "is enough to meet his needs," donated by Memphians during the past week.
=Taken from "News Of Bygone Days" columns in the Memphis Commercial Appeal, and our thanks to Col. T. E. Tappen for sending them. -Ed.

The James Rees & Sons catalogue is yours for \$3 postpaid. Also a print of the LEE-NATCHEZ race, full color, from Dean Cornwell's oil painting, \$2.50. Order from Ye Ed.

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

COMMODITIES

Get Ready! Get Set! Gold!

AMERICANS CAN BUY, HOLD AND TRADE gold bullion, effective Dec. 31 last, for the first time since Franklin Delano Roosevelt banned private ownership of this yellow slave 41 years ago. This seems to us a golden opportunity to mention and describe the steamboats of the Western Waters (26 of them) with 'gold' names. -Ed.

GOLD Sternwheel packet built at Pittsburgh, Pa., 1901. 88 by 16 by 2. Built by W. N. and D. B. Fuller, both of Pittsburgh. Had an upright tubular boiler. Ran in the Marietta-Matamoras trade in the early 1900s and also Zanesville-Dresden trade on the Muskingum, then operated by the Ohio Canal Transportation Co. Lack of water frequently interrupted her schedule, said to have been due to Symmes Creek Dam. Ran briefly after that in the McConnellsville and Beverly trade. One of her pilots on the upper Muskingum was Capt. Eb Cline. Fate unknown.

GOLD DUST Side-wheel packet b. 1877 at Jeffersonville, Ind. 245 by 40 by 7. Had four boilers and worked engines 22" dia. by 7 ft. stroke. The owners were a group headed by Capt. E. W. Gould of St. Louis. She was announced for the Louisville-New Orleans trade but shortly changed to St. Louis-New Orleans. Capt. R. H. Woolfolk was first master. This boat endures in literature inasmuch as Mark Twain rode her while preparing his manuscript for "Life On the Mississippi." She then was under charter or owned by the Anchor Line, St. Louis. Capt. John McCord was her master when she exploded boilers near Hickman, Ky. on August 7, 1882 with loss of seventeen lives.

GOLD DUST Sternwheel packet b. Jeffersonville, Ind. by Howard in 1900. 170 by 34 by 5. She is said to have had the engines from the packet E. G. RAGON which, if so, were 14½" dia. by 4½ ft. stroke. The Louisville & Evansville Packet Co. intended her for the Evansville-Rockport trade as a replacement for the ROSE HITE which had been sold to Pittsburgh. Temporarily the JOHN W. THOMAS cared for the business until the GOLD DUST was delivered. It so happened that the TELL CITY was hauled out for hull repairs and so the GOLD DUST came out in the through trade, Louisville-Evansville, and was on her third trip when she caught fire and was lost at Gailey's Landing, about four miles below Alton, Ind.

GOLD SHIELD Sternwheel towboat b. Dubuque, Iowa, 1899 for the U. S. and originally named WYNOKA. 199.3 by 36 by 5.5. She was sold about 1933 to Bisso Coal & Towboat Co., New Orleans who put the engines from the OSCAR F. BARRETT on her, 20" dia. by 8 ft. stroke, and renamed her BISSO. Was sold to Commercial Solvents Corp. in the spring of 1935 and renamed GOLD SHIELD. She was then used to tow molasses New Orleans-Peoria. Sank at the Todd-Johnson Dry Dock, Algiers, La. in late April 1939, at which time Capt. Charles W. Biederman was master, and Charles W. Clay was pilot.

GOLDEN AGE Side-wheel packet b. at Pittsburgh, Pa., 1858. 180 by 32 by 6.5. She ran between New Orleans and Fort Adams, Capt. W. McCombs, and frequently ran up to Baton Rouge. When the war broke out she was used in Confederate transport service and on April 12, 1863 was at Rolling Fork, Miss. being loaded with supplies. She was on the Yazoo River a month later in refuge, and was scuttled and burned to prevent capture.

GOLDEN CITY Sternwheel packet b. Cincinnati in 1876. 280 by 40.5 by 6¼". Engines 22" dia. by 6 ft. stroke taken from former sternwheel LOUISVILLE. Four boilers. She was owned by her commander Capt. J. D. Hegler and by W. F. and Sterling C. McIntyre. After running two seasons in the Cincinnati-New Orleans trade she received the engines from the CHAS. B. CHURCH, 24" dia. by 8 ft. stroke, and an additional boiler. On several occasions she ran under charter to the Anchor Line in the St. Louis-New Orleans trade, Capt. Hegler commanding. By 1882 her head clerk Sterling McIntyre had been promoted to master. She caught fire and burned while approaching Memphis, head of President's Island, March 25, 1882. The wreck was plainly visible in low water for a decade or more.

GOLDEN CROWN Sternwheel packet b. Cincinnati in 1877. 261 by 41 by 7. Dumont engines 18" dia. by 7 ft. stroke. Three boilers; later four. Capt. Henry H. Drown of Marietta, O. contracted for her in May 1877 for the Cincinnati-New Orleans trade. She lost her paddlewheel overboard at Newburgh, Ind. in May, 1878 and it sank clear out of sight. The CHAMPION NO. 8 was sent to the location and retrieved it. A few years later Capt. Vint Shinkle acquired ownership and continued her in the trade. He died aboard at Cairo, aged 64, in November, 1885. The Cincinnati & Memphis Packet Co. rebuilt the boat and renamed her DE SOTO. She burned at the John Henning distillery while unloading empty barrels early morning of January 28, 1890, this about one mile below Owensboro, Ky.

GOLDEN EAGLE Side-wheel packet b. Freedom, Pa., 1864. Built for Capt. William B. Donaldson (who later spearheaded the GREAT REPUBLIC) for the Cincinnati-Memphis trade. She became part of the Dean Line, Capt. Donaldson commanding,

and later Capt. Ben M. Merrieles. The Dean Line sold her in Oct. 1868 to Capt. Amos E. Davis of Wheeling and others and she was placed in the Wheeling-Cincinnati trade. One of her last missions was to run in the Cincinnati-Big Sandy trade, fall of 1869, in charge of Capt. Wash Honshell, and with George A. Knight, clerk. She was dismantled the following year.

GOLDEN EAGLE Side-wheel packet, b. St. Louis, 1876. She had the engines out of the J. H. JOHNSON, 26½" dia. by 7 ft. stroke. She was owned by Capt. W. F. Davidson and his brother Peyton Davidson, and was built to fight the Eagle Packet Co. boats. The WAR EAGLE was also built by them at the same time, both boats identical in size, power, model and general appearances. The Davidsons said that the WAR EAGLE was built to make war, and the GOLDEN EAGLE to make money. She burned on May 31, 1880 at Thomas Landing, Calhoun County, Ill., not far above the mouth of the Illinois River. Today there is a town nearby called Golden Eagle, Ill. 62036.

GOLDEN EAGLE Sternwheel packet, then tourist boat, originally the cotton packet WM. GARIG built at Jeffersonville by Howard, 1904. 175 by 35 by 5.2. Engines 15" dia. by 6 ft. stroke. Two boilers 44" dia. by 28 ft. long. As WM. GARIG she was owned by Baton Rouge & Bayou Sara Packet Co. until 1908 when she was acquired by Carter Bros. of New Orleans. The Eagle Packet Co. bought her in 1918, remodeled her, and changed the name to GOLDEN EAGLE. Ran in packet trades until 1935 when she was converted into a tourist steamboat replacing the CAPE GIRARDEAU which Eagle Packet had sold to Greene Line at Cincinnati. In mid-May, 1940 made a historic trip to Chattanooga, first passenger boat to that city since 1922. Sank near Chester, Ill. on June 14, 1941; raised and repaired at Paducah. She continued to operate until 1943 when the boilers were condemned and removed. She lay at the St. Louis wharf, rather worse for the wear until the spring of 1946 when she was reboilered and extensively repaired at Paducah owned by Dewey G. Miller, Belleville, Ill. and Edward Willers, Marissa, Ill. In March, 1947 sold to Herman T. Pott and others and on her initial trip that year she sank at Grand Tower Towhead, 78 miles above Cairo, May 18, 1947. The Golden Eagle Club of St. Louis derives its name from this boat.

GOLDEN EAGLE Sternwheel boat b. Des Moines, Iowa, 1911. 40.5 by 10.8 by 2.8. She was still registered at Des Moines in 1918. We know nothing of the boat other than these bald statistics.

GOLDEN ERA Side-wheel packet b. Wheeling, Va., 1852. Her picture and a partial description appears in this issue on another page. When the Civil War broke out she was impressed into service as a transport by the U.S. and in the

spring of 1863 made three trips Memphis to Vicksburg taking down troops. In 1865 was sold to M. W. Wetmore, New Orleans, and Capt. John R. Neeld was master. In Nov. 1866 Capt. John Kaiser acquired interest and became her master at New Orleans and was her sole owner in 1867. Dismantled in 1868.

GOLDEN ERA Sternwheel packet b. California, Pa., 1862 at the Geo. W. Ebberman & Co. yard. 156 by 33 by 4.5. Engines 15" dia. by 5½ ft. stroke. Three boilers. First owned by Capt. R. W. Terry (who was her master) of Millersport, O. and Capt. J. J. Blagg and others of Gallipolis. She ran in the Marietta-Cincinnati trade until Sept. 1864 when Capt. Wash Kerr bought interest and put her in the Pittsburgh-Portsmouth trade. He commanded and his first clerk was W. H. Bryan. During the big flood in March 1865 she knocked down her stacks on the Wheeling suspension bridge. She sank near Guyandot, West Va. on Feb. 14, 1866 where her cabin was badly mauled when the ice ran out. The cabin, Texas, etc. broke away from the hull and floated off. During low water in July 1866 the hull was raised and taken to Cincinnati.

GOLDEN ERA Sternwheel packet b. Cincinnati, 1866. Actually this is a continuation of the one noted above. A complete new upper works was built on the hull recovered at Guyandot, West Va. Capt. A. M. Halliday went master and associated with him in ownership were J. J. Blagg and Gus Hodge. By Dec. 1868 Capt. Gus Hodge had acquired 19/20 ownership, and John W. Bryant owned the balance. They ran her in various Ohio River short trades. On March 5, 1870 sold to Warren P. Ketchum, New Orleans, who scrapped her that summer.

GOLDEN ERA A small boat built at Bellevue, Iowa, 1881. 69 by 13 by 3. Inspected at New Orleans in 1882, and was registered at Yazoo City, Miss. in 1886. We have no further information.

GOLDEN FLEECE Sternwheel packet and excursion boat b. Paducah, Ky. in 1913. 134 by 26 by 3.9. Engines 11" dia. by 4 ft. stroke. Two boilers. First owned by Harry Davis. She was in the Evansville-Golconda trade in 1916. The machinery, etc. is said to have come from the side-wheel LIBERTY b. at Middleport, O., 1900; at least the engine size of both was the same. She came to Pittsburgh in the fall of 1919, did some pinch-hit packet work summer 1920. Steamboat broker John F. Klein bought her and took her to Mound City, Ill. and used the machinery for building the towboat JULIA O'SULLIVAN in 1925, which he sold to Woods Bros. Construction Co. on the Missouri River, later renamed FRANK WOODS.

GOLDEN GATE Side-wheel packet b. Madison, Ind., 1852. According to Lytle she burned and was lost at Sulphur Springs, Mo., Sept. 6, 1857. No other details.

GOLDEN GATE Sternwheel packet b. Lawrenceburg, Ind., 1863. A

very small job which likely towed produce boats. Dismantled 1865.

GOLDEN GATE Sternwheel packet b. St. Louis, 1878. 131.4 by 30 by 4. Engines 14" dia. by 4 ft. stroke. She was first built as a raftboat for Upper Mississippi service by J. H. S. Coleman and his brothers James and Andrew. J.H.S. had a one-tenth interest in the famous Homestake Mine at Deadwood, S.D. and had \$40,000 in his jeans from the investment. He lived at Davenport, Iowa, and was known locally as Sullivan Coleman. Capt. J. M. Turner was on the boat 1881-1882 running Chippewa Lumber & Boom Company's rafts to Hannibal and to St. Louis. The GOLDEN GATE was sold to the U.S. Missouri River Commission at Memphis in 1895. Capt. G. M. Sivley was operating her on the Illinois River in 1900. By 1902 she was running in the Cincinnati-Madison trade owned by Capt. W. E. Pratt of Madison who was father of latter day Capt. Co-burn Pratt. In June 1903 she was sold to the Louisville & Cincinnati Packet Co. who ran her in the Louisville-Monterey (Kentucky River) trade briefly, then sold her to C. F. Disken, Carrollton, Ky. for \$600. He promptly dismantled her in the Kentucky River just above the wharfboat.

GOLDEN GIRL Sternwheel packet and excursion boat b. Cloverport, Ky., 1911. 93.4 by 28.5 by 3.7. Engines 10" dia. by 6 ft. stroke from towboat THOMAS PARKER. Much equipment from towboat R. D. KENDALL used also. She was owned by Capt. and Mrs. Frank T. Rounds of Cloverport. Burned and sank at Owensboro, Ky., on Easter Sunday, 1916.

GOLDEN ROD U.S. Lighthouse Service sternwheel tender b. Jeffersonville, Ind. 1888. 150 by 26.5 by 3.7. Engines 12" dia. by 5 ft. stroke. Two boilers. She replaced the side-wheel LILY for service on the Ohio and tributaries. One of her early skippers was Capt. Owen F. Jolly. Later Capt. Leslie Hill took command and was on her until she was decommissioned in 1925. Harry Layfield went on her as assistant engineer in 1903, became chief in 1912 and resigned in 1917. William Handley was engineer on her 22 years. She was sold at public auction when the GREENBRIER was built at Charleston, West Va. to replace her. The purchaser was John Lyons, Middleport, O., who moored her under the ice piers at that place. A flood tore her loose and she was lost.

GOLDEN RULE Sternwheel packet b. Cincinnati in 1877. She was a large carrier and had a brief career. Downbound on the Mississippi she was making Omega Landing, 26 miles above Vicksburg, early morning of July 19, 1877. She hit a snag and was lost. The salvaged boilers and engines were auctioned at Cincinnati to the Shinkle family on Sept. 11 that year. The engines, 18" dia. by 7 ft. stroke were used on the PARIS C. BROWN built at Cincinnati in 1878.

GOLDEN RULE Sternwheel packet, b. Cincinnati, 1877. 261 by 41 by 9. Engines 20" dia. by 7 ft. stroke. Four boilers. This was a replacement built immediately after the loss of the first of the name noted above. Capt. Oliver P. Shinkle commanded her in the Cincinnati-New Orleans trade. She had a printing office aboard and a daily newspaper came from the press "real newspaper style and better than those on the first THOMPSON DEAN and RICHMOND" said Thomas E. Reardon later. On March 31, 1892 she was at Cincinnati about ready to depart for New Orleans when she took fire and burned with loss of six lives. The P&C packet KEYSTONE STATE was lying alongside and many jumped over to her decks and were saved.

GOLDEN STATE Side-wheel packet b. McKeesport, Pa., 1852. She was in the Galena, Dunleith and St. Paul Line and ran up through the season of 1859. Dismantled 1860.

GOLDENA Sternwheel packet b. Brownsville, Pa. in 1862 and was originally named JULIET. Taken over for Civil War service by the U.S. on Nov. 1, 1862 and sold at public auction Aug. 17, 1865. The new owner, Capt. Sol Franklin, renamed her GOLDENA but had the bad luck to lose her in the White River Cut Off, Ark. on Dec. 31, 1865.

GOLDFINCH Sternwheel packet b. Wellsville, O., 1862. She originally was named NEW ERA and as such served as a U.S. transport and tinclad in the Civil War. After the war she was sold to private ownership. Absalom Grimes recounts that she made a trip to Fort Benton in 1866 as the GOLDFINCH. Later she was owned around Evansville, Ind. On June 3, 1868 she had been out on a picnic excursion at Evansville, had unloaded the crowd, and was dropped down to lay up when she was discovered to be on fire. The wind was blowing offshore, and it was raining, and otherwise the PHANTOM moored nearby might have been taken. The account of her loss stated that she was "a finely finished boat" owned at the time by Capt. William Karr of Osceola.

The INLAND RIVER RECORD lists the Cave In Rock Ferry Co. based at Cave In Rock, Ill. Rudy Bragdon is usually at the wheel when the three-times-an-hour, 12 hours a day, seven days a week crossings are made. He's been back-&-forth and forth-&-back since 1949 and figures he makes 9,828 miles a year getting nowhere. Rudy now is 49. Sometimes his father Carl Bragdon spells him, and he's been at it since 1935. One of their three boats is named CANDY-H honoring P. A. (Candy) Hill who owned the ferry for 22 years and rode it regularly. To sum it all up Carl Bragdon admitted "It gets monotonous as heck." Ferry service south of Louisville on the Ohio River is limited to this single operation at Cave In Rock.

Melinda Howes, journalist for the Marietta Times, let all of the beautiful fall days go by and then decided to camp out overnight and explore Blennerhassett Island last mid-December. Cold, clammy, and rainy, natch. But she did it. A good bit of activity has been going on there. The West Virginia Geological Society and others have been excavating. The stone foundations of the famous Blennerhassett home have been exposed (it most have been immense says Melinda), and she saw what's left of the old Neale home now a pile of crumbling brick. The Gordon house is a shambles, and part of an old barn still stands.

Melinda got to the island thanks to Junior Ruble who piloted her there on the VALLEY GEM from Bel-pre. She told him to pick her up next day at 1 p.m. Fortunately she had with her a male companion (not identified) to share the misery of the long, rainy night, tent and sleeping bags. Junior was back on the dot at the prearranged hour shaking his head. "So you're

still alive," he commented.

Anyhow Melinda got some good pictures and enough notes to fill an entire page of the Times.

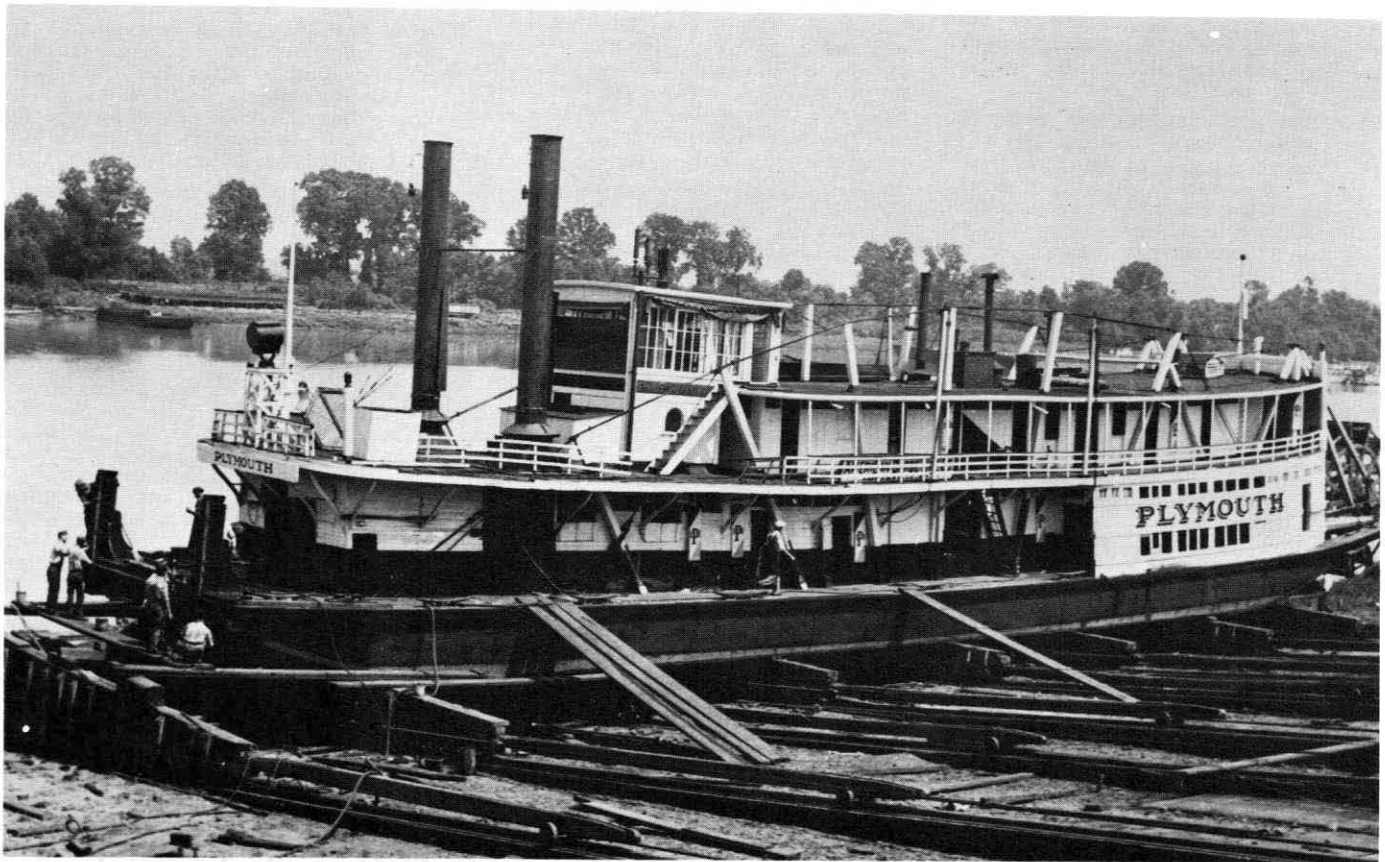
William D. Voiers, 7 Inwood Circle, Austin, Tex. 78764 writes to say he remembered the dramatic picture of the CHICKAMAUGA standing on her head (Dec. '74 issue, page 30) run in The Waterways Journal shortly after the unusual event happened at Dam 49, Ohio River in 1926. More startling still is a letter received by S&D REFLECTOR from Maurice D. Hild, temporarily located (until June 30) at Box 31, Madison, Ind. 47250 in which he recounts that he was on hand at Dam 49 when the sinking happened, armed with a second-hand Eastman camera, and not only took the picture appearing in the Dec. '74 REFLECTOR, but he went on to take others, including the crew of the CHICKAMAUGA.

S&D MEETS SEPT. 13 - SEE PAGE 46.

Sirs: Concerning the USCG cutters built at Point Pleasant, West Va. mentioned on page 39 of the Dec. '74 issue:- It seems that the NIKE and TRITON have turned up in New York City, running as excursion boats on the 'round' Manhattan Island route of the Circle Line. The NIKE was rebuilt by the Circle Line in '68, renamed CIRCLE LINE XVI, and TRITON was rebuilt in '74, renamed CIRCLE LINE XVII. The Circle Line has the unfortunate habit of naming all its boats after the company name, differentiating between them only by the Roman numerals.

A Mississippi River constructed boat has shown up in New York City in the form of the diesel-hydraulic sternwheeler COPY CAT, built at Dubuque, Iowa in 1968. She has been doing charter work around the harbor since 1973.

Thomas G. Rhodes,
290 Lake Avenue,
Saratoga Springs, N.Y. 12866



THE HATFIELDS had a mine and tipple on the Kanawha River along the right shore below old Lock No. 8 (Mile 36) at Plymouth, West Va. An offshoot of theirs called Hickey Transportation Co. built the PLYMOUTH out of the old R. L. AUBREY which had exploded boilers just above Jeffersonville, Ind. at Arctic Springs, in 1910. She was a two-boiler boat working engines 16" dia. by 5 ft. stroke on a wood hull 121 by 23. You could spot the PLYMOUTH a mile off by her arch hogchains, something unusual for a towboat. Sometime in the 1920s the American Barge Line bought her, back at the time W. C. Kelly was president of ABL, Patrick Calhoun, Jr., executive v.p., and Andrew P. Calhoun, 2nd v.p. with offices at 437-441 Preston St.

in Louisville. They rebuilt the PLYMOUTH at Paducah in 1929 and we would suppose this picture, taken at the Ayer & Lord Marine Ways there, dates to that occasion. Our thanks to Jerry Sutphin for the picture, about the best of the PLYMOUTH we ever saw. Two matters come to mind:- ABL put what were called "uniflow" engines on her which we associate with loud wails of anguish from Lewis B. Reade who developed scant faith in their reliability when they "failed to qualify" while he was on watch in the pilothouse. The other is Capt. Alfred A. Schipper who was her master for ABL for quite some time. The PLYMOUTH was finally retired and sank at Jeffersonville on January 14, 1945.

Capt. Paul H. Underwood, known to many present-day S&D'rs as the handsome, sharp-eyed, white haired and capable master-pilot aboard the GORDON C. GREENE, DELTA QUEEN and lastly the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE died on Friday, November 29, 1974. He had been a patient in the Mitchell Hollingsworth Annex, at Florence, Ala. for an extended period.

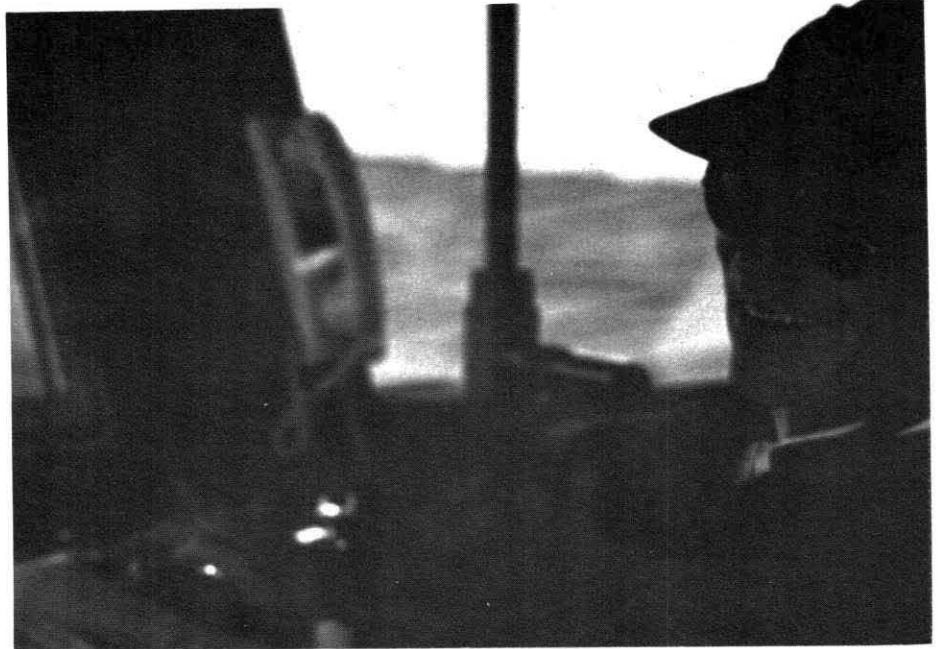
News of his passing was telephoned by his son Ambrose Underwood to C. W. Stoll, Louisville, who immediately notified the offices of the Courier-Journal. The obituary was read aloud by Lucy Stoll next morning as C.W. drove a group to Jeffboat, Inc. for the launching of Hull #2999. The conversation naturally turned to the almost fabled career of Paul Underwood who for 60 of his 80 years steambated on the Tennessee and various of its tributaries, as well as on the Mississippi and Ohio.

He was born at Knoxville, Tenn., son of Capt. Ambrose and Alzira Underwood. His Dad was a direct descendant of statesman Patrick Henry, and on his mother's side he was great-grandson of Johnnie Covington, early day Tennessee River flat-boat pilot. One of his brothers, Capt. Harris D. Underwood, who survives him, is also a capable master-pilot.

Other than his son Ambrose, and brother Harris, he is also survived by a daughter, Mrs. Albert Harris, of Tuscaloosa; three sisters; another brother; three grandchildren and one great grandchild. Services were held in Florence on Sunday, December 1, and burial was in the Tri-Cities Memorial Gardens.



Capt. Paul Underwood pictured in 1958 at the roof bell of the DELTA QUEEN



"That's me between the idiot sticks on our new GOPHER STATE," writes Hugh MacMillan of Cargill, Minneapolis. He says "happiness is sitting on 4200 hp. and looking out over a six-barge tow on the great big wide lower Mississippi." The GOPHER STATE was built at Lockport, La. by Halter Marine in 1974. Cargill's triple-prop JOHN H. MacMILLAN, JR. led the triple-prop horsepower boom when she came out from St. Louis Ship in 1964 with 8000. Thirteen towboats will ply the Mississippi before years-end with 10,500. Hugh MacMillan's firm is planning a triple-prop monster with slow turning 4 cycle diesels delivering 15,000.

J. FRANKLIN BROWN
by Alene Stottlebower

J. Franklin Brown, 51, famous for his drawings of river boats, died suddenly December 20, 1974 of an unknown cause at a hospital in Midland, Michigan. A native of Pineville, Ky., he was employed by the Louisville Gas & Electric Company and then he came to Madison and was assistant superintendent at the Indiana-Kentucky Electric Corp. then under construction. Later he was with the Madison Precision Industries, Inc. When the Dow-Corning plant was opened at Carrollton, Ky. he went with them as construction engineer. His travels took him all over the U.S. wherever there was a Dow-Corning plant being constructed.

His favorite hobby throughout his life was drawing and painting. He collected post cards of river boats. His first drawing of a steamboat was sketched in 1964, of the packet LOUCINDA, and at that time he was living in a hilltop home above Milton, Ky. He read in The Waterways Journal that my father had been engineer on the LOUCINDA, whereupon he presented me with this first picture of his, and his wife delivered it. I cherish it highly as it brings back memories of Saturday excursions to Louisville 1909-1912.

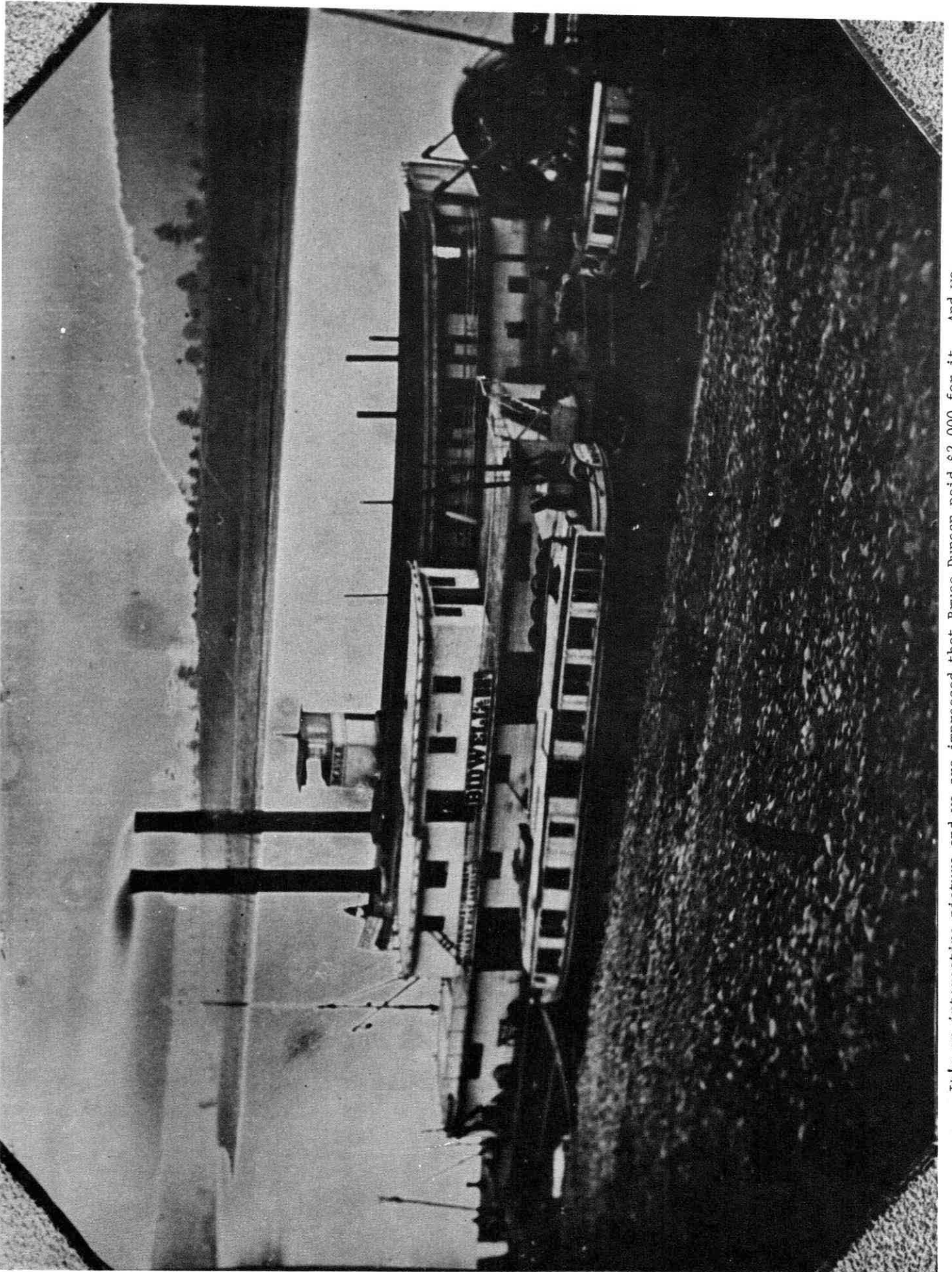
His aim became focused. He aspired to becoming a river boat artist. He wrote: "I don't think

Man ever invented anything that had the grace and splendid proportions as did the Riverboat." His Christmas cards were freehand sketches, with great skill for detail.

The names of some of the boats he drew are the VIRGINIA, HATTIE BROWN, CITY OF MADISON, CITY OF LOUISVILLE, TRIMBLE (ferry), QUEEN CITY, CORKER, KENTUCKY, JOE FOWLER, BETSY ANN, WASHINGTON, BELLE OF LOUISVILLE, DELTA QUEEN and the ISLAND QUEEN.

His drawings are displayed at the Madison Bank & Trust Co., Madison Country Club, Clifty Inn, and in motels and homes throughout the land.

J. Franklin Brown was a graduate of the University of Kentucky's school of engineering. During the second World War he served in Belgium and France and was awarded a Croix de Guerre. He is survived by his wife Jane Byrd Brown; one daughter Melina Brown; one son Edward Franklin Brown (both in college), and also by two sisters, Mrs. Francis Montgomery, Birmingham, Ala., and Mrs. William White, Jr., Lexington, Ky. He leaves one brother, Edward W. Brown, Dover, Mass., and several nieces and nephews. Services were held in Lexington, Ky. The family requested that expressions of sympathy take the form of donations to Camp Kysoc, Carrollton, Ky.



It's an interesting picture and we are impressed that Bruce Duncan paid \$2,000 for it. And we are honored beyond reckoning that we have been invited to reproduce it for our readers. Read the comments and details in the left column, next page.

NOT OFTEN does S&D REFLECTOR have the privilege of presenting a picture which cost \$2,000 to acquire.

The scene on the opposite page is taken from an original daguerreotype recently purchased by Bruce Duncan, 540 Frontage Road, Northfield, Ill. 60093. Mr. Duncan, who operates Duncan Galleries at the address above, made the picture available to Lloyd Ostendorf of Dayton, O. with consent to use it here, and Lloyd sent this photo copy to us.

The original daguerreotype is a ½ plate, photographer unknown and no details as to when or where taken. An educated guess by the experts is 1849-1850.

The steamboat fortunately has her name on the pilothouse, the BEAVER. She's moored alongside a rather elaborate wharfboat plainly marked BIDWELL. Forward is a sign with small printing on it which we make out to read PITTSBURG & BEAVER PACKET BOAT LANDING. Shoreward of the wharfboat is a very fine canalboat.

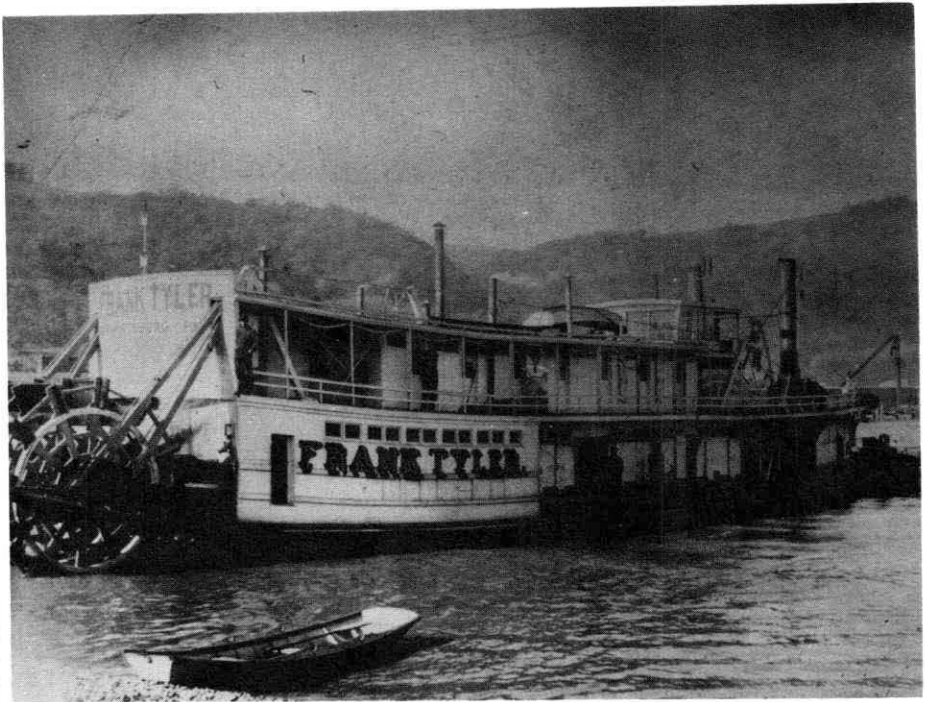
Best clue we have is an item from a contemporary newspaper which notes that in the fall of 1852 the steamer BEAVER returned to the upper Ohio from the Illinois River, where she had spent the summer, and brought with her "a big wharfboat for the use of the Pittsburg and Beaver packets."

The BEAVER was a three-boiler packet built at Shousetown, Pa. (now Glenwillard) in 1847 and we note in Joseph Mills Hanson's book "Conquest of the Missouri" that she made a trip from Pittsburgh to St. Louis in 1852 and Grant Marsh went along as a deckhand. Capt. Sharp Hemphill was her master.

Later the BEAVER was used as a towboat, and the Pittsburgh "Commercial" notes in the April 18, 1854 issue that she left Pittsburgh with 22,000 bushels of coal in tow, plus two boats of lumber "for lower ports," and "a cabin full of Pittsburgh furniture." The Lytle List notes that she was lost by collision at Ste. Genevieve, Mo. on April 28, 1854 with the steamer L. M. KENNETT.

Lytle is usually right but we find a conflation. Another early authority notes that the BEAVER, after becoming a towboat, was hitched to a tow at Pittsburgh, burned, and her engines went to the steamer J. W. HAILMAN built at Elizabeth, Pa. in 1855.

Our surmise, based on the above information, is that the daguerreotype was taken in the fall of 1852, or summer of 1853 (trees are in leaf) at Beaver, Pa., or possibly Rochester, Pa. looking across at Phillipsburg, later Monaca, Pa. Canalboats were commonplace in the area, using the Beaver River canal connecting to Lake Erie.



THIS SMALL TOWBOAT has special significance for the Dravo Corporation. She was documented in the Pittsburgh Customs House owned by the Dravo Contracting Co. on March 2, 1911, Capt. Jerry Gumbert, master. The FRANK TYLER was the first towboat the firm acquired. Capt. Albert Gilmore was her master-pilot later on, and then Dravo sold her on March 25, 1915 to the Bates-Rogers Contracting Co. who were working at Dam 33 near Maysville, Ky. on the Ohio River. They changed her name to E. STANLEY HOLLAND. On July 1, 1920 she was sold to the Wilson Sand & Supply Co., Huntington, West Va. and renamed JOHN T. WILSON. The Wilson firm was merged into the Ohio River Dredging Co. Capt. Charles N. Hall, later master of the ISLAND QUEEN (second) was skipper on the WILSON for some time. We don't know who the FRANK TYLER was named for; she was built at the Parkersburg (West Va.) Dock Co. in 1904 on a wood hull 103 by 22, and had high pressure engines 11" bore by 4 ft. stroke, powered by two boilers 36" dia. by 18 ft. long. Her first owner was C. T. Dotson, Parkersburg, who also ran the EXCEL and LOUISE. By 1906 she was towing coal from above Brownsville to the McKeesport tin mill at Port Vue, Pa. with Capt. James Downer, master. The Parker Run Coal & Coke Co. bought her April 23, 1907, operating her on the Monon along with the DARLING, and it was they who sold her in 1911 to Dravo Contracting. As the JOHN T. WILSON she was dismantled at Huntington in 1943. The above picture came to us as a Christmas present from H. O. Reynolds, Box 494, New Cumberland, West Va. 26047.

Sirs: In the Dec. '74 issue, on page 26, is a picture of the FREESTONE which you describe as a "sternwheeler." Could have fooled me.

Anne Campbell,
5005 MacDonald Ave.,
Apt. 11,
Montreal, Quebec H3X 2V2

=Standard equipment in print shops those days was a collection of assorted "cuts" bought at supply houses. The printer used them with scant regard as to whether the subject was stern or side-wheel. The FREESTONE was stern-wheel sure enough and the cut used on the card was that of the side-wheel PRINCESS built 1855. -Ed.

Last fall William H. White (son of the late Capt. Volney E. White) was painting his home 2½ stories up on a ladder. The ladder gave a lurch, slid down the side of the house, and Bill landed on the cement driveway. Inventory at the hospital: broken left arm just above the wrist, shattered left heel, broken carpal bone in right wrist, and a bump on the forehead. After a week in the hospital he came home to his wife Lucille and family in three casts. He's doing fine, thank you, and has great expectations for a scheduled race at Cincinnati on Sept. 21 between the B/L and DQ. The Whites reside at 33 Majestic Drive, in Fort Thomas, Ky. 41075.

On Dec. 6th last the National Canners Association in Washington, D.C. popped some corks. What they were testing was a bottle of whiskey from the wrecked BERTRAND. Dr. Cortz F. Enloe, Jr., editor of "Nutrition Today" magazine gingerly poured several ounces from the 109-year-old artifact into a chemical lab beaker. He sniffed the aroma, then tasted. Soon as he got back his breath he made a pronouncement: "It's in pretty good shape--but I don't know what shape I'll be in."

The inquiry included sampling a bottle of Kelly's Old Cabin Bit-

ters, also from the BERTRAND. It was concocted of 40% alcohol, and "didn't taste so good."

Inasmuch as the event was a canner's association meeting they opened a can of BERTRAND peaches with meticulous scientific care. Out came a greyish liquid. A smear was put on a slide and examined under a microscope. "Oysters!" exclaimed the scientist. Somehow the can had a wrong label. The oysters had not fared well.

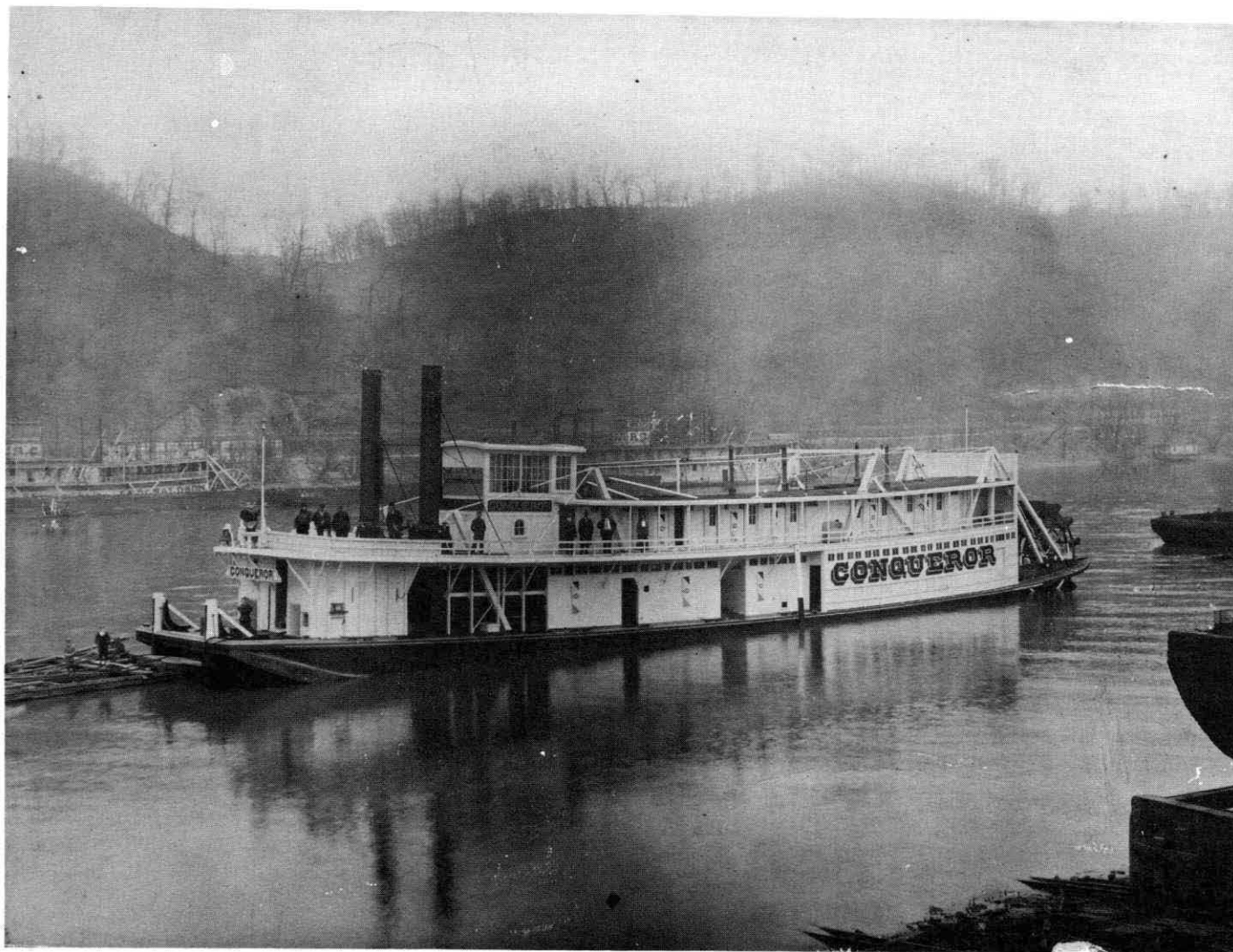
Reportedly while the BERTRAND was being exhumed near Omaha some of the workers hacked open cans of brandied peaches and partook also

of jars of pickles. No ill effects were noted.

The liquor bottles found in the boat's hull are appraised at \$149,764.50. Some are pretty fancy.

We are indebted to John Fryant for a page from The Washington Post, issue of Dec. 7, 1974, containing the above story.

The MISSISSIPPI BELLE, two-deck excursion boat, was ruined by fire at St. Louis about midnight Sept. 24, 1974. She was owned by Streckfus Steamers, Inc.



THIS PHOTOGRAPH was taken at the marine ways of the Pittsburgh Coal Co., Elizabeth, Pa. in April, 1917 before the trees had leafed. The towboat CONQUEROR had just been painted and was about ready to enter service. Visible across the Monongahela River are two old-timers in the boneyard. The J. A. DONALDSON (ex JOS. WALTON built 1873) is at the right and below her is the PACIFIC NO. 2 built 1893. Pittsburgh Coal was scrapping a number of old towboats and the CONQUEROR was something of a museum; she had cranks, shaft and wheel bearings from the TOM DODSWORTH, pitmans and brasses from the BOAZ, crossheads from the SAM BROWN, the engine valves and levers on her high pressure engines from the CADET, and hogchains, straps and turnbuckles from the ALICE BROWN. She had compound condensing engines 15" and 38" dia. by 6 ft. stroke. The scow bow wood hull was 136.6 by 26.

She was used principally to tow coal to the Wheeling Steel plant at Follansbee, W. Va. Wheeling Steel bought her Sept. 6, 1922 and she towed coal to their New Boston, O. plant. She was in this run when she upset in a windstorm at the Sciotoville C&O RR bridge, Feb. 25, 1927. Capt. Pat Allen was skipper at the time. She was righted and raised and sold to Koch-McBride Towing Co. who renamed her G. W. McBRIDE. They worked her about ten years, then sold her to The Ohio River Company who in 1940 rebuilt her engines, giving her 30" dia. low pressure cylinders. Val M. Steele, Jr. was chief engineer on her at the time, just a youngster. The story of her fatal accident has been told in these columns before. She struck a pier of the L&N RR bridge, Cincinnati, Sunday, Feb. 22, 1942 and was demolished. Sixteen crew members were drowned including three women.

KEEPING POSTED

CLOVERPORT, KY. is a town on the Ohio River about half way between Louisville and Evansville, not quite half but pretty close (Stephensport comes closer) and on Saturday morning last November 2nd I wakened up there at Cloverport in Room #10 aboard a steamboat with the whole morning to kill. So what do you do in Cloverport, Breckinridge County, Ky., pop. 1,324, paved wharf, and with the Louisville, Henderson & St. Louis RR running through town? (This description taken from R. R. Jones' famous book revised through June 30, 1934, not far off on the facts of 1974 save that the RR is now the L&N).

You can't ride the ferry across to Tobinsport, Ind. for there isn't any ferry. But you can walk up the hill and look back down at the boat, so Lin Caufield wanted to take some pictures and while he was doing that I got to thinking that Capt. J. M. White is buried at Cloverport. "Yes," confirmed a local native, "his monument has two pillars shaped like steamboat smokestacks and--but don't quote me on this--it's said he was buried standing up looking toward the river."

The steamboat we were on was the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE scheduled to transport an invited delegation from Cloverport to the dedication of the Cannelton Locks and Dam about 9 miles downriver. Most of the dignitaries were due to arrive from Louisville by bus. Fortunately for our purposes William F. McCraw, chief, construction division of the Huntington U. S. Engineers, arrived a bit early in a Corps car. When appraised of our wish to explore Capt. J. M. White's monument by C. W. Stoll, he said, "why sure, pile in."

The cemetery was not far away, across Clover Creek and up the hill, and the monument--quite imposing--was immediately obvious.

The inscription reads:

CAPT. J. M. WHITE
Born
Oct. 26, 1823
Fell Asleep
Jan. 16, 1880

So here is the resting place of the famed skipper who cut quite a swath on the Lower Mississippi in charge of the GOV. ALLEN, BELLE LEE, FRANK PARGOUD and KATIE, and for whom the famed J. M. WHITE was named in 1878--two years before he died. The tradition that he was buried standing up is completely in error.

The grave of Capt. F. M. Ryan (1864-1911) who commanded the CITY OF OWENSBORO and others is close by.

BUT THIS was only the start of our cemetery searchings. Bert Fenn came aboard at Cloverport to join the throng for the Cannelton doings. When we told Bert about the Capt. J. M. White business he said: "If you can manage to tear yourself away from this steamboat after the dedication I'll show you a few sights around Tell City, Hawesville and Troy."

But before we take off with Bert you might be interested in a few observations about the Big Event, the dedication. Nobody in his right mind schedules an outdoor doings involving hundreds of spectators in Latitude 38 N on the second day of November, exclamation point. Coming down from Louisville the BELLE had gone to the bank during the night in a rip-roaring thunderstorm. But here we were next afternoon in the Cannelton shoreward lock, summertime in November, no wind, temperature in the upper 70's, everything sunshine and roses.

Harry M. Mack, president of the Ohio Valley Improvement Association, MC'd the program somewhat at a disadvantage. He'd lost his specs and was using a pair borrowed from William J. Hull. They'd told Harry Mack just the day before that a new 8,500 hp. towboat building at Jeffboat was to be named in his honor which fact had him visibly discombobulated. He

isn't the type who usually loses his specs in other words. Maybe Mr. Hull's glasses caused him to deliver a blooper---maybe Harry just didn't know---when he stated that OVIA's meeting at Louisville was the first time OVIA had met elsewhere than Cincinnati. Gee, OVIA used to gypsy around all over the place. Oratory flowed generously during the progress of which we did pick up one bald fact, that the Cannelton project cost a cool one hundred million. The setting is a lot like old Lock and Dam #10 on the Ohio above Steubenville; upbound you run a bridge, go around a sharp bend to the left, and you don't see the locks until you're right on top of them.

So we left the company of many good people---Dixie Vinson from Beaver Dam, Ky., Betty Blake, C.W. and Lucy Stoll, Miles Epling, Bob Frankenberry, Neil Whitehead, Art Brosius and wife, John Epling, Nelson Spencer, Jimmy Swift, Gen. Wayne Nichols, Floyd Blaske, Edwin Schmidt--to name a few.

Bert Fenn and Bill Kreisle and I drove down past Cannelton's many stone houses and fences, over the wide streets of Tell City (miraculous planning) and on to Troy's cemetery. Bert showed me the grave of Capt. Wilson H. Daniel, born May 25, 1824, died May 29, 1914, the skipper who commanded the "big" GREY EAGLE new in 1860 for the Louisville-Henderson trade and operated out of New Orleans after the war by Capt. John W. Cannon.

Also in that cemetery are the remains of Abraham S. Fulton, the brother of Robert Fulton of eastern steamboat fame. The inscription on the stone says simply, "Died 1813" which may be open to dispute as Abraham signed some local records in 1815.

Also we noted the resting place of Capt. Louis F. Bergenroth, 1854-1925 who served on the Crammond boats as master, the JUDELLE, GAZELLE, and others.

The voyage of the first steamboat on the Western Waters has a special significance in the Tell City region inasmuch as Nicholas



The BELLE OF LOUISVILLE as she appeared during her 1974 season with a new coat of donated paint and her name emblazoned across her forecandle. The stripes on the boiler deck bulkheads are painted light gray, the idea being to break up monotony of solid white. Photo by John L. Fryant.

Roosevelt in 1809, two years before the NEW ORLEANS made her first trip, went by river from Pittsburgh to New Orleans and in the Tell City area bought river-front property known to contain coal. The idea was to provide fuel for the steamboat yet to be built. The mouth of the mine is plainly visible, although long ago abandoned, dug in the foot of the bluff abreast of the Maxon Marine Industries' shipyard. On the summit of this bluff is the modern home of Bert Fenn and his wife Mary, affording a spectacular view of the Ohio River.

Let us say here that Bert is the president of the Tell City Chair Company, a firm with national reputation for the excellence of its mapleware. Bert's headquarters in the factory looks like the storage cellar at Campus Martius, or like Ye Ed's office at 121 River, so we felt pleasantly at home amid this confusion of boxes, cartons, pictures and what-not. What intrigued us most was a fascinating model side-wheeler of the cotton style--something like the J. M. WHITE but not--which was built with a wood hull and soldered tin upper works at the Howard Yard in Jeffersonville, 1878. It rode in state to New Orleans aboard the J. M. WHITE on her maiden voyage. Tradition says it was built as a toy for Captain Tobin's son--and quite some toy if so. This trinket has survived nearly a century without benefit of paint or repair, and is a bit battered, but mark this, you model builders, the gentleman who built it (his name not known) had solved the problem of how to manufacture miniature steamboat railing with all of the palings, and he did the job in tin what's more. Bert has long debated whether to restore the model or keep it in its present dishabille, and we applaud the status quo as we saw it. It is without doubt the best historical steamboat model extant. As of this moment it reposes in a cardboard carton under Bert's desk. No bird house model, this; it's precisely scaled and has all of the curve and camber of a professional job.

HAWESVILLE, KY. is the boyhood stomping grounds of Capt. John W. Cannon, a fact which gave Bert Fenn no peace until he interviewed an ancient resident and was taken back on the hills a mile or so to visit the site of the home John W. grew up in. It was a brick house, commodious for the time, now obliterated save for a few foundation fragments. In a woody place nearby is the family graveyard. Bert took me there and in this desolation we found the tombstones of John W.'s mother and father. John H. Cannon died on June 9, 1846, aged 69 years, 8 months and 1 day. His wife died on June 1, 1842, aged 52 years. I blush to add that both stones had fallen, apparently years ago, and nobody has bothered to set them aright. Although John W. grew up on these hilly acres, he

was born down along the river a couple of miles above Hawesville, somewhere in the vicinity of the new Cannelton Locks and Dam, on the Kentucky bottom. As for Capt. John W., he lies today in the cemetery at Frankfort, Ky., and in the fall of 1951 I visited there thanks to C. W. and Marijane Stoll and we found these markings: Born June 17, 1820; died April 18, 1882. Also at Frankfort are the graves of Capt. Cannon's wife Louisa and others of the clan.

Capt. John W. Cannon was related by marriage to Capt. Joseph W. Carlton (1835-1915) who was prominent in the South as part owner and master of the PARGOUD, JOHN HOWARD and others. This Captain Carlton is buried in the Hawesville cemetery which probably is noted more for its tombstone to a steamboat, a stone tablet erected in memory for those who lost their lives in the explosion of the side-wheel REINDEER (Sept. '66 issue, page 29). Bert led me through a jungle to see this, and I was the more astonished when Bert told me that Bill Talbot from Keokuk had found it without assistance. We were sitting on a stone fence picking nettles off our pants when Bert told me this.

Also buried there at Hawesville is Major William W. Prescott 1850-1937 who operated the Hawesville-Cannelton ferryboat MAJOR for many years. The MAJOR was built at Hawesville and almost directly across the river once was a boatyard where several side-wheelers of consequence were built by a man named King, among them the BENJ. STICKNEY which we were talking about in the June '74 issue, page 13.

Which leads to a correction of a listing in the Dec. '74 issue; we nominated the LANCASTER NO. 4 as one of Ellet's rams. Well, Bert Fenn has a river library second to none, and he showed us a book titled "History of the Ram Fleet and Marine Brigade," from the press of Buschart Brothers, St. Louis, 1907 and it was the LANCASTER NO. 3, not NO. 4, which was an Ellet ram. A "Society of Survivors" was organized at St. Louis in 1887 and these Ellet ram people went all over the country having annual conventions; at Columbus, O. 1888, Milwaukee 1889, Boston 1890, Detroit 1891, Washington 1892, Indianapolis 1893; Pittsburgh 1894, Louisville 1895, St. Paul 1896, Buffalo 1897 and at Cincinnati in 1898. It was these "Survivors" who did the book in 1907, a monumental undertaking.

BERT FENN delivered me back to the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE at Lewisport, Ky. Sunday evening, November 3rd, a town in Hancock County which in 1934 had 594 inhabitants and now more than 2,000, thanks to modern industry in the area. It's about 11 miles downriver from Tell City and for all its progress there isn't a decent place to land a steamboat. The BELLE took out a Sunday matinee with some 800 aboard, loading and

discharging the crowd over the grassy lawn of a private residence and utilizing the metal steps and ramp of the property owner's private boat dock. We expected any minute to see the irate owner come forth raising holy Ned but he never did come. Maybe he was running for council, or maybe heads up the Lion's Club.

This Lewisport excursion wound up the 1974 season for the BELLE's activities. Capt. Charles J. Larkin, on watch in the pilothouse, aimed her upriver to deadhead back to Louisville, 134 miles. I suppose one of the chief joys of excursion boating is to deadhead like this, the crew having the boat all to themselves, free as a breeze, and especially with the last excursion over and done with. -Sweet and also bittersweet. Seldom does a crew return intact when springtime comes again. And this breaking up a crew is like breaking up a family.

On this last trip Capt. Clarke (Doc) Hawley was sharing pilot watches with Charlie Larkin. Capt. Charles H. Brasher was master. In the engineroom were David R. Crecelius and Arthur H. Rees. The mate was Robert James (Roddy) Hammett, and chief cook and bottle washer was Cap'n Charlie's wife "Boots." I was aboard strictly as supercargo, owner's representative for the freight aboard, of which there wasn't any. It was dark now and I watched Charlie Larkin put her through the \$100-million lock at Cannelton and then went below to sit alongside of Dave Crecelius there in the engineroom, filled with wonderment that in 1974 the ker-clink :: ker-clank of a set of Rees high pressure engines was still pounding up the Ohio guided from a pilothouse with a real pilotwheel in it, tiller wires and all, with multipaned windows, and floored with an old rug with holes in it. When you blow the BELLE's whistle you shove down on a foot treadle, and I mean you have to heft your weight down on it. Oh, I admit there was a day when from the lofty vantagepoint of pilot-houses such as the WASHINGTON and SAINT PAUL we looked down on the BELLE (then AVALON) as sort of a country cousin looking for a hand-out. Times do change.

At noon next day Charlie Larkin went off watch just below the Mc-Alpine Locks. Doc put her through and guided her up through the canal, blew the landing signal, and eased her in below the RENOWN wharfboat. I watched all of this with mixed emotions knowing full well that for Doc and Roddy and maybe others this was the last roundup--maybe.

PAUL SEABROOK hosted C.W. and me that evening at a swank, giddy-gaudy New Albany eatery called the "Robert E. Lee" lavishly decorated with river motif set off with fairly large wall portraits of Capt's John W. Cannon, Jack Lindburn and Thomas P. Leathers. They were done in glass or ceramics, oval shaped, and our

obliging waitress said she had served there two years and never had known who these gentlemen were and everybody had been asking and she couldn't locate anybody who knew. How Capt. Jack Lindenburn came to be wedged in between the LEE-NATCHEZ skippers is unresolved and I can't explain it. New Albany, Ind. is very, very conscious of the fact that the racer LEE was built locally and much is made of this around town. One of the leading banks has a massive picture of the LEE, a mosaic of natural wood, in its lobby, a beautiful thing.

Next day was Election Day with about everybody in Louisville wondering if Marlow Cook would make it back to Congress (he didn't) and I went skylarking over to Jeffersonville to discover that the new Foster Wheeler steam generators for the "new" DELTA QUEEN had arrived at the Jeffboat yard the day before. They are enormous. We ran a cut-away picture of one of them in the March '74 issue, page 15. The new engines had NOT arrived, and were up at Dayton, O. being machined.

The security around the new cruise steamboat is t-i-g-h-t like boarding an airplane and you don't get aboard unless you've passed muster (no pun intended) with the resident inspector of the Great Ocean Cruise Line, Inc., a new corporation in my catalogue. GOCL is an offshoot of Overseas National Airways. Fortunately for the likes of me the inspector is Edwin A. Schmidt, a personable even-keel gentleman who acted delighted to briefly pause from his endless chores to wade around, stepping over hose lines, cables, blocks, etc., to let me gawk into the vitals of this emerging monster. Once I thought I'd tell Ed I had been making a tour of cemeteries, but thought better of it. My jokes have a way of not sounding so good. But it did seem rather odd to have come fresh from the grave of Robert Fulton's brother to board the latest and most superlative of all freshwater paddlewheelers.

I don't want to bore you with all of this. But you readers who have explored a modern diesel towboat being built, with cables, wires, pipes, clamps and such haberdashery oozing from floors, partitions, ceilings, everywhere, looking like a hog blasted by lightning, can form a mental picture of all this. Only multiply your picture by twenty. The enormity of the undertaking passeth all understanding, if you don't mind lisping. The SPRAGUE had rudders weighing ten tons each, and so does this job. Get this; each of the three rudders on the new DQ weighs ten tons--each. Her computed draft is 8½ feet and that means at the bow and at the stern, both. The expanse of the forecastle looks like Grand Central Station's foyer. The builders are working with seven full deck plans--seven, repeat--and about everywhere you look in her anatomy

there are elevators to hoist or lower passengers from deck to deck, even into the hold where is situated a full sized enormous theater--stage, screen, seats, all the trappings. Like Coal Oil Johnny when his wagonwheel came off and spilled all his barrels of oil down the hill I can't find words to do justice to the occasion.

One disappointment while on this trip. Mrs. J. H. (Agnes) Harralson, Sr. of Central City, Ky. came aboard the B/L at the Cannelton Locks soon after Bert Fenn and I departed. "I was glad to make the trip and visit with so many friends," she writes, "but there was sadness also as I missed Donald Wright and Courtney Ellis and a good many others of my generation."

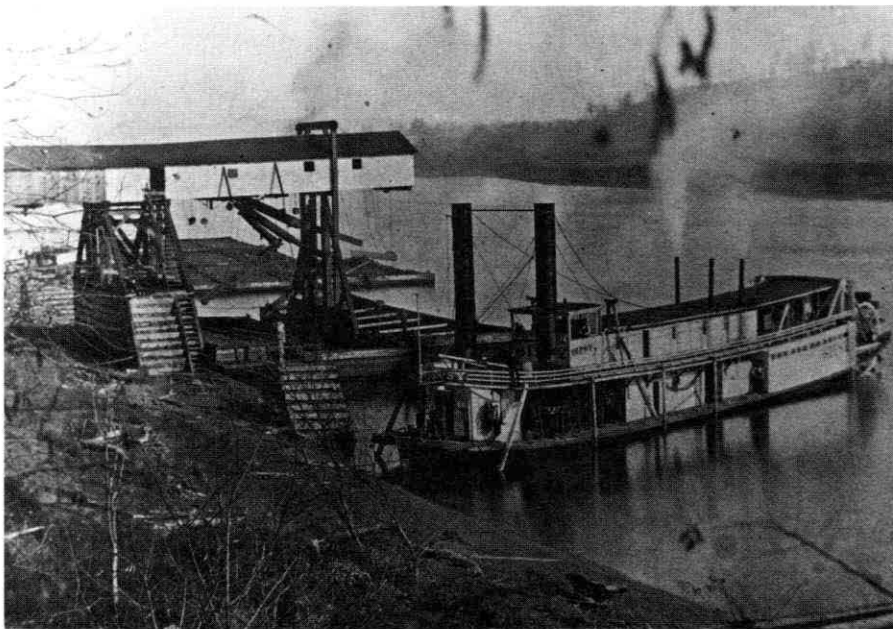
Irwin M. Urling recalls that Capt. William B. Rodgers for years owned a 1907 Peerless limousine.

Sirs: The picture and account of the steamer MASCOT in the last issue (page 11) is interesting. The MASCOT was constructed under an unusual contract negotiated between Addison M. Scott of the U.S. Engineers and Charles Ward, the builder. This contract provided that the speed of MASCOT was to be 10 miles an hour, with \$100 to be deducted from the price for each 1/4 mile speed under 10 mph and \$100 to be paid as a premium for each 1/4 mile speed above 10 mph. Ward won the bet; the boat was tested in pool No. 6, Kanawha River, on July 27, 1893. Her average speed was 12.29 mph.

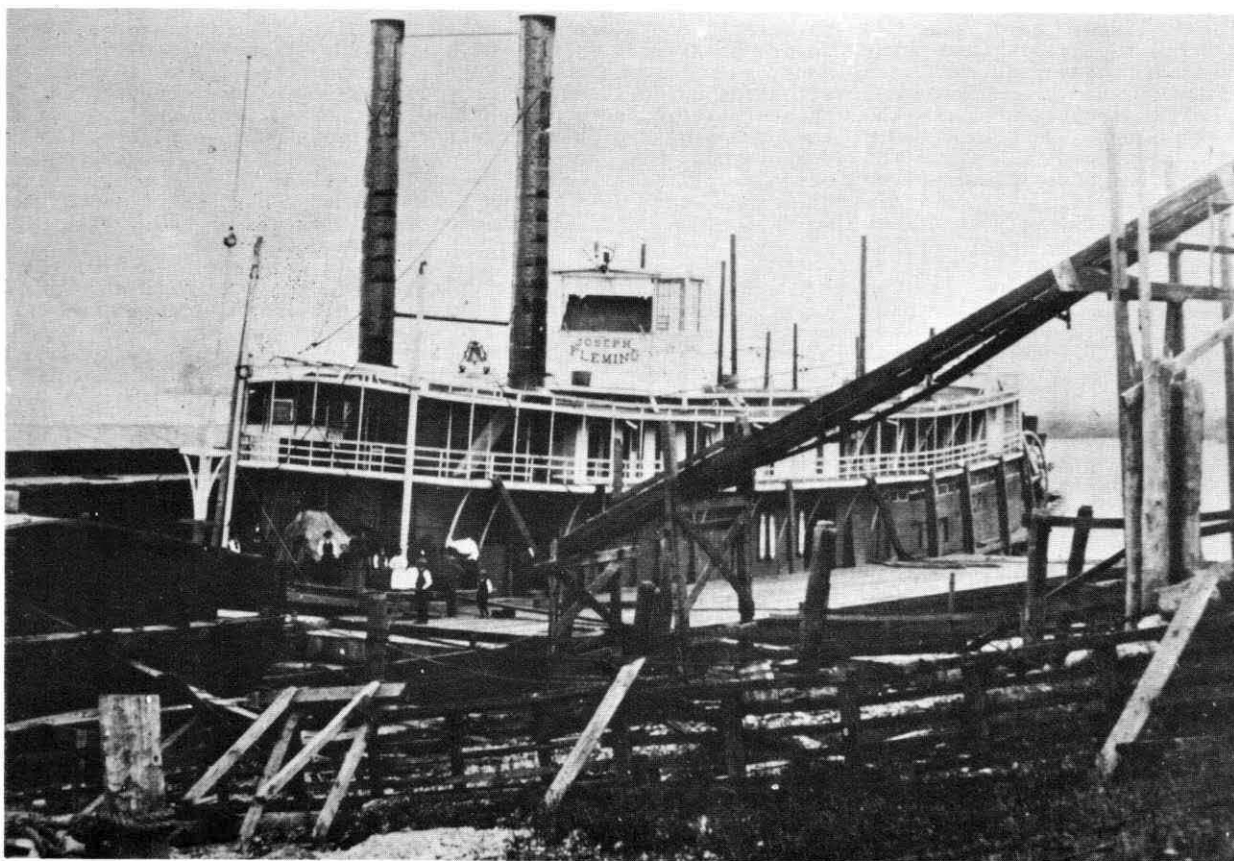
The contract also provided that the boat could be rejected if the speed was less than 9 mph.

The MASCOT was used by the U.S. Engineers as an inspection-survey boat and for transporting supplies to the Kanawha River lock force.

Leland R. Johnson,
7010 Plantation Drive,
Hermitage, Tenn. 37076



OUR FRIEND H. O. REYNOLDS, New Cumberland, West Va., supplied this old-time scene on the Monongahela River showing a coal tippie and the towboat GIPSY. This view was located by Steve Mackinack, Elizabeth, Pa. One odd feature is that records of this towboat in U.S. Customs and also in Lytle spell her name GIPSEY. Sort of like the lengthy confusion with the BETSY ANN which had her name documented BETSEY ANN most of her lifetime. The GIPSY (so spelled in this picture on pilot-house, engineroom bulkhead and boiler deck) was built at Middletown, Pa., a section now part of Brownsville, in 1864. She had 15" dia. engines with 5 ft. stroke and three boilers 38" dia. by 22 ft. long. The original stockholders were David, George and Levi Brenneman and William and J. B. Barnhill. Historians please note that GIPSY has no towing knees, and that's how towboats were built a century or more ago. They never faced up to a barge--towed with barges alongside or hitched ahead duckpond style. Here's hoping someone can identify the exact location of this scene; obviously at the left bank of the river, taken looking downstream.



THIS IS ONE of the real old-time Pittsburgh towboats. The JOSEPH FLEMING was built at California, Pa., 1864 on a wood hull 142' 5" by 25'6". Had three boilers each 26' long by 40" dia. Engines from James Rees, 17" dia. by 6½ ft. stroke. The original account says she was named for "a Pittsburgh citizen." The first owners were Capt. D. C. Kerr, Thomas Farrow, John Gumbert, William Huey, B. B. Coursin and F. H. Coursin. Capt. D. C. Kerr was the first registered master. An item in the Pittsburgh "Gazette" dated Nov. 27, 1869 says "The JOSEPH FLEMING, well known as a tower of canal boats and barges, has been sold

for \$12,000 to James L. Huse of St. Louis; she will tow ice barges hereafter." In 1874 she was registered at St. Louis owned by James L. Huse. On Dec. 29, 1879 she was at St. Louis and then commanded by Capt. Rice B. Little, "and owned solely by William J. Lemp, St. Louis." She burned at Lake Depere, Ill., on June 11, 1885. The above picture comes to us courtesy of Bert Fenn who acquired it from the collection of the late Dr. Charles F. Leich of Evansville. There was no identification on the print as to time or place, but it is believed to have been taken on the Illinois.

Miss Elizabeth Litton, 78, died in Wheeling Hospital, Monday evening, November 4, 1974. She had recently celebrated her birthday which came on October 27. Miss Litton lived at Clarington, Ohio all her lifetime and was a graduate of Kent State University. She was one of a famous river family, daughter of the late Capt. and Mrs. S. W. Litton. Her brothers Capt's. Grover, Homer and Hazelwood Litton, all deceased, were river pilots of exceptional skill. The original impetus for the Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen came from Miss Litton's enthusiasm to form such a group. At the first meeting held at Gallipolis, O. in 1939 she was named secretary of S&D. For many years she taught school in Belmont and Monroe counties of Ohio. She is survived by a brother, Capt. Charles B. Litton, Coal Center, Pa., and by a sister, Mrs. Robert H. Rea, Clarington. Services were held at the Rush Funeral Home, Clarington, and burial was in the Clarington Cemetery.

Sirs: Julia and I attended the services for Elizabeth Litton held at the Rush Funeral Home, Clarington, on Wednesday, November 6th, 1974. Rev. Lester Lehman conducted even as he did for J. Mack Gamble. The pallbearers were George Saffle, Ralph Mozena, Linus Walters and Lemuel Tschappat (all of whom are former employes at old Lock 14) and Charles Dotta, a friend of the family, and myself. The flowers from S&D were very nice and the Litton family wishes to express appreciation.

As you know Elizabeth had been in a Rest Home at Beech Bottom, West Va. for several years, and had been taken to the Wheeling Hospital shortly before her passing. It seems such a short while ago, actually in 1939, when she wanted to start S&D. I drove her around to stir up interest, many trips to Malta, O. to visit with Ben and Fannie Richardson, and then to the first meeting at Gallipolis, and to the initial meeting at Marietta. Julia and I took her to the last S&D meeting she

attended.

Robert G. Thomas,
Box 453,
Powhatan Point, Ohio 43942

The launching of unnamed #2999 at Jeffboat, the biggest social SPLASH of the season, did not cause more than a ripple in national news coverage. The Louisville Courier-Journal & Times used a front page four-column picture with the story handled back on page A 18. The Cincinnati Enquirer likewise used a front page picture with a story by Graydon DeCamp (superlative craftsmanship) back on page 6-A. The Waterways Journal's Dec. 7th issue ignored the story; then in their Dec. 14th issue ran a 2-column cut with a 6-line caption. The two Pittsburgh dailies ran nothing. Then three weeks later the Pittsburgh Press did a Page 2 four-column story with picture on the launching of an 80-foot yacht named ACHIEVEMENT (see details elsewhere).

Sirs: Standing there in that chilling rain in the shipyard at Jeffboat on November 30 last it occurred to me that, for a S&D member, there was some sort of poetic justice in the situation.

One of our family stories is that my parents, to the best of their knowledge, were in the same place at the same time for the first time at the Howard Shipyard at the launching of the Tennessee River packet SHILOH in 1902. My Dad, in his teens, was asked by the sponsor of this small packet, Leona McDaniel, if he would be her escort for this big day in her life, when she christened a full-fledged packet. She was in the same Sunday School class at Trinity Methodist Church with Dad, and naturally he said yes.

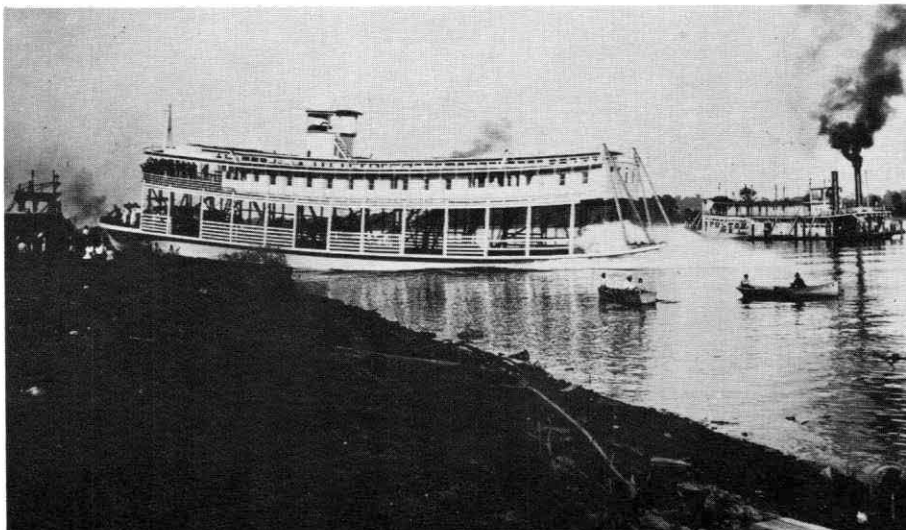
My mother, also in her teens, happened to be there because one of the shipyard workers, a man named Thacker, and his wife were good friends of my maternal grandparents, and invited them to the ceremonies; so Grandmother packed a picnic lunch for the exciting occasion. Naturally, neither Mother or Dad had ever heard of each other at this point, but they both were there.

My Dad claims no river background. I had always thought that I was the "pioneer riverman" in the family. But, upon reflection, this gives some background, because I was exactly in the same location when the new mammoth sister to the DELTA QUEEN was launched, where my parents stood some 72 years earlier. Incidentally, I was privileged to know two (at least) distinguished rivermen who served on the SHILOH, Capt. Sam G. Smith and Capt. Fred F. McCandless, who was an engineer when he was on the SHILOH.

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

The Memphis "Evening Scimitar" in its issue of Friday, April 1, 1904 reports the following:-

The Vicksburg "Herald" says:- There are probably few who have observed the forward trappings or ornamentation of the tug JOE SEAY, that queer combination of a serpent, race horse and man forward of the pilothouse, who have studied the antecedents or history of that rather striking arrangement. It is learned from a perfectly reliable source that the imitation serpent which forms a pedestal or standard for the support of the horse and jockey design is made from material as old as the 411 years since Christopher Columbus sighted the island of Guanahani, and no doubt antedating that event. Capt. Dan Quinn, in answer to a query as to the history and origin of the design stated to the interrogator that he had it long ago from Capt. Jim Coughlin that the said serpent was made from material taken from the SANTA MARIA, one of the pioneer Columbian



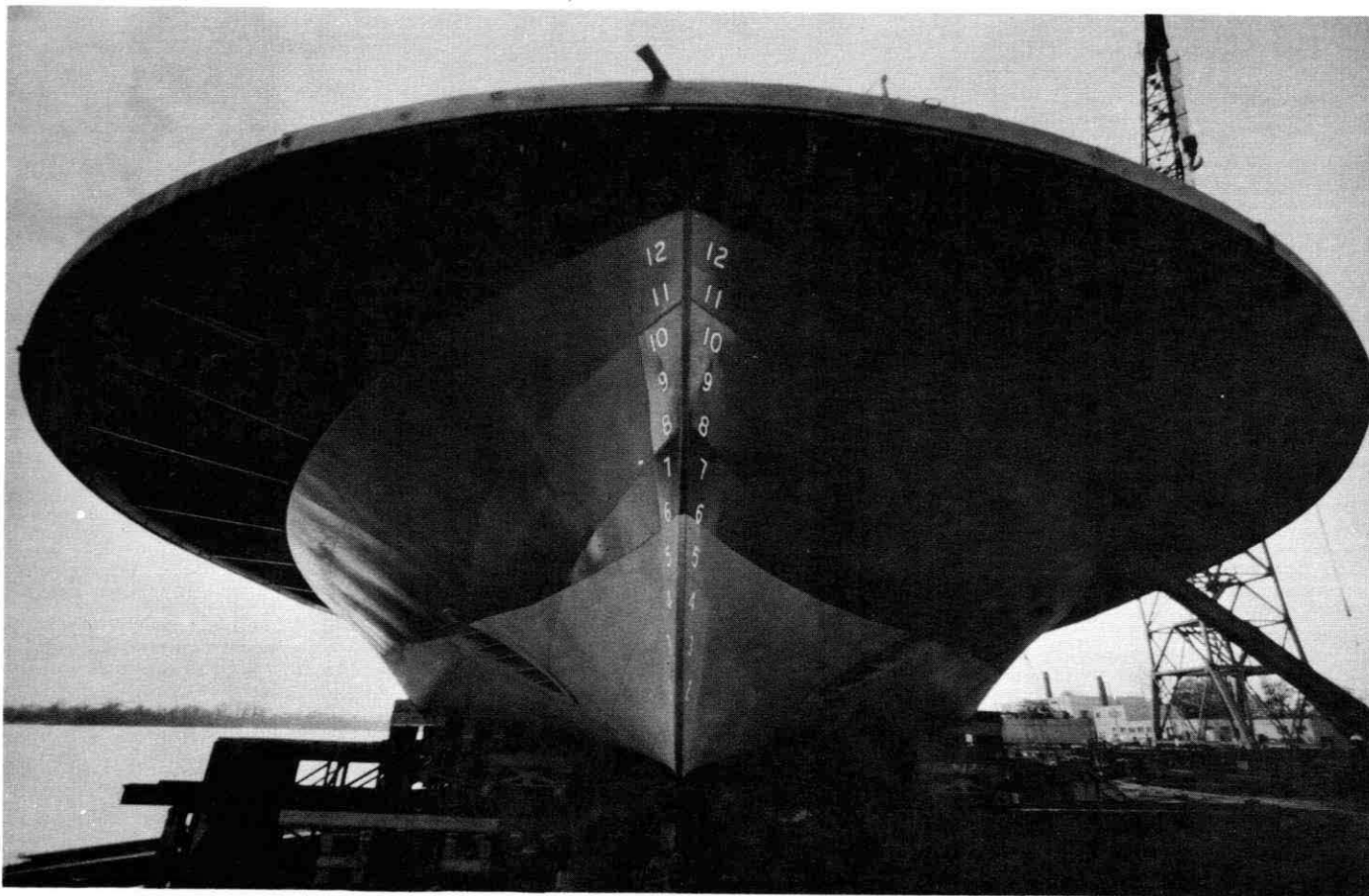
SEVENTY TWO YEARS prior to 1974 C. W. Stoll's parents witnessed the above scene as the new St. Louis & Tennessee River Packet Co.'s SHILOH was launched at the Howard Yard (see letter at the left). This short-trader was 150 by 28, designed to ply the Tennessee between Savannah and Danville. She had 13" dia. cylinders by 5 ft. stroke powered by two boilers 40" dia. by 22 ft. long. Her first crew was composed of Capt. Lon Kell, master; Charles R. Beard and Ed B. Beard, pilots; Sam G. Smith, purser; Tom Latham, chief engineer; Al Aiken, second engineer; Charles Lewter, clerk. Under charter to Capt. Ed Nowland, Jr. in December 1913 she sank at the Memphis wharf with a large cargo aboard just arriving there.

The piece was obtained at New Orleans in some way and the design carved there, and somehow it found its way to a Pittsburgh towboat and thence to the JOE SEAY nee JOHN BIGLEY. This is a most interesting story, and, it is understood, is perfectly reliable. =The JOHN BIGLEY (later JOE SEAY) was the first iron hull tug built at Pittsburgh, near the foot of Liberty, launched on November 18, 1870 at 1:30 p.m. for N. J. Bigley & Bros. She was used at Vicksburg. Her wooden cabin burned off about two months later, and she was rebuilt. Later she was owned by W. H. Brown & Sons, and then the Mississippi Valley Transportation Co. By 1892 she had been renamed JOE SEAY, still at Vicksburg, and was turned over to the Combine about 1900. She turned turtle at Vicksburg on November 22, 1904 and went down in deep water, drowning engineer Walter Bobbs. We take it that the historic relic was lost at that time. We have no photograph of the boat either as JOHN BIGLEY or JOE SEAY. Our thanks to Jack E. Custer for supplying a stat of the newspaper containing the story. -Ed.

Capt. William D. Bowell went to Cincinnati last fall and picked up the attractive twin-prop excursion boat MARCK TWAIN, fired up her G-M 671 diesels, and took her to his home base, Stillwater, Minn. Now we learn from him that she's been renamed JOSIAH SNELLING and in the

coming season will operate on a charter-only basis at Minneapolis. The Bowell fleet is impressive. The JONATHAN PADEFORD is the "darling," a sternwheeler allowed 315 passengers and operated at St. Paul. Another of the fleet is the ZEBULON PIKE, a yacht-type twin diesel. Some while back Bill Bowell bought the former U.S. Engineer's snagboat ARKANSAS II and now she's converted into a posh floating restaurant called GOVERNOR RAMSEY in the Twin Cities area. Offices for River Excursions, Inc. is on a former U. S. Engineer barge built 1929. The baby of the fleet is UGH THE TUG with a Packard marine engine in her. Bill Bowell built her in 1965, his first. Most unique boat in the fleet is DISCOVERY, replica of the Lewis & Clark keelboat of 1804.

The UGH THE TUG noted above recalls to us the name given a 360 hp. diesel towboat recently by Eugene H. Bartley, Finleyville, Pa. Eugene bought the W. J. HYER from Marine Sales & Service and has christened her H. E. CUTTER-LOOSE. There is some big long story back of this selection--it's not a man's name. Anyhow this towboat started out in life as a sternwheeler named BURNETT, then owned by the U.S. Engineers. She later was named UNION. One of her owners while she had this name was Capt. Charles C. Stone of Point Pleasant, West Va. She was built at Nashville Bridge in 1926.



-Bill Muster, photo

NOTES TAKEN at the launching of Hull #2999 (the new DELTA QUEEN) on Saturday, November 30, 1974:-

Weather:- Heavy overcast, steady light rain, no wind, temperature about 36.

The launching was scheduled at 11 a.m. but we had been briefed last night to report in at Jeffboat's Administration Building by 9:30 for coffee and rolls and a press conference.

C.W. drove us over using the windshield wipers all the way; Lucy, Susan, Doc, Roddy and me. We cleared at the gate, parked, got ID lapel cards and puddle-hopped to the double swinging doors. Nice to be in a dry warm place.

Looked like an S&D convention inside, always a great feeling to be among friends. Save for scads of photographers and newsmen, many with beards, and all looking serious like it was a life and death matter. Spoke to Jim Stanfield of National Geographic and asked did he remember the late Maynard Owen Williams, chief of NG's foreign staff. Of course not. Why did I ask?

Coffee? No thanks. I'd already had my orange juice and coffee at Rock Hill. Roll? Well, yes, a nice brown cinnamon-looking job. The briefing room was packed and Steve Shaney explained the seven large deck plans displayed on a wall. He also had a neat model of the new boat resting on a desk.

It shows her having silver stacks. "Will those smokestacks really be silver?" asked a reporter. Good question. "Inside as well as out?" asked another. Dumb question.

Learned a few interesting things at the briefing: Financing was arranged by Overseas National Airways through the First National Bank of Chicago. Other banks supporting mortgage financing are Chase Manhattan and Manufacturer's Hanover Trust Co. Under terms of Title XI of the Federal Ships Mortgage Act the new boat has a mortgage guarantee for 87½% of the total construction cost. This has been made possible by the passage of Public Law 90-183 in 1967 extending mortgage insurance benefits to include riverboat construction as well as ocean vessels. The U.S. Maritime Administration authorizes mortgage insurance for shipbuilding, and gets ¾ of 1% yearly as a premium. The projected cost of the completed boat is \$17 million. That's escalation for you; seems only a few months ago the cost was pegged at \$15.5 million. There's still a year to go before she raises steam and maybe until April 1976 before she goes in service.

Capt. Gordon C. Greene's old money-maker GREENWOOD cost \$16,000 with steam up. I almost think I saw him at this briefing, sitting in the back row sucking a toothpick, eyes half closed.

"Get your coats on folks, time to go, fall in line here." Capt. Ernie Wagner was broadcasting. Vic Tooker and his Mom and Pop and the Riverboat Ramblers led the procession across the shipyard playing jolly airs resounding on the tall sides of barges getting built, all wet, rusty, clammy and cold. A whirly-bird clattered aloft. Yard workers in weather-gear and hard hats smiled quizzically. By and large it was the bravest procession ever I was in, and the wettest.

INVITATIONS were issued to the following, most of whom accepted:-

Jerry Baker, Marine Electric
 Barry Bingham, Sr., Louisville
 Courier-Journal
 Emily Bingham
 Molly Bingham
 Clara Bingham
 Rob Bingham
 Jerry Bishop and Mrs., Marine Electric
 Capt. James Blum and Mrs. (Ann)
 Capt. C. H. Brasher and Mrs.,
 Belle of Louisville
 Linton A. Caufield and Mrs.,
 Belle of Louisville
 Reuben Ceese and Mrs., American
 Bureau of Shipping
 David R. Crecelius, Belle of
 Louisville
 Doug DeCamp (Grady DeCamp's son)
 Wilbur Dow, Jr., New Orleans
 Steamboat Co.

Cmdr. Barry Eldridge, U.S. Coast Guard, Louisville
 Robert Elwell, Overseas National Airways
 Bert Fenn, Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen
 Ed Ferring
 Col. Charles Fiala, U. S. Engineers, Louisville
 Dale Flick, Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen
 Marion Frommel and Mrs., Cincinnati Propeller Club
 John Fryant, U.S. Navy
 Herbert Fruh, Project Mgr., Foster-Wheeler Corporation
 Dorothy Frye, Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen
 Jack Garden, Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen
 W. Clyde Glass and Mrs., Belle of Louisville
 Paula Goldberg, Maritz
 Greg Goldstein, U.S. Navy
 Mrs. Tom R. (Letha) Greene
 Dick Greiwe and Mrs., Greiwe Group
 Willis D. Gradison, U. S. House of Representatives (Ohio)
 John R. Guthrie and Mrs., Kentucky Derby Festival Committee
 Capt. Robert J. Hammett, Belle of Louisville
 Capt. Clarke (Doc) Hawley, Belle of Louisville
 Bill Hemminger and Mrs., American Bureau of Shipping
 Tom Holmes
 Mrs. Loretta M. Howard
 Mrs. C. W. Hubbard
 Kenneth Howe and Mrs., Belle of Louisville
 William Judd and Mrs., Judd Marine
 Daryl King and Mrs., American Bureau of Shipping
 Bill Kinzeler and Mrs., Columbia Marine Service, Cincinnati
 Ed Kovachichi and Mrs., American Bureau of Shipping
 Capt. John Leadbetter
 Jim Lockhart and Mrs., Great Ocean Cruise Line
 Frank Mayfield, Ohio State Representative
 R. Glen Mayfield and Mrs., First National Bank, Cincinnati
 Robert McCann, Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen
 William Mullens and Mrs., Merrick Air Conditioning
 Robert Musard
 Albert Musard
 Eddie Myers and Mrs., Great Ocean Cruise Line
 David Myers (son)
 R. Wes Naye
 Raymond V. Nelson, V.P., First National Bank, Chicago
 Brig. Gen. Wayne Nichols and Mrs., U.S. Engineers, Cincinnati
 Carol Nichols (daughter)
 Rt. Rev. David B. Reed and Mrs., Bishop, Episcopal Diocese, Louisville
 Oscar F. Rehm and Mrs., Belle of Louisville
 Steve Richie, photographer, Maritz
 Paul M. Rosenstock, purchasing director, Maritz
 Capt. Don Sanders
 Capt. Ed Schmidt, Great Ocean Cruise Line
 Charles Schroeder, Marine Electric

David Sheehy, M/G Transport Co.
 M. Gene Snyder and Mrs., U.S. House of Representatives (Ky.)
 Cmdr. R. T. Sommer, U. S. Coast Guard, Cincinnati
 Ray Steinmetz, Merrick Air Conditioning
 Capt. C. W. Stoll and Mrs., Belle of Louisville
 Vic Stutz and Mrs., Louisville Boat Club
 James Tandy, Carrollton, Ky.
 Capt. Dennis Trone, Julia Belle Swain
 Lou Tingley, Louisville Convention Bureau
 Don Vornholt and Mrs., New Richmond, O.
 Mayor Richard L. Vissing, Jeffersonville, Ind.
 Lawrence E. Walker and Mrs., Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen
 Capt. and Mrs. Frederick Way, Jr., Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen
 Lynn Webster, New Orleans Steamboat Co.
 Neil H. Whitehead and Mrs., Belle of Louisville
 Robert Wiglar and Mrs., Marine Electric
 Richard Wright and Mrs., American Air Lines, Louisville.

THERE OF A SUDDEN was Hull #2999 on the launchways. The dignitaries were escorted to a jerry-built wooden platform adjacent to the bow, fronted toward the yard. There was a row of chairs to sit upon, and each chair had a pool of rainwater on its seat. Nobody sat down. There was a tugging at my arm and Betty Blake was saying, "Fred you don't belong here, follow me." I was grateful to make an escape, so's I could shiver at leisure amongst the spectators, and stomp my feet and stuff. Dignitaries are a sorry lot.

But not so. "Up here," said Betty B, a stairway leading to a seventh heaven platform above the forecandle. "Oh no not up there," I muttered with the four-wheel brakes applied. "But it's on the program," wailed Betty B, like the twelve disciples had written the program seated in their board room nice and dry with the thermostat at 72. Steedman Hinckley said, "Cap, will you offer the invocation?" This whole thing was getting no better fast. The Right Reverend David B. Reed, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese, Louisville, had not shown up. "Good lord," I stammered. "Not now," said Steedman, "At the microphone." Just then by some miracle a long tall job showed up, a captivating smile on his countenance, and he was the missing Right Reverend. My feet warmed in His presence.

Most of the troubles in my life have come to be due to getting caught in downward currents when resistance is low. This was different, an updraft. The scaffold was high; the steps steep. Eight chairs up there each with its pool of water on the seat. A lonesome microphone was aimed toward the

crowd far below. Rain splattered down.

Betty said, "Fred, when you make your speech, along toward the beginning you must mention Floyd Blaske by name and recognize him—that's to be the signal to the launching crew to knock out the blocks and hang her on the ropes for the launch."

So OK I was a secret code. It's easy to talk about Floyd Blaske because he once was captain-pilot on the BETSY ANN in her towboating days. I spoke his name loud and clear and told how he is president of American Commercial Barge Line and also of Jeffboat. But how can you recognize somebody when you don't know where he is? Nowhere in that crowd could I find Floyd Blaske. Then came a tap on my shoulder. "Here I am," he smiled, and he was right behind me. Surprise, and he got a big cheer.

Capt. Ernie Wagner called over the mike to Etzell Stewart, "Cut her loose when you're ready!"

Six men, one at each of the six skids, each with a white hard hat and a red axe, stood poised. Talk about moments of great expectation this is it. Whirly-birds clattered aloft. An astonishing number of yachts and cruisers hovered in the river safely distant from the ways leaving sort of a big bowl of empty water to receive the biggest steamboat in point of tonnage ever to be floated on the Mississippi System, and the very first cruise steamboat in the System's history.

"When she starts I'm going to holler 'On the road!' over that mike so help me," said Ernie.

For the first time since the ceremonies began I suddenly felt completely warm all over.

Betty B fell into a state of uncontrollable shivering.

Steedman Hinckley turned into a boy at a football game. "This is great, simply great!" he exclaimed.

Floyd Blaske was keeping a canny eye peeled as each detail unfolded far below.

All at once the great steamboat started riverward. We on the scaffold were supposed to drink a toast and throw our glasses over on the receding forecandle, a ceremony new to me.

I was mesmerized and forgot, then remembered when I saw glasses breaking, threw too late, missed the boat, and the glass wandered downward into the shipyard nearly hitting a workman. He looked up, right arm akimbo. Pardon me, sir, whoever you are.

Does anyone calculate how fast a hull is moving when it hits? It's awfully fast, faster than she'll ever travel if she lives to be a hundred. A broadside launch, and a big wharo-o-mf!! A big splash. She didn't rock much. She drifted out sideways about 600-800 feet.

Suddenly it dawned on me she was afloat. Something new on the Ohio River. Two local white-painted towboats hovered about, got lines secured, and towed her downriver toward the outfitting dock. #2999 didn't look quite so enormous out

there on the river as she had a moment ago on shore.

And so #2999 was toasted but was not christened; she's still a nameless waif.

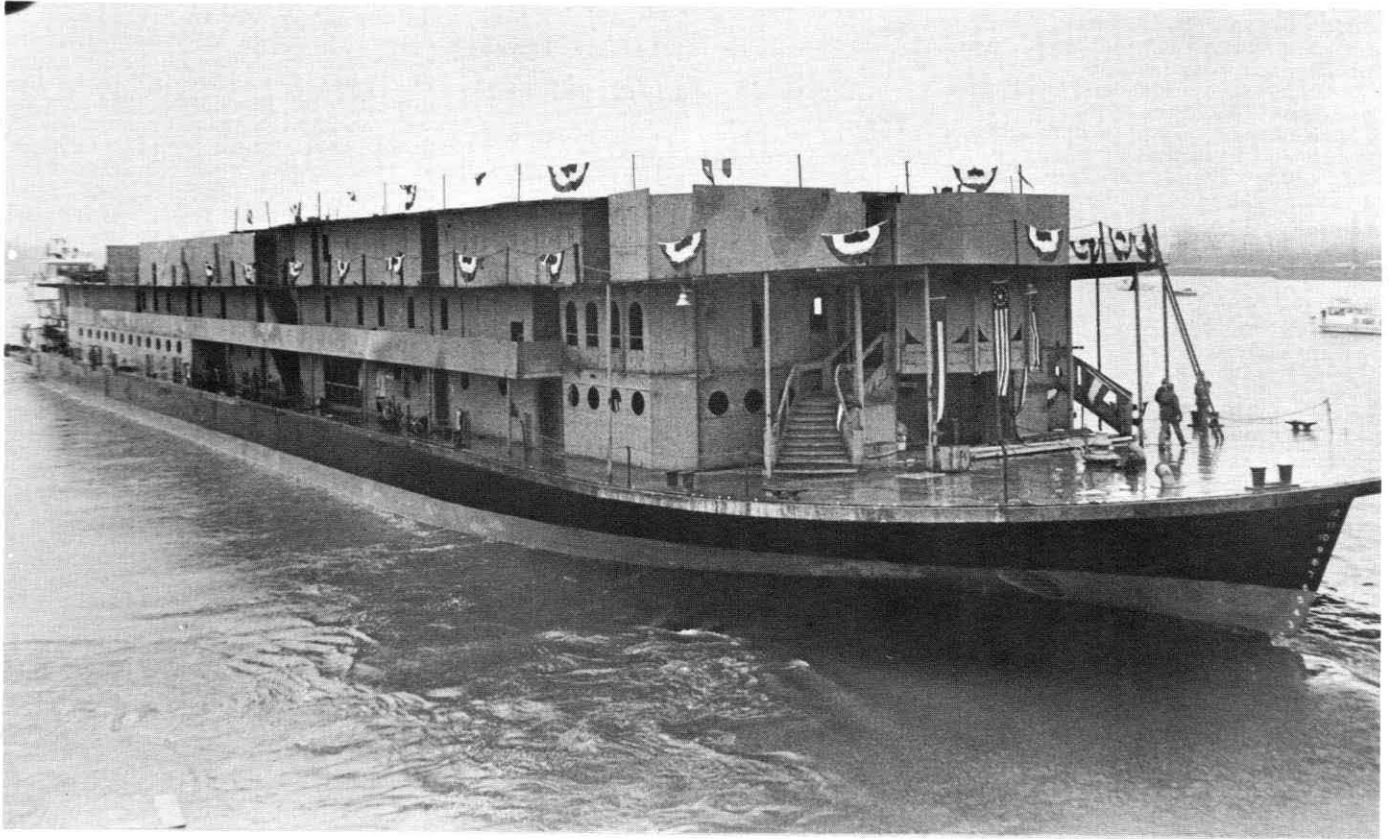
The name will be selected and bestowed with ceremonies when the DELTA QUEEN and BELLE OF LOUISVILLE (and maybe also the JULIA BELLE SWAIN) race at Louisville on Wednesday, April 30.

George Schotten, mesmerized by the color picture of the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE gracing the December issue, speaks to it in ode:

"You'd better believe and know I have other magazines strewn about with Christmas covers on them just as attractive, even prettier. What are you, then, to so plague and dwell in my thoughts? You are absolute simplicity, devoid of de-

tail, swathed in spooky mystery. You in dark blue setting display character, strength and the gentle manner of good breeding, and I am captivated with your bedecking of tiny gems of sapphire and ruby, surmounted by your diamond studded crown. You have been wisely chosen."

Again our thanks to Gabe Chenegery for the slide.



#2999 afloat at Jeffboat immediately after launching, Nov. 30, 1974.

Between Huntington and the Big Sandy River two creeks empty into the Ohio on the West Virginia side. The larger one is called Twelve Pole, the itty-bitty one Four Pole. You've undoubtedly never bothered to wonder where, when or how such names as those came from. If you haven't anything better to do right now, stop and think about this; then read the rest.

Joe Gentry in 1932 was running a newspaper in Huntington called the "Tri-State Merchants' News." In the Sept. 2nd issue he reported that George Washington's surveyors named these two creeks. Joe's surmise is that inasmuch as the surveying poles were 5½ feet long, and the bigger creek 66 feet wide, bank to bank at the mouth, it was dubbed Twelve Pole. Four Pole was 22 feet wide.

One time Ye Ed, playing hookey from classes at University of Cincinnati, was seated on the lazy bench in the GREENWOOD's pilot-house passing the time of day with Capt. Gordon C. Greene who was doing the piloting. We were passing Twelve Pole so I asked Captain

Greene where the name came from. There was a lengthy silence. Then he turned to me and said this:

"Blessed if I know--I never gave it a thought--now why did you ask such a question?--every time I come by here in the future it'll bother me."

He was wrong. Every time I have come by there in the 50-odd years since this incident, my thoughts have turned to Capt. Gordon C. Greene and what he said that time in the GREENWOOD's pilot-house.

Our thanks to Mary Burnside Reynolds for sending the 1932 item.

Bob Burtnett has favored us with a year's subscription to The Chillicothe (Ill.) Bulletin to which he contributes frequent river news and historical features. Also we appreciate a year's subscription to the Marietta Times from Harry Robinson and Bob Moseley of the Hotel Lafayette in Marietta. For many years past the Times has come to our desk thanks to S. Durward Hoag. Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hanable of Anchorage, Alaska have arranged for The Alaska Journal to come regularly in 1975. Thank you all.

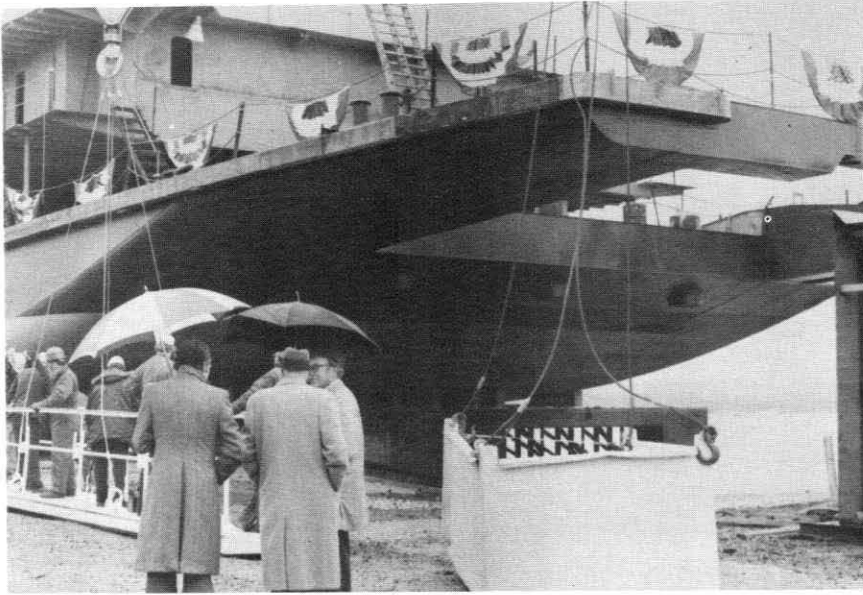
Ceremonies at launchings differ these days from no ceremony at all to quite some to-do. When the packet MABEL COMEAUX was entirely rebuilt at Howard's in 1891 Capt. E. J. Comeaux brought his wife and family to Jeffersonville and they lived aboard the boat. Being Roman Catholics they attended mass at St. Augustine Church. When the rebuilt boat was about ready to depart for New Orleans Captain Comeaux and his family asked Father Andran to preside at a formal blessing, which was done.

Sirs: I am interested in procuring plans of a modern diesel towboat so that I may build a model. I have built models of Great Lakes ships; now I'd like to try one of the larger river diesels.

Thanks very much for your considerations.

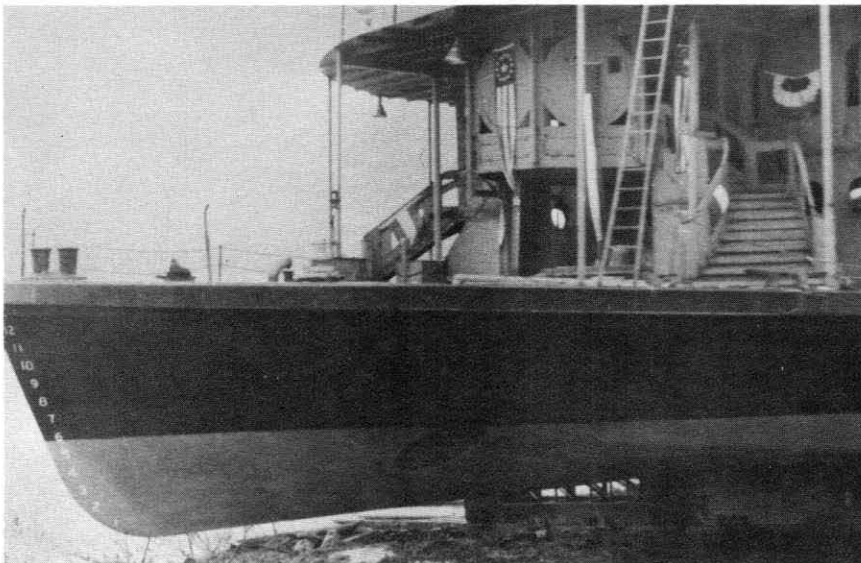
Terry Studham,
718 North Taylor Ave.,
Oak Park, Ill. 60302

=Well more power to Terry Studham, although just how does a body go about getting such plans? -Ed.

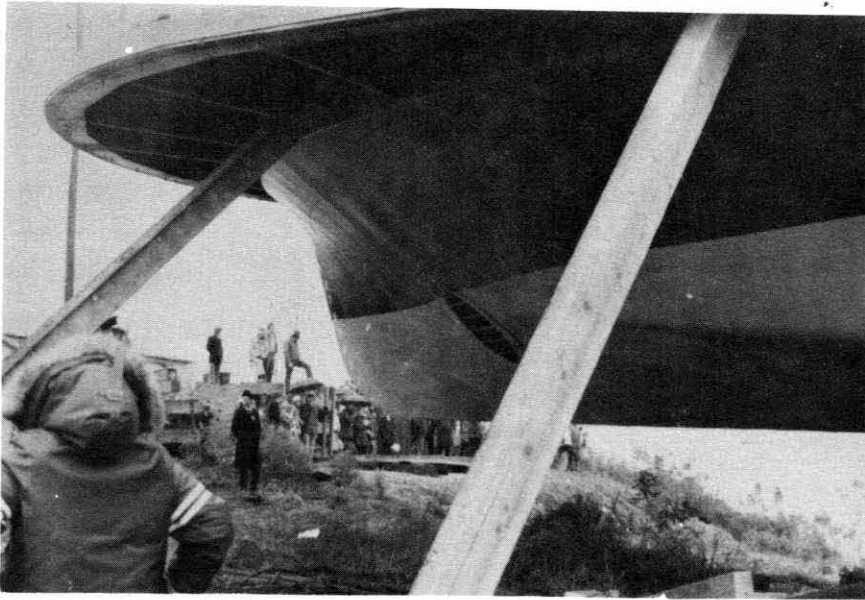


THE FOLLOWING NINE PICTURES were taken at the launching of Hull #2999 at Jeffboat by Bert Fenn. The one at the left tells the weather story, rain pelting on bare heads and umbrellas. In this stern view notice the wells for three rudders to weigh 10 tons each. In addition to these, monkey rudders will be hung from the aft cross-bar partly showing at upper right.

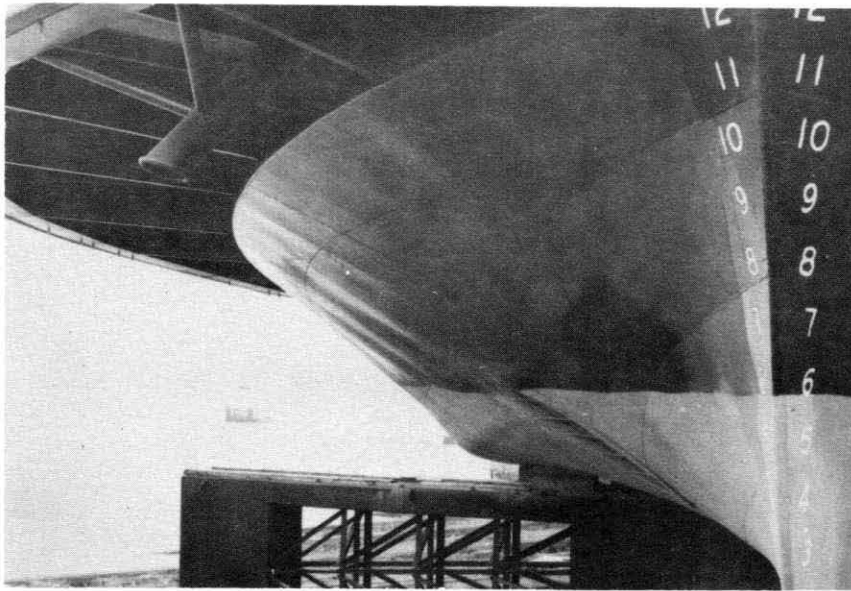
Looking from the fantail forward. Please to note the optical illusion of an up-curve of the fantail. Hold this picture end-on and the curve changes into a straight line. The box affair suspended overhead is hitched to a crane, and congregated on it are photographers hoping for unusual slants.



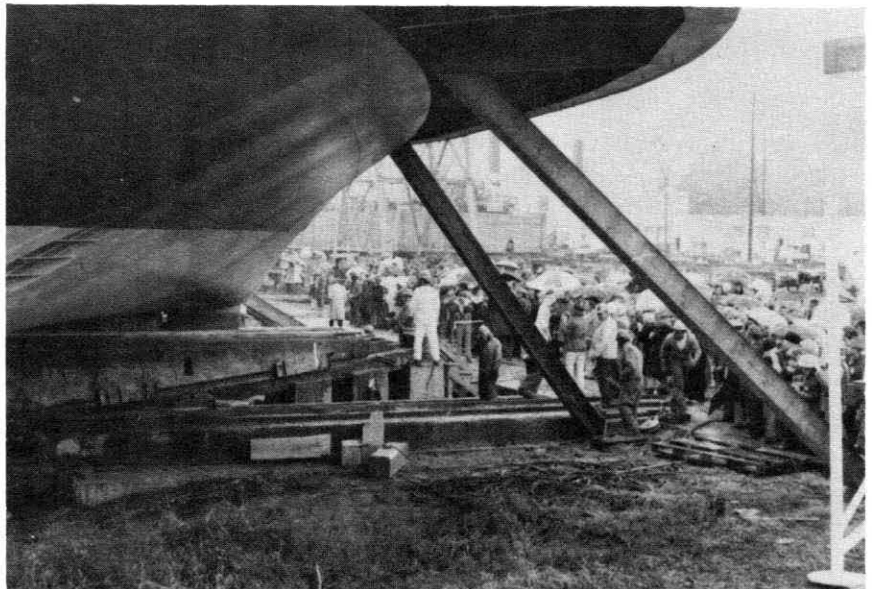
The bow. We are informed by those who know that the paint line on the hull bears no relation to the expected draft; it is set at 6.0 ft. The draft with water and fuel aboard will be better than 8 feet; some say 8½ feet. Some idea of the divided main stairway can be seen here. Also note the circular area in the hull--this is where the bow thruster goes through, screened on both ends.



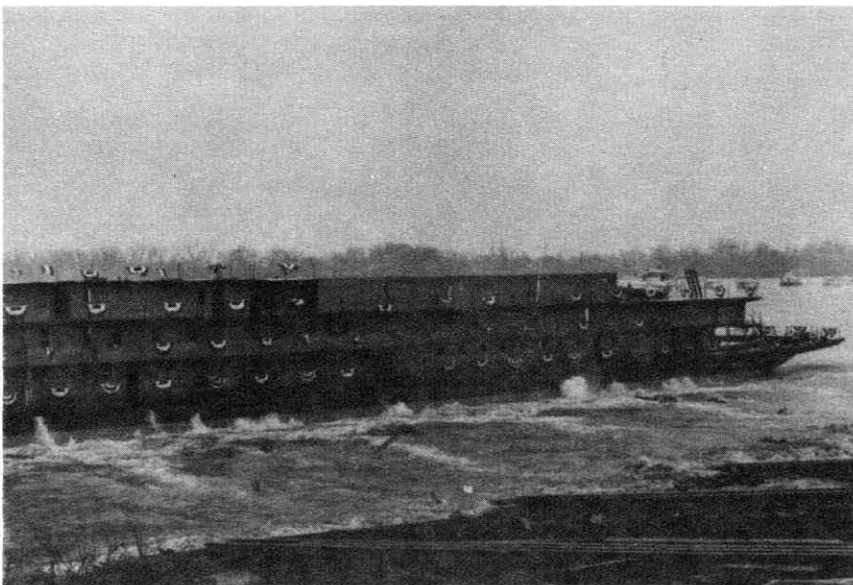
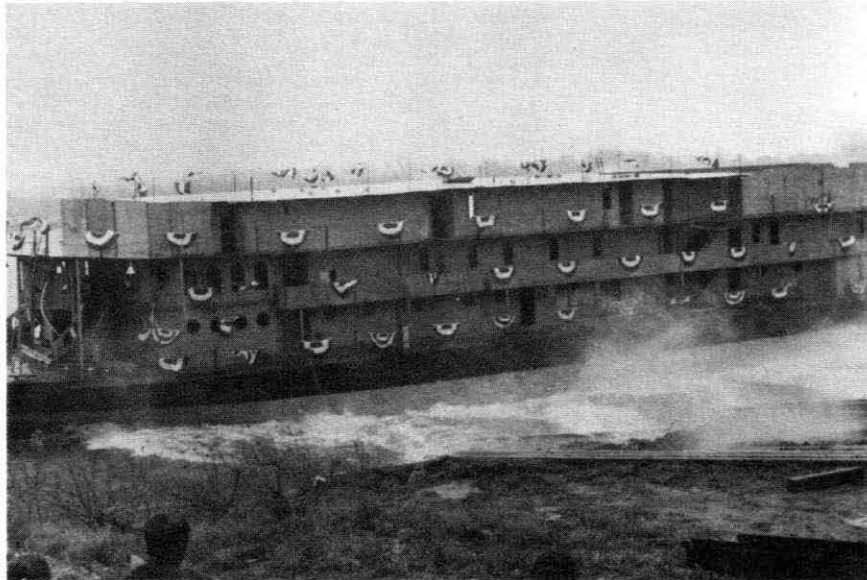
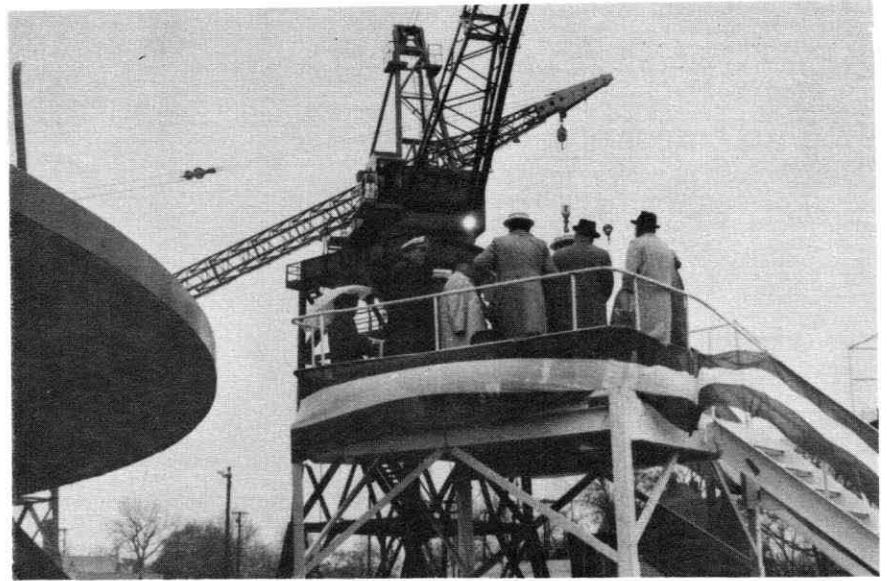
Looking forward at the bow. This shows clearly the generous overhang, or guard, of the main deck, although it tapers in as the hull widens. Such construction is typical of most of the old packets but is quite unlike the DELTA QUEEN. Another glimpse of the bow thruster is here visible.



The center picture on this page and also this one show the chine. The estimated weight of the boat at launch-time was 3,000 tons. Upon completion she may top 5,000 tons. When launched she was drawing about four feet fore and aft.



This is the scaffold or platform at the bow upon which the "dignitaries" conducted the brief program prior to launching. Center view and the one at bottom show the actual progress of the launching. In any one was aboard we didn't see him; surely SOMEBODY rode her in.



In the words of Graydon DeCamp:- "The crowd began cheering. Red, white and blue plastic straw hats (passed out to the onlookers earlier) sailed into the air after the accelerating vessel. She hit the water with an awesome splash, and rocked mightily a few times as the muddy river frothed in reception. Huge timbers from the cradles bobbed to the surface like so many sticks and corks."

Frank L. Teuton, 9102 Riverside Drive, Washington, D. C. 20022 is accepting orders for the second edition of his popular and copiously illustrated book "Steamboat Days On the Tennessee River." The price is \$2 postpaid. The history of the St. Louis & Tennessee River Packet Co. is explored in fascinating detail. The pictures are reproduced by offset printing and are remarkably clear. This is a "must" for all boat fans.

How long does it take to build a boat? That depends. Leon Bibb at the age of 60 twenty years ago commenced laying the keel of an 80-foot diesel yacht. On Saturday, December 21, 1974 he launched her. There still is a lot of work to do which may take a month or so.

Leon Bibb, a retired metallurgist, now 80, is figuring on making a round-the-world cruise in his ACHIEVEMENT, for that's her name.

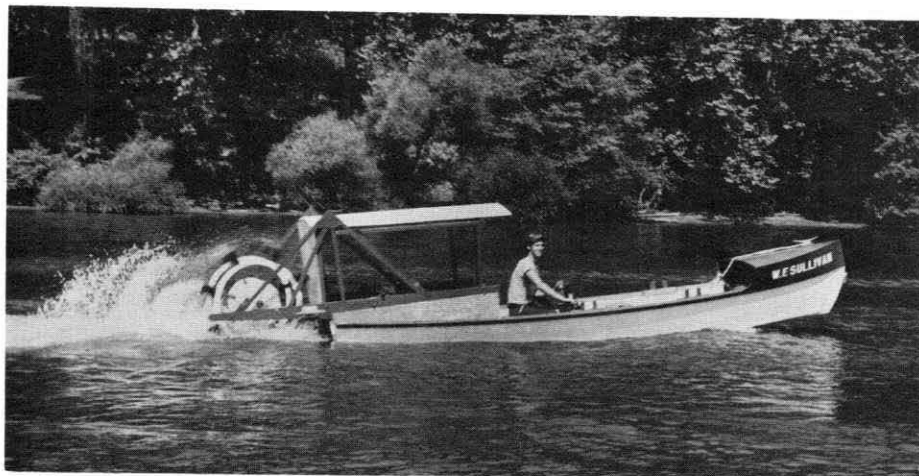
For all of these past 20 years there has been an old barge with housing and roof added moored on the left bank of the Allegheny River at Old Lock One, Pittsburgh. "Some old man is building a yacht inside that thing," was about the sum-and-substance of what little was known. Very few rivermen were invited aboard.

Four-five years ago Bob Hughes arranged an appointment and took Joe Leeman and your editor along. Leon Bibb, in overalls and with a helmet on his head, was welding steel plates. He's a native of Portland, Maine, and he came to Pittsburgh for a long tenure with Carnegie-Illinois and later U.S. Steel. He paused in his labor to show us the boat. Everything we looked at was the handiwork of the one man.

The old barge & contents was towed to the Pittsburgh-Des Moines Steel plant along Neville Island in the Ohio River. The ACHIEVEMENT was gently lifted from her chrysalis and set afloat. She rode on the draft marks Bibb had projected for her 20 years ago.

For some reason or another the word "posh" is not in our Webster. That's odd. We've been reading a fascinating new book "Supership" by the brilliant maritime writer Noel Mostert. His admiration for The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company often hits high C. His version of "posh:"

"The P & O Line has always made much of the fact that it gave the word 'posh' to English idiom. The word began life as a booking clerk's term in the late nineteenth century; it meant Port Out--Starboard Home, and a wise traveler of the day stipulated this formula when booking his cabin to the east and back for it put him on the shaded side of the ship both ways, away from the fiercest heat of the day on the passage through Suez and the Red Sea. Posh became a word that did for the whole style of passage by P & O, and it



NELSON JONES is owner of the sternwheel pleasure boat W. E. SULLIVAN. The hull is a skiff built by J. W. (Boone) Weaver, Jr., Weaver Skiff Works, Racine, Ohio--twenty feet long. She's powered with a 6 hp. Wisconsin driving a transmission with two speeds forward, neutral, and reverse. This is connected by chain to a jackshaft, and thence by chain to the paddlewheel sprocket. The paddlewheel was built in 1953 by J. W. Zenn for a similar boat operated by Ye Ed. Picture taken at Kanawha City, above Charleston, on Kanawha River, on the maiden voyage, August 24, 1973. Nelson is now building a trailer for the boat "so she may see other rivers besides the Kanawha."

was the sort of style which the North Atlantic, so vulgarly competitive on various levels of ostentation, never really achieved, except perhaps in the White Star ships, which in their day were much more the gentleman's way than even the genteel though less fashionable Cunarders were. They were floating country houses rather than floating hotels, offering the same impeccable protocols and mannered informality, and this was very much the tone of the P & O."

A standard joke amongst pursers and clerks of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers is the old lady who wanted her room "on the shady side of the boat." Behold. The P & O line actually provided such; how posh can a steamboat line get?

O-K CHAPTER OF S&D

by Jim Wallen

The quarterly membership meeting of the recently organized Ohio-Kanawha Chapter of S&D was held at 2 p.m., Sunday, November 3, 1974, at the Highlawn United Methodist Church, Huntington, with an interesting program and enthusiastic interest in carrying on the chapter.

In opening the meeting, R. Jerome Collins pointed out the importance of gathering and preserving the presently available material on the era of steamboating on the rivers so that it will be preserved as an essential and highly interesting part of the history of the U.S. Mr. Collins is president of the Chapter, and Herschel W. Burford was present as secretary.

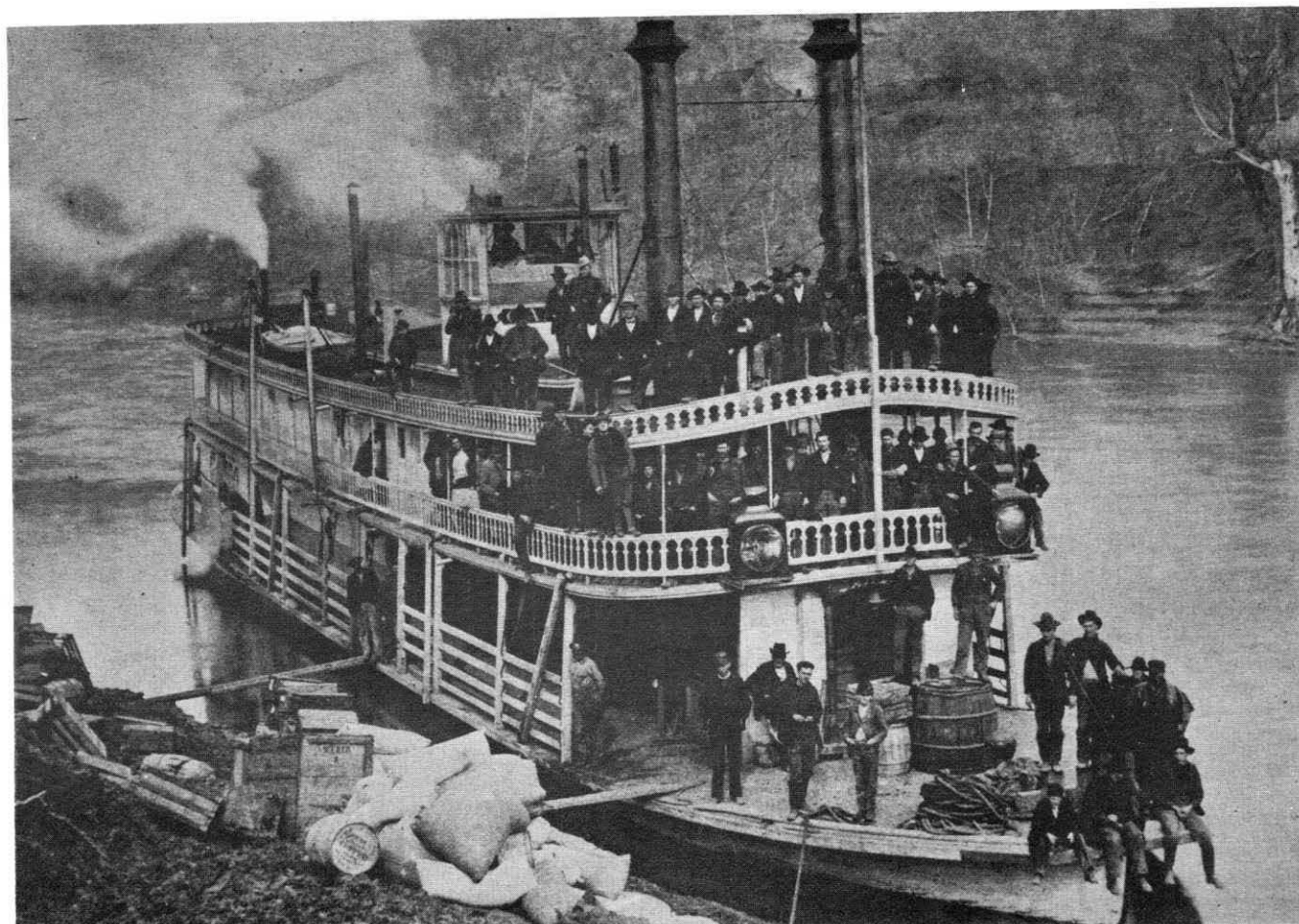
The meeting was begun with an

invocation by the Rev. Robert J. Chenoweth, Jr., pastor of the church.

Attention of the 28 present was centered on the slide presentation by Jerry W. Sutphin of the Huntington U.S. Engineers, showing the development of river craft from the canoe, flatboat, and keelboat, up to the larger and more dependable side-wheel and sternwheel steamboats. Jerry showed some low-water scenes on the Ohio before the advent of the first system of wicket dams and had a few scenes of work being done by the U.S. Engineers. There were several pictures of some of the distinctive types of boats such as the shallow draft craft that ran on the Big Sandy, Guyan, and Little Kanawha rivers. He used some of the slides to illustrate his point that the Big Sandy "batwing" side-wheelers were unique.

A number of those attending had steamboat photographs of their own to show, and these were quickly surrounded by mini discussion groups. Among those who brought such pictures were Capt. Ben Gilbert, Lee Marmet, and Jerome Collins. Those at the meeting were from Huntington, Charleston, St. Albans, Point Pleasant, Hurricane, and Kenova. Previous meetings of the chapter were held at St. Albans, Point Pleasant, and Huntington.

The next meeting, it was announced by Herschel Burford, secretary, will be held at 2 p.m., Sunday, March 9, 1975 in the library at St. Albans. A slide presentation of Kanawha River steamboats is on the program for this meeting.



FIRST RAILROAD up Big Sandy River from Catlettsburg, Ky. was the Chatteroi RR, commencing about 1885, terminating at Louisa. This was sopped up by the Chesapeake & Ohio which extended the rails to Richardson, 42 miles, along in the 1890's. Then the line was extended up to White House on Levisa Fork. In the early 1900's the C&O decided to extend another 58.3 miles to Pikeville, Ky. on Levisa. To handle White House-Pikeville traffic in the interim C&O built at Ashland, Ky. in 1899 a wood hull packet 127.6 by 23.8 christened CANDO. The very fine picture of her shown above appeared in the Louisville Courier-Journal & Times Magazine, issue of Oct. 20, 1974 credited to the Henry P. Scalf collection. Five S&D'rs promptly sent us copies to whom our thanks. The CANDO is said to have had much equipment, including machin-

ery, from the earlier packet C. C. MARTIN which had been dismantled at Wheeling. Bob Kennedy says the CANDO was at the mouth of Big Sandy on June 19, 1907 when a sudden wind squall broke her loose and she capsized. Her pint sized engines, 9 3/4" bore by 3 ft. stroke, were later used on a small-fry boat at Catlettsburg named GERALDINE. The CANDO had two boilers 42" by 26 ft. Partner to the CANDO was the DONCA built in 1901, some smaller, wood hull 109.5 by 18.4, and with miniature engines 8" bore by 30" stroke. After the C&O reached Pikeville (1904) the DONCA went to the Kentucky River. She sank behind the dike opposite Madison, Ind., was raised and dismantled. We've heard that her engines were put on the CHARLEY KREMER at Louisville in 1908, a boat used on Salt River.

Soon after our Dec. '74 issue was mailed to members Washington UPI correspondent Al Rossiter, Jr. picked up his phone and called Dr. Otto W. Nuttli, professor of geophysics at St. Louis University. Rossiter asked Dr. Nuttli for confirmation of what S&D REFLECTOR had said about the great New Madrid earthquakes of 1811-1812.

Dr. Nuttli differed with our version, rating the 1811-1812 quakes at 8 on the Richter scale (about the same as the San Francisco shake of 1906) instead of, as we reported, "total." He then went on to say that slight to moderate seismic activity continues in the central Mississippi valley, indicating that a very large quake could occur again.

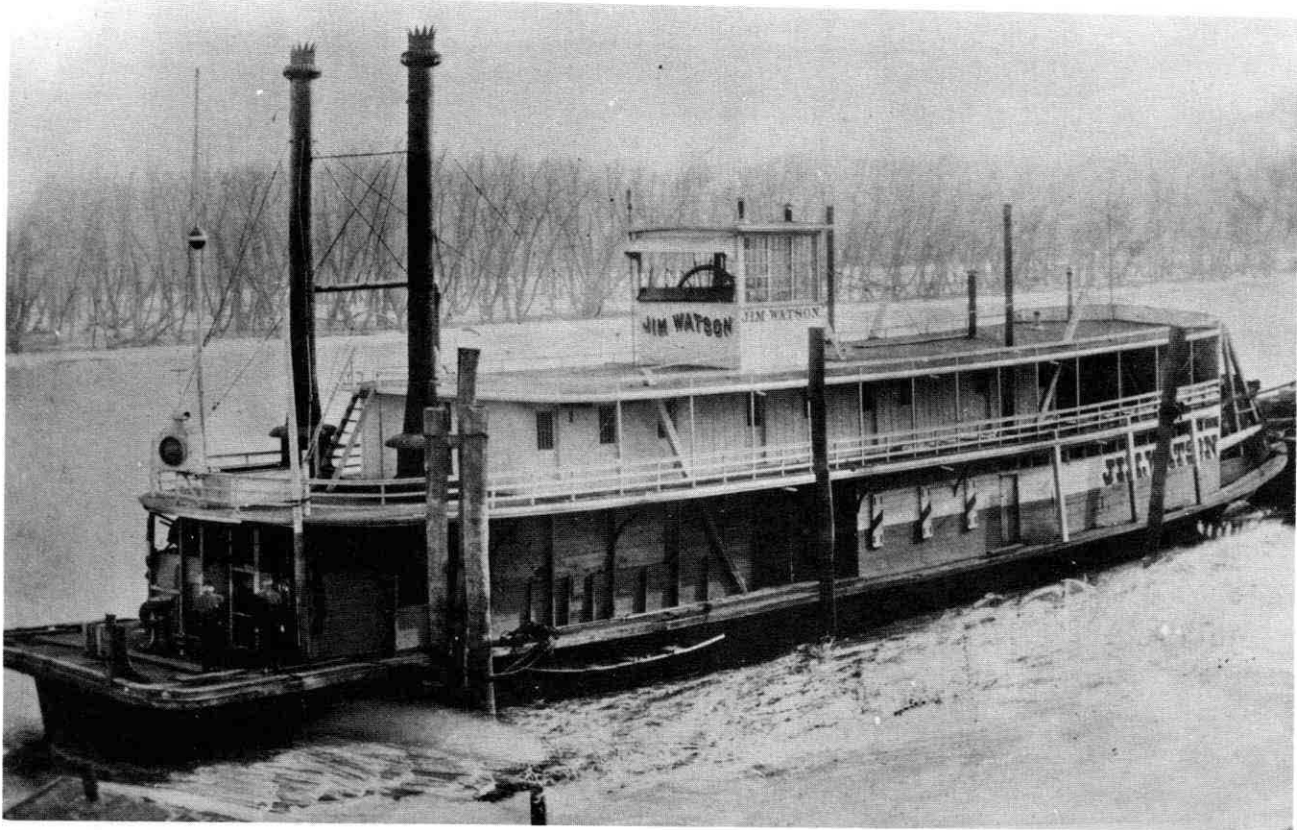
"Perhaps the greatest danger of all," Dr. Nuttli continued, "arises from the sense of complacency or perhaps total ignorance about the potential threat of a large earthquake recurring in the mid-Mississippi region."

Granted that such a cataclysm would pattern the 1811-1812 earthquakes, the critical areas would be the southeast part of Missouri, the northeast part of Arkansas, the southwest part of Kentucky and the northwest part of Tennessee.

The story elsewhere in this issue "Who Was Senator Cordill?" spurred us to send a copy of the March '71 issue containing the story of the SENATOR CORDILL to Russell E. Campbell, Ferriday, La.

He showed it to Beatrice L. Nathanson of "The Concordia Sentinel." Now, from what we gather, the S&D REFLECTOR story will be run with pictures in that newspaper.

We've happened on a note concerning the small side-wheel steel hull SABRINA. In March, 1904 she was sold to Charles Leib, Rockport, Ind., having previously been owned by Capt. John G. Eigenmann also of Rockport. Leib & Artman operated a sawmill. She was built 1880 at St. Louis for the Missouri River Commission, 83 by 13. She continued to be documented through 1918, and our suspicion is that Capt. Frank T. Rounds of Owensboro was the last owner.



ONLY ONCE IN A LONG TIME do we unearth an old Allegheny River towboat. Here is the JIM WATSON which towed barrels of oil out from Oil City to Pittsburgh in 1862. Also this is a picture of one of the oldest towboats we have seen. The JIM WATSON was built at California, Pa. in 1858 on a wood hull 126.8 by 28.6. She had two boilers and her engines were built by James Rees, 13½" dia. by 5 ft. stroke. Her first owner was Capt. Thomas M. Rees and her first skipper was Capt. L. F. L. Vandergrift. In 1862 she was owned by Adam Becker and commanded by Capt. Charles Bears. After being twice sold in 1863 she was bought by Valentine Horton, Mason City, West Va. Later she returned to Pittsburgh owned by Capt. J. H. Keeling who, in Jan. 1870, sold her to Broad, Hay & Co., Louisville, Ky., contractors who used her building bridges over the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers for the

Elizabethtown & Paducah RR (now part of IC). Next we know of her she was at St. Louis and in July, 1878 had been sold to an outfit based at Indianapolis who was towing walnut lumber out of the Missouri River. It is recorded that while owned by the Missouri River Transportation Co., Capt. Reneke, master, she sank at Amazonia, Mo. in 1882 "from unknown cause" and was raised successfully. Just prior to that time she had been running on the Osage River. We learn she was registered at Brash-ear, La. in 1892 and a river news note in 1895 reported her still in the South country "good as the day she was launched." Burned at New Orleans in February 1896 ripe with experience and 38 years of age. The above photograph was loaned to us by Bert Fenn who acquired it from the collection of the late Dr. Charles F. Leich of Evansville. Where or when it was taken is not known.

WHO WAS SENATOR CORDILL?

Charles Calvit Cordill was born on October 13, 1845, son of Joseph and Mary Jane Harmon Cordill of Claiborne County, Mississippi. The family removed across the river into Tensas Parish, Louisiana.

Charley Cordill enlisted in the Confederate Army, then 17, and served with the Tensas Cavalry. He returned to St. Joseph, La. and studied law, became probate judge in Tensas Parish, then was elected to the State Senate in 1880 and remained there for 28 consecutive years, was never defeated, and retired in 1908 of his own free will.

Among his accomplishments:

He made a fortune on the New Orleans Cotton Exchange.

He was known as the father of the Mississippi River levee system.

He was honored by having a river

steamboat named for him.

When he first came to the legislature in 1880 he became absorbed in obtaining money for adequate levee construction. As chairman of the state Senate Committee on Lands and Levees he saw that huge sums of state funds, as well as federal, were made available.

During his political career Cordill virtually lived in an apartment in the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans. He frequently entertained groups of country visitors from Concordia and Tensas parishes in a corner of the hotel lobby. He is said to have had few equals as a story teller.

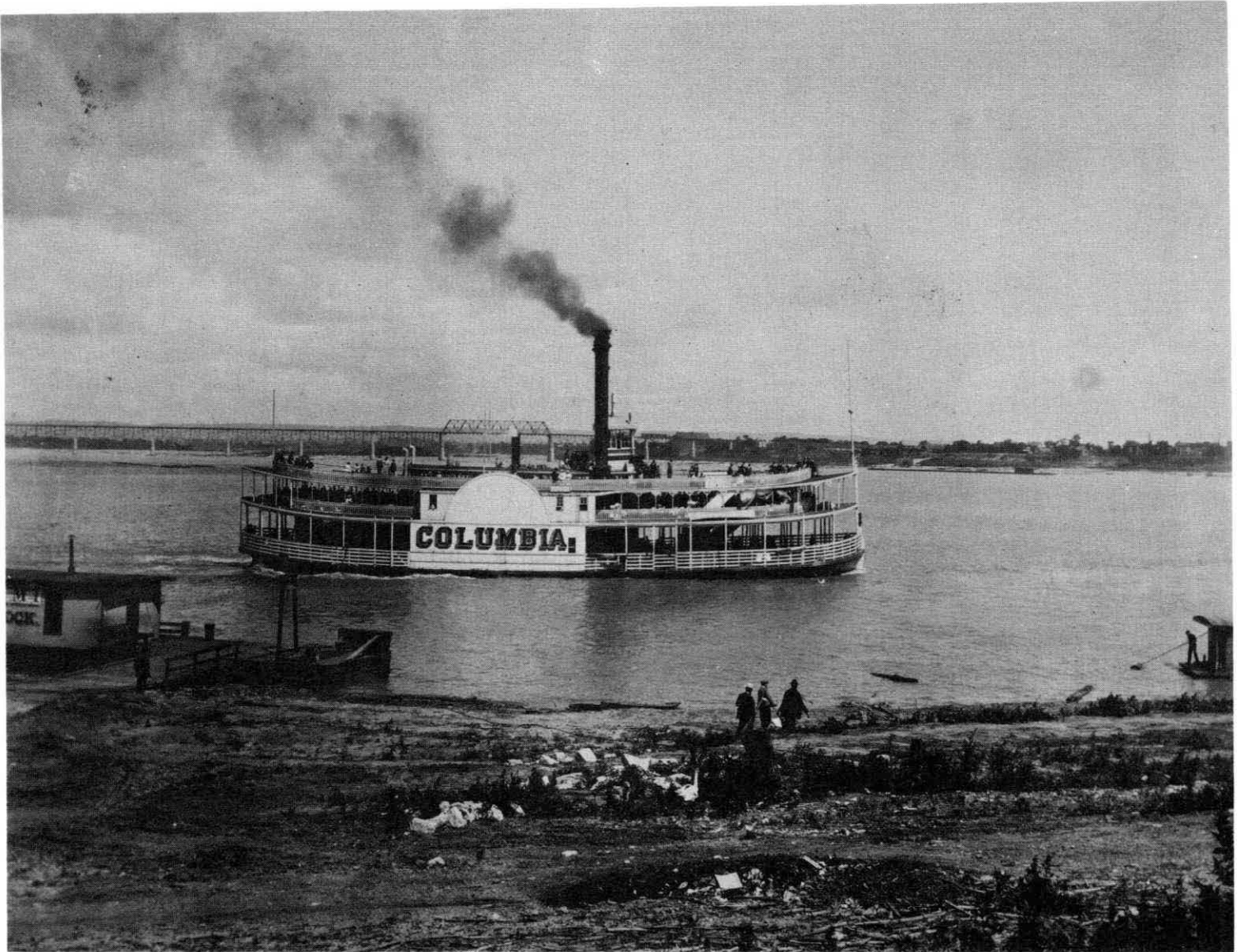
When he retired from business in 1909 he remained in New Orleans entertaining at the Boston Club. In 1913 he became ill and died three years later. Two of his brothers, Stephen H. Cordill of Franklin Parish and William J. Cordill of Tensas, also served in

the Mississippi State legislature. Other brothers were prominent in cotton and real estate in New Orleans. One brother moved to Cincinnati. A sister lived in Greenwood, Miss.

Senator Cordill never married.

For the above we are indebted to Russell Campbell, 413 Louisiana Ave., Ferriday, La. 71334. Says he: "Senator Cordill was an uncle of my late mother who's maiden name was Lucille Cordill." He supplied us with a copy of the Concordia Sentinel, issue of December 4, 1974 in which a story of Senator Cordill was featured, prepared by Bea Nathanson.

Conversation on the telephone on Friday morning, January 10, 1974:-
Ye Ed to Betty Blake: "Here's a question you don't have to answer if you don't care to: have you picked the name for the new boat?"
Betty B: "No."



BETWEEN 1903 and 1908 there were six passenger-carrying steamboats operating on the Western Waters all named COLUMBIA. Sort of like the Johns in the Way family you had to specify which one you were talking about (we've seen three John Way persons sitting in the same room talking with one another and all close kin). The COLUMBIA in the above picture was the biggest of the 1903-1908 crop, a combination excursion and ferry boat built at the Howard yard, Jeffersonville, Ind. in 1891. She was a three boiler job working independent side-wheels with engines 20" dia. by 6 ft. stroke lifted from her predecessor NEW SHALLCROSS which dated back to 1878. The hull of COLUMBIA was 170 by 35 by 6, and she was owned by the Louisville & Jeffersonville Ferry Co. She was sort of a municipal institution at Louisville, much as the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE is today. For instance when the QUEEN CITY carried U.S. congressmen down the Ohio in 1905 the COLUMBIA, bedecked in flags and bunting, met her at Twelve Mile Island and escorted her in to the harbor. On this ceremonious occasion Louisville mayor Charles F. Grainger, who also

was president of the Louisville Jockey Club, invited the congressmen headed by Hon. Theodore E. Burton, Cleveland, chairman of the U.S. Rivers and Harbors Committee, aboard the COLUMBIA for a trip down over the Falls (there was 44 ft. in the river) and an inspection of the locks. Eleven congressmen participated in this excursion and were returned in ample time for a sumptuous luncheon at Louisville's newest hotel, the Seelbach. Kentucky congressman Swager Sherley of Louisville was chief glad-hander. The COLUMBIA burned, laid up at the foot of Watt Street, Jeffersonville, at 2:30 p.m. on January 20, 1913.

The above picture shows the COLUMBIA full broadside departing Louisville. She really has two smokestacks. In the background is the lengthy Louisville Bridge & Terminal RR's bridge across the Falls as it appeared before rebuilt in 1910. The scheme of carrying the decks forward to cover the forecastle, hence no swinging stages, was unique and satisfactory. When the Ferry Company rebuilt the W. C. HITE into the CORONA they used this same plan.



Capt. Gordon W. Cooper
1896-1974

CAPT. GORDON W. COOPER
by C. W. Stoll

One of the best known master-pilots on the Lower Mississippi from the last days of the wooden coal-towing towboats through World War II, Capt. Gordon W. Cooper, died on Saturday, November 16, 1974 after a short illness. Gordon was 78 years of age, and was buried at Sturgis, Ky.

We last spoke with this good friend at the Ohio Valley Improvement Association meeting at the Galt House in Louisville for an all-too-brief moment on Oct. 31, and just a month later, as we were driving to the launching of the new passenger steamboat at Jeffersonville on November 30, someone read from The Waterways Journal that Gordon Cooper had died, which was hard to believe.

Correspondence with our mutual friend, Mrs. Mabel Wall, at the Ritz Hotel in Paducah where Captain Cooper resided after the Irvin Cobb closed, revealed that he entered the hospital in Paducah on November 11, and died shortly after noon on November 16. It was a shock to his many friends up and down the Ohio and Mississippi valleys.

Gordon was a tall, handsome man; stately in bearing, courtly in manner, with a command of the English language that was the envy of everybody who knew him. His grammar was perfect--his inflection was tinged with southern aristocracy, but strong, forceful and colorful when appropriate to express his opinions and reactions--which ran in the same vein. He loved fun and music and was an exceptionally graceful dancer and could be found close to the piano when anybody started a sing-a-long.

Captain Cooper was born in Caseyville, Ky. on August 14, 1896. His father and brother were both in the employ of the West Kentucky Coal Co., but Gordon chose to follow the river and did not really associate himself with that company until relatively late in his career. He began to steer on the big coal towboats running to the Lower Mississippi and was one of

the last of the wooden-boat pilots to bridge the time-gap to the modern diesel propeller towboats. He was fond of reminiscing about his days steering for Capt. Bob Boles, and the problems involved with those big fleets of wooden barges, as well as wooden boats.

He had a long career with the Federal Barge Line on the "city" as well as the "state" boats, and was one of the pilots who brought the first submarine down the river in a drydock on, as I recall, the MINNESOTA, which had a long stint towing that drydock. He later spent an extended period as master of the DPC steamer CORAL SEA.

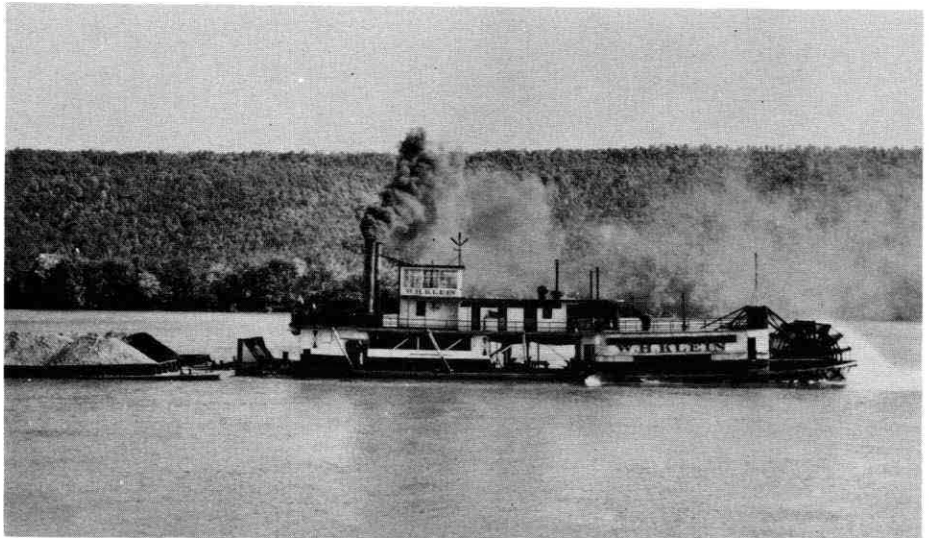
After the war he came back to Kentucky and became Marine Manager for West Kentucky Coal, with offices in Paducah, where he had charge of a fleet of modern diesel towboats and barges, including the MAMA LERE, the BABY LERE and where he was largely concerned with the design and construction of the MARK EASTIN, named for the president of West Kentucky. He officially retired on April 1, 1965, but continued to find ways to improve the EASTIN's handling ability, by building a model of her stern and rudders, and experimenting in a

large tank set up for that purpose.

One of his more colorful adventures was widely publicized when a group of students from Hollins College persuaded him to build a raft for them at Paducah, and then captain the party on a raft trip from Paducah to New Orleans. The raft was named ROSEBUD HOBSON for a Paducah graduate of Hollins, shortly after the turn of the century. He made many lasting friends on this trip, and was subsequently drafted into making a second such expedition for another group.

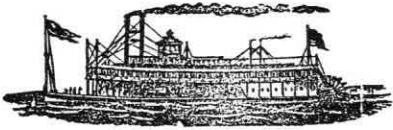
He was a regular attendant at the OVIA and MVA meetings, and settled down to a comfortable retirement in Paducah, reducing his activity gradually. He was a man of outstanding ability, integrity and color with a zest for life, and his passing leaves a void which his uniqueness makes it impossible to fill.

As of late January Roddy Hammett has been running on the COTTON BLOSSOM out of New Orleans and has made a few trips on the DELTA QUEEN as mate. How about that.



WHEN THIS TOWBOAT was built at Jeffersonville, Ind. in 1930 she became the first Ohio River boat in many years to go to Chattanooga. The steam U.S. lighthouse tender GREENBRIER went there in 1939. Then in 1940 the tourist steamer GOLDEN EAGLE tried it, and in 1942 the GORDON C. GREENE ventured those 464 miles up the Tennessee River. The W. H. KLEIN was built at the Howard yard, steel hull 121 by 28.5 by 4.7. She had Hegewald engines (the last set this New Albany firm built) 18" dia. by 6 ft. stroke and four (repeat four) boilers. Capt. Jesse P. Hughes took the above picture from the pilothouse of the GORDON C. GREENE during her first visit to Chattanooga in 1942. The Dixie Sand & Gravel Co. owned and ran the KLEIN until she was retired on March 14, 1953. Reason for her retirement was that Dixie Sand like so many others, "went diesel" at that time. They bought the W. F. McCREADY at Pittsburgh, changed her name to T. R. PRESTON, and you'll still find her in their fleet today although now renamed R. H. BAKER.

REGULAR GRANTSVILLE AND CRESTON PACKET.



March 11 1908

M. W. T. Wiant Return
TO **STEAMER WABASH**, DR.

J. HUFFMAN, Master. Damage for Goods Must be Claimed Within Five Days. In no case will Boat be Responsible for Goods After Leaving at Same Landing.

MARKS	TO FREIGHT ON	FREIGHT	CHARGES	AMOUNT
<i>Pkg</i>	<i>2 cases Eggs</i>			25
			<i>MB</i>	10
				35
				25
				5

JERRY DEVOL has supplied us with several old freight bills of particular interest. They concern sternwheel "gas boats" providing service for passengers and freight on the Little Kanawha River in West Virginia. All three bills shown here emphasize Grantsville as a regular destination. In 1908 when these bills were written, locks and dams provided slackwater to Creston, W. Va. at Mile 48.0. Thence to Grantsville, 30 miles, was a hard pull accomplished only in "high tide."

Jake Huffman of Grantsville had replaced his WABASH with the RETURN, explaining the crossed-out bill above. He built the RETURN at Grantsville in 1904, 65 by 9.8 by 1.9. The eggs noted on all three bills were consigned to W. T. Wiant, Parkersburg. Please note that Mr. Huffman bragged on his old WABASH as a "regular Grantsville and Creston packet."

Jake Huffman's partner in the RETURN was Otis E. Smith, also of Grantsville. The EDITH H (bottom) was built at Parkersburg in 1907, 64.6 by 12.3 by

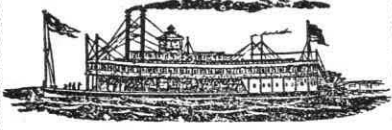
3. Note that J. B. Huffman is listed as master. Later on she ran regularly Creston-Owensport handling U.S. Mail, freight and passengers, owned and operated by John C. Richter (1917) and later George W. Richter, both of Sanoma, West Va.

We recall the RETURN when she was owned by Earl Cooper at Parkersburg about 1914. Jake Huffman built a second RETURN at Grantsville in 1912, some larger than the original of the name. She burned at Henderson's Landing on the Little Kanawha on Nov. 12, 1921, owned then by C. R. Richter of Creston and others.

The WABASH, RETURN and EDITH H may or may not have made trips above Grantsville--we don't know--but plenty of their contemporaries did so. Steamboats went to Glenville, Mile 103.4. During the oil and gas boom paddlewheel "gas boats" were not infrequent at Burnsville, Mile 122.5. It's quicker now to the moon than try dragging even a rowboat from Parkersburg to Grantsville.

"Steamer" on these bills means nothing; the pictures even less.

PARKERSBURG AND GRANTSVILLE FREIGHT AND PASSENGER PACKET. SMITH & HUFFMAN, OWNERS




March 24 1908

M. W. T. Wiant
TO
STEAMER, RETURN. DR.

All claims for shortage must be presented within two days. In no case will Boat be responsible for goods after leaving same at landing.

Remarks	To freight on	Freight	Charges	Amount
<i>Pkg</i>	<i>2 cases eggs</i>			10
				40
				50

PARKERSBURG AND GRANTSVILLE FREIGHT AND PASSENGER PACKET J. B. HUFFMAN, MASTER



Parkersburg W. Va 22 1908

M. W. T. Wiant
TO
Steamer EDITH H., DR.

All claims for shortage must be presented within two days. In no case will Boat be responsible for goods after leaving same at landing.

Remarks	To freight on	Freight	Charges	Amount
	<i>1 case eggs</i>			25
			<i>MB</i>	10
				35

Rec'd payment *W. T. Wiant* Clerk.

Actual size of these freight bills is 3½ by 8½".

BAT-WINGS and PUSH BOATS

Capt. Jesse P. Hughes was the master-pilot of the CRICKET, an extremely light draft packet, in the Catlettsburg-Pikeville trade at various times 1901-1904. Later he wrote several articles illuminating his experiences. We have been looking over some of his manuscript material, and to the best of our belief, the account presented on these pages has not been published. We think it is one of his best. -Ed.

When first I was introduced to the Big Sandy River in the early years of this century it was a rugged stream 28 miles in length, the carrier of much important traffic. For the whole of its 28 miles it is the boundary between West Virginia and Kentucky, up to the town of Louisa, Ky. There, at "the forks" the Tug corkscrews into the mountainous southern section of West Virginia. The Levisa drains the rough highlands of eastern Kentucky.

The city of Catlettsburg, Ky. at Big Sandy's mouth, its main business district facing the Ohio River, was the gateway, or entrepot, for the commerce of Big Sandy and its forks. Its commerce came alive annually about Christmas-time and continued, usually, in a feverish rush until Easter. This was the period of Big Sandy navigation, when rainfall swelled the forks.

At that time the C&O RR had a branch line 55 miles long from Catlettsburg to White House, and two small railroad steamboats, the CANDO and DONCA, connected upriver from White House to Pikeville. This link, important as it was, constituted but a fraction of the steamboat activity. Independent boats loaded out at Catlettsburg and also at Ashland with barreled flour, salt, groceries, hardware, drygoods and the like, consigned up Big Sandy and Levisa.

Definite information concerning river stages along Levisa Fork was not available at Catlettsburg. Hence laden steamboats often went up Big Sandy with high hope of getting through to Pikeville, but with no certainty, and frequently were confronted with shoals too shallow to navigate. In such circumstance they "laid by" at shore, idling, until rains fell to swell the channel, and then proceeded. Barring such interruption and with normal luck, three days and three nights would take a boat from Catlettsburg to Pikeville, 110 miles, and get her back again to Catlettsburg.

Due to the briefness of the navigating season cargo for the up-bound voyage was plentiful, so very plentiful that the concern was how much to take. An overloaded boat ran the risk of not being able to get through, and lose the profit of the venture idling at shore awaiting water.

For an Ohio River navigator, such as I was, Levisa Fork seemed very narrow and swift, and in fact was on the average about 150 feet wide from shore to shore. The small stream curved continually, and often abruptly, so that a pilot looked ahead at a sharp bend, and looked behind to see another such bend closing behind him. High wooded hills rose up from the shores in many places, and much of the valley was in forest. There were no settlements of consequence enroute.

The valley of Levisa Fork, and of the Big Sandy as well, was intensely black at night. There were no navigational aids of any sort. The only help a pilot had was provided by the glow of an oil-burning headlight, a box-like affair with a reflector. Let it be said, as risky as this business was, there were very few accidents. Big Sandy pilots, many of them not overburdened with refinement, were cautious nevertheless. On my first trip into the region I saw two boats meet at a chute so narrow and swift that there was room for but one of them. The downbound pilot killed out his headway and went to the bank, and hollered to the other to "Come on up through."

A quite usual part of our procedure was to supply groceries and necessities to dwellers of rude cabins perched on hillsides and in the narrow bottoms. Each such cabin was picturesque in its setting with blue smoke curling from its stone chimney. The occupants, usually a man and wife, several children and an assortment of foxhounds, were all on hand to greet the boat.

A "settlement" here and there had as its nucleus a country store with which we invariably did business. We collected the bill for goods delivered to these store-keepers at the time of delivery. The proprietor would produce from his pocket a large leather pocket-book and count out the cash. Many had bank accounts and settled by check, usually filled out with a pencil. Once in a while the boat clerk was asked to write out the check--the store owner could properly sign it. I say in all credit to these persons that no check ever handed to me along the Big Sandy or Levisa ever bounced.

Pikeville, the usual upstream terminal of such trips, was a modest little town surrounded by a circle of very high hills, the trading center of the region. The mail to Williamson, over on Tug Fork, was handled by a horseback rider. When Levisa was "up," he entered and departed Pikeville on the local ferry. During low water he forded the shoals at the lower end of town, and had a mark on the shore to show whether he could safely make the crossing and keep his mail bags dry. There were several good stores at Pikeville, and a bank, and a hotel, all adjacent to the wharf. The inhabitants were for the most part prosperous and were a friendly lot.

The usual Big Sandy steamboat was in a class by itself. The characteristics of Levisa Fork, its narrowness, crookedness, the frequently rock studded shores, and lack of depth, developed a peculiar craft which best suited the circumstances. The Big Sandy "bat wing" knew no counterpart on the Western Waters. The hull was a shallow barge approximately 20 by 125 feet with exposed side paddlewheels attached. A boiler supplied steam for two small and separate steam engines, each with a pulley flat-belted to a much larger pulley on the wheel-shafts. A very flimsy guard protected the wheels fore and aft. The outboard paddlewheel journal frequently had a slab of heavy meat rind as its base, an early attempt (and quite a success) as a self-lubricating bearing. The small tubular boiler required but one smokestack which arose in front of the pilothouse. There was a cabin of sorts, a flimsy bit of architecture, with minimal attempt at conveniences inside of it, a shelter from rain and weather, and haven for a rudimentary cookhouse. The separate paddlewheels and long rudders caused these boats to steer rather splendidly, even on the shoalest of water.

Such a boat had a short life expectancy, seldom over six or eight years. In such span she took on weight as any dowager will do, and became heavy of hull--and hence a liability. Often, in such state, the old hull was discarded and a new one supplied. The machinery and boiler were transferred. Although their active season on the Big Sandy was a relatively short one, a matter of three months annually or, at best, four months, these "mosquito fleet" packets often found summer employment on the Ohio River while that stream's sand bars were out for air. They served well as low water packets at Cincinnati, Parkersburg and Wheeling, and were not unknown at Pittsburgh. Slightly larger "bat-wings" had second deck cabins, and so were some heavier draft than their smaller brethren. The usual bat-wing, loaded, drew about 18 inches.

When the Big Sandy got too low for bat-wings, navigation did not come to a standstill. That's when the "push boats" appeared, light wooden flats, open hull, eight feet wide and sixty to eighty feet long. These were provided with no mechanical power whatever; the freight piled neatly about five feet wide for the length of the craft. Ten men were considered a push boat crew including the pilot holding the tiller of a big steering oar at the stern, a cook to make coffee and boil beans, and a crew of eight to handle the push poles at the sides. An unladen push boat drew four inches, and fully loaded about twelve inches.

Practically all cargo moved upstream and loaded push boats were no exception, a slow going and difficult task. Poling a push boat to Pikeville separated the

boys from the men. On the lower course of Big Sandy the job was not too arduous, the forward progress managed by running a 1" manila rope to a fastening ahead, usually a bush, and then pulling up on it; then repeating the operation successively, an art known locally as "cordelling." This was the handy method in stretches of relatively deep water. When the depth got to six feet or less the pull-&-haul tactic gave way to pole-pushing. These poles were eight to ten feet long, 2" in diameter, and capped at the business end with an iron band terminating at a point. Four men on a side pushed in unison, bow to stern, and then hustled back again to the bow to repeat the operation. A good day's run was fifteen miles, given reasonable luck.

Catlettsburg's waterfront was a fairly busy place during the season of navigation. Aside from the bat-wings and push boats, the Ohio River packets patronized the local wharfboat. Rafts of timber from the "forks" were made up into larger rafts destined to the boat-yards at Cincinnati, Madison and Jeffersonville. The raft hands, liberated following the strenuous exercise and exposure of bringing down the logs from Tug and Levisa, were inclined to celebrate at Catlettsburg before embarking on a bat-wing burdened only with a hangover for their return to homes in the hills. For these young men it was the big event of the year, and for the merchants and saloon-keepers of Catlettsburg likewise.

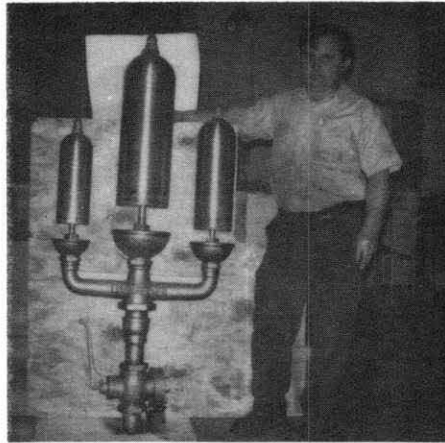
Sirs: Mrs. Frank McMahan of Wade, O. has just finished reading to me over the telephone the S&D REFLECTOR story regarding my great-great grandfather Captain James Sheets (Dec. '74 issue, page 25). Through a stroke of genial fortune a handful of Captain Sheets' letters recently turned up, 1853 through 1866, and they give a partial glimpse of his life during these years. I'm enclosing a typed copy of one of them, just for fun.

(Mrs.) Diana W. Hott,
Box 323,
New Matamoras, O. 45767

=Welcome to Mrs. Hott and also her son Wynn Clyde Hott who have joined S&D. The letter she enclosed was written by Capt. Sheets to his wife Elizabeth Burris Sheets dated at New Orleans January 9, 1861:

Dear Lizzie: I take the opportunity to address you a few lines to let you know I am well and we leave for Yazoo river tomorrow. Anthony has gone back to the Ohio with the SUNNY SOUTH. I send you ten dollars. I would sent it sooner but the boat has been short of money. I will send you some more when we come back. There is hot times here. There is a steamboat load of men going to take the forts tonight. By storm. She lays along side of us. If things get too hot I will come home. There is Bound to Be War. Louisiana went out yesterday of the Un-

ion. For my part I am a Bell man and I am all right. You must write as soon as you get this. Write care of P. A. Shaw, New Orleans, La. If this money won't pass get Morley to change it for you. And so goodBy. From your companion JAMES SHEETS. -Ed.



WHISTLE REBUILT FOR NATCHEZ

Jess L. Coen, president of the Frisbie Engine & Machine Co., 2635 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O. 45214, sends us the above picture. His firm rebuilt the old whistle formerly on the South Side Works of Jones & Laughlin Steel, Pittsburgh. All whistle bowls and sound plates were bronze welded and remachined to Lunkenheimer's original specifications. New stainless steel stems were made for all three bells. The steam valve was resealed. The Frisbie firm shipped the rebuilt whistle to New Orleans last December where it will be placed on the new excursion steamer NATCHEZ. Jess Coen reports that "the tone qualities were excellent when tested on our low pressure equipment."

The three-bell Lunkenheimer was brought to S&D through the kindness of Raymond D. Powell of J&L. S&D presented it to Wilbur and Bill Dow for use on the NATCHEZ. It was delivered to Cincinnati last June on board the DELTA QUEEN and Capt. Ernie Wagner rigged it up on the DQ and blew it for about a week. Thence it went to the Frisbie shop for the repairs noted above.

Susan H. Eastman, 928 Northdale Drive, Alton, Ill. 62002 is putting together a river museum in the Alton Museum of History and Art. "It is not our intention to build a collection to compete with that in Marietta or in the Jefferson Memorial in St. Louis. Such an undertaking would be impossible financially and unnecessary intellectually," she says and adds "but we do believe that there is a strong foundation for the preservation of river history relative to the Alton area as the river has been, is now, and will hopefully continue to be an important asset to this area. On that basis, we at the Museum proceed to do valid

honor to the river at Alton; past, present, and future."

Dick Simonton missed attending the launch of Hull #2999 at Jeffboat. Early in November he and his wife and her mother went to the Philippines. While the ladies did a three-week tour of the Hawaiian Islands Dick visited Japan. They barely made it home for Christmas.

Alvah P. (Tony) Stutes, last surviving crew member of the old VALLEY GEM and former lockmaster at Muskingum River Lock 4 (see last issue, page 25) died, 92, at Beverly, Ohio, Thursday, December 19, 1974. He is survived by his wife Mabel Copeland Stutes. They were married on June 27, 1908. Burial was in the Beverly Cemetery.

THE LEAD LINE

Every now and again we have requests for the markings on the lead (pronounced led) line used in sounding depths on the Mississippi River. The usual line is handily made from a hank of sash cord with a weight (a bar of solder is about right) secured at the business end. The fractions are identified by knots and strips of leather.

10½ ft.	Quarter less twain
12	Mark twain
13½	Quarter twain
15	Half twain
16½	Quarter less three
18	Mark three
19½	Quarter three
21	Half three
22½	Quarter less four
24	Mark four

Soundings above mark four are called out "No bottom." Some of the lines are graduated only to mark three, in which case "no bottom" is depth in excess of 18 ft. The line is cast, read, then called back to the pilot. Biggest drawback these days is finding a person who can "call" the lead; he "sings" it literally in a studied, haunting cadence, a special bar for each sounding, no two alike. What the pilot hears is the song; not the words.

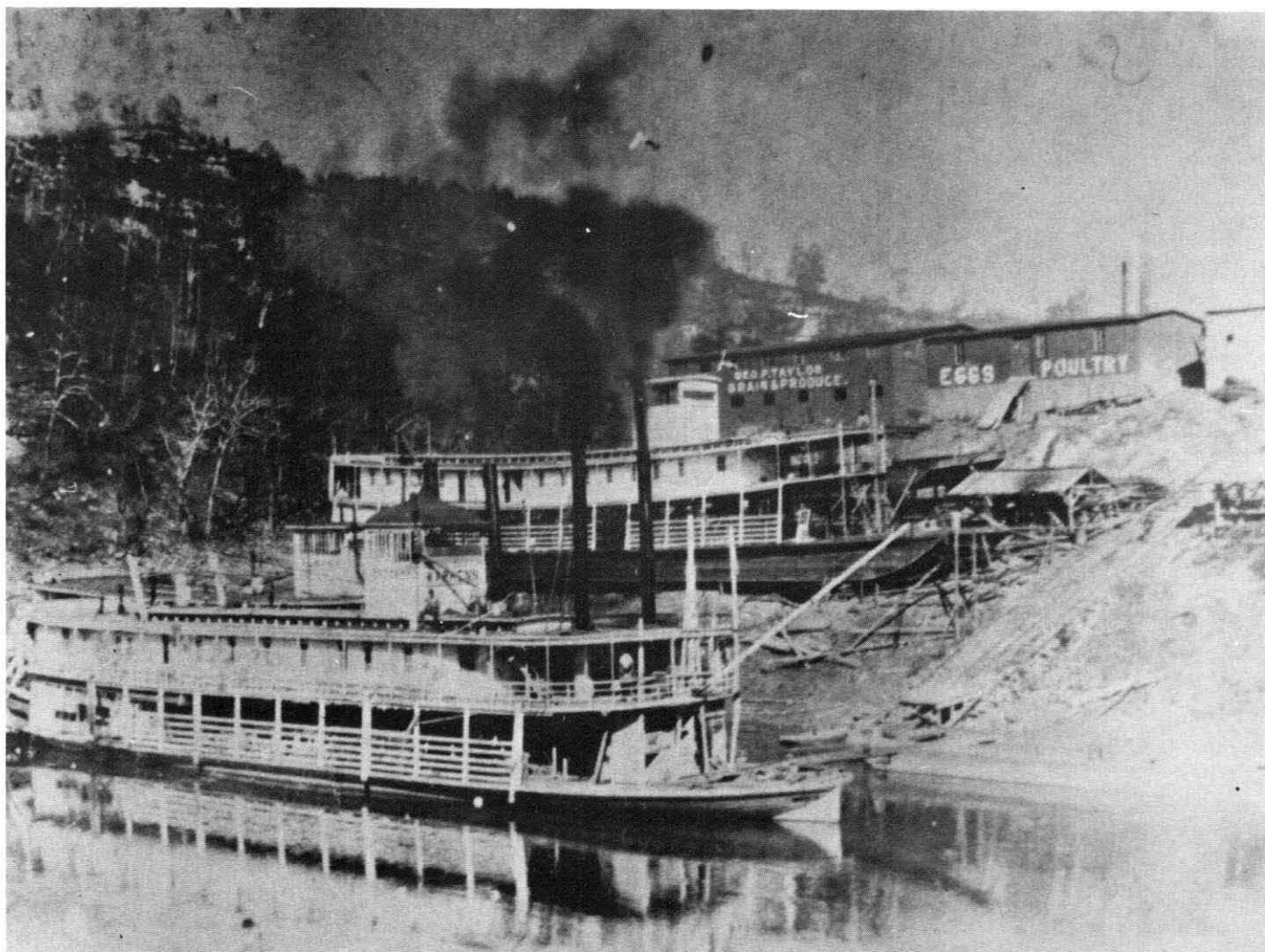
Twenty-five years ago March 27th the towboat WACOUTA was lost in wind swells on the Mississippi opposite Helena, Ark. She had been laid up for some time with only a watchman aboard who got off safely. Capt. A. C. Johnson of Helena was the owner. He had bought her several years before lying sunk at Helena, raised her, and had offered her for sale with no success. We have never learned where the name "Wacouta" came from, and the only reference we see is that of a railroad station on the Milwaukee RR. in Minnesota. --Pretty far fetched for a steamboat built to tow iron on the Tennessee River. Maybe the Watkins family who headed Arrow Transportation Co. came from Minnesota---maybe Wacouta, Minn. Anybody know?

Stuart (Stu) Wilson, who operates the towboat NANCY KELLY based at his hometown Wellsville, O. has recently purchased the floating equipment of the New Richmond, O. ferry, formerly operated by Meredith Barnes. This includes an 8-vehicle ferry flat named CLERMONT and a diesel pusher named CAMP-BELL. Stu Wilson plans to build a

side-wheel ferry at Wellsville to serve traffic across the Ohio to the Waterford Downs race track. She's to be named CAPT. BEN WAY, honoring a pioneer Wellsville skipper whose home still stands on the riverfront in service now as a funeral home.

SEE YOU AT S&D WEEK-END SEPT. 13.

Actual black and white photographs of all of the 28 boats operated over the years by Greene Line Steamers of Cincinnati, either by ownership or by charter, are available from ROCK HILL PHOTOS, Capt. C. W. Stoll, Mockingbird Valley Road, Louisville, Ky. 40207 in post card size \$12; in 5x7 size \$53 or 8x10 enlargements \$80.



STEAMBOAT PICTURES pop up in the oddest places. This one was handed to us in Birmingham, Mich. by Woody Rutter and originated with the Cumberland Studio run by James Slaughter on North Central Ave., Somerset, Ky. Near as we can sleuth it was taken in early November, 1904 at Burnside, Ky. at the headwaters of the Cumberland River, an impressive 516.4 miles from the Ohio.

In the foreground making smoke is the trim packet WARRENN with a dome on top of her pilothouse, and skylights. She was about the same size as the first CHRIS GREENE, wood hull 134.4 by 26. She was built, of all places, at Diamond Bluff, Wis., a hop-skip below the mouth of the St. Croix River in 1900 and originally was named TWIN CITY. What part she played in the river traffic at St. Paul is not known to us. Within a year or so she showed up on Green River in Kentucky, doing what we again know not, and was renamed WARRENN. Bowling Green is the county seat of Warren County (with but one 'n') so why the two? She wound up her days short-trading out of Burnside at the early age of seven, stranded and dismantled at Burnside on Oct. 9, 1907.

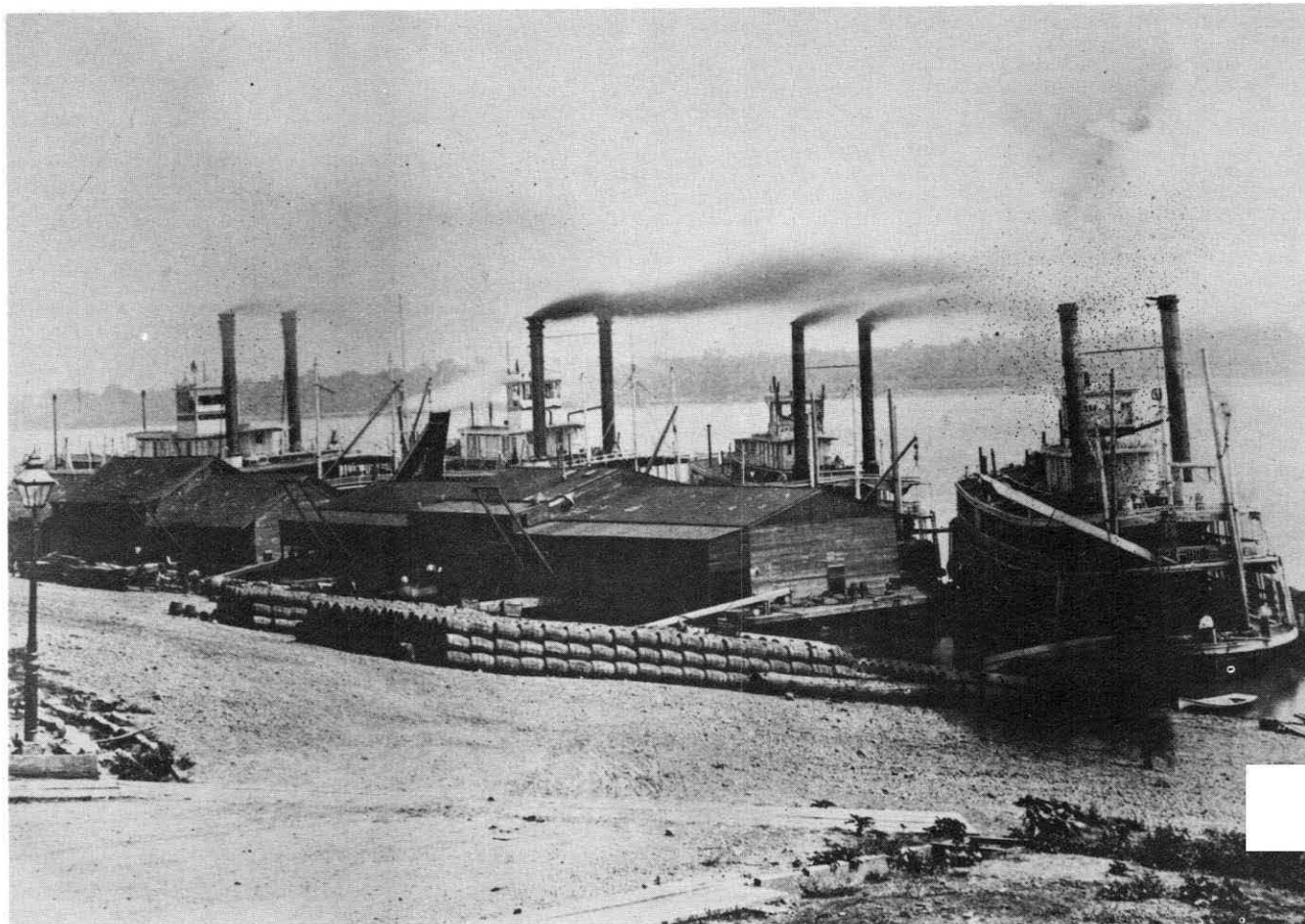
In behind the WARRENN, barely showing save for

stacks and pilothouse is the three-boiler towboat ALBANY built at Burnside in 1901, wood hull 120 by 21.

The packet under construction on shore is what took our eye for we'd never seen her before. Our hunch is that she's the third BURNSIDE built in 1904 which didn't live long enough to tell much of a tale. She was moored at McMillin's Landing on the Cumberland on her maiden trip where a can of oil used in painting the boat overturned and set the boat afire; she was a total loss. This happened on Dec. 31, 1904. She was replaced by the better-known ROWENA also built at Burnside. Please to note that the boat on the stocks has a scow bow which rules out that she's the ROWENA which had a model bow.

The sign on the warehouse reads GEO. P. TAYLOR, GRAIN & PRODUCE, and on over to the right, EGGS--POULTRY. The warehouse and elevator of the Burnside & Burkesville Transportation Co. is at the extreme right. The principals were Cincinnati men, C. W. Cole, president, and A. B. Massey, secretary. In 1941 your scribe visited Burnside in company with Sandbar Zenn and Fred D. Morrison, where we met and talked with Tom Lewis who had been B&B's superintendent at Burnside.

Life just isn't that simple anymore.



IRVIN S. COBB was about ten or eleven years old when this picture was taken at Paducah. The packets from the left are the HUDSON, IDLEWILD, J. P. DROUILLARD and W. A. JOHNSON. Capt. J. Frank Ellison's HUDSON (see Sept. '74 issue) was running Paducah-St. Louis. The sternwheel IDLEWILD ran

Evansville-Paducah and originally was named ARIADNE when built at Cincinnati in 1879. The J. P. DROUILLARD, named for an iron magnate of Nashville, was a Ryman Line Paducah-Nashville local. The W. A. JOHNSON ran Paducah-Florence on the Tennessee. The picture was taken approximately 1886-1887.

Woody Rutter has supplied us with an excerpt from the autobiography of humorist Irvin S. Cobb (1876-1944) titled "Exit Laughing" published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, 1941. What we are about to relate appears in his chapter called "Before I Forget It."

THERE NEVER WAS but one Paducah; there never will be but one Paducah. So Paducah's loyal, boastful children claim. I'm claiming it for her, too.

I was well along in my teens before the inter-related steamboating interests ceased to dominate the picture. Until then the river either touched our lives or furnished the living for nearly every household---tragically took its toll from them too. From the very beginnings, when a cluster of log huts sprang up about a woodyard and a hand-ferry at the mouth of the Tennessee, this had been true. Indeed there might never have been any town here at all were it not for three great rivers funneling

together within a stretch of fourteen miles to feed into the nearby Mississippi a flow almost as great as the mighty mother's stream's. Or if there were a town decreed it would have found its place in the range of low hills farther back, rather than along the flattened lands facing the low banks where floods could menace it and, on occasion, devastate it.

On a single day in the flush years I've seen ten or twelve steamers, lordly deep-bellied sidewheelers and limber slender sternwheelers, ranked two or three abreast at the landing; and the inclined wharf, from the drydocks almost up to the marine ways, literally blocked off with merchandise incoming or freight outgoing--cotton in bales, tobacco in hogsheads, peanuts in sacks, whiskey in barrels and casks, produce and provender of a hundred sorts. Transfer boats, and ferryboats and fussy tugs and perhaps a light-house tender or a government "snag boat" would be stirring about; both of the squat scowlike wharf

-boats bulging with perishable stuffs; "coonjining" rousters bearing incredible burdens and still able to sing under their loads, swearing mates and swearing "mud-clerks," drays and wagons and hacks and herdics rattling up and down the slants; twin lanes of travelers dodging along the crowded gangplanks; a great canopy of coal smoke darkening the water front; a string band playing on the guards of some excursion steamer; maybe, for good measure, a calliope blasting away from the top deck of a visiting showboat--French's New Sensation, or Robinson's Floating Palace, or Old Man Price's; scape pipes shrilling and engine bells jangling; and, overriding all lesser sounds, the hoarse bellow of the whistle between this or that pair of lofty stacks as one of the packets gave notice of her departure.

Barring floodtimes with which no human hands could cope, only mid-summer brought a slackening-off in these profitable ramifications; not always though but frequently.

Those years the channels shoaled and kept on shoaling until the bars stood up high, like great turtles bleaching their backs in the heat, and the "chutes" went bone-dry and in formerly convenient "cut-offs" only the catfish and the gars and the buffalo fish might navigate--and sometimes even they got sunburnt. Regular liners hunted the bank then and stayed there, and the owners fumed and prayed for torrential rains at the headwaters and the pessimists amongst them lamented that in this accursed business it was always either a feast or a famine; while the crews temporarily transferred to the "mosquito fleets," these being chartered boats of such skimpy draft that, as the saying went, any one of them could run on a heavy dew. But let a general break occur in the weather and the lean pickings would be at an end in a jiffy.

And pretty soon then, coming on the crest of the fall rise, the big towboats from the "Head of the Hollow" would go chugging by out in mid-current, each one shoving acres of loaded coal barges before her squared bows, and their yawls racing in for provisions and supplies, then racing back out to overtake the plodding convoys. This also was an approved season for the lumbermen to drift down the Tennessee with their huge rafts, and the rafts would be broken up and the timbers imprisoned by the thousands within the "gunnels" of the sawmills and the woodworking plants along shore. Some of the raftsmen got impounded too--in the calaboose. For with all that good log money in their pockets they went on most gorgeous sprees.

Later, when ice had locked the Missouri and the Upper Mississippi and the Upper Ohio, the inner two-mile stretch of Owen's Island, for all the way between the lower towhead and the farther tip where it aimed at Livingston Point, would be lined and often in favored anchorage double-lined and triple-lined with all fashion of craft brought hither to "lay up" in the safest winter haven for a thousand miles of tributary waterways--the famous Duck's Nest. And over on the town side snuggled amongst the protecting fringes of willow and cypress where Island Creek emptied in, would be a jumble of "shanty boats" and "joe boats" populated by amphibious guilds; fishermen and trappers and market-gunners; poachers and foragers; cobblers and tinkers; peddlers, fortune tellers, "root-and-yarb doctors," itinerant preachers of curious creeds; ginseng-diggers, tie-hackers, mussel-dredgers; owners of "tintype galleries" and penny peep shows; floating junk collectors, Cheap Johns and Jacks-of-all-trades, dealers in live bait and in notions and knickknacks and dubious patent medicines, all hibernating together until spring sent them voyaging upstream or down, with their babies and their dogs, their trotlines and their gill nets, to spend nine months of

pure gypsying.

LOW WATER-FARERS, whether the water be salt or fresh, have always been a separate subspecies, more picturesque than plodding stay-at-homes. It was so with us. Our deck hands were swaggering bravos who talked a strange professional jargon and counted themselves a hardier breed and a more reckless one than their brethren ashore. Our mates notoriously were trigger-fingered. Once aboard, masters and pilots became imperious overlords. It was a chancy calling which these mariners of ours pursued and they carried themselves accordingly. If you couldn't snap your fingers in the face of danger you couldn't qualify. For the river, which gave these men their daily bread, was not alone an uncertain provider but a most fickle mistress. There was no taming her. She was like a snake which wriggled sluggishly along in seasons of drought, only to strike, like a snake, when the onrushing freshets put a twisting, swirling viciousness into the swollen coils. Moreover, what with boilers to blow up and snags to rip the bottoms out of lightly built hulls and fires to turn the matchwood upper structures into flaming furnaces and some quick fierce storms to capsize a heavy laden carrier, it was a small wonder--it was no wonder at all--that the lines of graves in the cemeteries were punctuated with the headstones of those who had lived by the river and by it had lost their lives.

Sometimes the same surname recurred on the slabs. For there was a clannishness, a sort of freemasonry about the whole thing. If your father "followed the river" it rather was expected that you, growing up, would travel the same lane. For a typical example take my father's case. As far back as 1818 his grandfather, shrewd and forehanded Vermont Irishman that he was, had given up keelboating to buy part ownership in the first steam-driven craft that plied the Cumberland River. At the peak of the family fortunes my father's father controlled a small fleet of short-haul steamers, manned largely by his own slaves. And my father himself was a steamboatman--with a master's license and, for the better part of his life, a place as traffic manager of a navigation company, so that the unbroken span of operations for his people extended through upwards of seventy years.

SO IT WENT. If you were a Rollins or a Pell or a Beard you almost inevitably were destined to be a pilot. There were eleven Pells who had held pilots' papers, including "Yankee" Pell who against his private principles, had been pressed to steer a Federal gunboat, and "Rebel" Pell who quit his wheelhouse to fight under Forrest; Slick Pell who was smooth-shaven and Curly Pell who wasn't; Big Ed and Little Ed, Old

Charley and Young Charley and Young Charley's Charley, all sizes and ages, but all Pells. The Dunns usually were pursers, just as a young Hoey or a young McMeekin was a potential mate, and a Dozier was destined for an engineer's berth. An Owen inevitably would be in the ferryboat traffic. Through three generations the Fowlers were steamboat owners--the name was renowned from New Orleans to Pittsburgh, for they also owned wharfboats and a "boatstore." And the lives of two of them were sacrificed to the greedy waters. One, before my time, burned to death after a boiler exploded and the other, a handsome promising lad serving his apprenticeship as a junior officer, was drowned doing rescue work when a sinking occurred in the nighttime.

MY MOTHER'S ELDEST SISTER was married to one of these Fowlers, who died fairly young from the after-effects of the privations he had endured as a trooper in Morgan's Cavalry; hence, submitting to a cruel edict then prevalent, she wore the mourning garb ordained for widows for almost half a century until the end of her days. Those black folds cloaked a lady whose tongue was a lancet tipped with a mordant and a devastating humor. Most witty women, I've noticed, do carry chilled-steel barbs in their wit. My Aunt Laura stung her victims in a mortal spot and then left them where they fell. In her circle of intimates was a rather elderly spinster who so flutteringly was taken up with good deeds and club activities that she sometimes overlooked the soap-and-water attentions which a less zealous gleaner in the grape arbors of the Lord might have bestowed upon herself. In her absence---which was fortunate for all concerned--some one referred to this devoted Dorcas as being wishy-washed. Up spoke Aunt Laura. "She may be wishy," she stated briskly, "but God in Heaven knows the woman is not washy."

Speaking of Aunt Laura reminds me of a little thing which came to pass on a long-ago Easter morning. Betimes, my mother and my aunt went around the corner to their own church where they were convinced the Almighty naturally would make His headquarters when, as and if, in Paducah. Having worshiped after the somewhat bleak formulas of old-line Presbyterianism, they decided to call in at the Episcopal Church to observe how the communicants there carried on, what with a surpliced choir and alter drapes and, by the standards of these two, other practices bordering on the semi-idolatrous. They expected the worst, seeing that the parish had lately acquired a new clergyman out of Virginia and he was inclined to be High Church or, at least highfalutin, and the rumor was that he had insisted on some ultra-formalistic innovations for the

service this day. At the door the pair of them were met by a youngish vestryman whom they had known all his life. As he ushered them, he murmured, "Good morning, Mrs. Fowler, good morning, Mrs. Cobb"; and then, obviously pestered and as obviously obeying instructions from the rector, he added: "Christ has risen."

"Ah, indeed," said Aunt Laura grimly, and lifted her nose--she had a gift for nose-lifting--and sniffed a sardonic sniff.

Halfway up the aisle, their abashed escort turned them over to a senior vestryman, Mr. M. B. Nash, who likewise was an old and, ordinarily, a greatly esteemed friend.

Motioning them to places in a pew reserved for visitors, Mr. Nash, also betraying the embarrassing signs of having been rehearsed, half-whispered:

"Christ has risen."

"Yes," said Aunt Laura in a chilled, far-carrying tone, "so Lawrence Dallam was just telling us---it must be all over town by now."

THE TITULAR HEAD of the Fowlers in those times was deep-voiced and big-framed Cap'n Joe Fowler, my aunt's brother-in-law, and on various counts he enjoyed more than a parochial repute. If he got angry, which he frequently did, or excited, which he did almost daily, or was deeply moved, he stammered to a dead halt and could only regain the power of coherent speech by saying "Dam' it to hell!" It wasn't swearing exactly, it was the only prescription he had for getting under way again. Through stress of emotion, he was known to have whipped out a vehement "Dam' it to hell!" while endeavoring to utter words of condolence in a household newly bereft. From the stub of a poisonous black cigar he lighted a fresh one. My father had the same habit, and like my father, Cap'n Joe would chew tobacco while smoking. Although a well-educated man, he generally chose to speak in the pithy vernacular of the harbor front. And he had a fine talent for satire. His favorite loafing place was the front porch of the old Fowler-Crumbaugh boat store at "Monkey Wrench Corner" whence he could command a view of the union of the rivers. It was from that porch that Cap'n Joe had descended when he saw a lady tourist come up the slope of the land from a south-bound excursion steamer, carrying in the crook of one elbow the first Mexican hairless dog ever seen in those parts--a timorous tiny creature which sounded off in thin treble, rather like an infuriated canary, as he approached.

"Madam," drawled Cap'n Joe and removed his hat with a sweeping gesture, "pardon me, but might I ask what that thing is you're totting in your arms?"

"That," she said, "is a dog."

"Is it your dog?"

"It is."

"Is it the only dog you've got?"

"It is."

"Madam," said Cap'n Joe, "ain't you mighty nigh out of dog?"

I've heard this story attributed to others but I prefer to think credit belongs where I have here placed it.

FOR ME, UNTIL I WAS BIGGER than frying size, Cap'n Joe had daunting potentialities. It was to him I owed an emotional shock dating back, I'd say, to about my seventh year--a shock so profound that the details of it remained everlastingly inscribed on the tablets of my memory. On a warm evening my father took me "downtown" to the corner of Locust Street and Broadway where the rival bands of two adjacent variety shows were giving what by courtesy were called concerts. Since both bands played at once, each trying to drown out the other, the combined result was most exhilarating to my infantile tastes. We were standing in the doorway of Sweatman & Roundtree's drugstore when Cap'n Joe, who had been talking with my father, broke off to advance threateningly upon Mr. Lev. Singleton, toward whom, for the moment, he entertained a pique. It would seem that warnings had been exchanged so, naturally, at sight of the enemy, Cap'n Joe reached for his hip and out came a shiny, long, brass-mounted six-shooter. But either Mr. Singleton was not equipped for battle or he had lost his desire to shed blood. He whirled and dodged through the store, heading for the rear, with Cap'n Joe lumbering along behind him and, for the fun of the thing, firing into the ceiling while the crowd, catching the spirit of the sport, roared with laughter. But there were at least two who did not laugh--long-legged Mr. Singleton, leaping convulsively at each shot, and short-legged Master Cobb. I was well on my way home before my father could overtake me and I had been tucked in bed and had my head under the covers before I regained a measure of calmness.

Not more than two days later and being still in a jittery state, I was lingering at "Monkey Wrench Corner" with my younger brother John, waiting for our father who was busy at his affairs inside the building. Presently he would join us and together we would go to supper. All at once the bulk of Cap'n Joe loomed in the porch doorway right alongside me. He didn't seem to see us; was staring at something--cluttered shipping of some sort--sheltered under the lea of the island. Suddenly he brought his right hand out from behind his back and I heard a mechanical snap, like a trigger cocking, or so it seemed to me, and I caught a gleam of brass fittings as he lengthened the bore of an extended, tubular device and brought one end of it up even with his squinted eye, swinging the farther end out into space above my head. I had never before seen a collapsible spyglass, but only

two nights before I had seen this fearsome giant going into action with a weapon which, to my stricken gaze, greatly resembled the present barrel-like contrivance except that this one, being larger, presumably would be deadlier and make louder blasts when it went off.

Into my brother's ear I screamed, "Run, run, he's going to shoot!" Not once turning my head to see whether he followed me, I left there; anyhow, being smaller, he couldn't possibly have kept up with me. This time I got all the way home and tore around the house--the front door might be locked--and bursting into the kitchen, collapsed in an exhausted heap at Mandy's feet.

Eventually I got over my aversion to firearms---gunning long since became my favorite sport---but it took time. It took a lot of time.

AS YOU WERE

BY JIM BAKER



-Marietta Times

The U.S. side-wheel GEN. BARNARD went to Galena, Ill. and was there on June 22, 1899 according to information on a post card depicting the event. Recently Louis Harle of Dubuque, loaned another, and much better, view to the Telegraph-Herald of Dubuque and it was published in their "Way Back When" column. The compulsion to take this 215-foot steamboat up the Galena (or Fever) River escapes us, but that she went there is a fact verified by the photographs. We are indebted to Irvin M. Shrake of Savanna, Ill. for bringing this to our attention. The GEN. BARNARD looks ship-shape in the pictures despite, we believe, that she was in the final year of operation. She was built in 1879. In 1900 the COL. A. MACKENZIE replaced her in U.S. service. The last steamboat to Galena was the HELEN BLAIR on April 27, 1913. Capt. Walter Blair took her there "just for the heck of it."

The triple-prop JASON was the vanguard of a fleet of 10,500 hp. towboats now delivered or building for Mississippi service. She was built at the Dravo yard, Neville Island, Pa. for Union-Mechling.

The others:

LILLY M. FRIEDMAN built by Dravo for the Valley Line.

W. J. BARTA built by Dravo for the Valley Line.

Forthcoming are the:

ACADIAN JANE built by Dravo for an undisclosed customer.

ARGONAUT built by Dravo for the

Union-Mechling.

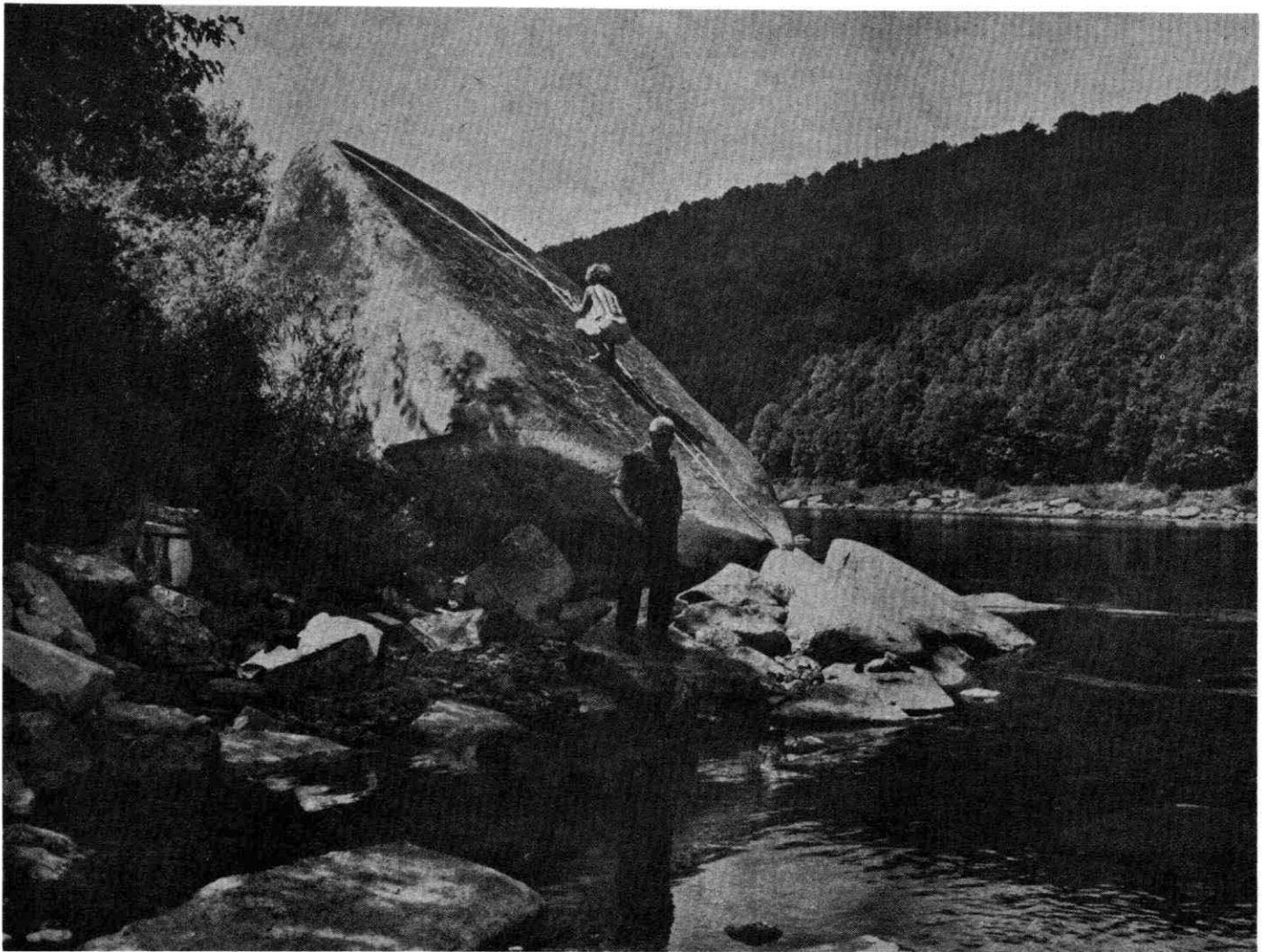
Three being built at Nashville Bridge for Wisconsin Barge Line.

Five being built by St. Louis Ship for undisclosed customers.

Our thanks to Walter Otto of Charleroi, Pa. for a handsome enlargement of the LADY GRACE in full color. This was mailed to us through the kindness of Steve Mackinack of Elizabeth, Pa. Mr. Otto does his own photographic finishing in the basement of his

home at 736 Fallowfield Avenue. He has been taking boat pictures since 1948, mostly along the Monongahela between Roscoe and Lock 4. In addition he also has been seeking out "old-time" pictures to copy. In 1964 he started building steamboat models and now has an attractive collection of them. He is a retired steelworker, now 66. The rare picture of the SAM BARNUM shown in our June '74 issue, page 17, was one of his finds.

S&D MEETS SEPT. 13 - SEE PAGE 46.



ONE OF THE FAMOUS NATURAL LANDMARKS of the western waters is the seldom-seen Indian God Rock along the left shore of the Allegheny River about nine miles below Franklin, Pa. There is no highway in the vicinity; you must go by boat. The first written notice of its existence appears to be in journals kept by Celeron and his chaplain Father Bonnacamp. Descending the river they landed at the rock on August 3, 1749 and buried a lead plate nearby (which never has been found) taking possession for the King of France. The rock was described as a large boulder about 22 feet long and 14 feet wide, on the inclined face of which were rude inscriptions. An early map of the region identifies the boulder as Hart's Rock, so named for an early English fur trader. Early keelboaters called it Indian God Rock, the name it still goes by. The ancient Indian petroglyphs are still visible. Dr. James L. Swauger, associate director of Carnegie

Institute's Museum of Natural History, dates these carvings 1200-1750 A.D. In this picture he is standing in the foreground while his assistant, Birgitta Wallace, clings from ropes to study the pictures. Since early boating days on the Allegheny visitors have lavishly furnished the rock with their own initials, and dates, until today it takes an expert to know the original drawings Celeron & party observed. When the last steam packet visited Franklin and Oil City in May 1897 an excursion was advertised and run down to Indian God Rock and return. This was the FLORENCE BELLE. About one mile below Indian God Rock is another boulder, also along the left shore, and equally impressive, called Cottage Rock--abreast the mouth of Sandy Creek. The low water channel runs close-by both of these natural landmarks. The above picture appeared in the Pittsburgh Press Roto, Sunday, December 1, 1974 illustrating an article by Margie Carlin.



A MOST UNUSUAL VIEW of the Green-Barren river packet CHAPERON (left) moored alongside the new excursion steamer IDLEWILD taken at the mouth of Green River, Ky. in early 1915. The IDLEWILD was bound to Memphis having recently been completed at the James Rees & Sons shop, Pittsburgh. Both are cooled down, cleaning boilers. The stages

are up to discourage natives from boarding. The photo was taken by John L. Fryant who handed it to us last Nov. 12th when he was visiting at 121 River. Enough fooling around now; these are scale models. John built both of them. If these two boats had managed to get side by side in 1915 the scene would have looked precisely as you see it here.

Sirs: How many boats carried the name of RUTH? My father, William Jaquith, clerked for a short while on the Anchor Line side-wheelers, toward the end of the 1890's. He told me the bell in a Negro church at Vicksburg was from a packet named RUTH, and when it rang he was reminded of its origin. This was in the 1920-1938 period.

My wife is the daughter of Capt. George Prince.

Earl Jaquith,
199 Auburn Ave., #909,
Natchez, Miss. 39120

=Our guess is that the bell was from the sternwheeler RUTH which ran for a decade or more (c. 1890-1900) in the Vicksburg-Greenville trade. -Ed.

Sirs: I am sorry to inform you that my father, Cavins Baughman, a member of S&D, died on Thursday, January 31, 1974. While he had been a member for only a few years he enjoyed immensely the S&D REFLECTOR and the several meetings he attended at Marietta.

John J. Baughman,
704 Highwood Ave.,
Greencastle, Ind. 46135

Don Cooke, 4955 Carmont Ave., Navarre, O. 44662 recently joined S&D. His great grandfather was captain of the steamers GREENWOOD and JAMES GUTHRIE.

Sirs: Reference to the JOE FOWLER in the Dec. issue spurs me to ask did you ever hear of the man named Joe Fowler who operated boats on the Little Kanawha River? He was reared by my grandparents Elihu and Martha Morgan in New Martinsville, West Va. When they moved to Calhoun County, West Va. in 1890 Joe went with them, as did Joe's sister Eva Fowler. They settled along the West Fork which comes in at Creston near Arnoldsburg. Eva married my uncle Elijah Morgan and Joe later married Venia McCoy of Calhoun County.

My uncle Edward Kyle Morgan also owned boats on the Little Kanawha. One of them was the RUBY JANE lost in an accident at the Richardsonville dam in Calhoun County.

I'd surely like to know more about Joe Fowler's boats and those owned by my Uncle Ed.

Joy C. Stevens,
Box 261,
Grantsville, West Va. 26147

=Total blank in our files but maybe somebody knows something. -Ed.

Sirs: I am putting together a series of interviews with 100-year-old people (and over) and I am particularly interested in locating a former steamboat captain in this age bracket. My wife, a photographer, and I are planning to travel over the country on this project and we will be very happy to locate and interview this centenarian.

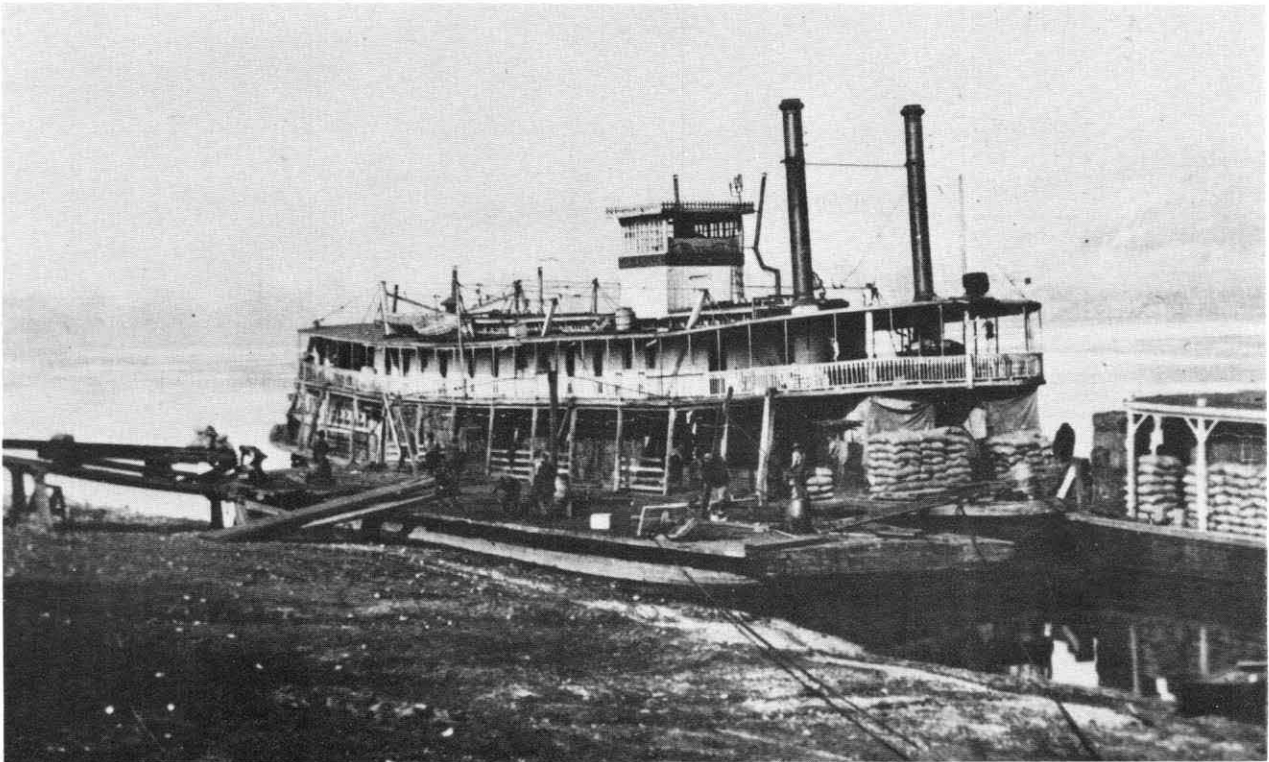
Joseph E. Dabney,
3966 St. Clair Court,
Atlanta, Ga. 30319

=For a minute there we thought he meant us. -Ed.

Sirs: Would you happen to have the address of any of the family of the late Capt. Fred Hornbrook? My grandfather Hornbrook was raised at Hornbrook Mills, West Va., a forgotten village. I visited the place as a child, and perhaps some one of the family might locate it for me.

Mrs. Richard Stem,
1210 Knob Ave.,
New Albany, Ind. 47150

=Capt. Fred Hornbrook's daughter Mrs. Louise Bush, was residing at 716 Yale Ave., Terrace Park, Ohio 45174 several years ago. -Ed.



WELL NOW! This one of the JOE WHEELER came to us from Canada of all places. Our thanks to John N. Bascom, editor of THE SCANNER, published by the Toronto Marine Historical Society. John says a friend of his gave him the picture and both of them would like to know more about the boat and, if possible, where the picture was taken. She was built at Chattanooga in 1898 on a wood hull 155.8 by 33.5, a two-boiler boat powered with engines 13" dia. by 4½ ft. stroke. Her owner was the Tennessee River Navigation Co. and they named her for Gen. Joe Wheeler who, in 1898, was off fighting the Spanish-American war. Soon after Wheeler came home (he was in private life a cotton planter and lawyer based at Wheeler, Ala.) the JOE WHEELER was sent up from Chattanooga to Knoxville with a party of notables aboard, and there they met General Wheeler and rode him down to Chattanooga on his namesake. That's the only time the WHEELER ever went to Knoxville. Her regular trade was from Joppa, Ill. to Chattanooga--up until 1907--and then she was switched to the Chattanooga-Kingston trade. We surmise this picture was taken in her latter days and certainly before 1918 when her cabin was chopped off.

John Bascom is captivated by the whistle; says he wishes he could have heard it. We have it on the authority of Capt. John F. Dobbs that this same whistle was on the J. C. WARNER and the N. B. FORREST, and after that on the CITY OF KNOXVILLE. In all it was heard for 65 years in the Chattanooga-Kingston trade. The WHEELER used to run excursions, and principal among them were the "May Day Ride" from Charleston to the mouth of the Hiwassee River, and the "New York Ride" from Cottonport Landing to Knott. After June 1918 when the cabin was removed she didn't last long--sank at Chattanooga at the exact spot where she was built. If you dig around you'll find a towboat named CAPTAIN LYERLY built at Knoxville in 1920--well she was built out of the JOE WHEELER's left-overs, including the whistle. Capt. Paul Underwood was skipper on the LYERLY, and Capt. John Dobbs blew the last landing whistle she blew in 1935 coming into Chattanooga. The whistle went to the Dixie Sand & Gravel Co. and the LYERLY was converted into a boat dock for use above Chattanooga. It caught fire on Dec. 2, 1941 and although the USCG COTTONWOOD was there her skipper Capt. Julius Smith was not able to save much.

Sirs: At the launching of the HURRONICO last Nov. 30th I shared my umbrella to the parking lot with a gentleman from Pittsburgh who said he was there on your behalf or behest or something. I got to thinking later that maybe he might have been Henry J. Heinz!

Dorothy Frye,
520 Probasco Ave.,
Cincinnati, O. 45220

=Better than that; he was Jack W. Garden, 36 Pontiac Road, Pittsburgh 15241. He represents Foxboro Instruments, Inc., Foxboro, Mass., grew up along the Ohio and used to ride the HELEN E. Tut tut; Delta Queen Steamboat Co. spells the name HURRONACO preferring ONA for

Overseas National Airways buried in the middle. -Ed.

Capt. Joe Fowler of Paducah is something of an enigma. His vital statistics, where and when born, parents, brothers and sisters, and date and circumstances of death have eluded us. We know that he came to Paducah from Smithland, Ky. and served one year as clerk on the Watts, Givens & Co. wharfboat. Then for a short while he was clerk on the H. E. Givens wharfboat at Smithland. When that wharfboat was sold in 1851 Fowler clerked on Cumberland River packets until 1859 when he moved with his family to Paducah. In Irvin Cobb's boyhood Capt. Joe Fowler

owned the Fowler, Crumbaugh Boat Store, owned the Paducah wharfboat (maybe two) and was a stockholder in the Evansville & Paducah Packet Co.

Constant requests for the two l.p. records of steamboat whistles prompts us to advise as follows:- WHISTLE ECHOES #1, many whistles blown and narrated by F. Way, Jr., and WHISTLE ECHOES #2, also many whistles and some good calliope music by Doc Hawley, are available priced \$5.95 each or \$10.45 for both, postpaid. Order from Mode Art Pictures, Inc., 3075 West Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15216. Cash with order, please.

G. W. Daily, 162 Sunset Drive, Toronto, O. 43964 looked at the picture of the RAYMOND HORNER on page 33 of the last issue. Moored in the foreground is a small gas boat which he identifies (correctly) as the G. W. DAILEY. "I believe she belonged to my grandfather George Dailey, says Bud. Grandpa George spelled his name that way.

OK, Bud, now listen to this:- When Ye Ed was at the Fulton Shipyard, Antioch, Calif. boarding up the DELTA QUEEN for her Pacific voyage, the shipyard proprietor Les Fulton got to talking and said he remembered a character named G. W. Dailey who built a sternwheel gas boat and ran it on the Sacramento. "He called it G. W. DAILEY and he was going to revolutionize towing out here," said Les. "He'd come from the Ohio River, and his boat had a great big engine in it, and belts and pulleys, and he had a big wood lever in the pilothouse and he'd shove this lever forward and there'd be squeaks and squawks as the belts grabbed and then the little paddlewheel would spin and throw spray. Mr. Dailey would shake and the whole boat would shake, and one day he got down in San Pablo Bay with her, broadside in the waves, and started toot-tooting on his whistle for help, and I pulled him to safety with my tug, and that's the last I ever saw of the G. W. DAILEY."

THE WORLD TRAVELER'S ALMANAC has been released by Rand-McNally, a 320 page soft cover book priced \$6.95 the copy. It is designed to assist travel in 192 countries, all about airlines, rail and bus systems, ocean cruise ships, world motoring, festivals and exhibitions. Much more, too. Promoter is Bill Muster, 6900 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90038.

William A. Marx, R.D. 2, Industry, Pa. 15052, retired from the Montgomery Locks since 1968, was reading about the towboat RETURN mentioned in our last issue, page 44. He says as a boy he often visited the wreck of the RETURN which lay on the left shore of the Ohio River just above present-day Montgomery Locks (which hadn't yet been built then). Further he remembers that the pilothouse sash from the RETURN was used in making a sunporch for a house at Cook's Ferry about a block south of the ferry landing. The house stood there until torn down about 1963 when the Shippingport bridge was built. The builder was C. R. Cook who later became Bill Marx's father-in-law. Bill Marx recalls that an attractive hillside home still standing above Montgomery Locks, not far above the upper guide wall, was known as the Carpenter house. Inasmuch as S. L. Carpenter owned the RETURN, and the wreck lay along the shore near this house, Bill Marx wonders if it's the same family. Does anybody know for sure?



"Up and down, NELLIE BLY."

H EIGH, NELLY, HO! NELLY, listen, lub, to me, I'll sing for you, play for you, a dulcem melody. So went the chorus of one of the few happy songs written by Stephen Collins Foster. The inspiration for this popular melody, according to Mrs. Serepta Kussart, was a black girl employed by Mrs. Rachel Woods in Pittsburgh. The comely girl poked her head out of the cellar door of the Woods' home to listen to some music. "Who's that?" inquired Foster. "That's Nelly Bly," replied Rachel Woods. Foster went to the piano, and improvised and played and sang "Nelly Bly" with almost the identical words and music afterward published and sung the world over. Almost forty years later a 22-year-old journalist, Elizabeth Cochrane, undertook a publicity-stunt whirl around the world to beat the 90-day record set by a Jules Verne fictional character Phileas Fogg, hero of the popular "Le Tour du Monde en Quatre-Vingts Jours." She adopted the pen-name Nellie Bly and became an international sensation in 1889 when she hustled around the globe in 72 days, 6 hours, and 11 minutes. The above portrait of "Nellie Bly" was taken about that time. The diary of Capt. Frederick G. Dippold written at Sewickley, Pa. on August 18, 1897 noted:- "Up and down, NELLIE BLY." Again, September 28, 1897:- "The Str. NELLIE BLY passed down at 11:30 a.m. Pilots on, Jake Menges, Jim Latta, A. C. Robinson, Jos. Gould, Frank Gould, and Frank Culp. River very low." This is the sole reference we've noted of this elusive steamboat. -photo from Carnegie Magazine.

Sirs: Jane Hubbs, mentioned in the David Gibson story, page 10 last issue, was daughter of Amaziah P. and Jane Craft Hubbs of Lawrenceburg, Ind. A. P. Hubbs and David Gibson were associated in a distillery there. Miss Hubbs was first cousin to Mrs. Gibson.

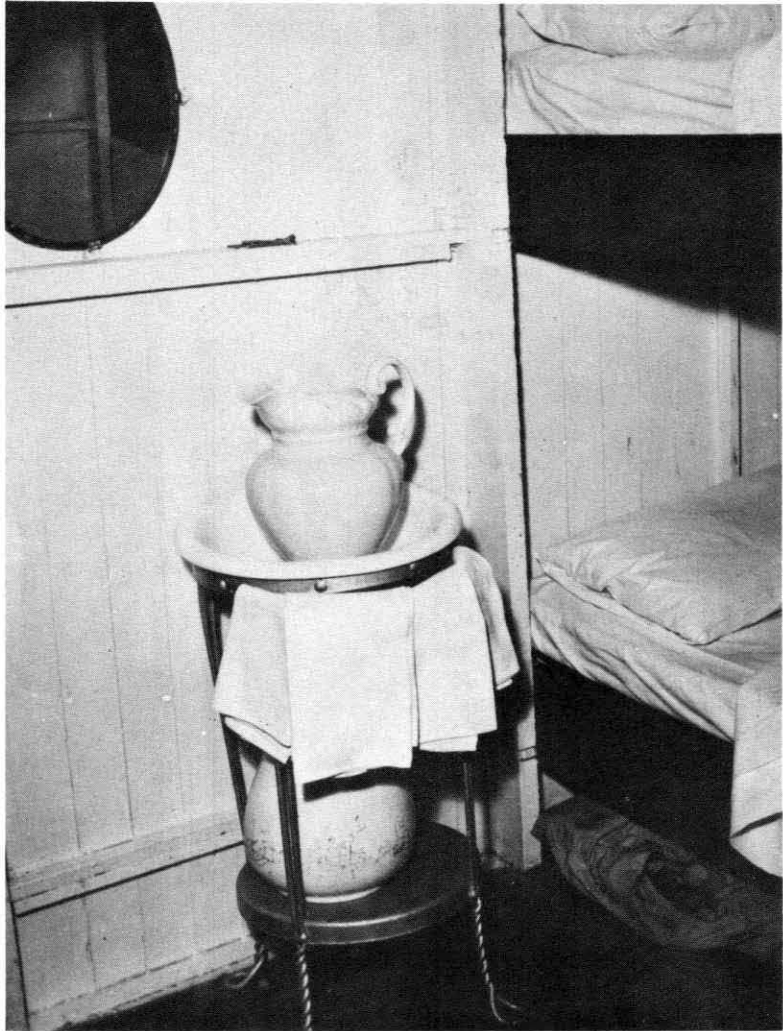
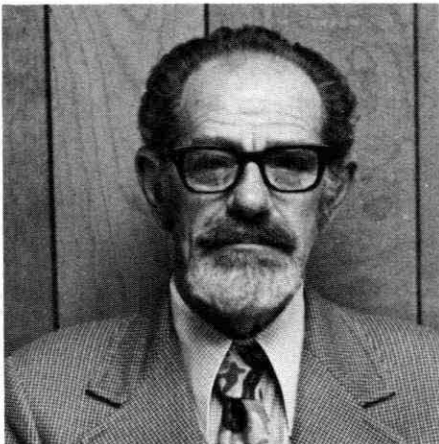
Marjorie Byrnside Burress,
(Mrs. Jack)
3335 Glenmont Lane,
Cincinnati, Ohio 45211

Sirs: Notice the ornate jackstaff on the towboat JIM WOOD in the last issue. Today that same staff is erected in front of the City Hall here in Maysville. It was procured from the wrecked boat by Hugh Crawford of this city who put it in his orchard overlooking the Ohio River west of town. Later he gave the pole to the city.

John A. Breslin,
Judge, Circuit Court,
19th Judicial District,
Maysville, Ky. 41056

This past summer Dorothy Powers, formerly in charge of the Inland Rivers Library at Cincinnati, was victim of an intruder while asleep at her home 3424 Brookline Avenue, Cincinnati. She was struck on the head (she surmises with a brick) and spent three weeks in a hospital and then two more weeks in a nursing home. "I'm fine, now" she says in a note at Christmas time.

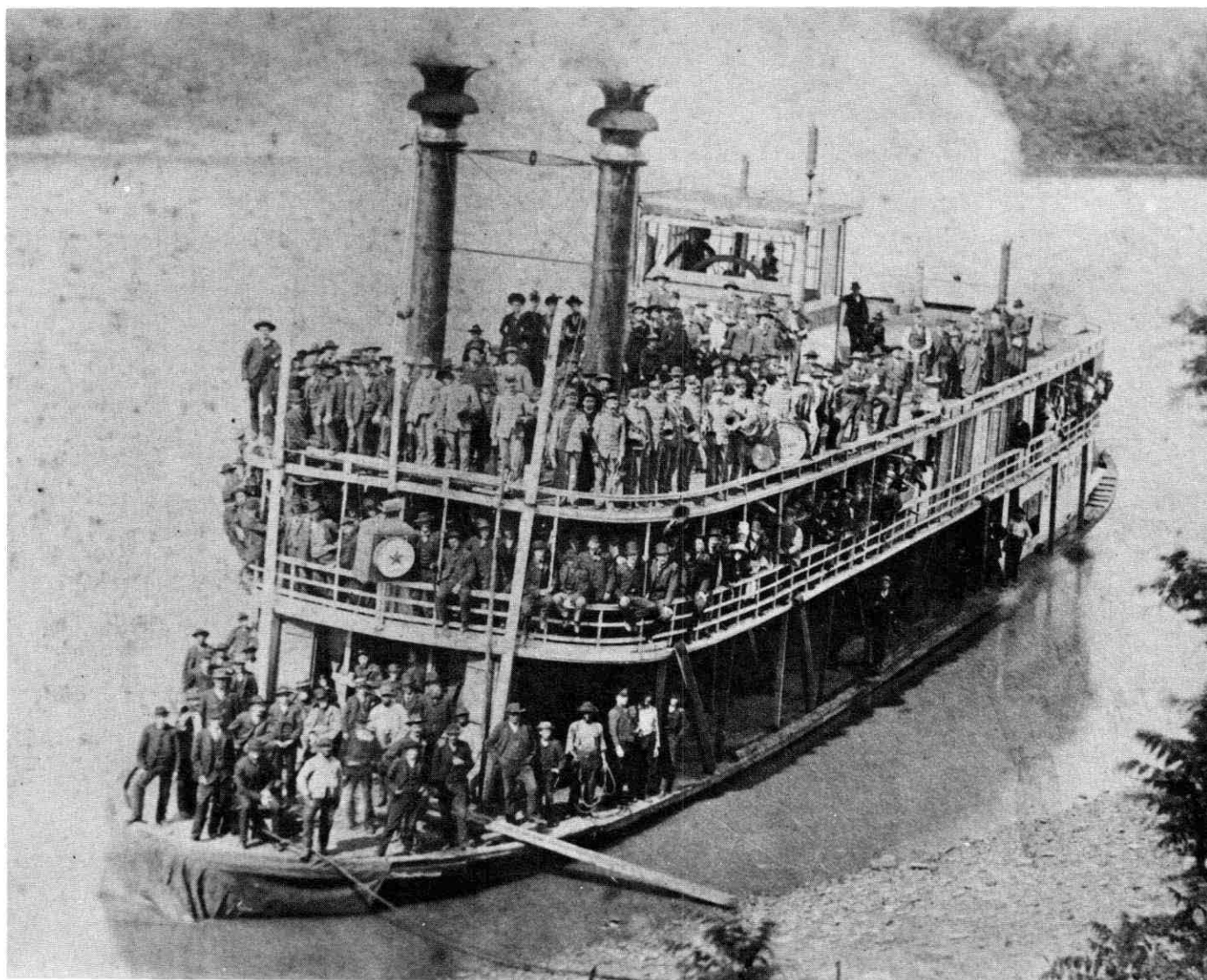
The peripatetic Bob Burtnett has been heard from (Sept. '74 issue, page 35). He retired from Caterpillar Tractor Co. last year, having spent 15 years travelling in Europe, Mexico, South America and in the Near East. He's boated on the Rhine, Rhone, Amazon and a few other large creeks. Bob says he plans to join with Capt. Dennis Trone and crew in bringing the JULIA BELLE SWAIN up the Ohio this April for the big race slated for April 30 at Louisville with three nags at the post, DELTA QUEEN, JULIA BELLE SWAIN and BELLE OF LOUISVILLE. "I hate to mention it," says he, "but we intend to wallop both of them." Bob's address is RR 3, Box 70, Chilli-cothe, Ill. 61523.



THE STATEROOMS are wide and airy, open on to the deck and also into the cabin, and contain all of the conveniences of a modern hotel. This photograph unfolds to the eye the splendor of river tourist accommodations on board the GOLDEN EAGLE which operated out of St. Louis until 1947. What you got was a built-in bunk, one overhead electric bulb (25 watts), a dime store mirror, hooks screwed into the bulkhead to hang your hat on, a carpeted floor, and a fascinating wash stand provided with china wash bowl, water pitcher, slop jar (with lid) and four hand towels. Under the lower bunk, gathering moss, were two cork life jackets always in the way of shoving a suitcase under. Somewhere in plain sight was a framed sign "How To Adjust Life Preservers" which told you also that you could unhook the shutters attached to the outside door and use them as life floats. Ventilation was supplied by opening the overhead transoms to deck and cabin. The fare was the same for an upper or lower; you were expected to come to an agreement with your room partner about this detail.

Belated news of the death of Capt. Virgil E. Fuller in California comes to us in a letter from Dick Robinson. Captain Fuller, aged 96, passed on in December, 1973. He will be recalled as the builder and owner of the towboat MERMAID on the Monongahela and Upper Ohio. He built the MERMAID at Guyandotte, W. Va. in 1903, also a passenger barge, and ran excursions at Fairmont, West Va.

Perhaps we should point out an omission in this issue, if you haven't noticed. There is no central "feature story." We had one in mind, even prepared the pictures for it, but had to abandon it to make room for the wealth of letters, pictures and items submitted through the generosity of S&D members, to all of whom our thanks.



HOW MANY PEOPLE can you pile on a steamboat built on a hull 115 by 20 by 3? If this crowd was counted---maybe not---the secret never was publicly divulged. On Monday, May 13, 1889 there was a circus showing at Charleston, West Va. and everybody decided to attend. The packet SONOMA left Montgomery, W. Va. with a fairly large population aboard. Downbound those 26 miles she made 82 landings picking up more people at each one of them. This picture was made at the foot of Bradford Street, Charleston, before disembarking com-

menced close to the show grounds. We don't know who the enterprising photographer was, but he sold scads of these pictures. Many were framed and for years hung in parlors of homes along the upper reaches of the Kanawha. Note the tarpaulin slung over the bow to discourage leakage around the stem. The brass band on the roof is probably from Montgomery. This is the SONOMA (first) built at the Knox yard, Harmar, O. in 1881 for Capt. Ed Cooper, a single-stacker. Later she was changed as shown.

Last issue, page 13, we were wondering did anybody know details of Capt. J. C. Ainsworth who made such a splash with his Oregon Steam Navigation Co. in 1860.

Well, well. John C. Ainsworth was born at Springboro, Warren County, Ohio (between Cincinnati and Dayton) on June 6, 1822, was orphaned at an early age and shows up in Keokuk, Iowa. He and William A. Clark (who later became the first mayor of Keokuk) started a mercantile business under the firm name Ainsworth & Clark.

Next thing Ainsworth was master of the sternwheel packet IRON CITY in 1846, St. Louis-Galena trade. Then on the side-wheel KENTUCKY in the tri-weekly Keokuk-Davenport trade.

He departed from Keokuk in September 1850, going to Oregon City, suburb of Portland, Ore. The Oregon Steam Navigation Co. and related activities made him a pile of money. He sold out and moved to Oakland, Calif. to a handsome estate called "Rose Lawn" overlooking the Bay. It was there he died, 71, on Dec. 30, 1893.

His home at "Rose Lawn" is still standing at 19131 South Leland Road. Lately a young couple moved in with ambitions to restore it. =For the above our thanks to Bill Talbot.

Sirs: I have recently completed an assignment as judge in the London Model Engineer Exhibition.

S&D member Sid Coventry exhibited his model bat wing J. P. HUGHES which, sorry to say, did not get an award. Many other models were more involved and the quantity of work in them gave them an edge over Sid's boat. There were other river boats shown, not very good, seemingly based on Currier & Ives' prints which may be colourful but are not necessarily accurate. Sid's boat is very well done and naturally pleased me.

Jim A. King,
309 Days Lane,
Sidcup, Kent DA15 8PQ,
England

=Jim King is hopefully planning a visit to the U.S. in September and may show up at S&D Sept. 13. -Ed.

DATE SET FOR MEETING

S&D will convene at the Hotel Lafayette, Marietta, O. on the week-end of Saturday, September 13, 1975. So mark that date on your calendar.

Currently we have under consideration a plan to spend part of Saturday on board the new passenger liner SHOWBOAT II which was brought under its own power this past winter from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. If arrangements now pending can be worked out, S&D'rs will board the boat Saturday morning, have lunch aboard, and make the circuit of the famous Blennerhassett Island. The trip would conclude at Marietta in ample time for the usual 6:30 dinner and program at the Lafayette. Passengers would embark right in front of the hotel and depart the boat there also.

Sirs: Your mention of the steamer NORTHCOTE on the Saskatchewan River (Dec. issue, page 25) prompts me to say I saw the remains of the boat in 1970. She lay beached at Cumberland House, Saskatchewan, for many years and eventually went to pieces. Five or six years ago the Canadians collected together the machinery and boilers, wheel-shaft, cranks and flanges. These were set up as an exhibit, and you may go see this today. Cumberland House is a small village on the Saskatchewan River near the northern end of Lake Winnipeg, famous in its own right as the first trading post of Hudsons Bay Company, set up in the early 1700s. Also the display includes a large case detailing the history of the NORTHCOTE and a large photograph of her in her prime.

William L. Talbot,
226 High St.,
Keokuk, Iowa 52632

There is a good bit of bell news coming out of Cincinnati these days. A venerable bell firm of that city, I. T. Verdin Company, 2021 Eastern Avenue, is building an exact replica of the Liberty Bell for the American Freedom Train Foundation to be displayed (and we presume rung) aboard the much publicized Freedom Train. There was a time when the Verdins cast their bells in Cincinnati, but now they don't do that any more. Such work is done in Aarle-Rixtel, Holland.

James R. Verdin, v.p. of the bell firm, is legging to build an 83-bell carillon contained in a 333-foot-high "Freedom Tower" to grace the Cincinnati waterfront. One site mentioned is directly east of the L&N bridge fronting on the Ohio River. Verdin says this tower will be topped with a lighted sculptured torch symbolizing Cincinnati as the "Gateway to the West." The carillon can be built in Holland (\$2-million) and the

tower put up for \$3-million. He suggests such a landmark would beat the St. Louis Arch.

From what we gather, the Delta Queen Steamboat Co., in need of a superlative bell for the new Jeffboat job, has made inquiry of the Verdin Company about having one cast in Holland. The Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce has made overtures about presenting the new boat with its roof bell.

The picture of the GRACE MORRIS in the Dec. '74 issue, page 25, rang a few bells for Bert Fenn. "First good picture I ever saw of her and she looks like I imagined her," he writes. Bert provided these statistics:

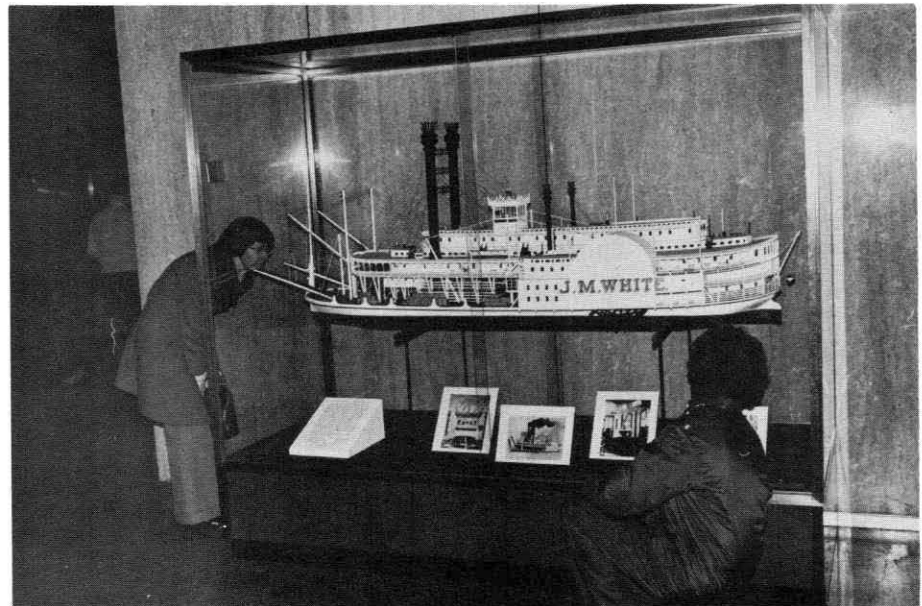
GRACE MORRIS was built at Evansville and got her first enrolment Nov. 20, 1882, owned by John H. Morris, Evansville, and her first master was Capt. R. C. Wallace. This enrolment was surrendered May 9, 1885 to new owners in Louisville.

On her early freight bills she is first listed as an Evansville, Cannelton and Hawesville daily packet. Later she became an Evansville, Owensboro and Cannelton daily. Bert says she must have stretched her trade on occasion as he has a bill of lading dated 1883 for freight to Cloverport, and one in late 1884 to Henderson. He says the lock shown in the picture "doesn't look like one

on Green River to me," with which observation C. W. Stoll agrees; perhaps Lock 2 on the Kentucky.

Peter A. (Pete) Denny died at home in Dunbar, West Va., apparently of a heart attack, on Sunday, January 19, 1975. He had celebrated his 65th birthday on December 10, 1974. Within the past few years he had flamed into prominence on the rivers when he bought the sternwheel W. C. WHITE and converted her into a de luxe excursion boat renamed ROBIN D. This boat won the 3rd annual race at Charleston, W. Va. in 1973 and was the subject of the color front page of the Dec. '72 S&D REFLECTOR. Pete sold the ROBIN D to the New Orleans Steamboat Co. (rebuilt and now renamed COTTON BLOSSOM) and bought the sternwheel SCOTT in 1973. He rebuilt her, changed her name to ROBIN D-TOO, and with her won the 4th Sternwheel Regatta at Charleston in 1974. Pete Denny was born at Weirton, West Va. and engaged in surface mining, operating as the Denny Coal Company, which he sold 1969-1970. He is survived by his wife Barbara, by one son Tom, by daughter Donna, and by several brothers and sisters.

You don't really have to be a Son or Daughter to join the Sons and Daughters. Read instructions on page 4 and send a check.



J. M. WHITE IN THE SMITHSONIAN

First time you are in Washington, D.C. visit the rotunda of the Smithsonian's Museum of History and Technology and see the famous model of the J. M. WHITE. John L. Fryant took this picture and the lady at the left is his wife Sharon. This model made its debut at the 1972 S&D meeting, Marietta, displayed by its builders John H. Leslie and Ralph C. Hitchcock. On that occasion the model paddled under its own steam in the reflection pool of the Ohio River Museum guided by remote control. Recently John Leslie presented the model, built at a cost of more than \$50,000, to the Smithsonian.

THE NEW NATCHEZ
by Roddy Hammett

This new steamer is just full of good surprises for rivermen who have been waiting to see a new passenger boat that is steam powered; that looks as good as the HUDSON or sternwheel AMERICA; that meets all the new Coast Guard requirements, and is large enough to carry over a thousand excursionists in luxury.

The most striking and instantly visible attraction of the NATCHEZ is her beauty. Rolled steel has been fitted to give the hull and decks more sheer and camber than that of the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE. This splendid shape is noticeable any place on board; passengers will actually feel this graceful design under their feet as they walk about. Enclosed by bull-rails, the main deck guards are high and wide and reminiscent of the GOLDEN EAGLE. Passengers can enjoy its full length and can stand beside the engines and view them through large glass windows while a recorded narration explains engine room features. The cabin, texas, and hurricane decks are surrounded with white railings resembling wooden balustrades. The texas sits on a skylight roof and above all is a raised pilothouse, its floor six feet above the texas roof. From this vantage point the pilot looks between two 70-foot-high smokestacks which are crowned with feathers and puddin's. Out forward the roof bell from the towboat J. D. AYRES is topped with a large acorn from the old QUEEN CITY. The pilot sees a tall jackstaff over the forward rise of the hurricane roof. This singular view, one that has not been provided since the CAPE GIRARDEAU was built in 1923, is framed by twin masts and booms, one on each side, supporting her twin stages.

Her pilothouse carries three nameboards, each of imported Honduras mahogany twelve feet long, with NATCHEZ in gold leaf.

The highly polished brass and copper three-chime whistle, presented by S&D, is mounted on the back corner, port side, of the pilothouse roof and is fitted with a drain so passengers will not get an unexpected shower when it is blown.

Other surprises below: The main cabin is divided into three rooms, a necessity dictated by USCG fire regulations. These rooms, or lounges, are paneled with Marinite bought originally for use on the DELTA QUEEN but, due to a change of plans, sold to the owners of the NATCHEZ. These fireproof panels are finished in natural wood, and each of the lounges has a different color. The aft lounge has a built-in bar with brass footrail and large windows at the rear provide a novel view of the paddlewheel.

The texas has a front observation room equipped with a bar, and two public rooms. All rooms and lounges on the boat, including

crew quarters, are air conditioned.

Down on the main deck is a lunch room and the purser's office. In addition to the boilers and engine room, here also is a lounge and private bath for deckhands, and additional staterooms for the crew.

The engines are tandem compound condensers each with 15" and 30" dia. by 7-foot stroke taken from the former U.S. Steel's towboat CLAIRTON, rated 750 hp. Steam is supplied from two Cleaver Brooks fire tube boilers carrying 250 psi. These boilers were installed under the watchful eye of Lieut. Cmdr. Louis Moats USCG whose father was engineer on the CLAIRTON.

The "square" paddlewheel is 24 by 24 feet, all steel save for the oak bucket planks, painted red and white. The blocking has been mitered so it gives the appearance of a traditional wooden wheel. The paddlewheel shaft, the five flanges and the pitmans are from the CLAIRTON.

Two lifeboats--not rafts but actually small white lifeboats with skegs--are located on the port side of the main deck. Life jackets are contained in large overhead bins, within easy reach and cleverly concealed so's not to detract from the visual lines of the vessel.

The main stairway from fore-castle to the main deck is surmounted with a large curved sign NATCHEZ. To either side are similar signs, same size, the one on

the starboard side NEW ORLEANS and on the port LOUISIANA. All are of imported mahogany with gold-leaf lettering.

The carpeting throughout the steamer is red with black circular designs, giving a Victorian flare to her interior. The lounge and cabin chairs are bentwood stuffed, and those on deck are lightweight metal with real blue canvas.

Her passenger lounges are lighted with a two-circuit system, guarantee of partial illumination in event of power failure from any cause. There are two large light plants aboard; should one of them fail, the other starts automatically.

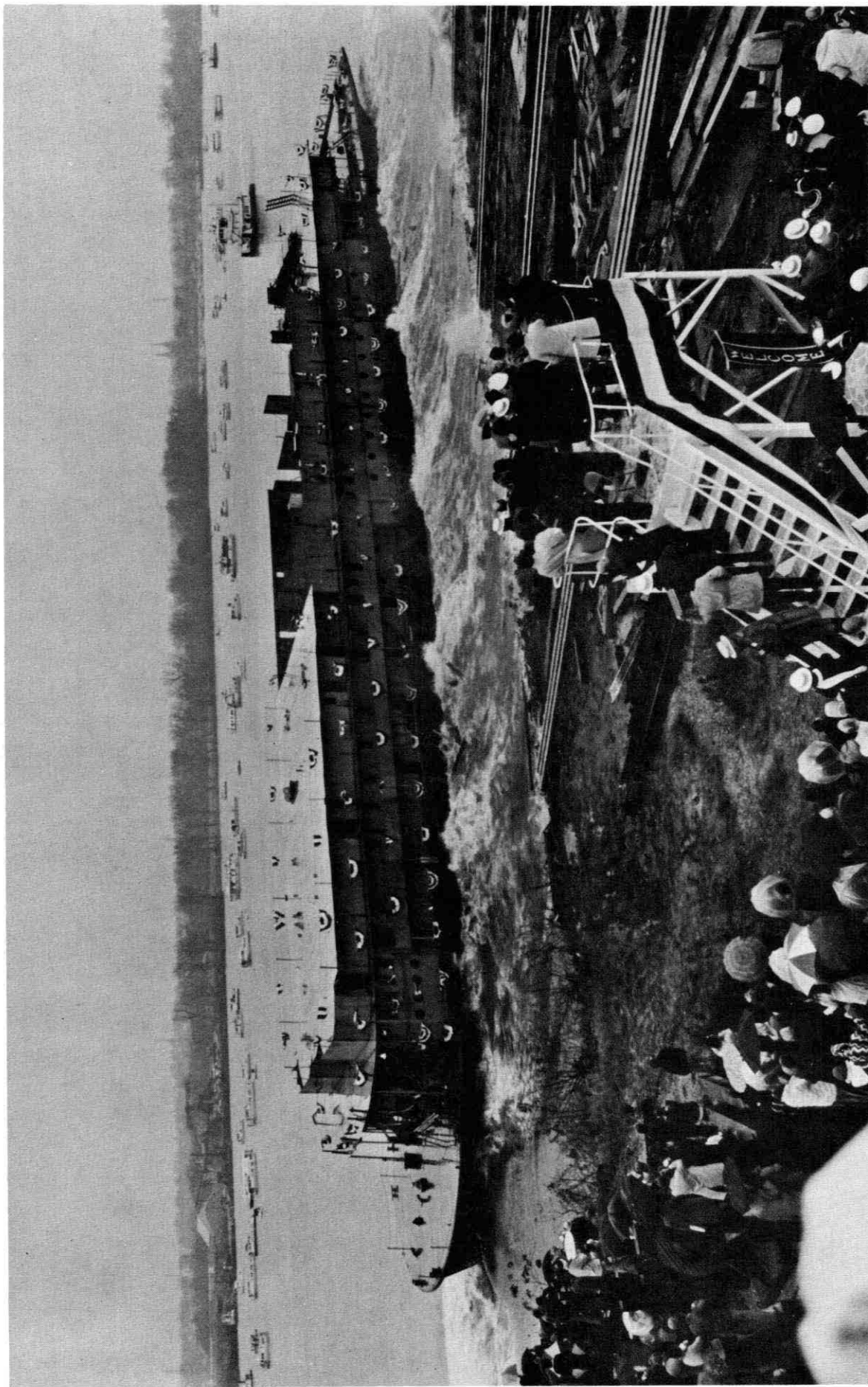
The steel hull has beautiful proportions, longer than the VIRGINIA, and divided into 28 compartments. She has a model bow and an admirable stern rake fitted with three balance rudders.

Doc Hawley says the brass and stainless steel calliope is the best he has played, and it's the best I've heard.

You've got to see her to believe all of this. There is a feeling of *deja vu*; like you might run headlong into persons like Capt. Jim Howard, or Capt's Cooley or Leyhe. To my way of thinking the NATCHEZ is the finest river boat built in the 20th century, a masterpiece of beauty, comfort and safety. Great credit is due Messrs. Wilbur and Bill Dow of the New Orleans Steamboat Company, and to Alan L. Bates her designer.



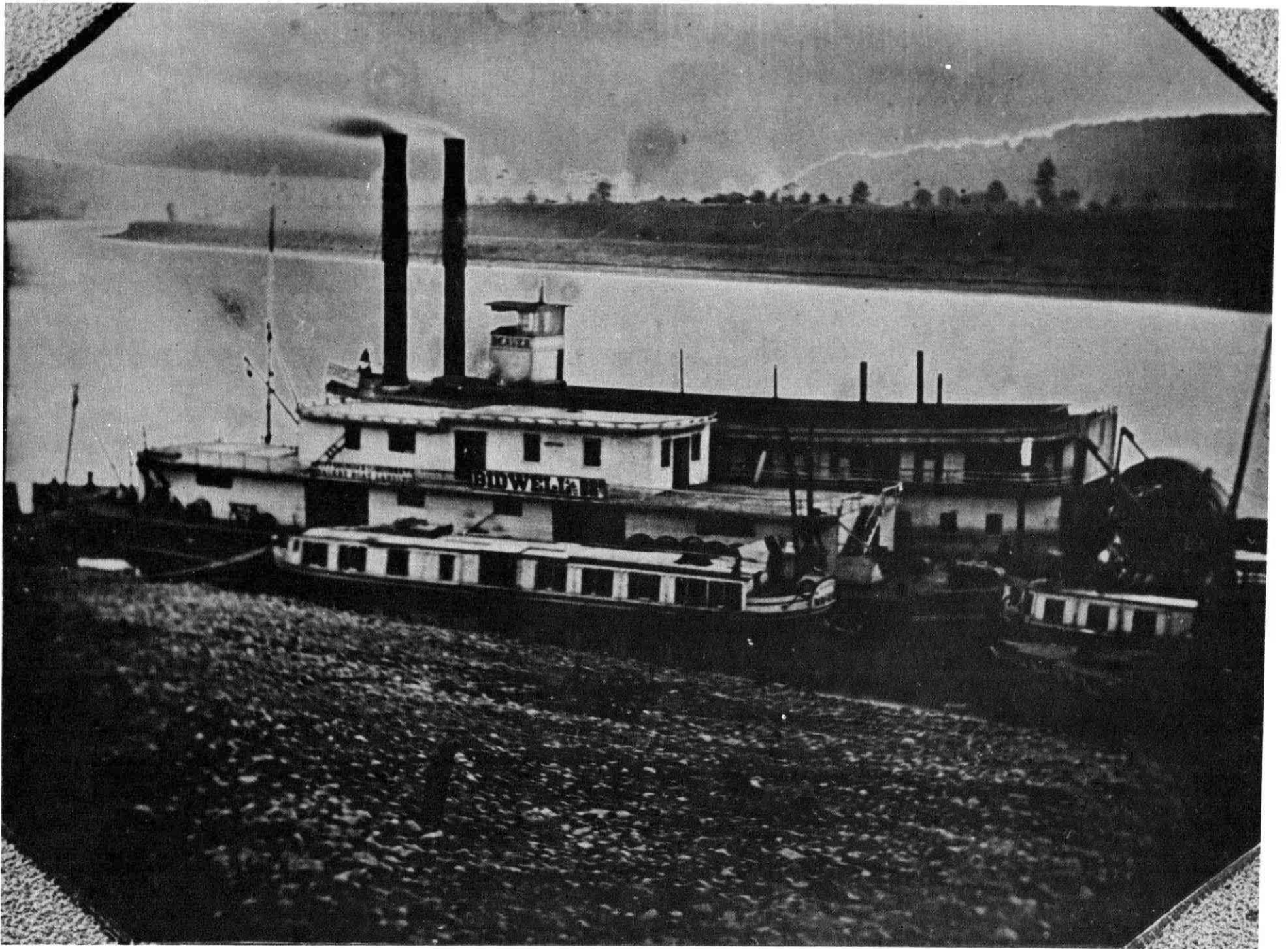
THANKS to Roddy Hammett and Robert H. Heunemann of the New Orleans Steamboat Co. here is a picture of the new NATCHEZ as she appeared on January 6, 1975 at the Bergeron Shipyard below New Orleans. By the time this magazine is in the hands of our readers she will have been launched. A race at New Orleans between the DELTA QUEEN and NATCHEZ has been tentatively scheduled on Palm Sunday, March 23. On this view the paddlewheel is being built at the right. The boat's name NATCHEZ will be painted on the blank white area on the boiler deck guard above the engine room. This decision was reached to make the name visible when she is moored at her landing place off Jackson Square.



LAUNCH of Delta Queen Steamboat Company's yet-to-be-named cruise steamboat at Jeffboat, Inc. yard, November 30, 1974. The name will be announced at the christening ceremony on Wednesday, April 30, 1975. It has been announced that the 379-foot long (over all) steamer will enter cruise service in the spring of 1976. Her first cruise is tentatively scheduled to leave Cincinnati

April 4, 1976 on a 20-day round trip to New Orleans. Upon her return to Cincinnati she will make a one-way 7 day trip to St. Louis. From St. Louis she departs for New Orleans, and will make 7-day cruises there until the end of June. Later in 1976 there will be cruises to St. Paul and to Pittsburgh. Fares will average from \$50 to \$150 a night depending on accommodations. Many of the state-

rooms will have a private veranda opening on deck. There will be a swimming pool on the sun deck, and a complete theatre in the hold. She sleeps 400 passengers and will have a crew of 125. Reservations are being accepted for 1976 cruises. Write to The Delta Queen Steamboat Co., 322 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio 45202.



It's an interesting picture and we are impressed that Bruce Duncan paid \$2,000 for it. And we are honored beyond reckoning that we have been invited to reproduce it for our readers. Read the comments and details in the left column, next page.



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