

S&D

REFLECTOR

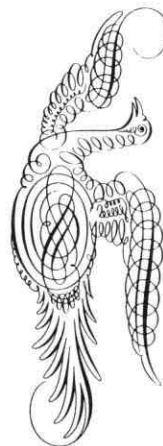
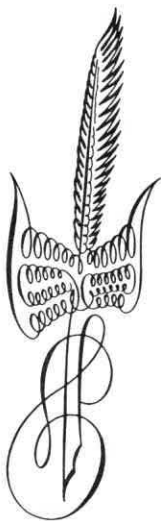
Published by Sons and Daughters
of Pioneer Rivermen



Vol. 13, No. 3

Marietta, Ohio

September, 1976



-Steve Shanesy, photo.

THE TELL CITY PILOTHOUSE

In the last issue we reported with pictures and story, and some blare of trumpet, that the 87-year-old pilothouse of the TELL CITY had been transferred from Little Hocking, O. to the Ohio River Museum, Marietta. The Ohio Historical Society planned to rebuild and install it on the premises of the Museum.

Coincident to this good news, Ohio Historical Society let it be known that funds for the above purpose are not available to them, and that the pilothouse project must be indefinitely deferred.

On June 12th last S&D's president Way wrote OHS suggesting a new approach. Way said he had objections to placing the old pilothouse, now or any other time, in an out-of-door location at Marietta exposed to vandalism or worse. He proposed a counter-plan instead; that S&D build an outright new pilothouse on the Ohio River Museum premises, patterned like that of Capt. J. M. Gamble's packet SUNSHINE and be so named, and as recompense OHS turn over the old-time TELL CITY pilothouse, together with tackle and apparel, to S&D. Then S&D could find for the old-timer a safer home.

Way feels that inasmuch as the motivation for having a pilothouse on the Museum premises is to attract and identify the river show to passers-by, the SUNSHINE would fill the bill. Moreover the funds for its construction would come from the J. Mack Gamble bequest, and Capt. Gamble (Mack's father) owned the SUNSHINE. This, then, is a tribute to the donor and honor to the father. Way suggested having a plaque made and attached to the SUNSHINE pilothouse detailing these facts and sentiments.

A tentative proposal along these lines was submitted to the Ohio Historical Society. Their feeling is that the Bent family transferred the TELL CITY pilothouse to OHS in good faith that it would be perpetuated at Marietta. Also OHS recognizes that the U. S. Engineers, Huntington District, moved the pilothouse from Little Hocking to Marietta for preservation at the latter place. For these good reasons OHS's answer is that it must be kept at the Ohio River Museum. If S&D decides to properly restore the structure, all well and good with OHS.

C. W. Stoll proposes that the TELL CITY pilothouse is a relic in itself, and that "restoration" may detract from its original stock, and transform a pure-bred into a counterfeit. He reasons that to make it operative by installing pilotwheel and furnishings would serve no real purpose, inasmuch as the W. P. SNYDER, JR. is available to students and visitors. He prefers to set it up much "as is" at the Ohio River Museum.

Hopefully a decision will be worked out in time for action at the annual Board meeting of S&D this September 11th.

SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF PIONEER RIVERMEN MARIETTA, OHIO SEPT. 11, 1976 ANNUAL MEETING

WE ARE SHARING this occasion with the American Sternwheel Association. The largest flotilla of sternwheelers ever seen at Marietta is expected. All of these boaters are S&D folks. Welcome aboard.

ASPECIAL SHOWING of Contemporary River Photographs, Steamboats and Towboats, is being exhibited by two of our talented members, Allen Hess and Chris Eaton, and may be seen at Campus Martius Museum.

YOU ARE URGED and invited to bring to Campus Martius Museum your steamboat models, diesel models, engine models and/or wondrous maritime creations. These will be displayed in a large room Friday through Sunday, Sept. 10, 11, 12.

THE EXCURSION sternwheeler VALLEY GEM is running sight-seeing trips on the Muskingum and the Ohio during S&D. Capt. Jim Sands welcomes you aboard.

AMPLIFIED SEATING is assured at the Main Program on Saturday evening at 8:15 p.m. We have secured the Armory, within walking distance of the Lafayette. The distinguished speaker is Col. Thomas E. Tappan who by slide and word dramatizes the Steamboat Era of his home-town Helena, Arkansas. Other delights also are in store.

THE MARIETTA BOAT CLUB has invited us to share their premises for the Noon Buffet Luncheon at noon Saturday. A Family Gathering at the same location will follow.

SPECIAL NOTICE to members of the Board of Governors. A meeting of import is called at 9:30 o'clock, Saturday morning, September 11, in the Ohio Valley Room, Hotel Lafayette.



Since June three passenger boats we have watched in these columns during construction were commissioned and placed in service. The steamer CHAUTAUQUA BELLE is now running on Lake Chautauqua, N. Y., the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN's debut at Louisville is generously covered in this issue, and pictured above is the LORENA upbound on the Muskingum River at McConnelville, O. enroute to Zanesville. The reason for the lowered stacks and absence of pilothouse is told in this issue on page 18, and a "blow" for the new boat appears on page 35. Our thanks to Catherine Remley for this picture.

PLAUDITS FOR PAUL DETLEFSEN

Sirs: You have finally front-covered my favorite steamboat painting (June '76 issue).

Paul Detlefsen grew up in a small town in Illinois during the era of wooden sidewalks, blacksmith shops, kerosene lamps and, of course, steam. He became an artist for the movie industry. His work has been prominent many times in TV and movie sets, on calendars and playing cards, and large full color reproductions of his paintings decorate many a home. Most popular is his blacksmith shop scene.

Also Detlefsen was a model railroader. In his California home he had a fantastic 0 gauge (1/2") layout featured in "Model Railroader" magazine, issue Dec. 1961.

He is defined as one of the few artists who paint better pictures than a camera can take.

I confess that most of the above is gleaned from the aforementioned MR article which also says he moved to Hawaii c. 1960. The model railroad is long-gone. If Paul Detlefsen is still with us I'd guess he is about Ye Ed's age.

I'd sure like to know where the original painting of the CARY WAYNE is. It is still available as a jigsaw puzzle, manufactured by Tuco (Series #2500-5) with over 1,000 interlocking pieces.

John L. Fryant,
6508 Dorset Drive,
Alexandria, Va. 22310

Sirs: Regarding the picture of CARY WAYNE on the front cover, I'd like to get a big one to frame and hang on my wall (if I can find the space). Maybe others would like one also.

Harvey H. Copeland, Jr.,
641 Shades Crest Road,
Birmingham, Ala. 35226

Sirs: Any chance of getting a big print of that CARY WAYNE cover? It is the most beautiful ever I have seen.

William Millsap,
Box 555,
Robinson, Ill. 62454

Sirs: Could you let me know who put out the calendar with CARY WAYNE on it? I'd like to write for one.

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

=Sorry, Anne; don't know. -Ed.

A question frequently asked is whether the machinery still is in the BECKY THATCHER presently moored in the Muskingum. Her compound condensing engines, 15" and 32" bore by 7 ft. stroke, were bought by Wilbur Dow, Sr. before she left St. Louis. He had them removed and presently they are stored at Slidell, La.

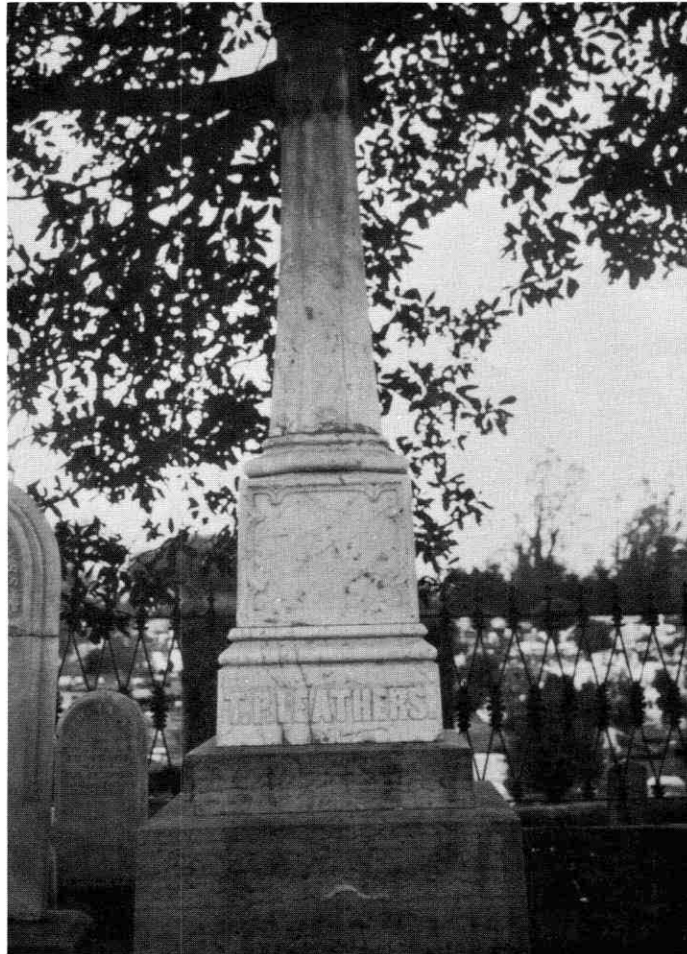
Thanks for much fan mail resulting from the story of New Orleans, June '76 issue, pages 18 et seq. Apparently this rang bells for Crescent City fans. We overlooked mention of Miss Gretchen Hecht, secretary for Ray Samuel, International Rivercenter. Gretchen, a steamboat fan (naturally) treated Lady Grace and y.t. to our first cups of New Orleans coffee fresh upon arrival.

The Des Moines (Iowa) Register runs a column called "Hawkeye Hoohahs!" Last April 11th they ran a blooper penned by Dr. George C. McGinnis, Fort Madison, saying that Mississippi steamboats "were not named after women." Next day S&D's model builder Wm. V. Torner, 425 Allen St., Apt. 309, Waterloo, Iowa 50701, took pen in hand and set matters right. After enumer-

ating many "lady" steamboats, he counted the modern diesels, etc. listed in Inland River Record and came up with 265 of them in current operation.

The Marietta Times in a lead editorial July 22nd last gave a nice pat on the back to S. Durward Hoag for his work and perseverance in bringing I-77, the Cleveland, O. to Charlotte, N. C. thruway to reality.

Capt. Roddy Hammett sends a card dated July 27th last. "We are anxiously awaiting MQ's maiden voyage arrival here in New Orleans and plans are being made for the NATCHEZ to parade into the harbor with it." he says. Roddy says the JULIA BELLE SWAIN portrait spread over pages 24-25 in the June issue was his favorite feature.



CAPT. T. P. LEATHERS' MONUMENT

Among the blank spots in river history has been knowledge of the final resting place of Capt. Thomas P. Leathers. The story of a visit to his former New Orleans home in the June '76 issue prompts Leonard V. Huber, New Orleans, to send to us the above picture taken by him some few years ago. "It is made from a slide, and not the best quality," he apologizes, "taken in the City Cemetery at Natchez, Mississippi."

S&D REFLECTOR

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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.

Correspondence is invited by the editor. Please do not send unsolicited photographs on loan. Additional copies of back issues or of the current issue (save those out of stock) are available from the editor at \$2.50 each. Address:

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

The S&D REFLECTOR is entered in the post office at Marietta, O. 45750 as third class matter, permit No. 73. Please send address changes or corrections to the secretary, Mrs. J. W. Rutter.

ODD AS IT MAY SEEM, there is a segment of river persons with a compulsion to blow steamboat whistles. Many are leaders highly respected in the industry. Even the sight of a steam whistle bends a slat in their mental attics.

The oddity has been compounded of late years by a scarcity of boilers. It takes a whoppin' big croup kettle to make these whistles sound off properly. Hence most of the old whistles these days are silent and inert housed in museums, or in warehouses, or in sheds. Every so often the owners are overcome with need to declare a dividend and share profits. Which means they must find a charitable host who owns a big boiler.

In 1965 the late Walter McCoy, cuing in on a precedent set by Bert Fenn--who staged the first "Whistle Blow" of record at Tell City, Ind.--cajoled management of Union Carbide to loan their plant boiler and premises to S&D. The idea was to reactivate the Dan Heekin steamboat whistle collection displayed at Marietta.

Walt McCoy trotted these old whistles up to Union Carbide's plant along the Ohio River at Long Reach, West Virginia. This corporate entity with vast know-how about something called silicones (in the realm of synthetic resins, oils, plastics, greases, etc.) tolerated the intrusion, which was something in itself. UC's management collectively looked slightly perplexed confronted with this new brand of organic chemistry wherein people blessed otherwise with keen judgment harbor a compulsion to blow whistles.

To make short a noisy story Walt staged repeats in 1966, 1969 and in 1970, four in all. Union Carbide was the host every time, and Walt's fourth one was seen and heard by millions in continental U.S., Canada, Alaska and abroad. Charles Kuralt put it on the air over CBS. Meanwhile Mode-Art Pictures had pressed two platters called "Whistle Echoes No. 1" and "Whistle Echoes No. 2" and they sold like hot cakes. The unique Voice of the River was making itself heard.

In 1971 when we asked Walt whether he planned

another Whistle Blow he issued a laconic statement: "My time thus far," he said that January, "has been confined to matters of personal urgency." We thought he had decided to take a breather. Maybe so; maybe not.

On early Saturday morning, September 4th, 1971 Walt McCoy died following a short illness at Grant Memorial Hospital, Columbus, Ohio.

When steamboat whistles stop blowing there is a SILENCE, and this SILENCE lasted more than four years. One day this past March Adam Kelly, editor of the Sistersville "Tyler Star News," said to us that Union Carbide was getting bored by this SILENCE--and wouldn't it be a fine idea to stage a "Walt McCoy Tootenanny?"

And that's how the show this past June 19th came about.

ADELLA WACKER, feature writer for the Marietta "Times," visited the Ohio River Museum and her account appeared in issue of June 24th last. Sometimes it pays to listen to what visitors think of what they pay to see. Her story follows:

In a week in June, 735 people visited the Ohio River Museum's three buildings on stilts by the Muskingum.

The majority were out-of-towners. Not a few Mariettans admit to never seeing the insides of the museum that opened two years ago at a cost of a half-million dollars.

Concrete-clad stilts elevate the three buildings of the museum, protecting them from threat of floods. The open walkways connect the buildings and provide one of the best features, reminding a visitor of the living, flowing river nearby.

Comments from Mariettans who have seen the museum include "it's nice but where is the rest..." and "I don't know what some of the things were."

The second building especially is a riverman's museum. It's a salute to the steamboat era, with photographs from the S. Durward Hoag collection, some 20 intricate models of famous steamboats and actual whistles, wheels, wood carvings, dinnerware, nameboards and bells.

Large clear print explains striking illustrations of steamboat and levee scenes. Framed pictures of boats have histories underneath.

"The Washington riverboat left Marietta and anchored nearby off Port Harmar on June 8, 1816. The next morning while the crew was hauling in the kege anchor, the head blew off the stern cylinders killing seven people and scalding and wounding many others." (Ed. Note: God protect us, is this really what the caption says?!)

Several artifacts and tools are not explained however. So if you are not a seaman, or at least a picture book sailor, you will have to try getting explanations from the employes at the front desk or at the nearby W. P. Snyder.

At the center of the steamboat building is a 44-seat auditorium. On the hour and half-hour a multi-screen slide show, well done by the Ohio Historical Society, portrays "The History of the River."

It begins with the glacier era, runs through Robert Fulton's steamboat, the flatboat, keelboat and the era of the "floating palace" steamboats, ending with pictures of what increased manufacturing has done to Ohio's river water.

With exciting graphics and photographs, the third building pretty much repeats the simple ideas of the slide show in a look at "The River Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow."

Surrounded by unidentified old and new farm scenes, a panel titled "Farming" states, "some of these chemicals have unfortunate, long-term effects" without any other details.

Similarly, a panel titled "Industry" states that solutions "are needed to improve water quality without interrupting the flow of goods and services to the consumer."

An 1885 wooden skiff dominates the floor of the third building and the walkway between buildings one and two displays an 18th century dugout ferry

that operated between Marietta and Fort Harmar.

The first building, "The History of the Natural River," houses the desk and gift shop where an enthusiast can even buy an album of riverboat music.

The displays here show how sand pools, sand bars and riffles are formed and include samples of fish and animals that live around them. Upright plastic overlays show the different outlines of the three glacial periods in America, and changing river drainages.

The price of admission (\$1 adults, children under 12 free if with parents, 50¢ otherwise) includes a walk through all levels of the W. P. Snyder, Jr., a steam-powered, stern-wheeled towboat.

An attendant can answer questions about the Snyder, and also sell for five cents bags of food for the carp that jump between the boat and the shore.

CONSTITUTION

Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen

With revisions, adopted September 13, 1975

I

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

II

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

III

Membership shall consist of persons actively engaged in river traffic, persons related to river pioneers and any persons who by occupation or special interest are desirous of having part in an association dedicated to the objectives of this organization. Active membership may be secured by paying the annual dues of ten dollars (\$10.00) per year, in advance, subject in all cases to the approval or disapproval of the Board of Governors. (Revised 9-17-55; 9-18-71; 9-13-75)

IV

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

V

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

VI

The officers of the Association shall consist of a president, two vice presidents, a secretary and a treasurer, elected annually. The president shall appoint a Board of Governors consisting of nine members and these appointments shall be for a term of three years. The initial appointments shall be: 3 for one year, 3 for two years; and 3 for three year terms. Three members shall be appointed for a full term at every annual meeting thereafter. (Revised 9-17-55)

VII

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

The treasurer shall receive all money belonging

to the Association, make disbursements, keep an accurate record of the receipts and disbursements and report the same in writing to the Association at its annual meetings. However, no expenditures in excess of twenty-five dollars (\$25.00) shall be made without the approval of the Board of Governors and no bills of any size shall be paid except those that have been approved by the secretary and the president.

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

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

The Board of Governors shall interpret the meaning and intent of this constitution; shall decide matters of policy, are empowered to enter into contracts and agreements, are empowered to terminate contracts and agreements. They have the right to call before them duly elected officers for the purpose of ascertaining facts, and may suspend officers or members when, in their majority opinion, there is just cause.

In case of suspension a report must be made by the Board of Governors to the Association at the next regular meeting.

Pro-tem officers may be appointed by the Board. The Board may elect as Honorary Members or Honorary Officers persons distinguished for some service to this Association, or to its purposes in general. But such persons, unless also enrolled as active members, shall have no vote nor official voice in the proceedings of the organization.

For any official action of the Board of Governors at any called meeting, independent of the annual meeting, a simple majority of the full Board of Governors shall be required. Witnessed proxy votes will be accepted at such meetings. (Revised 9-17-55)

VIII

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

IX

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

X

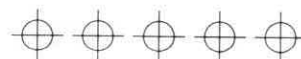
The official insignia of the Association shall be a pilotwheel, enclosing a steamboat headlight, the rim of the pilotwheel bearing the name of the Association.

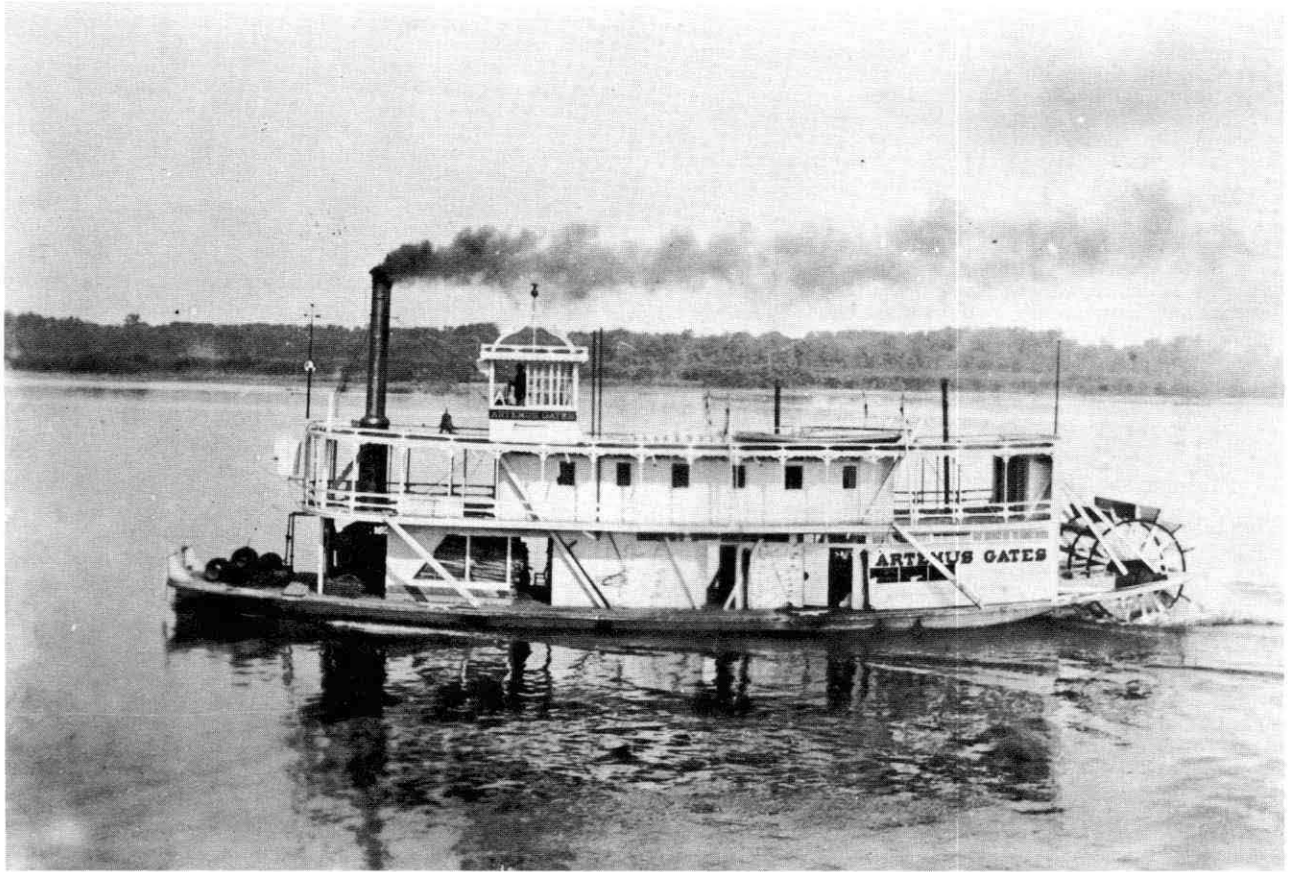
XI

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

XII

The official publication of the Association shall be the "S & D Reflector." (Revised 9-15-73)





THIS PAST JUNE death came to Artemus L. Gates, 80, banker, business consultant, Government servant and for 34 years a director of Time, Inc.; following a lengthy illness; on Long Island. Born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Gates graduated from Yale in 1918 and was thrice decorated in World War I. In 1929, at the age of 33, he became president of New York Trust (now part of Chemical Bank). He joined Time's board in 1931, and in World War II served as an Assistant Secretary, then as Under Secretary, of the Navy.

The rafter ARTEMUS GATES pictured above was built in 1896, the year of Gates'

birth, named for him by Dwight Lamb of C. Lamb & Sons, upper Miss lumber firm. The boat was built at Clinton, Iowa on a wood hull 85 by 18. She usually acted as bow boat for the CHANCY LAMB of the same firm. When rafting ceased she continued at Clinton in the fleet of the Clinton Sand & Gravel Co. She burned at Clinton on Sept. 4, 1927, at which time Capt. John W. Lind of Clinton had been on her almost the span of the boat's career, over 30 years.

For most of the above we are indebted to L. A. Murphy, Moline, Ill. with whom Ye Ed corresponded in 1961. Mr. Murphy's wife was sister to Artemus Gates.

COURTHOUSE EXPLOSION DELAYS PLANS

by Jim Wallen

From the OIL VALLEY NO. 2 and THOMAS W. MEANS in the early 1870s to the last of the local coal-towing sternwheel steamers in the late 1950s, the Kanawha River towboats were reviewed in pictures and sound before the meeting on Sunday, June 13th last of the Ohio-Kanawha Branch of S&D at the Tu-Endi-We Manor, Point Pleasant, West Va. The recorded voices of Bill Barr and Herschel Burford were heard in the slide-tape presentation of "Steamboats on the Kanawha--the Towboats," repeated from the previous meeting at the request of those who were not able to see it previously, and also for the many who wanted to enjoy it a second time. Bill Barr gave the introduction.

After an invocation by Capt. Charles Henry Stone, the meeting was opened by R. Jerome Collins. Twenty-seven were present. This one was the stated election meet-

ing, with all officers being re-elected.

Captain Stone reported that the dynamite explosion which had so severely damaged the Mason County courthouse at Point Pleasant had seriously delayed the possibility of establishing a river museum at Point Pleasant with county assistance, and Jerome Collins suggested that thought be given to the possibility of having such a museum elsewhere within the Ohio-Kanawha area. Jack Burdette asserted that even though the Mason County Court now faces difficulties, there will be a history room in the new Library, in which river displays and books could have a place. Other possibilities will be considered.

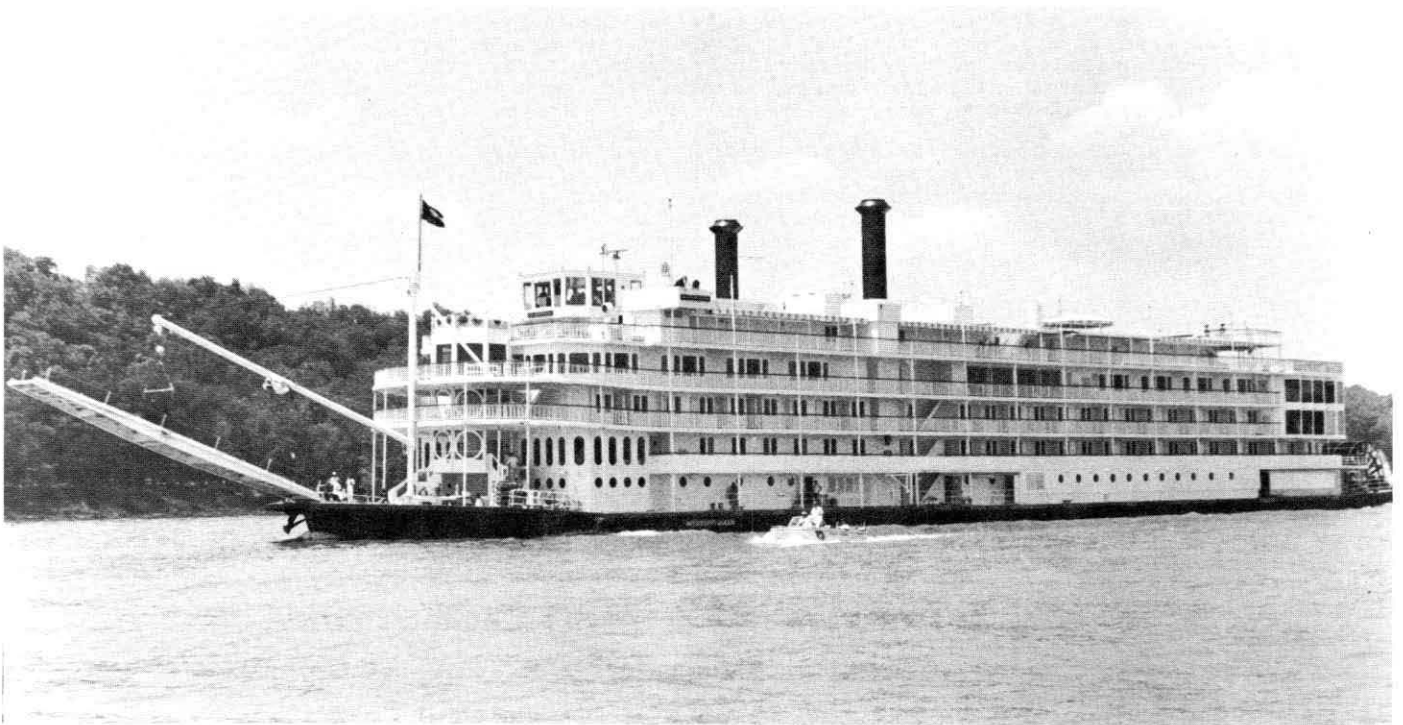
Jerry Sutphin showed a copy of the new SAM CRAIG drawing by Dick Rutter, copies of which are now available. He also announced the Americana record albums sponsored by the National Geographic Society, "Steamboat's a-Comin'," and the navigation charts for the

Kanawha and Ohio rivers issued by the Corps of Engineers with a colorful Bicentennial cover, at \$1.50 for the Kanawha chart and \$2.00 for the one on the Ohio.

For this meeting there was a final feature that evoked prolonged and enthusiastic applause. Bob Barr gave vocal renditions of two of his own compositions, accompanying himself on the ukelele. They were "The Green Water Pilot" and "Cruisin' on the Kanawha." Copies of "The Green River Pilot," words and music, were distributed.

Delly Robertson has our thanks for an excellent report of the reception for the MQ at Cincinnati. "I have been accused of crying at every steamboat I see, but this time Dorothea Frye had me beat," says Delly. In a p.s. Delly hopes Ye Ed didn't catch his cold "when you were sitting next to ME at the breakfast table last morning out on the Shakedown." Only thing we ever caught from Delly is enthusiasm, highly contagious.

SHAKEDOWN CRUISE



WE MET OR PASSED at least 120 workmen in hallways and corridors armed with screwdrivers and power drills still building the boat. A big fat guy with a brush was swabbing out the swimming pool. Capt. Art Zimmer had just arrived in the vast and virtually soundproof pilothouse with the disbelief in his eyes of the farmer seeing his first giraffe. The glass-encased diningroom was already set up for dinner, tall rolled pink napkins upright in glasses like candles, a beautiful sight withal.

Focus of the excitement was at Louisville's Cox Park where the new MISSISSIPPI QUEEN was being prepared to load aboard her first passengers. Valentine-sized invitations had been sent to some 350 "ol' steamboat friends" to cruise down the Ohio to the Oxbows and return, departing at 6 p.m., Tuesday, July 20th last.

This was the morning of that day and Lady Grace and Ye Ed had flown down from home to be gathered up by the most prominent taxi driver in Louisville, C. W. Stoll, who already had corralled another fare, Mrs. Richard (Helena) Simon-ton, just in from L.A.

Boarding was to commence at 4 p.m., but it was impossible to resist this preview. Capt. Ernie Wagner was on the forecastle. "I can tell you how to get to the purser's office, and where to go for grub pile, but for the rest of

her you're on your own," he said.

This boat takes a bit of getting used to. Later in the day when we were bag-&-baggage back aboard, Betty Blake was MC'ing an ovation for Capt. Floyd Blaske. "...and as we gather here aboard this new and proud steamboat DELTA QUEEN.." she said, then quickly corrected herself. Harry Loudon in pilothouse ship-to-shore was forever saying, "DELTA QUEEN back---I mean MISSISSIPPI QUEEN."

"H'ist the stage!" boomed out Capt. Ernie Wagner as the usual late arrival climbed aboard and the last belated straggler leaped ashore. The new \$6,000 whistle gave out a dismal chortle (some said the steam line is too small; others that the valve wasn't opening properly) and so the big DQ, I mean MQ, did a graceful bow-thruster inspired about-face, and headed for the Oxbows.

FOR THE BENEFIT of those who want to know, and that's about everybody in S&D, the Shakedown Cruise had its turn-around next morning about 7:30 at Peckenaugh Bar, about 11 miles below Leavenworth, Ind. and 71 below Louisville. At no time on the downbound leg nor, for that matter, on the return, was the new steamboat operated more than half-head. She was rolling, usually, about 7.8 rpm, making a speed "hardly fast enough to write home about," as Capt. Harry Loudon put it, and creating little or no side waves or wake. Capt. Harry says he believes she's not inclined to wander as much as the DQ, and steers well. She was drawing 7½ ft. on the bow marks, and 8½ ft. at the stern when completely at rest; is inclined to squat at the stern in shoal water, and may dip her cranks (same as the DQ) when laboring. The paddlewheel on this particular cruise was too deep in the water by about one foot, a situation which may be alleviated in part by filling the forward fuel tanks, etc. We heard various opinions, and formed a few of our own, which are worth exactly nothing until further trials and tests are available.

Is she a fast boat? Based on the empirical observation that a fast sternwheel steamboat usually will chew up almost as many miles running on half-head as on full, the MQ is 1) slow, or 2) the engineers were interpreting "half-



head" to mean half the available rpm, and were using less than half-throttle. On trials she is said to have turned better than 15 rpm. The returns are too meager to concede one way or the other.

Most of the Shakedown guests did not concern themselves with the subject matter in the last two paragraphs. They were aboard to have a good time---and did. They accepted many malfunctions of the plumbing with good humor. The kitchen was having its problems, electrical and otherwise, and as consequence one second-seating dinner guest observed dryly (?) that "cocktail hour until eleven p.m. is pretty long."

News, TV and movie persons had a heyday. A rumor got abroad amongst them that on board was an irascible old curmudgeon on record in the public print as having called the MQ "a Holiday Inn on a raft," catnip of a rare sort, particularly to the ladies and gents of the press. Inasmuch as Ye Ed was the alleged culprit, we spent an immoderate lot of time huddled with right-handed reporters, and two left-handed ones, all primed with the same lead question, viz: "What do you think of this boat?" One tape was rather fun to make, the

interviewer being Eleanor Bingham, daughter of the Courier-Journal Bingham. She got the assignment strictly on merit, rest assured.

The Ways were assigned Room 229, about starboard side center on what is described as the Cabin Deck, rated AAA, which means deluxe double with twin beds and a private veranda. Integrated into it with a shoehorn, with a door for privacy, are lavatory, toilet and shower. A dial telephone is on the dresser and this convenience is a first on the Western Waters we do believe, although back in antiquity some brag boats had call bells wire-rigged to an office panel, pulled by hand. The veranda on deck is not sealed off as first we had been led to believe; instead of solid panels there are latticed doors opened or closed at the will of the occupants. Friends in adjoining rooms may share deck space in privacy in AAA rooms on Cabin and Texas decks and also in the suites and ST (parlor area and some with tubs) on the Texas Deck forward. Lady Grace and y.t. were happy with our room and its tackle and apparel. We did not avail ourselves of the veranda-seclusion bit.

THE MEALS are adventures in eating, served in the glassiest and most swanky of restaurants anywhere afloat. Several menu cards appear with this article as samples of the fare. The tables are round, seat five or six in comfort, and the dinner plates are monogrammed MQ, each a temptation to collectors or other scoundrels. We made this error on the BETSY ANN one time, at a moment of rare affluence, and had to tap each departing male on his stomach to get back the dinner plates wedged between underwear and belt. The table gear on the MQ is amazingly well selected otherwise; the salt shakers shake, the peppers pep, and cream pitchers pitch and the silverware would not fault Lady Astor's table. And it is all so beautiful.

Wine is available with meals, charged to the host's bar account. For \$18 you may have a full bottle of Schramsberg Blanc de Blanc (the champagne used in christening the MQ), the choices ranging down to \$2.50 for a half-litre of Chablis, Rose or Burgundy. Partaking of one of these meals is a project not to be undertaken lightly, and never once did we have cargo space



The large diningroom extending clear across the MQ, with a stern view, is pictured here several hours before the first meal was served to passengers on July 20th last. For this and other candid shots we are indebted to Greg Goldstein, 4931 Southside Drive, Louisville, Ky. 40214 who made special effort to get them to us in time for this issue.



MISSISSIPPI QUEEN

Exclusively for ol' steamboat friends

Luncheon

Appetizers

PINEAPPLE JUICE MARINATED MUSHROOMS

Soups

VEGETABLE COLD SOUP DU JOUR

Salads

MIXED GREENS
COTTAGE CHEESE WILTED LETTUCE

Entrees

CREAMED CHICKEN ON SPOON BREAD
DEEP FRIED BATTERED COD, TARTER SAUCE
FRESH FRUIT PLATE WITH SHERBERT OR COTTAGE CHEESE
MEAT AND CHEESES FROM THE COLD TABLE

Vegetables

BUTTERED PEAS FRENCH FRIES
BROCCOLI YAMS

Assorted Breads

Desserts

ICE CREAM SHERBERT CHOCOLATE CAKE

Beverages

COFFEE - TEA - MILK - SANKA - SOFT DRINKS

Dinner

Appetizers

RUMAKI CHILLED MELON

Soups

CONSOMME SOUP DU JOUR

Salads

MIXED GREENS
WILTED SPINACH

Entrees

STUFFED GAME HEN, WHITE GRAPE SAUCE
ROAST LEG OF SPRING LAMB, FRESH MINT SAUCE

Vegetables

PEAS OVEN BROWNED POTATO
HARVARD BEETS WHIPPED POTATO

Assorted Breads

Desserts

ICE CREAM SHERBERT
RUM BAVARIAN CREAM PIE

Beverages

COFFEE - TEA - MILK - SANKA - SOFT DRINKS



left over for the Rum Bavarian Cream Pie, worse the luck.

Table seatings are assigned for luncheon and dinner. At breakfast you can bally well sit anywhere you want to--which we did, and got in some nice visiting. Our regulars at luncheon and dinner were John Hartford, Michelle Kingsley, and Capt. Doc Hawley. At an adjoining table were C.W. and Lucy Stoll, Mr. and Mrs. Lin Caufield, and Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Glass. The second evening we swapped partners.

THE FIRST LANDING made by the MQ on a scheduled tourist trip was at Brandenburg, Ky. This took place July 21st last in ultra-slow motion. The big boat floated in, the ponderous Steel Pier stage was swung shoreward, then was lowered on the concrete ramp lately built for launching motorboats. Then accompanied with Lady Grace we headed shoreward.

When had we ever before been in Brandenburg? Easy; never. The miracle is not so much that fact, but that Brandenburg exists to grace the Ohio River shoreline at all. On April 3, 1974 a tornado of gargantuan proportion leveled a more than generous portion of this 2,000 population town, killing 29. (Brandenburg was much in REFLECTOR news last issue, page 13, for its part in Morgan's Raid).

Lady Grace and I had climbed the ramp and were in the parking area when that fabulous father-son team John and Corky Bickel, McGregor, Iowa, caught up. Said John Bickel to us: "Wherever you go things seem to happen, so we're tagging along with you." Fine. There was

This was taken in the Louisville harbor during trials previous to commissioning. We judge she was rolling 12-15 rpm, equivalent to "full head." For the several exterior shots in this issue we are indebted to John Dreyer, Delta Queen Steamboat Company.

never a more unlikely place for the unexpected to happen.

But it did, almost instantly. The citizens here had been taken unawares by the unscheduled landing. Thomas H. Lusk, retired insurance man (he sold out about a year before the tornado) had seen the MQ doing her slow-crawl landing approach, had driven home to gather up his wife Mildred, who didn't stop to put on her shoes or sox, and the two of them were at the parking lot. They opened the car door and asked: "Would you folks like to see Brandenburg?"

Well, of course. Tom had not been in town when the disaster hit and lucky he wasn't; his office was demolished. He said a person had to know the old Brandenburg with its riverfront buildings to gain an idea of the cataclysm. Most of the "new" town now is on top of the hill, and very few scars remain. Mrs. Lusk stopped off home to spruce up a bit after which we toured them aboard the MQ along with Father Brian Martin of the local St. John the Apostle Church. Tom Lusk allowed that the MQ was something of a stretch from the old SOUTHLAND he remembered at the local wharf so well.

The frustrations aboard a vessel this size are terrible. You'd think we would know who the purser was, and the names of the engineer crew, for example, but we never

did find out. Not because we did not try either. Clyde Glass, Neil Whitehead and I decided to visit the engineroom. The first mistake is we should have hired an experienced guide to take us there, and the second was we should have kept that guide on the payroll to get us back to civilization. Most of the morning was spent wandering in corridors, up and down stairs, and opening doors leading nowhere. We launched upon the project with the hazy idea that an engineroom is fairly hard aft (right) which on this monster is not enough. In this subterranean domain we asked directions of occasional gnomes who smiled wanly, heaved shoulders and said they'd never been there. American grit is what got us to our objective.

One time we did see the head and shoulders of a man who might have been an engineer. He was separated from us by a maze of hot pipes so we never got to speak to him. A man, or even a boy, of ordinary stature cannot walk around in here without bending over double to get from fore to aft. It's an adventure best reserved for steam freaks with high heat resistance.

Curiously to us, the gentleman who spent the last couple of years assembling all this machinery, and who persuaded it to operate, was aboard with his wife, both guests, enjoying themselves, Kenny Howe and Mrs. Howe.

The mates on the forecandle were

James Willard Lockhart and Joseph Davisson, both men good.

Most of the real "steamboaters" were busy being themselves. Capt. Curran Streckfus, up from New Orleans, had his fingers in the ship-to-shore radio explaining how it works, for he has one like it on the PRESIDENT. Capt. Dennis Trone was wandering about with a 10-ft. pocket rule measuring corridors, door widths, etc. Ray Spencer was wondering if he put 50 spare copies of The Waterways Journal's 16-page full color "Salute" to the MQ on an office-area stand whether there would be any takers. Sluupp and whoosh, 20 minutes and they were all g-o-n-e, gone. It was a fun trip sure enough; John Beatty, Dale Flick, Marion Frommel, Dan Pinger, Bill Kinzeler, Don Vornholt, Larry Walker, Dick Simonton, Jay Quinby---Dorothy Frye, Betty Justice, wow. One place we met up with Doc Hawley who was saying, "Would you believe it, there are 61 fire stations on here!" and at another time I was trying to find my way from the pilothouse to the lower deck areas, Harry Louden trailing along behind. "Do you

know a shorter route?" I asked him. "Hell," said Harry, "I figured you knew one; I'm just following you."

Then there was Harry Louden on watch in the pilothouse at night, headed up on Paddy's Run, looking so small for his responsibilities. Bent over him was a loquacious Coca-Colaman bent on improving his nautical know-how. "What, sir, is the relationship between the captain and the mate on these inland waters?" he asked Harry. Harry gave the levers a little shove and said in reply, "The relationship between the captain and the mate on here is very good, very good indeed."

"Pray let me rephrase the question," said the interrogator.

But Harry was off on another tack. "Hey Fred," he said, "Were you ever piloting on any boat where the willers was rubbing the boat on both sides at the same time?" He pointed vaguely about two points abaft of beam. Sure enough somebody had placed potted greenery just outside the sash on both sides. "Wonder what Bill Dugan will think of that?"

The ELAINE JONES downbound with tow gave the new MQ a hearty salute at the head of Little Blue River Island. How embarrassing. We couldn't answer--our new and beautiful brass whistle had laryngitis. Our new and beautiful roof bell was reposing on a forward deck still in the wooden crate which had brought it down from Cincinnati, a gift from the citizens there.

Betty Blake, Vic Tooker and his beautiful mother, and all their coworkers, are to be complimented on showing the guests a good time. Ye Ed and Lady Grace, personally, and in behalf of all, thank them.

One of the engineers on the MQ's Shakedown was Lynn Feldmann, recent graduate from California Maritime Academy, who completed the four year term in three.

The Modern River Photographs being shown at Campus Martius, Marietta, will be exhibited through October 31st. Allen Hess and Chris Eaton, the photographers, have been mailing attractive announcements to this effect.



In High School we would have called this the "Assembly Room" where all students gathered for morning devotionals (what's devotionals, grand-dad?) or an occasional lecture. Picture is taken from port rear section looking forward. Behind us at the right is a stage and in the right center foreground is a small dancefloor. Off in the distance at the left is a large doorway opening into the forward gazebo with its fantastic tile floor. We always thought "g'ZAY'bow" was how you said it, until DQ Line's president Betty Blake pronounced it "g'ZEE'bow" loud and clear like Webster does. The round support columns are shiny brass, like you used to see in all well equipped fire-houses. On the MQ this is her Grand Saloon.



A MODERN LST

Navy has been making great strides since WW2.

JOHN L. FRYANT sends us the above picture taken in the spring of 1974 at the Navy Yard, Washington, D. C. She is the USS HARLAN COUNTY (that's in Kentucky, suh). This new class of LST has no bow doors. Instead, a 112 ft. stageplank (in Navy lingo a ramp) is carried on the fore deck underway. It is hoisted into place, raised and lowered, by derricks built into the hull. These monsters are 522.3 ft. long overall, 69 ft. beam, with maximum draft of 17.5 ft. Six diesels drive twin props with variable pitch, pilothouse controlled.

John Fryant was toured through HARLAN COUNTY at the time this picture was taken. He says the "tank deck" runs the full length of the ship "and you could put the CLAIRE-E, LAURA J and the CHAUTAUQUA BELLE end to end in there and still have room left over." This new class is designed for 20 knot speed.

Dick Rutter writes to remind us that Navy produced at least one (Dick says only one) LST run by steam. She was LST-1153 christened USS TALBOT COUNTY. His version:

"The TALBOT COUNTY Class was originally to have three ships. One was cancelled; two completed. The TALBOT COUNTY's sister, the USS TALLAHATCHIE COUNTY (LST-1154) became AVB-2, and was not used as

an LST. This Class (two ships) had LOA 382 ft., WOA beam 54 ft., and maximum draft 17'3".

"The TALBOT COUNTY had two oil-fired water tube boilers and her twin props were turned by Westinghouse geared turbines.

"The Navy, in love with steam since the days of the Great White Fleet, soon found out that steam and landing craft don't mix. Two problems soon manifested themselves. Even though the designers thoughtfully located water intakes and outflows on the sides rather than on the bottom, sand sucked into the evaporators and condenser systems when she was beached. Second, water in tidal mudflat and beach areas is usually shallow, and as a result has been warmed up by the sun. Since evaporators (which make fresh boiler feed water from salt water) and condensers (which make boiler feed water from saturated steam) depend on vacuums and cold intake water for efficiency, warm beach water causes trouble. So as a result of sand being sucked in, and less water being made for boilers and the like, a steam LST up on the beach for more than several hours is in trouble. Ergo, only one steam LST in the Navy."

Dick says he never served on an LST built on the Mississippi System, but he did manage eight weeks on USS TERREBONNE PARISH, one of

15 LSTs (LST-1156 through LST-1170) built 384 ft. LOA, 56 ft. beam (extreme) and 16'1" maximum draft. Each has four G-M diesels, 6,000 total shaft hp., driving two variable pitch props.

A BOOK TO TREASURE

IT'S a big thing, 576 pages, professionally bound in attractive bright red durable cloth, stamped in gold with S&D pilotwheel emblem and title.

Contains all twelve issues of S&D REFLECTOR, 1972 through 1974.

Two companion volumes containing earlier issues were immediate sell-outs and are no longer available.

Make out check for \$40 which includes insured mailing charges and order form

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

LAST SEPTEMBER after S&D, Bud Daily and his wife Eileen stopped off at New Martinsville on their way home to Toronto, O. and called on John Null and wife. Upshot of the visit was that Eileen up and bought the old pilothouse lock, stock and barrel which has decorated the Null yard for some years past. Eileen's thought was to move her purchase to Toronto--but the proposition of hauling a pilothouse 16 by 11'2" and 12 ft. high was a bit much. So Bud ran an ad in The Waterways Journal offering it for sale.

Replies and inquiries poured in from Chicago, New Orleans, Evansville. Purchaser was Mrs. Ben Wells, St. Louis, who wanted to place it on the lawn of the riverside home she and her husband have near there. Bud Daily tried to arrange river shipment but ran into obstacles. So he engaged the services of a big flatbed trailer truck specializing in over-width highway transportation.

Lots of fun getting it loaded; there was no cherrypicker or crane available in the New Martinsville area. Bud located two small bulldozers, broke a stringer during the lift, but succeeded. During the trip the truck driver had a small collision with a bridge but otherwise got along handsomely until at St. Louis he stepped off the rig and broke a leg.

Ralph R. DuPae came a-callin' at 121 River one of those hot days just before July Fourth, a bearer of gifts. As most S&Ds are probably aware, Ralph is helping implement the already noteworthy photograph and negative collection dealing with Western steamboats at Wisconsin State University's Area Research Center, Murphy Library, La Crosse, Wisconsin.

Ralph lugged into our livingroom two hefty cardboard cartons, one containing the "E" pictures, and the other one the "F" pictures so far accumulated. He said he chose E and F for convenience of transporting them in his wagon. A or B would have been bulky, and C, J or M unmanageable.

So, all right, we trotted forth our negatives E and F and ran a check, to test what HE had, and what WE had, and what the differences were, if any. Oh vanity! We have been collecting for 63 years, and Wisconsin has been at it for but three.

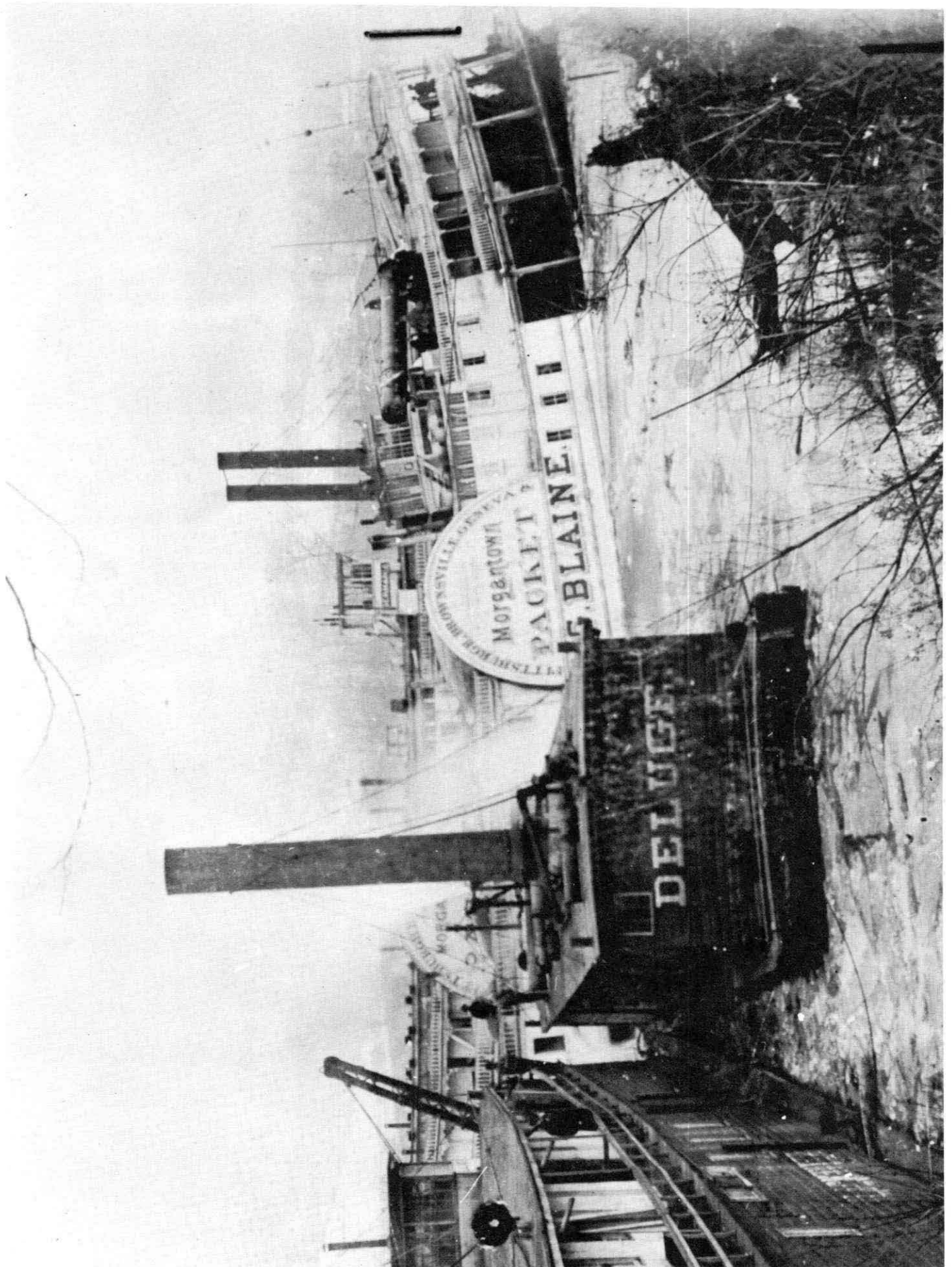
But you know what? This upstart Ralph had ten (repeat TEN) steamboats with names starting with E and F we'd never seen in photographs. Why he had the ELLEN HARDY, taken 1865; he had the ENTERPRISE being transferred on skids from the Upper Upper around St. Anthony Falls in 1863; he had the FLORA CLARK whose engines went to the LORA and eventually to the GENERAL PERSHING upon which Ye Ed was once clerk; he had the rafters ED DURANT, JR. and EILEEN and all manner of good stuff like that.



Diesel towboat KEYSTONE, picture furnished kindness of William E. Reed. Her pilothouse recently was moved from New Martinsville, West Va. to St. Louis (see story in left column). This wood hull sternwheeler was built at Pittsburgh in 1937 by Charles Zubik, 77.1 by 20. She came out with a Fairbanks Morse engine rated 180 hp. Iron City Sand & Gravel bought her from Zubik and later she long operated in the Ohio River Sand & Gravel fleet at New Martinsville. In 1952 she was given a new GM diesel, 240 hp. Last appeared in the 1960 edition of Inland River Record.

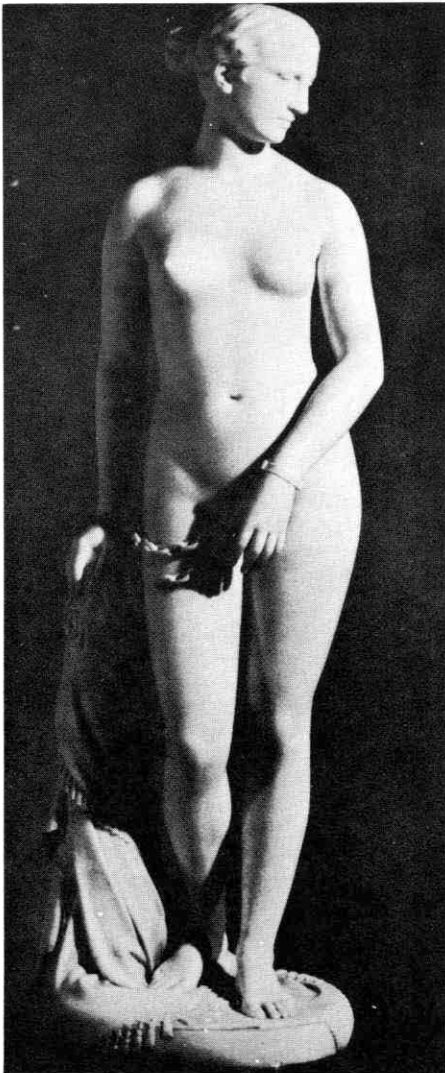


Here is the KEYSTONE's pilothouse loaded on the flatbed at New Martinsville, picture taken May 15, 1976. Bud Daily says the double-rim pilotwheel, still in her, was said to have come from the packet OUACHITA. If so, it originated on the PERCY SWAIN. The OUACHITA ran Pittsburgh-Cincinnati in 1934, then for several years Cincinnati-Louisville owned by Ohio River Transit Co. Greene Line bought her fall of 1936, dismantled her at Jeffersonville January 1940. Coca-Cola now is in the river business and so--in a real sense--is Seven Up; the pilothouse's new proprietor Mr. Wells is Mr. Seven Up.



THE PICTURE OPPOSITE

STEVE MACKINACK located this interesting scene, and our thanks to him, and also to William E. Reed for the photo copy. The Monongahela River side-wheel packet JAMES G. BLAINE was blown ashore during a gale during the first week of January 1896, speared a stump, and sank. She was about 23 miles above Brownsville near the Masontown, Pa. highway bridge and settled at Hatfield's Landing. George and Jim Nutt, long associated with the U.S. Engineers, superintended the raising operations. They brought in the SLACKWATER (extreme left) and the big pumpboat DELUGE. The Packet Line's side-wheel GERMANIA was moored outside. Within a day or so they had her afloat. Repairs were made at the Axton boat yard, West Brownsville. The BLAINE was getting along in years, built 1882, but was kept paddling along until 1900 when she staged three sinkings within months, was beached out at Brownsville and replaced by the new COLUMBIA.



THE GREEK SLAVE

WHAT BRINGS all this about is a 28-foot blowup of Hiram Powers' "The Greek Slave" currently bolted to the canopy above the entrance to the Whitney Museum in New York. It was put there because Whitney regards the statue as the "key work" in the history of American sculpture, invoking, say they, an ideal---that of freedom. Whitney is displaying a show titled "Two Hundred Years of American Sculpture."

Harold Rosenberg reviewed the show for The New Yorker (June 14, '76 issue) observing that such idealism makes "Slave" typical of the sculpture of its century. Says he:

"The public success of "Slave" in the mid-nineteenth century was due to her combination of exposed nakedness and lofty moral sentiment---a formula that often worked to win acclaim for academic compositions of the period. Sent on tour throughout the United States, "Slave" allayed the moral qualms of her beholders by arousing their sympathy for her plight as a modest Christian put on the block by the lecherous Turks, to be delivered, for obvious purposes, to the highest bidder."

The original was made in 1844, and achieved notoriety when it was displayed at the London Crystal Palace Exposition in 1851. Presently it resides in Raby Castle, Durham County, England. Several replicas were made, one of which caused a sensation in New York City in 1847, after which it was displayed along the East Coast, the Midwest, and in the South during the early 1850s.

Sculptor Powers, well known in Cincinnati where he had resided in his youth, was honored in the summer of 1848 when a side-wheeler was named HIRAM POWERS, commanded by Capt. Charles G. Pearce. When he learned of this, Powers presented the new boat with a flag, and wrote Pearce a most complimentary letter.

The following fall another new side-wheeler, built at Jeffersonville, Ind., arrived on the scene, Capt. W. C. Francis. It was named GREEK SLAVE, and on the wheel-houses were oil paintings of the celebrated statue. The Louisville Journal noticed them "as large and as natural as life," and in a subsequent comment added, "very neat and chaste and very appropriate; attracts the attention of everyone."

Optimism was the keynote aboard the BECKY THATCHER moored in the Muskingum at Marietta. Word came June 21st last that the federal Economic Development Administration, designed to provide jobs quickly, had approved a \$150,000 federal grant for the old boat.

First of all she must pass muster from Ohio's building codes, which may delay transfer of the funds into August. When approved, the BECKY also gets \$96,000 from an Ohio General Assembly appropriation.

Emmett E. Shockley, 81, died at Marietta, O. on Tuesday, June 29, 1976. Although a native Mariettan, he spent many years of his life on the Allegheny River, residing at Springdale, Pa. He was in charge of the diesel sternwheel towboat D.A.B. when she flipped bottom side up during a rescue attempt at Allegheny River Lock 3, June 11, 1950. Some years later the hull of the boat was sold to Crain Bros. Inc., was rebuilt, and today operates in their fleet renamed AUNT POLLY. Services were held at Marietta and also at Springdale. Burial was in the Deer Creek Cemetery at the latter place.

Something of a record in modern publishing:

Frank L. Teuton met the JULIA BELLE SWAIN at Chattanooga, rode aboard to Louisville---six days---getting there April 28th last, then went home to Washington, D.C. and wrote a book about all this. He gathered up pictures taken on board, hied to a publisher, and had copies ready for sale aboard the JBS at Evansville, July 4th.

LOG OF THE JULIA BELLE SWAIN is a 32-page paperback, 35 photo illustrations, and an eminent companion-piece to Frank's two other volumes, "Steamboat Days On the Tennessee River," and "Steamboating On the Upper Tennessee." All three are available by sending \$7 to the author. This latest one, the LOG, is \$2. The UPPER is \$3; the DAYS \$2. Address Frank L. Teuton, 9102 Riverside Drive, Washington, D.C. 20022.

Dick and Pat Rutter, 610 Taylor, Alameda, Calif. 94501, announce the arrival of Robert Way Rutter, born Wednesday, July 14, 1976, weighing in at 8 pounds 5 ounces.

Mrs. Charles E. Hall, 111 4½ St. in Williamstown, W. Va. 26187 has a curious keepsake. She describes it as a coin oval in shape and some larger than a penny. On one side, at the top, are the words, FIRST STEAMBOAT, and at the bottom in smaller type, TO PLY THE OHIO, OCT. 20, 1811. In the center is a picture of the boat, and the words NEW ORLEANS 1811-1911.

The flip side says ONE CENT with a wheat design and E PLURIBUS UNUM on the curve.

Our guess is that it was a souvenir coin issued 1911 during the centennial of steamboating. The Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania built a replica of the NEW ORLEANS and steamed it from Pittsburgh to New Orleans.

Sirs: The S&D REFLECTOR is normally an embarrassment of riches, and the March '76 issue is again full of so many wonderful things. My attention at the moment is focused on Dean Cornwell (page 13).

I shall be forever grateful to you for introducing me to Dean Cornwell--it was a quick, short visit on the Marietta wharf approach road, Sept. 16, 1955, after the W. P. SNYDER, JR. had arrived from Pittsburgh. I told him that my Dad frequently mentioned that he had gone to DuPont Manual High School with him, as I did 30 years later and that we had all graduated under the same principal. He beamed when I mentioned this and we had a pleasant but short visit.

When I showed the REFLECTOR article to my Dad (now 88) he said he remembered Dean Cornwell, and also the pictures Dean drew for the "Crimson."

And there it all is, documented in the S&D REFLECTOR; never did I think I would ever see our high school "literary" magazine venerated in a respected historical journal--but there it is. And to think that I was once associate editor of the "Crimson," and even wrote a story for it about the ISLAND QUEEN. Many of the people he mentioned such as Paul Plaschke, and Charles Sneed Williams I knew personally.

Not the least important fact is that Capt. Charles Larkin, master of the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE, was also born on High Street in Portland, Ky., now North Western Parkway.

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

Vol. 1, No. 1 of a 6-page mimeo magazine called "Sternwheeler" has been issued by the American Sternwheeler Association, Inc., dated May 1976. Jan DiCarlo, 4600 Lexington Drive, Oak Crest, Steubenville, O. 43952 is the editor. Item: Membership totals 58 as of April 28 last, 23 regulars, 35 associates. The society's first president Gene Fitch greets his fellow paddlesplashes, telling how he and wife Claire bought the DIESEL in 1965, the culmination of a lengthy hunt, and never have been sorry since. He stresses a goal; to catalogue all sternwheelers in the U.S. "to keep a little bit of Americana going." Gene calls S&D REFLECTOR "the greatest publication on the river by far," and judges that 95% of ASA folks belong to S&D. Editor Jan devotes much of page 4 to a recipe for buttermilk pancakes, which goes to show you that the new "Sternwheeler" with a lady editor at the helm is no lard and hash sheet. Pass the maple syrup, Jan.

Captains on inland steamboats were not required to have a U.S. license when the original laws were enacted in 1852. Mates did not have a license either.

The original laws required li-



Mrs. John W. Tobin

RAY SAMUEL has sent us the above attractive study after having seen the Dec. '75 issue of S&D REFLECTOR in which a photograph of Capt. John W. Tobin appears. Mrs. Tobin was the former Miss Mary Frances Scott, daughter of Judge and Mrs. C. C. Scott. Her father sat with the Supreme Court of Arkansas. Her mother Elizabeth (Smith) Scott came from an old-line family dating back to colonial times. Ray Samuel adds: "The present generation does not know the identity of the child on the lap of Mrs. Tobin in this picture." She was the mother of seven children, five of whom were living in 1888 when Captain Tobin died. A biographer has described Mary Frances Tobin at time of her marriage as "young and beautiful," as this portrait attests. She outlived her husband.

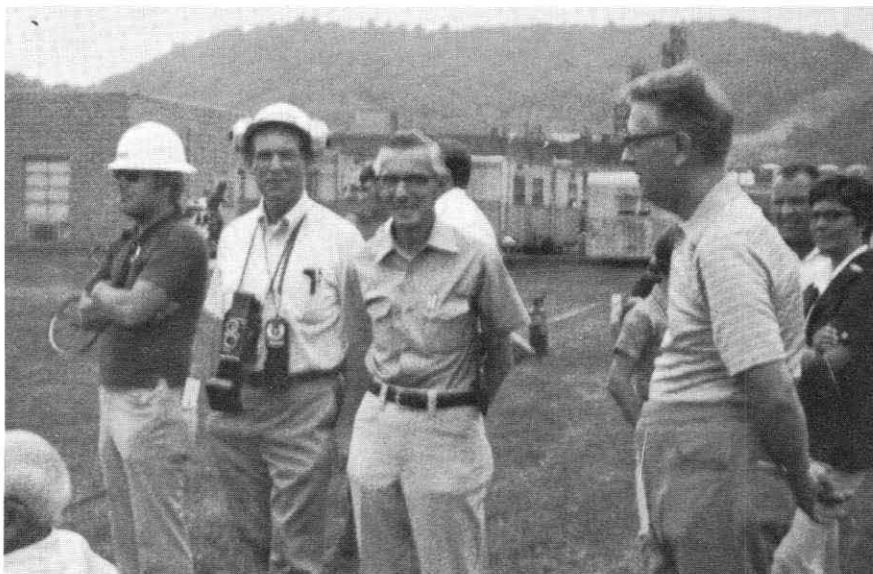
censes for engineers and pilots. From 1852 until 1863 a charge of \$5 was made for an original license and \$1 for each annual renewal. In 1864 the act was amended increasing the tax to \$10.

In 1871 the act was again amended adding captains and mates to the list, requiring \$10 a year fee for masters and \$5 annually for mates and second engineers.

It was not until 1882 that the act was again amended, reducing all fees to 50¢ a year. In 1886 all fees were abolished.

John N. Bascom, 100 Whitehall Road, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4W 2C7 is editor of The "Scanner," an ambitious monthly published by the Toronto Marine Historical Society.

John notes the increase in S&D dues to \$10 and sends his check to cover. "We went through the same thing two years ago," he says, "a bit worried about the reaction of our members--but they came through in fine style and some even paid a lot more saying that our publication was worth whatever we asked."



AT THE WALT MCCOY TOOTENANNY

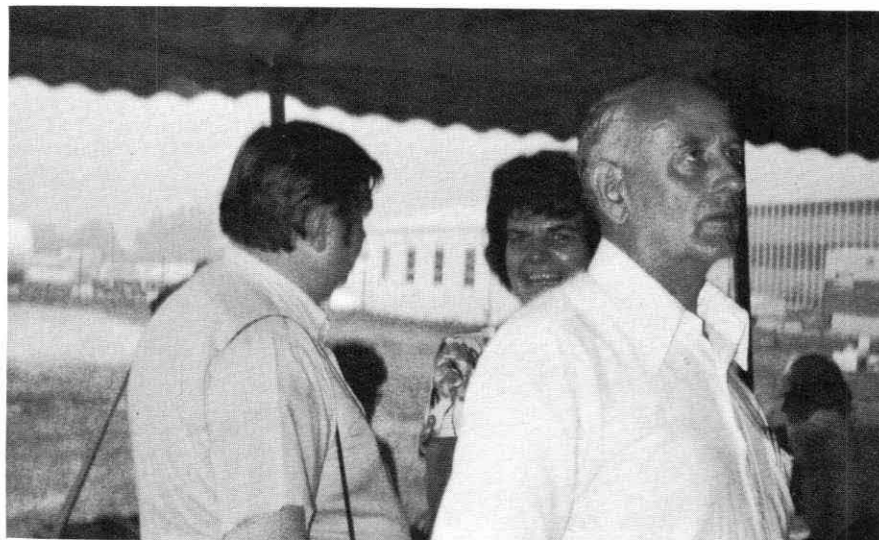
From the left: Ed Shearer, son of Capt. and Mrs. Bert Shearer, naval architect with Hillman Barge & Construction Co.; Capt. Ross Rogers, Jr., marine surveyor; Bob Kennedy, Upper Ohio editor for The Waterways Journal, and Bob Booth. All pictures on this page by Catherine Remley and our thanks.

BELOW: From the left: T. W. Hudson, staff engineer, Union Carbide, South Charleston; Steamboat Bill Barr; Herschel W. Burford; Nelson Jones, and Jerry and Lee Sutphin.

Here is the McCoy clan. Catherine did not get names when she took the picture but we can't resist running it anyhow. Walt McCoy's favorite daughter Mary is in the upper center of the group.



BELOW: Jim Swartzwelder (left) passing the time of day with Muriel Schotten while her husband George thinks what it would be like to have a real steamboat with a whistle on it.



DEAR CAPT. WAY: I want to thank you for having another Tootenanny and naming it for my Dad. We were all glad to be there and take a small part in the affair.

Maggie was delighted to take part in this Tootenanny and is wishing for another. She thought the whistles were music to her ears.

Mother was especially pleased that you and Adam (Kelly) held the Whistle Blow for Dad.

Please express our gratitude and thanks to all the Sons and Daughters for their help.

Sincerely,
Sarah McCoy Wells

Dear Sarah: Thank you for your gracious letter. The great joy of the occasion to Adam Kelly, and in part also to me, was in seeing you and your Mother, and in seeing and meeting others of your family.

Please read the lead editorial on page 4 of this issue, information you may wish to keep.

Really I blush to allow you to think for a moment that my part in what turned out to be quite an enjoyable bash was predominant. The reverse is nearer the truth. Adam kindled the fire when Union Carbide extended the invitation. I wandered into UC's offices a week beforehand quite a stranger and was guided to the desk of a young lady named Barbara Young (hope you met her, she's OK) who said she didn't know a steamboat whistle from a hole in the wall. But there you are--she introduced me to lanky, slow talking Art Edgar, the plant maintenance supervisor. Art had known Walt McCoy; fact is the two of them had hooked up the pipes, etc. for the 1970 Blow. In fact Art had a pencil sketch of the whole lay-out, and a few new ideas to boot, all good. Then Barbara promoted the idea of having a big tent put up--something entirely new for Whistle Blows--and how right that idea was!

Next on the agenda, and a job of some enormity, was to get the dozen or more old whistles from the Ohio River Museum and Campus Martius those 26.7 miles from Marietta to Union Carbide. Your Dad heretofore had attended to this chore with his pick-up. Well, I had no pick-up, nor did I ever possess the physical agility and strength so natural to him.

Good fortune again smiles. The CLAIRES was moored near the Lafayette Hotel with Gene and Claire Fitch aboard. Gene loaded me in his blue pick-up and we wheeled up Front St. with high resolve to do the job. But something's always happening on the river and seems the new LORENA, on her maiden trip to Zensville, had suffered a break-down near Coal Run. We'd better go see about it. Your Dad would have loved this. We dropped in at Coal Run to find Clyde Bryant hammering on his new purchase,



TWO ENTHUSIASTS enjoying STEAM POWER (see lettering on the shirts). David, age 5, and Janna Fryant, age 8, attended the Walt McCoy Tootenanny with their parents Mr. and Mrs. John L. Fryant, Alexandria, Va. Their Dad took the picture.

the sternwheel WINIFRED, and to learn that the LORENA was repaired and plowing a channel upriver somewhere. So we explored our way to Luke Chute Lock, first time I'd been there since 1921, and sure enough after a bit the LORENA hove in sight shorn of pilothouse, stacks lowered forward on the roof and Nelson Brown hand-steering her aloft in the atmosphere. This unseemly preparation was to get her under the new highway bridge at McConnellsville, an adventure still to come. The bets were about even that she wouldn't make it.

Well seeing as how this was Friday morning and the Whistle Blow was less than 24 hours away, and the whistles were still sound asleep at Marietta, we left the LORENA to her fate and went back to work.

Gene has a good friend living at Coal Run with a yen to get mixed into such projects so we gathered up Lawrence Peters.

We were standing there in the basement storeroom at Campus Martius gazing at the SPRAGUE whistle (which weighs 480 pounds assembled) when Chuck Remley said, "You two guys are useless around here," --meaning Gene and me--"so get up to McConnellsville and tend to the LORENA."

Catherine Remley said, "Great! I'll get some film for my camera and drive you up in our car." This pleasant development liberated the

pick-up for the whistle job and Larry Peters said he'd a heap sight rather play with whistles, so he stayed on to help Chuck.

So in another moment Gene and I were rolling up the Muskingum this hot morning in an air-conditioned T-Bird driven by Catherine. We got to McConnellsville in ample time to watch the LORENA lock, plow her way out of the canal--literally--for she was dragging bottom. Nelson Brown headed her up for the low bridge, let her headway run out, floated up within inches of the highest part of the bridge's crown and--and--and--she stopped. The stage mast was inches too high to clear. A groan went up from a great populace on both shores. Nelson backed down seemingly defeated. But what-ho? He was coming ahead for another try at it. He came up on the bridge ever so slowly--and--and--the mast passed under. A miracle! What he'd done, so we learned later, was pump water in the hull. This obstacle overcome, we knew he had clear sailing on up the Muskingum to Zanesville.

We hauled in to Campus Martius at 5:50 p. m. to discover that Chuck and Larry had borrowed a second pick-up from Jim Sands of VALLEY GEM fame, had loaded the whistles in both Gene's and Jim's, and had taken them all up to Union Carbide.

Sarah, you can call this McCoy

luck with no mistake. At seven that Friday evening instead of hauling old whistles Gene and Claire Fitch were hosting an S&D dinner at the Gun Room in the Lafayette, me sitting there flanked by Claire and Sandra Miller still mentally sorting out in some bewilderment what had happened.

The morning mail today brings a note from your brother Jim written from his home in Alexandria, Va. He says this Whistle Blow was a "first" for him, a point I had not realized. "If it's possible," he adds, "I'm sure Dad was listening and you'll probably receive an anonymous hand scrawled note making suggestions for the next one."

In light of the above experiences my system has been purged of all doubt.

Sincerely,
F. W. Jr.

P.S. Grace sends love to all of you; her absence was unavoidable as I'm rather sure I told you. F.

THUNDER RUMBLED in the West Virginia hills during the night. Weather watchers predicted rain, heavy at times, and more thunder for all day Saturday, June 19th last. Surely looked as though the Walt McCoy Tootenanny was due for a soaking.

Gene Fitch and I drove up from Marietta in the Way's old Chevy four-door, discovered we'd lost the radiator water no thanks to a split hose connection. When the steam died down an obliging young man on the ferry dipped a bucket in the river and refilled us.

Yes, we'd come up Ohio 7 and crossed at Fly with the idea of first calling on Adam Kelly, editor of the Sistersville Tyler Star News. Leaving the ferry we found the hour later than we thought, so on down West Va. 2 to Long Reach and Union Carbide.

Barbara Young in short sleeves and jeans, wearing a yellow hard hat with "Barbara" on it, and Art Edgar all set up for operations, were there, and maybe four or five other persons. The hour was 9:30 and oh Lord protect us, thought I, the weatherman has scared everybody off. It wasn't raining but leaden clouds floated low. Wisps of fog played in the Ohio hills opposite.

I don't remember another solitary thing until suddenly I looked around and there in a pick-up was Capt. Harry White with a load of hay. He held up his fingers and started enumerating: "I've got the O. F. SHEARER, SAM CRAIG, ALLEGHENY, F. M. STAUNTON and the DETROITER," he said. He rummaged in the hay and sure enough.

"Harry White," said I, "I dub thee Admiral of this Walt McCoy Whistle Blow."

"Easy on the taffy," said Harry. "What do you want done?" He handed me an auto license plate with WINNIE MAE and SPIRIT OF '76 on it in blue, centered with a red pilotwheel flanked by two U.S. red, white and blue shields.

Programming a Whistle Blow is a matter of sizing up the candidates for flange sizes, and each has to undergo a physical, removing crud from lip-circles with a hacksaw blade, and a good sense of showmanship to sustain audience interest. Several of the Marietta jobs arrived in pieces, threads had to be leaded, branches joined, etc. There is plenty to do.

Capt. John Beatty was backing in a truck. "Fred," he said, "I've got something you'll never believe in a week of Sundays." He pointed to a promising three-branch tooter of considerable size. "I dredged it out of the Missouri River at Mile 8," he explained. "Haven't the slightest idea of what boat lost it, or how, or when."

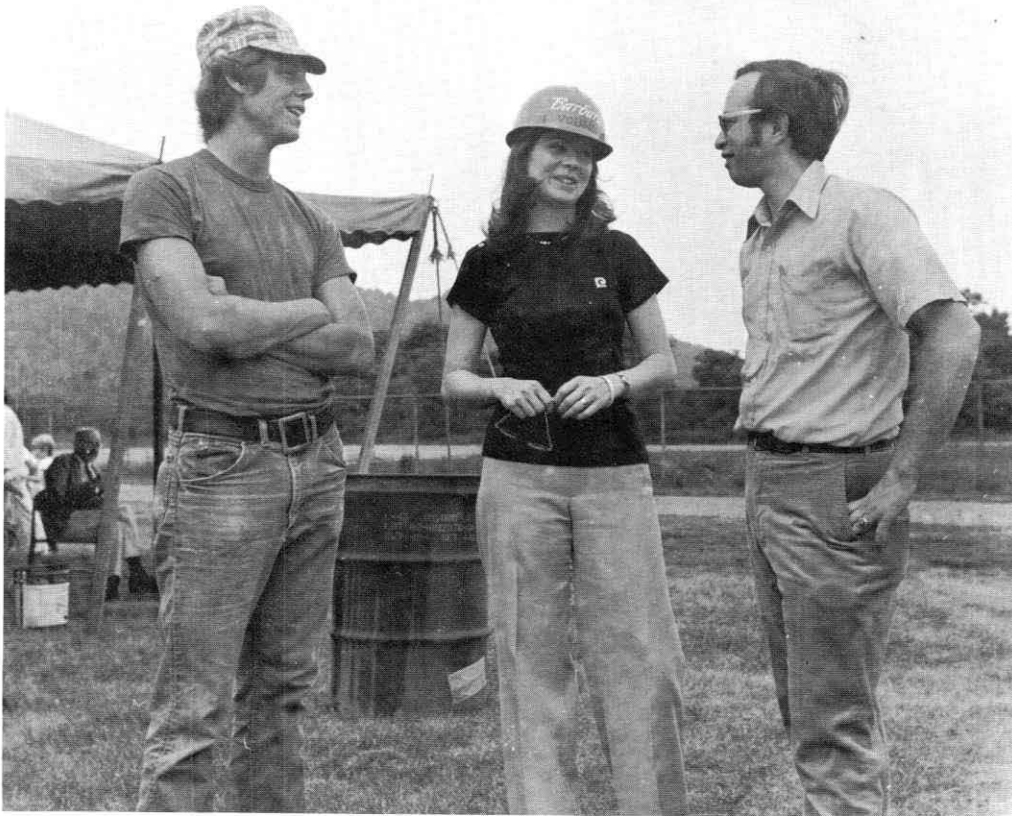
Glenn Crain was there with the MARGARET's whistle. Bill Barr had gathered up a couple from H. H. Nichols of Huntington. Jim Cree brought a likely brass prospect of unknown pedigree. Bob Latta had the deep voice of the SAILOR. Ross Rogers, Jr. with a hard hat on was over in the business side of the enclosure.

Boyd Walker, UC's newly appointed plant manager, who grew up in Texas, was on the scene. Officers and members of S&D's O-K Branch, of the Lower Ohio Branch, and of

the American Sternwheel Association were liberally represented. First there was hardly anybody and seemingly in the wink of an eye nearly every seat under the big tent was occupied. Many were making tapes. Chuck and Catherine Remley were supplying books and pictures to eager customers. Bill Reed was autographing.

Yes it rained---and DID it rain! The countryside badly needed rain, so they got it. Fortunately J. Pluvius, sympathetic to our water-minded people, sent down most of the gallonage during the noon lunch break, and then tapered it off. UC's employes supplied tasty snacks and HOT coffee, even.

Ye Ed early in the day resolved to mark down and tabulate the whistles for posterity. The clip board got wet, the paper was wet, and the Columbus Dispatch had sent down Joe Inne, writer for their Sunday Magazine, plus Glen Cumberland, photographer (who started out as deckhand on Ohio River towboats--on the MONGAH no less) and these two with perspicacity decided to expand their coverage to the whole S&D story. It took a bit of doing. Ross Rogers slapped a yellow hard hat on our head, put our old wet straw job on his own, and strong-armed us to the whistle



NOW SEE WHAT YOU MISSED. The young lady between these stalwarts is Union Carbide's Barbara Young, delegated to keep everybody happy. Barbara is a West Virginian, wife of Shelby Young who edits the "Cass Chronicle" devoted to railroading. The Youngs are good friends of John and Nancy Killoran. Nelson Jones (left) and Steamboat Bill Barr, both of Charleston, complete the scene. -John L. Fryant, photo.



lever. "Blow one," he ordered. It was the sweetest of all, the DESTREHAN. Somebody in the crowd actually DID mark down each whistle, and if he reads this, and sends us the list, we'll supply it next issue.

Ross gave me a thrill, no denying, but what I felt could not possibly have held a candle to the BANG Jack Custer got. Jack had crawled on his hands and knees all the way from Nashville to blow the SPRAGUE, and did. Afterwards we asked him to describe his sensations. He looked at us with glazed eyes and whispered, "I'm still deaf."

Oh glory be where did the time go? I think the last one was a repeat of the MARGARET for Glenn Crain, around 4:30. Gradually getting back to our senses we remembered limping in with a busted hose connection in the Chevy. Oh, boy. Lawrence Peters, unknown to us, had repaired and reclamped it.

After the ball is over, after the guests are gone, somebody with fortitude mops up. As of this moment we don't have full details, but Chuck Remley and crew returned the whistles to the Ohio River Museum and Campus Martius. UC personnel disconnected the steam lines, took down the tent, and presumably went back to making silicones. Seated here at this typewriter we gaze fondly into space recalling faces and names of all who popped up that Saturday, June 19th, gritting our teeth that neither time nor space permits more details.

SPRAGUE'S WHISTLE

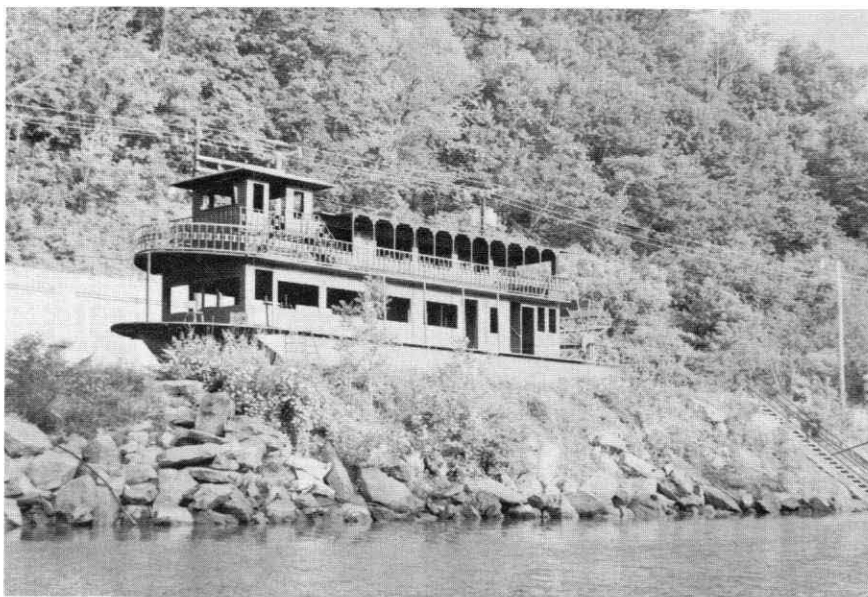
Union Carbide workmen are attaching the 480-pound tooter to the steam line in the picture opposite. Our thanks to Adam Kelly for sending it. Shelby Young took the photograph for Adam's Tyler Star News.

Bob Kennedy made some observations of the Tootenanny, published in The Waterways Journal, issue of July 3 last:

"Among the first people I saw were Capt. John Beatty and his father, Capt. W. C. Beatty, from Cincinnati. 'Cap' will be 90, he tells me, this December 11th. Capt. Bob Lips was there helping, as were Capt. Bert Shearer and son Eddie. Among others were Capt. E. Clare Carpenter of Belpre, and son Lowell; Herschel Burford, secretary of the O-K Branch of S&D; Jerome Collins, president of the O-K Branch; Nelson Jones and Bill Barr of Charleston, and Jim Swartzwelder, Pittsburgh.

"Mr. and Mrs. George Schotten from Hubbard, Ohio, came over to join the fun. Bill Judd, his wife Darlene, and Bill Judd III came up from Cincinnati. Bill Brandt was down from Steubenville.

"Bob Booth was there, and Roy Thistle of Sistersville."



NO, NOT A RIVERSIDE RESTAURANT, guess again. This 100-foot long two-decker is under construction near St. Albans, West Va., about one mile up Coal River a tributary of the Kanawha. The man who designed, and who has done practically all of the work, is Clifford Deane, 4613 Kanawha St., South Charleston, West Va. 25309. This passenger craft will be named BAYER ISLAND when launched approximately August 1, 1976.



STERN VIEW of the BAYER ISLAND for a better look at the stern paddlewheel which is 12 ft. "square," 14 buckets, each having 18" dip. She'll come out with two Chris Craft 327 marine diesels. Reduction through gears is 100 to 1, and chain drive to paddlewheel sprocket. Hydraulic steering, using a 6 ft. dia. pilotwheel. Hull is built of three pontoons, over all 80 by 20. These two pictures were taken by Herschel W. Burford, 138 Strawberry Road, St. Albans, West Va. 25177, to whom our thanks.



Today, something we do
will touch your life.

Industrious and Skilled Mechanics

The most significant contribution of the Western Waters to the present Bicentennial celebration has to do with General Lafayette. We nearly drowned him. Thanks to Jerry Devol the following account of the near tragedy has been made available to us. The captain of the steamboat involved, Wyllys Hall, wrote this story for Dr. S. P. Hildreth of Marietta, O., under date of April 25, 1859, 35 years after the deed. It was published in the Marietta Semi-Weekly Register, issue of April 17, 1888. The scene of the midnight sinking was on the Ohio River a mile or so above the new Cannelton Locks and Dam, along the Kentucky shore. General Lafayette, in his 69th year, was touring the U.S., relishing hero worship everywhere he set foot. Capt. Wyllys Hall, the most erudite of Western steamboat captains, now tells the historic story:-

Dr. S. P. Hildreth,
Dear Sir:

At your request I have written out the narrative of Lafayette's visit to Nashville and, connected with it, the disaster of the steam-boat MECHANIC, which was chartered by the Governor of the State of Tennessee to convey Gen. Lafayette to Nashville and from thence to Louisville.

The MECHANIC was built by John Mitchell on the Little Muskingum River about seven miles from Marietta, above the mill dam, at what was known as Rose's Mill, and was owned by a company of mechanics at Marietta, viz: Royal Prentiss, Aaron Fuller, Wyllys Hall, Jos. E. Hall, C. D. Bonney, Nath Clark, J. S. Clark and J. J. Preston, who fitted her up in good style after the manner of the eastern boats, with her cabin in the hold.

She was 96 ft. keel and 18 wide. Her engine was built by Phillips and Wise of Steubenville and was of ample power, which made her of good speed, equal to any boat on the western waters. She was commanded first by J. S. Clark, next by Aaron Fuller, afterwards by myself, who by the advise of the owners changed her cabin on deck which made her a very pleasant boat and quite attractive, with good accommodations for passengers and a good hold for freight.

I was put in command of the boat by the company at Marietta and after running her in the upper trade for some time with good success, was offered freight and passengers for a trip to Nashville, Tenn., which we accepted and proceeded on

our voyage about the middle of April 1824, and arrived in safety about the 30th. Lafayette had already arrived in this country and was visiting the different cities. He was at this time in New Orleans and would proceed up the river by steam and was expected at Nashville in eight days. The MECHANIC being of good speed and light enough was chartered by Gov. Carroll, then acting Governor of the state of Tennessee, to go to the mouth of the Cumberland, receive Lafayette on board and bring him up to Nashville.

The terms of the charter being agreed upon, with all possible speed we made the necessary arrangements for supplies and proceeded down the river, the Governor and suite and many distinguished citizens from Nashville being with us. We had a pleasant passage to the mouth of the Cumberland, but the boat which was to bring our distinguished guest had not yet arrived. We then proceeded down to the mouth of the Ohio that we might intercept the boat for it was reported that she might go up the Mississippi to St. Louis before she came to the State of Tennessee. We came near the mouth and waited half a day when the boat hove in sight. We gave her a signal which was answered and the boat hove to; after some consultation we got under way and proceeded up the river to the mouth of the Cumberland, which gave us a fine chance to try our speed which was not a little gratifying.

On our arrival at the mouth, immediately we received the General on board, took leave of the New Orleans delegation and proceeded up the river; having on board the Governor of Illinois and his suite, with other distinguished gentlemen in addition to those already on board, which made us pretty full. The weather was pleasant and we were favored with a fine stage of water. We arrived in the vicinity of Nashville on the second day, when, about eight o'clock in the morning we received a message from the committee of arrangements which detained us half an hour. After dismissing the committee we held on a while to give them time to communicate ahead of us, after which we proceeded within five miles of the city when we gave the signal of our approach, which was immediately answered from a brass six-pounder taken from the British at New Orleans. While approaching we fired minute guns which were answered alternately until we arrived at the landing, at which place was assembled an immense concourse of people from the surrounding country and neighboring cities awaiting our arrival.

Among the most distinguished was General Jackson who received Gen. Lafayette in a beautiful barouche drawn by six magnificent horses. A procession was immediately formed attended by a splendid military escort of cavalry, artillery and infantry which attended him through the principal streets of the city under triumphal arches and flags amidst the hearty cheers and greetings of the entire populace. He was then escorted to an elevated platform erected for that purpose, where he was publicly received by the Governor in a short but very appropriate address of welcome, which was very happily responded to by Gen. Lafayette. After which a short time was devoted to the friendly greetings of his old companions-in-arms, several of whom were present. Immediately the procession was formed again to escort him to the boat for we were to take dinner at the Hermitage that day, which was twelve miles from the city up the river. Gen. Jackson had before apprised me of this to which I objected having no pilot and the river was difficult to navigate, to which he promptly replied, he would pilot the boat himself, which he did to the admiration of all present. We arrived at the Hermitage about 2 p.m., when a large number of ladies and distinguished guests were assembled and where was prepared a very sumptuous dinner. After partaking freely of the same, the General invited us into the parlor where he showed us all his trophies of war, and the many testimonials of his fellow-citizens received of them in token of their high regard for him as a man of valor in his military exploits and statesmanship. Among them was a splendid sword presented after the Battle of New Orleans by a manufacturing house in Middletown, Conn.; a brace of pistols which Lafayette had formerly made present to Washington, which he recognized readily, besides a great variety of Indian curiosities and weapons taken in war. A short time was occupied in this way when we went again to the boat and all the company went with us to the city where we arrived at six. Another procession was formed that escorted Gen. Lafayette to his lodgings. The city was brilliantly illuminated and every demonstration of joy was manifested from all.

The next morning we were to take leave of the city having been re-chartered at the same rate to take the General to Louisville. After getting a full and fresh supply of stores, we again received the General on board accompanied by the Governors of Tennessee and Illinois, and their suites, with a large number of distinguished citizens and a company of volunteers of infantry from Clarksburg. We then took leave of the city with all its festivities to try our fortune once more on the deceitful waters of the Cumberland and Ohio Rivers. We glided down rapidly, yet safely, and arrived at the mouth next morning and then pro-

ceeded up the Ohio for Louisville. The weather was pleasant through the day and everything seemed to contribute to make our trip agreeable and pleasant, but oh, what a sudden transition! That night our boat was a wreck and all our prospects blighted.

Early in the evening the weather changed and became somewhat boisterous and the sky was overcast with clouds. We ran up on the left shore (looking upstream -Ed.) near Rock Island under an easy pressure of steam to what was called Sugar Loaf rock (Capt. Jess Singleton knew it as Martha Washington rock -Ed.) which was the usual crossing place, when we veered away to the right and in a few minutes we found ourselves near the other (Kentucky -Ed.) shore in an easy current and under accelerated headway. It was midnight. The second watch had been called but had not taken their stations. I was giving some directions to the engineer when I heard a tremendous crash and the boat seemed all in a tremor. I hurried to the place to ascertain what was the matter, when, to my surprise, a snag had pierced through the boat, up through the main deck, bringing with it one of the deckhands who slept in the forecabin, without being much hurt. This was an extraordinary circumstance but not more extraordinary than true. I went immediately to the place and ordered some mattresses and blankets thrown down to me. Having a light to examine the place, I discovered at once that it was useless to make any effort to save the boat.

She must go down. I went immediately back taking with me a faithful deckhand, passed by the engineer, told him the boat would sink, so let his engines run on, as the fire would soon be out, and to take care of himself. Passed through the cabin, gave the passengers the same notice. Some of them were already out of their berths half-dressed.

I went immediately to the stern of the boat, cast off the painter of the yawl from the taffrail-rail, and gave it into the hands of the deckhand who stood by me. I hastened to the cabin, and with all possible speed hurried Lafayette, his son George W. Lafayette, and Mr. La Vasener into the boat, with a little girl of twelve years, belonging to a passenger. I then skulled the boat to shore with all possible speed, jumped them out and hurried back again, plying backward and forward until I was entirely exhausted. I then gave her into the hands of Governor Carroll, who was a skillful boatman. By the help of some of our crew he got all on shore in safety.

John Hunt, the clerk, who was a persevering, faithful young man, as I passed back I admonished to take care of the books and money, for there was about a thousand dollars in specie besides papers in a portable desk in the office. He had seized hold of the desk,

brought it out with the books, but in an effort to save these came very near losing himself, for as the boat careened he slipped down, at which time the desk, money, books and himself slid into the water, and the desk overboard. All this transpired in less than twenty-five minutes, and the scene closed upon us in the dead of night. We were thrown on shore destitute of everything. We built a large bonfire and sat down in mournful silence and watching for the morning light which revealed to us full the unhappy situation we were in and the perils we had passed. We felt thankful, notwithstanding, that we had all escaped and were all on shore. But how to provide for our present necessities was next to be considered.

Some thought one thing, some another, and our wants began to press upon us with peculiar weight. We saved no provisions except a venison ham and a few biscuits which floated from the wreck. Instead of hearing the cheerful breakfast bell summoning us to the usual morning meal of breakfast and coffee, we heard nothing but the rippling water which hurried along without giving heed to our distress, or for a moment listening to our complaints. But a kind Providence whose watchful care never fails, who is over all, still cared for us and sent us relief when seemingly most needed, for at this critical moment, much to our joy, there hove in sight the steamboat PARAGON, Captain Wilson, bound for New Orleans, who on seeing our signal of distress hove in immediately and generously gave us all the assistance in his power, inviting us all on board giving us something to eat (for we were very hungry), and after some delay gave us a dinner and treated us very courteously, offering to return to Louisville with his boat, which he did, after rendering some assistance in fishing out trunks and luggage belonging to Lafayette and others and furnishing us with some salt, provisions, rigging, etc. to help us secure what we could from the wreck.

About twelve o'clock the boat was ready, and General Lafayette and suite and Governor and suite with all the passengers went on board, and after a few minutes delay we took leave of each other forever.

-Wyllys Hall.

Ed. Note:- In another letter written by Capt. Hall, presented in Vol. 20 of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society magazine (1920) the disposition of the steamer MECHANIC is attended to thusly: "After a few days we were relieved by Mr. Prentis, and I returned home to make the necessary arrangements for raising the boat. Later I took her to New Albany where she was repaired and put into the St. Louis trade by Capt. Prentis and afterwards by J. J. Preston, who took her into the upper Mississippi and ran her

awhile between St. Louis and Galeana without much success. She afterwards was lost on the ways in a flood when in the course of repairs." Another source we have examined disposes of her with the notation, "Stove, near St. Louis, 1827." There is, or was, a rock alongshore below Montrose, Iowa called Mechanic's Rock, said to have been so dubbed because an old-time boat sank upon it bearing the name of MECHANIC. We and undoubtedly others have been disposed to wonder whether this was Capt. Wyllys Hall's old command. One more tid-bit:- In 1894 an old steamboat engineer then living in Cincinnati, who gave his age as 85, said he was aboard the MECHANIC when she sank with Larayette. His name was William Mix.

S&D's Middle Ohio River Chapter convened aboard the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE for an afternoon cruise this past Saturday, June 12th. A dinner meeting followed in Jeffersonville at America's Host enlivened by the presence of Ruth Ferris, Loretta Howard and Charlie Dietz. There were 28 in all.

Dana and Sue Eastman, Alton, Ill., brought Ruth Ferris. Mrs. Howard was in company of her son Ed and his good wife.

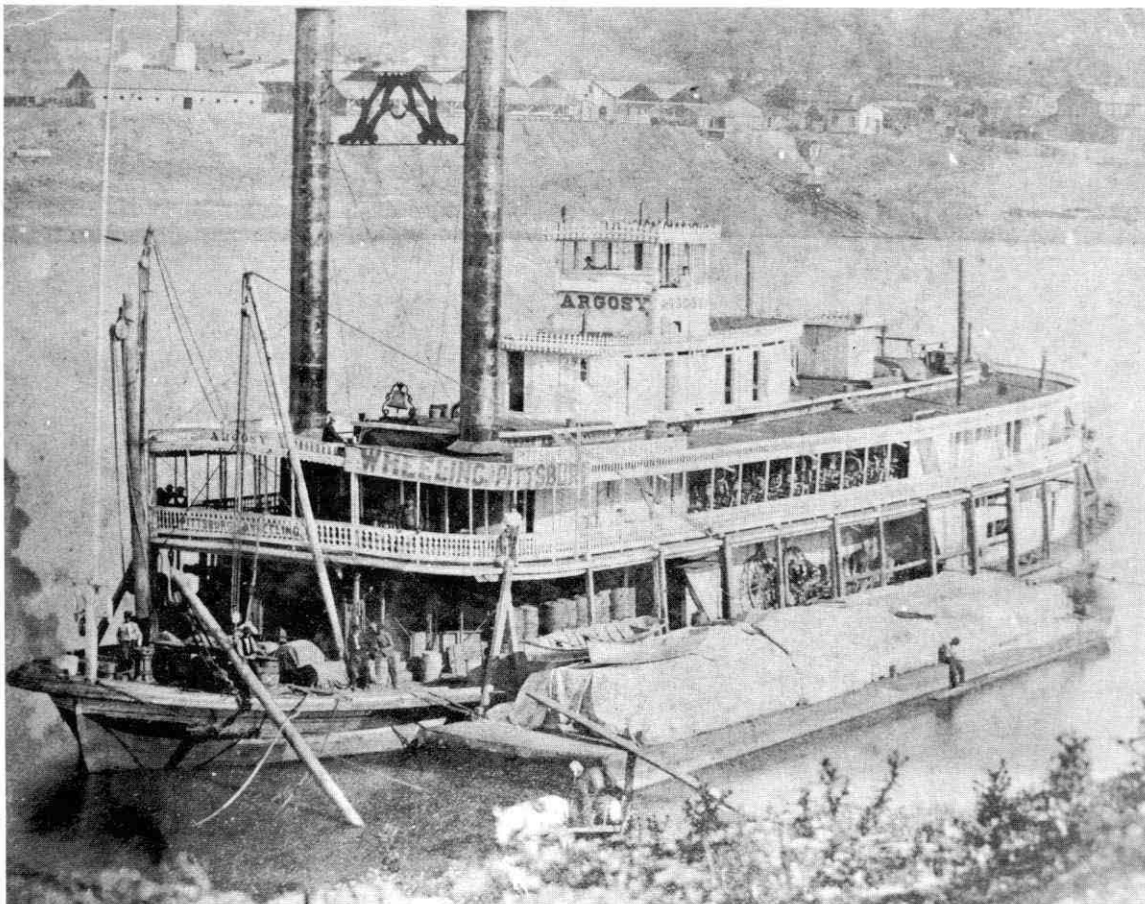
Dale Flick introduced the speaker of the evening, Alan L. Bates. The gist of his talk, which sure kept everybody awake, were the woes, the wonders, and the occasional joys of designing the new NATCHEZ.

Officers were elected by acclamation. Jack E. Custer is president; Greg Goldstein, 1st v.p.; Bud Schroeder, 2nd v.p.; Sandra Miller, secretary, and Pat Sullivan, treasurer. The Board is composed of C. W. Stoll, Bert Fenn, Delly Robertson and Ann Zeiger.

The group plans to incorporate as a non-profit corporation in Kentucky. Requirement for joining is that applicants are members in good standing of Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen. Annual dues for the Chapter membership has been set at \$3. A newsletter will announce dates and places of future get-togethers, trips and voyages. Interested S&Ds should write Sandra Miller, 4223 Cutliff Drive, Louisville, Ky. 40218.

A detailed catalogue of plans for building side-wheelers (INDIANA, AMERICA), sternwheelers (CAPE GIRARDEAU, GORDON C. GREENE, IDLEWILD, BELLE OF LOUISVILLE; the big SPRAGUE, rr. transfer PACIFIC, Bryant's Showboat, towboat OMAR and any one of 21 DPC towboats is available from architect A. Lawrence Bates, 1567 Bardstown Road, Louisville, Ky. 40205. His two well known books also are available, the CYCLOPOEDUM, \$6, and/or STR. BELLE OF LOUISVILLE, \$2.10.

Plans for several other steamboats and at least one sternwheel diesel towboat, are handled by John L. Fryant, 6508 Dorset Drive, Alexandria, Va. 22310.



WOODY RUTTER and wife Bee went bushwhacking along the Ohio in southern Indiana this past April and took the picture at the right. They were near Rono Landing, Perry County, about 4 miles below Alton and 20 below Leavenworth. Also they sent along to us the picture on the next page, the mass grave mentioned on the highway marker. Their query: What's it all about?

As chance would have it, since 1944 we've had cabbaged in our negative file a photo of the ARGOSY (see above) watching for a chance to use it. So here goes:-

This ARGOSY (parenthetically identified on the highway marker as Number 3 inasmuch as three were built in a row) was built at Monongahela City, Pa. on the Monongahela River in the fall of 1864. A note in the Pittsburgh "Commercial" dated Nov. 30 says:

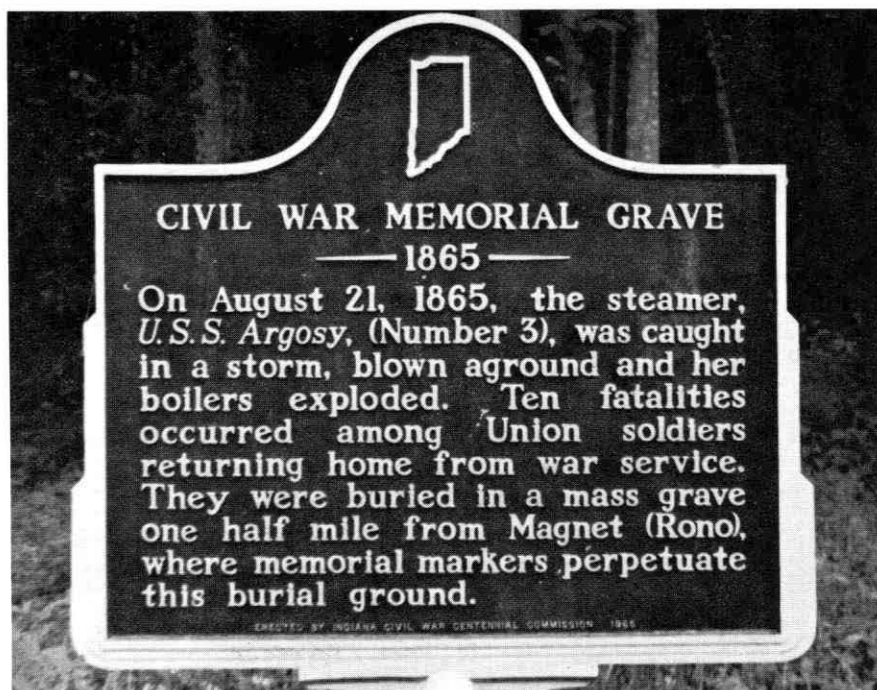
"This is the third boat of the name, the other two having been purchased by the U.S. for gunboat purposes. The hull measures 155 by 33 by 5, constructed by Latta at Monongahela City. Foster & Co. built the engines, 15½" bore by 5' stroke. She carries three boilers each 38" dia. by 24 ft. long made at the Herron Works. Buntling, Miller & Co. built the cabin. The control has been bought by Capt. L. (Lew) Vandergrift who assumes command and is loading for St. Louis."

In Frank Y. Grayson's valuable book "Thrills Of the Historic

Ohio" pp. 201-202 is an account of ARGOSY (No. 3) ascending the Ohio loaded with U.S. troops of the Seventieth Ohio Infantry, 300 strong, returning from war duty. Commanded by Capt. Vandergrift, at Hatfield Landing, 80 miles below Louisville, a sudden squall of tornado-like proportion blew the boat forcibly into the Indiana

shore. The mud drum exploded. Forty soldiers jumped overboard to avoid the escaping steam; nine of whom were drowned. Twelve soldiers were scalded, two fatally.

The names of those who died, taken from a contemporary account: Martin Long, Herman Behrens, Hugh Taylor, Aaron Fiscus, John Rodrick, Amos Pore, Alfred Rader, J.





McDaniel and an unidentified Indiana soldier. Apparently these are the nine who drowned. Five of the scalded were considered severe cases.

Strangely enough the first boat along after the accident also was named ARGOSY, first of the series. She also had been built at Monongahela City, Pa., 1862, a stern-wheeler about like #3. She had been taken over by the U.S. for transport service in 1863, and had been sold at public auction to Capt. U. P. Schenck of Vevay, Ind. on Aug. 17, 1865, two days prior to the explosion.

So the original ARGOSY took the soldiers to Louisville, and they were taken on to Cincinnati by the U. S. Mail Line's GENERAL LYTLE. Most of them boarded trains of the Little Miami Railroad homeward bound.

Next we note that ARGOSY NO. 3 was taken to Pittsburgh where she was completely rebuilt in the summer of 1866 and was given new engines, 16" bore by 5 ft. stroke. The work was done at the Rees shop for Capt. L. Vanderbilt. That November she entered the regular trade between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, Capt. Vanderbilt in command, and with W. H. Scott, clerk. Capts. James Rowley Sr. and William Hall were the pilots. She plied this trade with some regularity for the next several years. During spells of low water Capt. Vandergrift sometimes wandered afar; in Sept. 1868 the ARGOSY was up the Tennessee to La Grange Landing (below Danville) loading pig iron aboard for the upper Ohio.

Old freight bills which still exist in the Inland Rivers Library, Cincinnati, reveal ARGOSY in the Pittsburgh-Cincinnati trade in 1869, Capt. George D. Moore, master, and A. R. Bunting, clerk. In 1870 she was in the Pittsburgh-

Portsmouth trade, Capt. William M. List, master, and W. J. C. Anderson, clerk. In 1871 she was in the Pittsburgh-Wheeling trade, Capt. B. F. Goodwin, master, and C. B. Russell, clerk. This same crew had her in the Pittsburgh-Cincinnati trade in 1872.

In 1873 A. J. Flesher, the boat builder at Murraysville, W. Va., chartered the ARGOSY to Dan Rice, the circusman. Rice at this time was flourishing, backed by ample funds, and he toured river towns carrying the circus aboard the steamboat, then setting up tents ashore for his shows. Capt. D. K. Barrett, father-in-law of Flesher, was skipper of the ARGOSY on this tour. They played the Ohio River, then down the Mississippi, and showed at Myrtle Grove Plantation, 50 miles below New Orleans. The show was immensely popular, and Dan Rice so lionized, that he once tossed his hat in the ring and ran for the U.S. presidency.

Clarence L. Cunningham, an old-time river engineer (he was chief on the JOE FOWLER to St. Paul in 1914) related that during this circus cruise an elephant quartered in the deckroom became fascinated with the overhead bell wires, reached up with trunk and started yanking them, thus causing a near crisis. The ARGOSY was being landed at the time, and the engineer oblivious to the fact that the bells he was getting were not from the pilot, but from an elephant.

Hard times and panic in 1873 caused the disbandment of the circus. Next we pick up the ARGOSY in a dispatch from Cincinnati dated Nov. 24, 1873. John G. Hendricks & Son of that city were reported having bought 1/2 interest in the boat. Said the account: "She passed down yesterday with two barges of salt for Louisville, and with about 2,200 barrels of

salt on board."

The lately issued Lytle-Holdcamper List reports ARGOSY was "lost" in 1875, no details available. Nor do we have any wisdom to add. By the bye, the photograph of the boat shown here may have been taken in the Wheeling area. A canvas banner attached to her roof rail says WHEELING & PITTSBURGH, and a wooden sign just above and extending aft reads PITTSBURGH--WHEELING--PARKERSBURG. We would conclude it was taken in 1871. And as a final parting shot we'd say that the Indiana State highway marker photographed by Woody and Bee may err in reporting that "her boilers exploded." The ruptured mud drums reported in the contemporary account would have been cause sufficient for the loss of life, and the ten stones still standing a half-mile from Rono.

Among our recent new members is Frederick H. Semple, 11 Danfield Road, St. Louis 63124. Fred is builder of steamboat engines and boilers of national reputation.

Sirs: The photographer named Brooks who made and distributed so many pictures of old-time Muskingum River steamboats (mentioned in the June issue, page 28) was Clarence G. Brooks, McConnelsville, Ohio. Many of the pictures are still displayed in a McConnelsville restaurant by his daughter.

Brooks' wife was Sophia Travis, sister of Capt. Irvin Travis who enjoyed a long career as a Muskingum pilot. Irvin and Sophia's father Capt. Henry Travis was one of the first to steer the packet CARRIE BROOKS featured in the March '76 issue, page 26. Later on son Irvin succeeded his father as pilot on her.

As to whether Clarence G. Brooks was a member of the CARRIE BROOKS' family--you've posed a question there. I have a brother-in-law in McConnelsville and have asked him to inquire about this of Julia Brooks Osborne who operates the restaurant aforementioned. FLASH: Have just had the reply, Julia says she knows of no connection, but she will do some looking. She moved from the old home place some time ago but may discover the answer amongst family heirlooms she saved.

Might add that when I get stumped on Muskingum history I call upon one or all three experts, all school teachers; Jerry Devol of Devola, Norris Schneider of Zanesville (senior historian of the area) or Russel Dempster of McConnelsville. Ishmael Dempster, Russel's grand uncle, was lock tender and diver at McConnelsville, and then was lockmaster at Ellis Lock above Zanesville from the time it opened in 1910 until 1944.

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

=Speaking of relationships, we discover that Clyde Swift and Jim Swift of The Waterways Journal are 22nd cousins. -Ed.

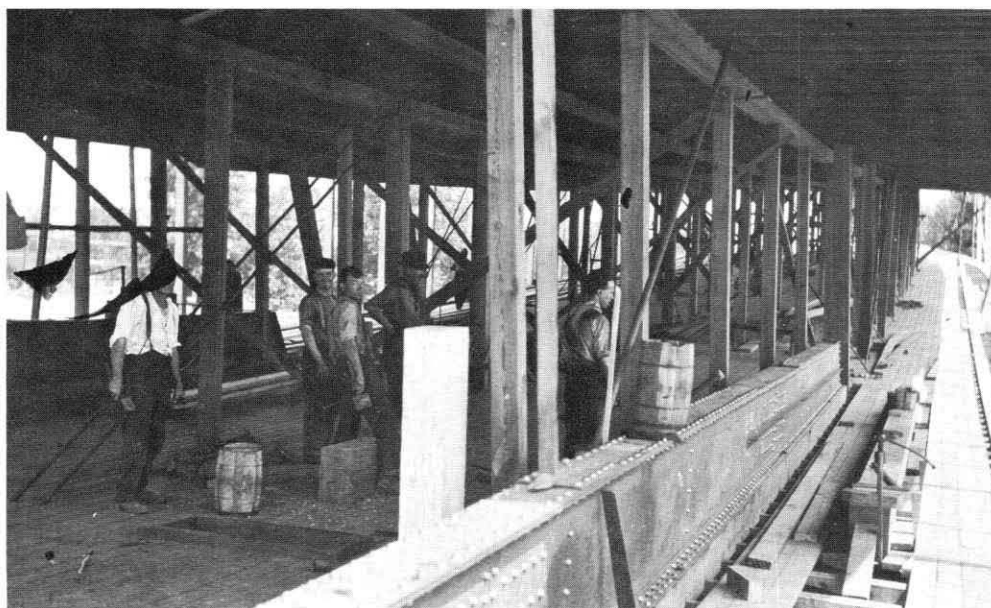
The Howard Ship Yards and Dock Company, Jeffersonville, Ind. in 1914 contracted to build hull and superstructure complete for a passenger sternwheeler 235 by 40 for \$29,619.00. Boilers, machinery, furnishings, etc. were not included in the price and were placed by the owner. On Sept. 7, 1914, George Wilson, representing the insurance firm Neare, Gibbs & Co., inspected the new boat, and estimated the total worth to be \$60,000. He recommended to his superiors that \$40,000 insurance was a safe risk. Almost as incredible as these figures was the recent discovery by J. W. Rutter that a series of photographs exist tracing the construction of the HOMER SMITH, all taken by C. C. Bowyer. We have picked out some of these, spread over the next several pages.



The picture above was taken when the hull framing was about completed, ready for bottom and siding. We have used a lens on the two gentlemen standing on the scaffolding near the stem and judge them to be Capt. Homer Smith (right) and James E. Howard. This center view, taken some while later, shows to a degree how a wooden hull was sided. The planking from outrakers down about 6 ft. is attached stem to stern. Another gang, working below, sides upward from the knuckles. Eventually they meet, drive home the last spike, lay down the caulking mallets, and the shipyard by custom throws a beer party for the men. Quite evident in this view is the angle of construction; she's to be launched sternfirst.

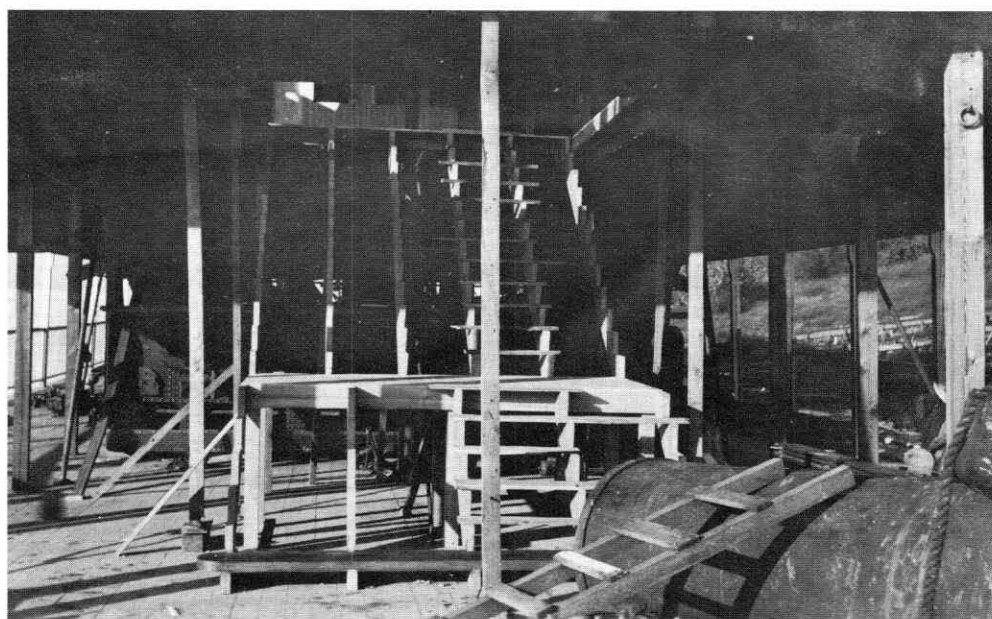
Taken looking out over the stern from the main deck in the early stages of construction. Three of her four rudder posts are visible. They are set on the aft side of the main transom. A bit later, the rudder stocks pintled to them, each is boxed in and enclosed at the rear by a false transom to which the stern bulkhead is attached. This detail has thrown for a loop various modern marine architects meddling with sternwheelers. The floor area shown here will become the tiller room separated by a partial bulkhead from the engineroom.





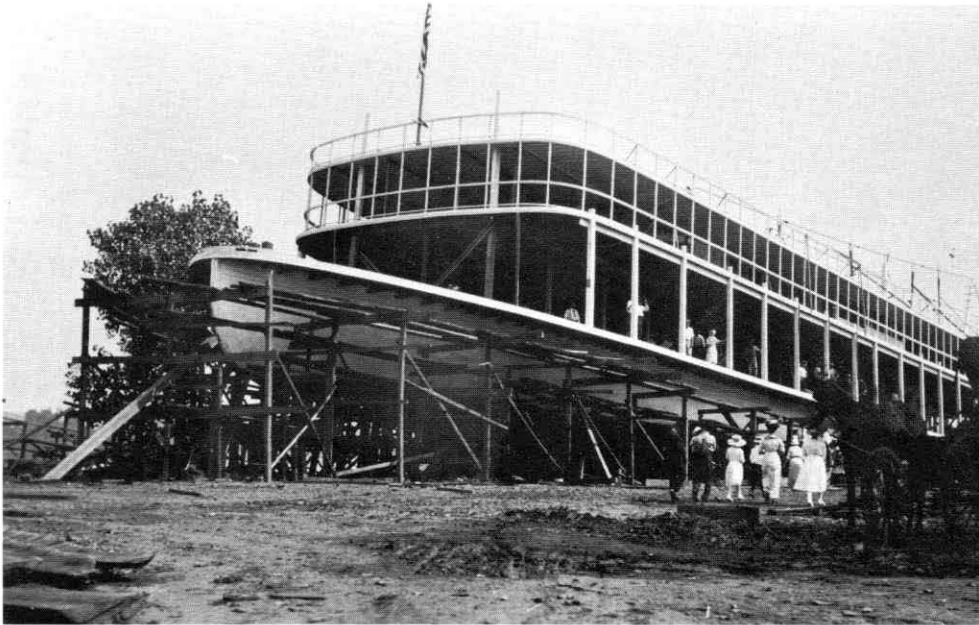
Mr. Bowyer was standing on the starboard fantail looking forward for this one. The main cylinder "timbers" have been placed. "Timbers" is in quotes inasmuch as they really are the paddlewheel beams made of steel plate, a vast improvement over old-time wooden cylinder timbers. But river nomenclature does not easily change, and a timberhead is a timberhead even to the second and third generations. A shorter cylinder "timber" will seat outboard (to the right) of the long one, supporting the cylinder lugs. The hog-chain system is lined up on the same fore and aft line as the main wheel beams, also the wing keelsons.

The main stairway here is being erected from main to boiler decks. Mr. Bowyer was standing on the forecastle looking aft. These stairs are unusual on several counts. The treads were 12 feet across with no center rail divider, unusually wide. Then, as you see, they descended from the boiler deck to a platform, and thence four more steps to the main deck. Oftentimes coming in to a landing passengers packed themselves solid both on stairs and platform, requiring a fairly stout staircase. The boilers had been installed when this view was taken.



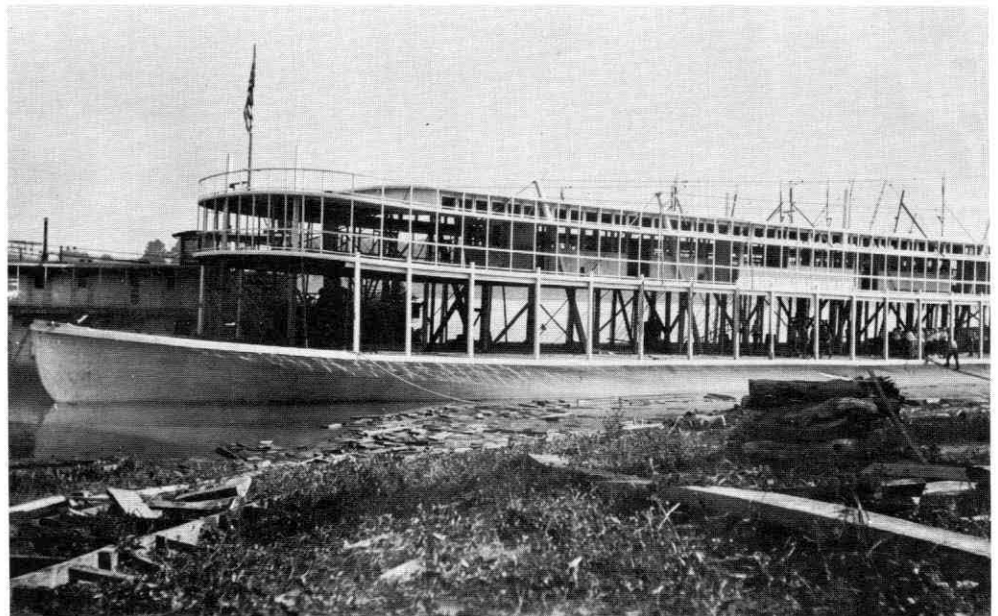
The main cabin of the HOMER SMITH for about two-thirds of its length was a dance hall floored with maple. Please notice the numerous center posts, which anybody named Streckfus has noticed first of all. The Streckfus Line went to all manner of ingenuity to entirely eliminate such posts from their dance floors. Mr. Bowyer was standing aft looking forward when he shot this scene. The ship's office was centered forward, so the purser (and often Homer Smith himself) sat there gazing forward down the main stairway, or aft the length of the dance floor through large glassed office windows.

This is taken from the aft end of the skylight roof looking forward, prior to the launching. Roofing laid longitudinally is in place, and the section to be occupied by the texas has been freshly painted (see the battens strewn around to discourage foot traffic). Roofing a steamboat was an exacting and tedious job, all seams tarred and closely tacked by hand. Three-ply rolls of Johns-Manville was as fool-proof as any; although some preferred canvas.

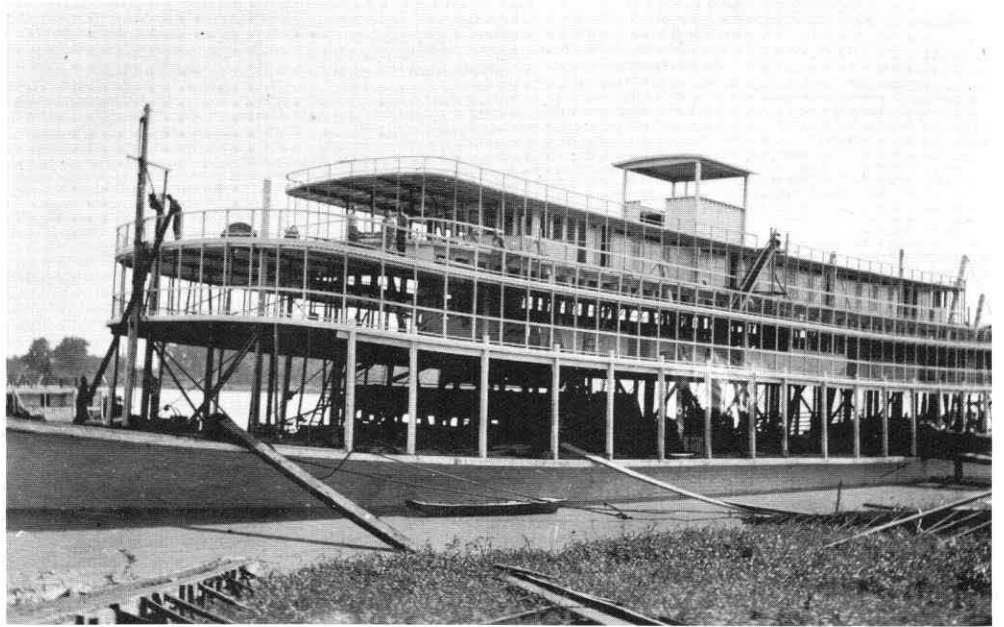


Launch day for the HOMER SMITH at the Howard Yard was in latter May or in early June, 1914. She took the splash stern-end first. The texas, pilothouse, boilers, engines and paddlewheel were not placed until she was afloat. A bit hard to see, but in the lower right of the view is Capt. Ed Howard's horse and buggy. He was 84 at the time. Many guests were invited to ride the boat in, some of them already on the main deck and others arriving.

Following the launching she was drawn back to shore. The finely proportioned wood hull was 235 by 40 by 5.9. The wood hull PEORIA, built just previous for the Eagle Packet Co., St. Louis, was 242.2 by 37.8 by 6.3. Capt. Ed Howard, who had managed the Yard since his father James's death in 1876, and who had launched such superlatives as the J. M. WHITE (1878), JOHN W. CANNON (1878), ED RICHARDSON (1878), at least a dozen Anchor Liners, and many more, continued building steamboats after 1914. His last was the private steam sternwheeler MINNESOTA for the Drs. Mayo, 1915. He died January 20, 1919.

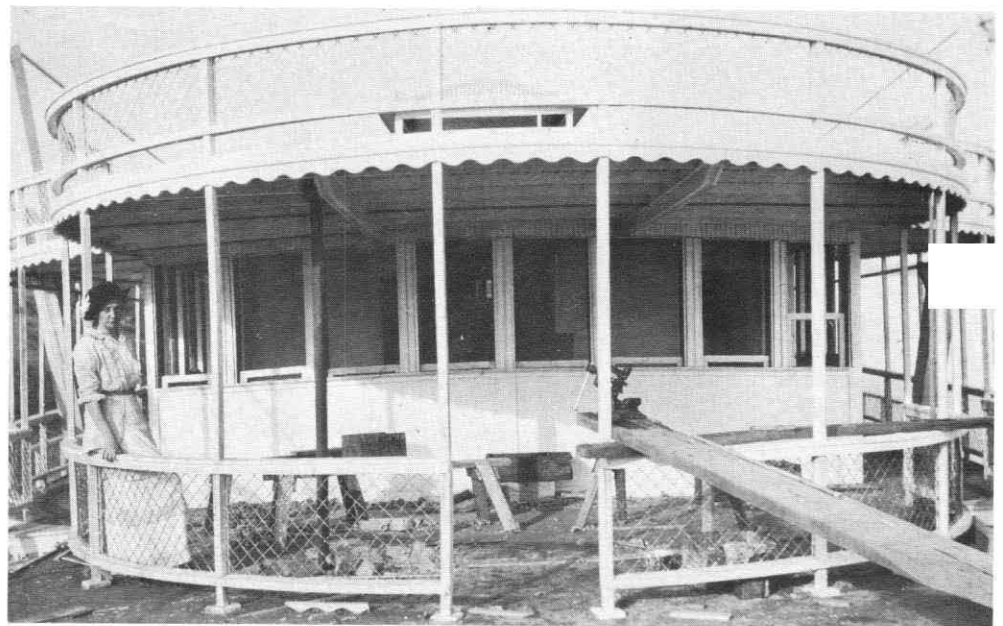


Building goes apace through the long, dry summer of 1914. The LORENA quit the Pittsburgh-Cincinnati trade in June because of low water and didn't resume until latter November. The texas is about completed in this view. Note the gap in the front of the pilothouse to facilitate putting in the pilotwheel. The boilers, made at Parkersburg, West Va., are in, and the engines built at Marietta, O. are being installed. Capt. Harry Burnside of Pt. Pleasant superintended all mechanical work.



The pilotwheel now is installed and the pilothouse is being closed in. Note the guy rods from pilothouse corner posts to the roof. Similar rods anchored the aft side. No chance was taken that the pilothouse might sail away in a gale although one would think that the tiller lines would have answered the purpose. Also notice that the roofing on the texas has been laid laterally.

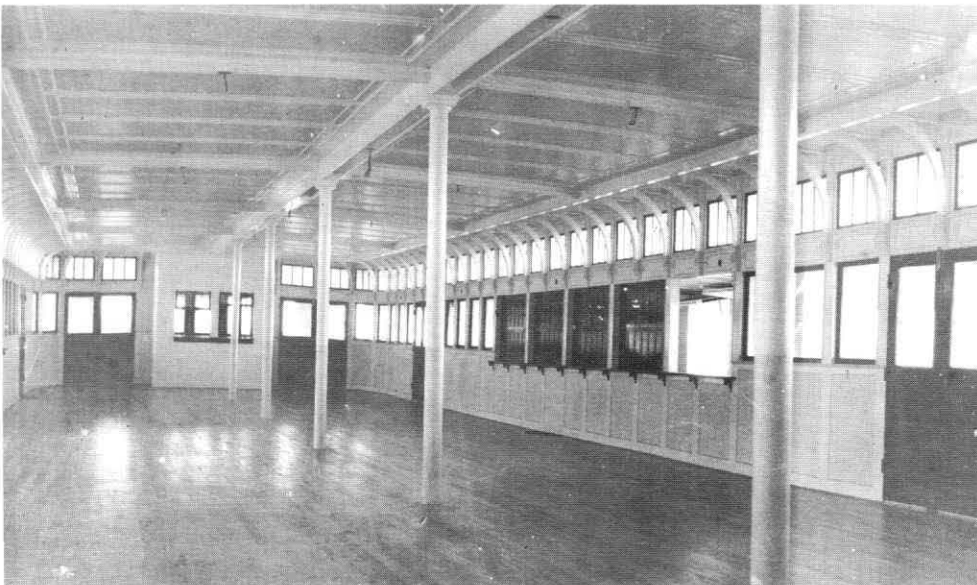
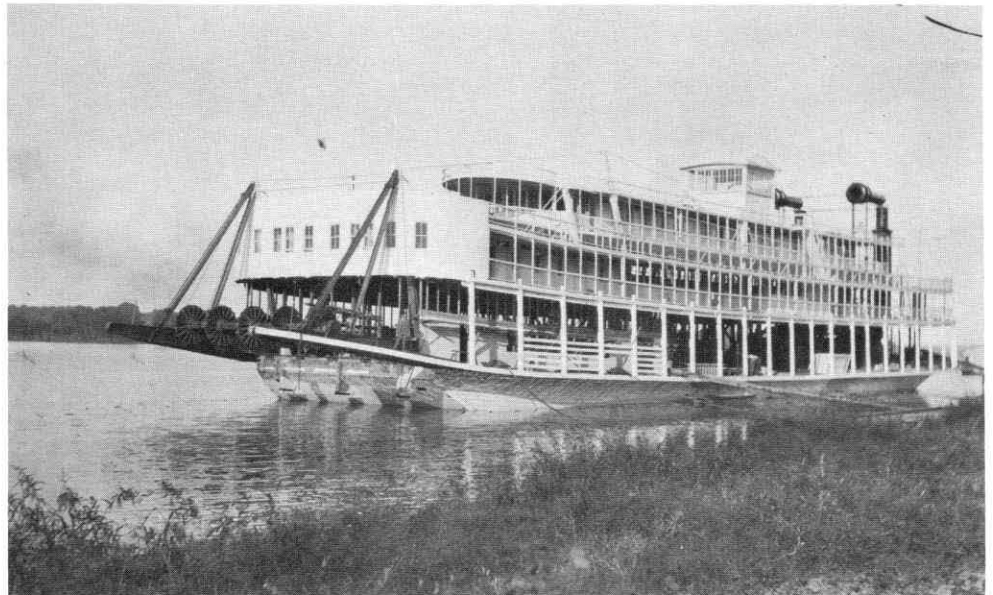
The cursory viewer of this picture might surmise he's looking at the front end of the texas. Actually it is the aft end. The texas on the HOMER SMITH was largely devoted to overnight passenger accommodations. When she made Pittsburgh-New Orleans Mardi Gras and Easter trips in 1916 most of her passengers were quartered here. The rear end of the texas was designed as an observation circle. By the way, the whistle from this boat was blown at the Walt McCoy Tootennanny last June 19th, made by the Point Pleasant Machine Shop to measurements provided by C. C. Bowyer.





It seems almost incredible that the Howard Yard had no crane. In this view the paddle-wheel shaft, raised up on temporary cribbed wood blocks, is waiting for the boat to come get it. This operation poses something of an adventure. The rudders, already hung, must not be fouled. No towboat has been called to assist. Handled with lines, the stern is nudged ashore. Then the shaft is dropped into place.

The shaft is now secure in its journals. The exact length of the wheel arms now can be measured with no guesswork. They will be cut at the mill, hauled to the shore, loaded on work flats, and the wheel crew will go to work. This probably was taken in September, 1914. The completion schedule was slated for June or early July but ended up several months late; too late for the 1914 excursion season.



The main cabin, for 2/3 of its length, was a dancefloor. The aft 1/3 contained staterooms. The diningroom was on the main deck, something like the DELTA QUEEN. River buffs (oh yes, they had 'em even in 1914) were disappointed with this dancefloor-area. The lack of wooden frets-&-frills gave it a "cheap" appearance, said they. There probably was some cost-cutting, the whole enterprise handled through the Merchants National Bank, Point Pleasant, West Va. with local townsmen paying the bills. They called it the "Security Steamboat Company."

If this is vaguely like the corridors of the new MISSISSIPPI QUEEN, it's because the state-rooms on the HOMER SMITH were in the Texas where the center hallway was necessarily narrow, and unlike the KATE ADAMS, had no overhead skylight. When the Greene Line stacked extra Texas decks on the GORDON C. GREENE to handle more passengers, the look was about the same as here. So we can't fuss too loudly with the MQ's designers---they did what we river people have done ourselves.



This more conventional steamboat cabin occupied the aft 1/3 of the HOMER SMITH's boiler deck space. Mr. Bowyer was at the aft end looking forward toward the dancefloor. When decision was made after 1916 to quit making overnight passenger trips, or tours, and to operate the boat exclusively for excursions, this stateroom area was eliminated.

So here is the HOMER SMITH, completed, moored in the Ohio River at her home port, Point Pleasant, West Va. The Kanawha & Michigan RR bridge forms the backdrop. The Dec. '69 issue of S&D REFLECTOR featured the history of this boat in words and pictures, a feature so popular that within months the issue was exhausted. Renamed GREATER PITTSBURGH, and under other ownership, she burned at Pittsburgh in April, 1931. Arson was suspected but never proved.



Phenomena, comment and notes

JEFFERSON COUNTY, KY., which is to say Louisville and environs was on an honesty binge. The Courier-Journal said in headlines that the upcoming steamboat race would have new flavor---honesty; and that the favored nag for the Derby was tried-and-true Honest Pleasure.

The three chosen judges for the steamboat affair looked safe as Sunday School superintendents and honest as angels. Rear Admiral G. H. Patrick Bursley who heads the vast Second District of the U.S. Coast Guard was over from St. Louis; Brigadier General E. R. Heiberg III, in charge of the Ohio River Division, U. S. Engineers, was down from Cincinnati, and Capt. Clarke (Doc) Hawley was on leave from the NATCHEZ at New Orleans.

The three racers, DELTA QUEEN, BELLE OF LOUISVILLE and the JULIA BELLE SWAIN, were to run five miles down the Ohio, a one-way course, erasing all possibility of artifice or strategem. Last year, you may remember, the B/L subterfuged by becoming a whirling dervish at the turn-around of a two-way race, aided by towboats.

At this late date the reader knows how events at Louisville this year turned out. The B/L, favored to win, did not win. Several days later at the Kentucky Derby the widely favored Honest Pleasure didn't win either. In both events the excitement was enormous, the crowds unprecedented.

If you had come to see people, there were several people to see. Good guy John Wayne (we knew he was big and tall, but not THAT big and tall) was in town, guest of Al Schneider (Galt House) and he rode the B/L. Somebody said Wayne has 209 grandchildren and seven great grandchildren--how can that be?--he's just turned 69. Grandpa Walton (Will Geer) with beret and shawl so's you'd hardly recognize him was riding the DQ. These two stars looked as reliable as the honorable judges. Virtue triumphs on their TV shows but they had not come to judge.

THE DAY is Wednesday, April 28, 1976. Lady Grace is standing at a window overlooking the Ohio. "Did you hear that?" she



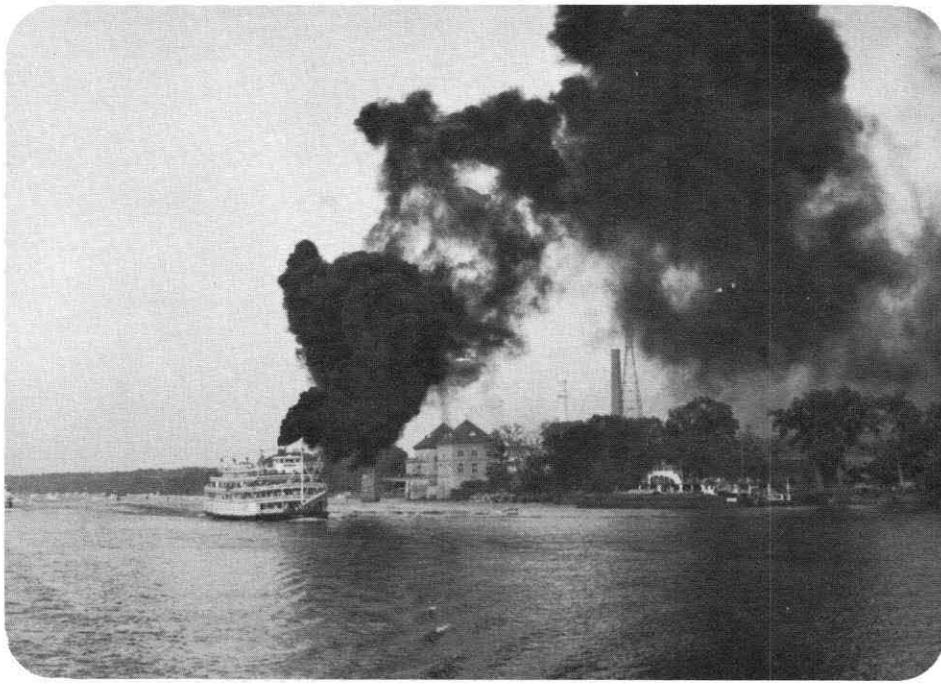
Capt. Dennis Trone (center) beams the smile of the victor at ceremonies following JULIA BELLE SWAIN's fantastic win. The MC at the mike is Clyde Glass and too bad this is not in color to glorify his fancy sportin' yellow jacket, navy blue tie and brown cap.

asked a half-awake husband. Yes, the DELTA QUEEN had just whistled. Rock Hill's host C. W. Stoll, Doc Hawley and his father Homer had departed at the crack of dawn to be aboard the B/L for a trial spin over the race course. This was The Big Day. The Stoll cat Kerosene was taking matters calmly, curled asleep on the bed.

Despite late hours the night before (Doc and C.W. playing pianos with John Hartford counterpointing on his violin, followed by a long bish-bash about famous excursion boat fights and brawls aired by Doc and y.t. for the benefit of John Hartford and Allen Hess, and for the fun of it) the lady folks, the two Graces, Lucy, Judith and the Stoll right-hand-bower Mary, were getting ready for a party. Girls getting ready for a party is a spectacle of contradictions; one marvels at the incredible speed of preparation, ingredients going into pots, dabs of this and dabs of that--then somebody brings in a single rose, all productivity halts, the rose is admired, a frantic search commences to find a proper vase to put it in, cupboards are searched, all the girls stepping over Flossie the dog, this vase is too wide, that vase is too shallow, you feel an impending crisis mounting, somebody is at the front door, then eureka the just-right little receptacle gets community approval and all sit down to admire the result. Trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle, and the process sure chews up a lot of time.

Meanwhile we are eating cornflakes and browsing yesterday's

Courier-Journal. Capt. Charles Larkin is pictured in a Stewart's department store ad. Cindy Sinclair is shown polishing the calliope whistles on the JBS. Doc and Homer and C.W. are back from the river with all sorts of news; Capt. and Mrs. Ernie Wagner and son Ernie Lee are moving to Orlando, Florida TODAY, yes TODAY. No, Capt. Ernie is not at New Richmond helping--he's on the DQ; Ernie Lee is here too. Phone rings and Larry and Ethel Walker are at the Galt House with Dorothy Frye and there is sudden need for a doctor for Larry. Next we know Doc Hawley is off on four wheels to assist if he can, and C.W. has made necessary arrangements. Mrs. Jan Caufield pops in and out. Virginia Glass pops in and out--other ladies pop in and out; Neil Whitehead is here and gone--says he's supposed to pick up Will Geer and squire him somewhere. Flossie is stretched on the diningroom rug oblivious to traffic over and around her. Mrs. Eldridge, wife of Commander R. Barry Eldridge, U.S.C.G., pops in and out. Doc Hawley is back, Larry Walker doing fine, and Doc telling a dramatic tale about seeing a New Orleans tug roll over and sink right before the eyes of everybody at the Poydras Street wharf, full crew on board. It was Bisso's ELIZABETH S engaged in assisting a departing Russian cruise ship. The tug crew did the Deep Six, all rescued, two by the crew of the PRESIDENT. Judith reminded C.W. he was supposed to play the calliope on the B/L at 4 o'clock and he'd better get a wiggle on himself.



Downbound along the Kentucky shore at the Louisville Water Works, the DELTA QUEEN (Smoky Bear) clutters the atmosphere as she tags along behind the JULIA BELLE SWAIN (winner) and BELLE OF LOUISVILLE.

Lucy Stoll, two weeks out of major surgery, said she believed she would forego the race and get some rest. Where did the day go? Should we take coats, yes, and all that stuff and so we hied to the river, C.W. driving.

THE JULIA BELLE SWAIN is a new surprise every time we see her. So dainty, so fresh, so pretty. Capt. Dennis Trone, smiling ear to ear, escorted us aboard and looked like he had seined the waterfront to gather aboard an S&D convention. We were stalled on that blue-painted forecandle (and who pray tell ever saw a blue forecandle?) for 15 minutes shaking hands and saying hellos. Bert Fenn said the biggest oddity about the JBS to his way of thinking was trying to find the boiler. We aimed to go search, but never did see it. You've got to have a licensed crew on a steamboat, so we admired the framed licenses in the cabin: Dennis Ray Trone, pilot and assistant engineer; Kenneth C. Vaughan, Jefferson Lyle Claiborne, Dona May Schlesier and Robert Glover Baer, Jr.

The Peoria Chamber of Commerce may have had doubts about boiler capacity; anyhow they sent Dennis Trone a huge balsa paddle to ply manually at the critical moment. He didn't need it.

So here were Delly Robertson, and Dianne, and honorable race judge Doc Hawley, and Bert Fenn, and Jack Custer whose middle name is Sprague, and Michelle Kingsley, and Sandy Miller (her grandmother gave Dean Cornwell his first bath) and Greg Goldstein (who's building a model of the ZANETTA and we'll bet it's a honey) and John Hart-

ford--and many more. Dona May was tending bar and the JBS was easing up the river. We were talking with Paul and Dorothy Anton. Bob Trone and his wife had young Miss Julie Christine Trone along (about three). Dennis announced on the

public address that box lunches were available, some style. Dwayne Estes, age 13, was playing the calliope and doing right well with it.

Temporary buoys had been set at the foot of Six Mile Island, the starting place. The three contenders rounded to above and aimed their stageplanks for Louisville. A starting gun on the Sea Scout's ZACHARY TAYLOR boomed. They were off for the five-mile sprint. All save the DQ. Capt. Ernie said afterwards he never heard it. He saw the other two taking off, so he followed. Harry Louden was doing the piloting.

Best description for those who have seen a whippet race is that the JBS was the mechanical rabbit. She hopped out ahead and the two ancient greyhounds pursued. The rabbit won. The DQ, as seems her wont these past several years, turned herself into Mt. Vesuvius, laying upon the Kentucky landscape a black thundercloud beyond belief even when you looked at it. The B/L with 400-plus passengers at \$25 a throw, huffed and puffed. It was a good show, and Minnie Mouse JBS never lost her slight lead. She MUST have a boiler--under the concession stand maybe.

"There's one thing I'm really worried about," said Bert Fenn. "Where in the world is Dennis going to put those great big antlers he's just won?!"

Clyde Glass MC'd the ceremonies afterward with just enough dignity and just enough fun to suit most everybody. The judging was galling, the short comments were well



The Trones of Peoria (you name 'em) & friends captured the golden horns while Bert Fenn wondered where aboard the JULIA BELLE SWAIN the trophy would fit. The wonderment of the affair, otherwise, is that Capt. Dennis Trone (center) built his winning steamboat by-guess-and-by-golly and with love in his heart.

chosen. Lady Grace and y.t. missed a few saying hello to Cindy Bacon who was chaperoning a bevy of beautifully costumed DQ office girls. Alan and Rita Bates had with them a most special guest, Mrs. Manfred Mueller over from Western Germany for a visit.

In another moment we were aboard the DQ paying respects along with Doc Hawley and C.W. You'd never suspect she'd been sold to Coca-Cola. We greeted Albert Hinckley, Bill Muster, and Jim Demetrios. Betty Blake was suffering with a bunged-up right eye and said she could scarce see out of the other --some insane accident. We were introduced after a bit to a Mr. Sullivan, there from Coca-Cola. Hey, they have on board the DQ a 28-year old graduate of the Helena school, a winsome girl, Lexi Palmore, with ambitions to become a full-fledged pilot, and why not? Vic Tooker was being so lionized we just said a bare hello to him. Capt. Ernie Wagner said he'd like us to ride with him next time we're all boat-racing, bless him. We will.

THE ROCK HILL PARTY was in full blast when C.W., Lady Grace, Doc and y.t. climbed the mountain. Many of those mentioned so far were there, many more were arriving. At least 100 came, maybe 150; nobody kept count. It is not always I've enjoyed parties; in younger days I was overcome with inadequacy, frightened when small groups huddled together into compact conversations concerning subjects about which I seemed to know nothing. I strained my mental premises alarmingly when a pause invited intrusion but was incapable of discovering therein a single gem of wit or wisdom to contribute. This is a terrible thing and, at a party, devastating.

A youngster does not soon forget the humiliation of personal shortcomings. What brings all this up? Let me be brief, for it still hurts to think about. This boy I'm talking about walked from room to room pretending to seek somebody; he learned how to escape out of doors undetected and do a turn around the block; he simply did not get the hang of social conversation.

Here's how he cured himself, although I don't think it was at all intentional. He wrote a couple of books. Suddenly attention was focused upon him, however modest. "Oh, Captain, I adore your style and I have read every book you have written; 'Sycamore Shores,' 'Life On the Ohio,' and what's the other?" Parties became fun, and the older but wiser lad learned to answer the aforementioned with, "Oh, you refer no doubt to my Civil War gunboat epic called 'War and Peace.'" Fun!

Of course this is all very silly but very real nonetheless. Those few of you afflicted with traumas such as mentioned take solace. The day comes when you will leap 601 miles (river distance) to at-



S&D members rode the JULIA BELLE SWAIN to victory. Ye Ed and Bert Fenn at left; Lady Grace behind Bert's shoulder; Jack Custer and Vernon Barr. These four scenes were taken by Michelle Kingsley, 3364 Hewett Ave., Apartment #301, Silver Spring, Maryland 20906.

tend a party, or you will fly 1600 miles (air distance) to relish another one. Learn to pick your parties. Learn to listen.

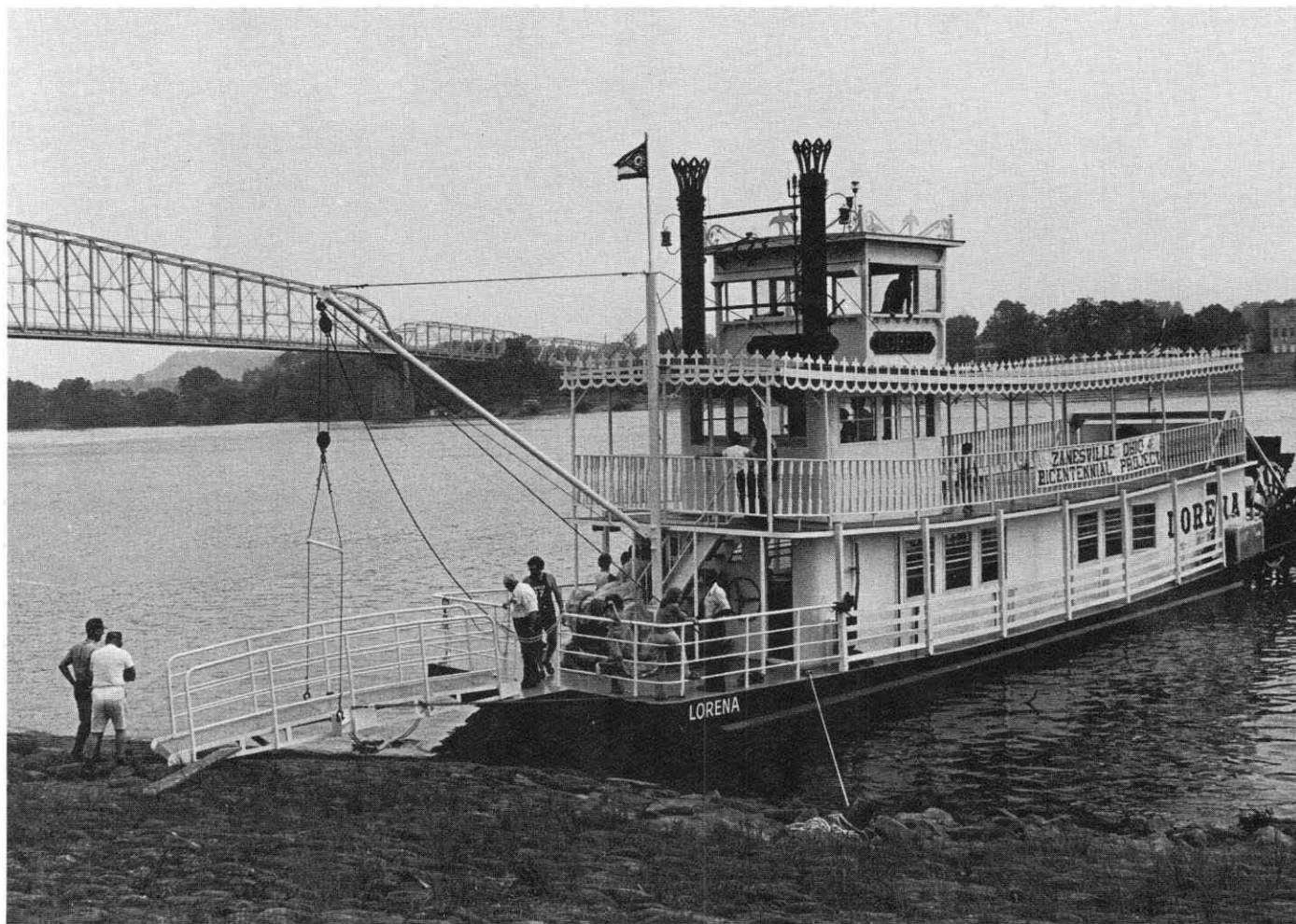
As example, in the March issue this year (page 17) we were going on about two Fibreglass mermaids each 15 feet long with silver bodies and gold tails designed and made in England for the new MISSISSIPPI QUEEN. At Rock Hill we learned that these mermaids duly arrived intact at Jeffboat, were uncrated, and thereupon discovery was made that one was a white mermaid and the other was black with an African hair-do. The latter is flipping its way back to Ye Merry England for overhaul. A handsome gentleman introduced himself as Capt. Wally Bleis, recently appointed pilot on the B/L, long time with Union Barge Line and good friend of Capt. Clare Carpenter. How nice talking with him. Rear Admiral Bursley in charge of USCG's Second District says he's fallen in love with rivers and regrets the day when he must transfer to Washington, and you just know he means it when he says it; both he and Mrs. Bursley were enthusiastic about hospitality they had received in St. Louis from Miz Pearl Wright. Tom Smith, 60ish, with a North England accent, was with the P & O (Posh) Line many years, and now is in residence at a local Holiday Inn while supervising MISSISSIPPI QUEEN designs. He said he was kicked out of his motel room because of the Kentucky Derby influx, although seven weeks in residence there. He went to the manager asking advice what to do; said the manager, "Why my my, you are coming home to live with

my wife and me until this Derby excitement is over!" Tom Smith said that in northern England you came to expect hospitality such as this, but although a world traveler he had not expected to find it in Louisville. His face radiated the joy of his delight.

In Stoll's kitchen Jack Custer was handed two sharp-sharp 8x10 Jim Howard photographs of the SPRAGUE. One of them he recognized, having seen it elsewhere, disfigured with blotches. These in his hands were pristine clear; could have been taken yesterday. "No blotches," whispered Jack in a trance, almost speechless in sheer disbelief that such treasures existed. "No blotches---look, no blotches."

Martha Stoll Ballard was tending to the party fixin's along with the other gals, and for the first time we met her husband. Susan popped up from somewhere. The telephone rang; Capt. Roddy Hammett calling from New Orleans all afire to know how the race turned out. The music room was packed while C.W., Doc and John Hartford put on their show. Dennis Trone & crew were all but overwhelmed with congratulations. Ernie Lee Wagner was shaking hands all around. George Fitzgerald and his wife were up from New Orleans.

The enthusiasm of these people, and of others like them, for river passenger steamboats, had created this whole day at Louisville. Like Jack Custer we were almost speechless in sheer disbelief, but there it was laid out before us, to have and to hold forever.



Zanesville's Excursion Boat LORENA

Pictured upon arrival at Marietta this June 12th last. Photo by the Marietta "Times," thanks to S. Durward Hoag.

HAPPY HAPPENSTANCE placed us in Marietta afternoon of Saturday, June 12th last. Calliope music, of a soft toned sort, was wafting from the river. We leaned far out upon the sill (Room 116, Lafayette) to behold moored at the Ohio River landing place a gleaming and white little wedding cake named LORENA.

She had just arrived from Pine Bluff, Ark., her initial appearance in local waters; destination, Zanesville.

We scampered over the cobbles to be greeted by Capt. and Mrs. Nelson Brown, both of whom had come around on the boat from the Arkansas River. Nelson, her skipper, gave us some details.

"First time I saw her she was a towboat owned by the Mobley Construction Co., named BRYCE M," he said, "and that was in November, 1975 at Dardanelle, Ark."

According to the Inland River Record she was built by Mobley at Morrilton, Ark., 1950 on a steel hull 58 by 17.5.

"The Record says she has a helical paddlewheel," continued Nelson, "but first time I saw her it had been changed into a regular

one. As a towboat she had two G-M 6-71 diesels, each 165 hp., forward on the main deck."

The Zanesville (Ohio) Area Chamber of Commerce bought her early in 1976. Nelson took her to the yard of SteelShip, Inc. at Pine Bluff, and she was there about a month being turned into an excursion boat.

"We eliminated one of the G-M's and shifted the other one fairly hard aft," he said. "She has drive chain out both sides to the paddlewheel but one idles and the other works."

It's a four-flange wheel painted cherry red with white circles, 13 ft. "square."

Nelson says that he had great help from Pinckney E. Cunningham, associated with SteelShip, and a S&D enthusiast. Pinckney found the red and green signal lights for the stacks, and also saw to it that she has a three-chime whistle built like a steam whistle albeit pressured by air.

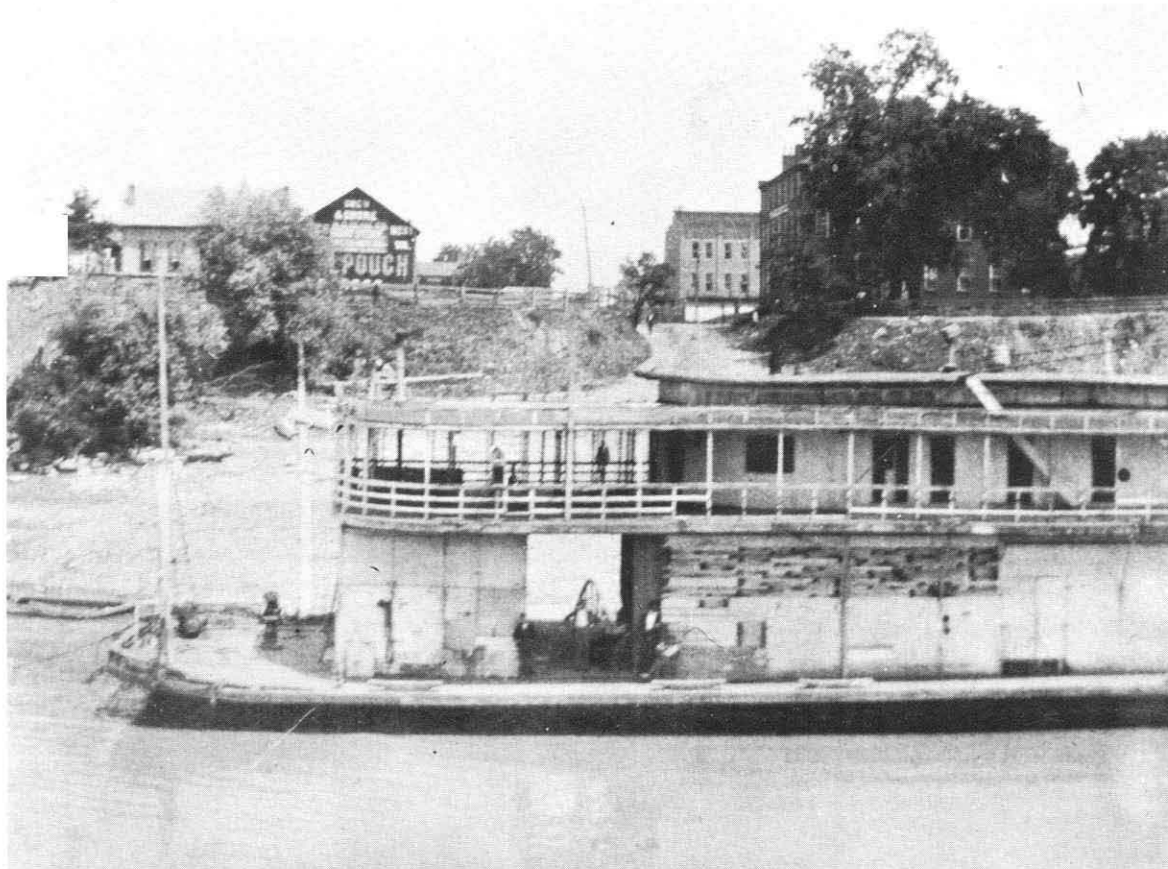
The lower deck is now the main passenger cabin, with a snack bar forward. The original pilothouse on the boiler deck was converted into an observation cabin. The

original roof was floored over, fancy railings added, roofed over, and attractive decorative trim placed around. Two fancy-topped smokestacks were built for her, with feathered tops. Upright they are the highest objects on her, 29'4" from the water line. They are hinged to lower, and tilt forward so as not to collide with the pilothouse.

She steers by hand, using a pilotwheel made of pipe 84" dia. with conventional drum and tiller wire. The nameboards on the sides of the pilothouse are raised gold letters on a black background. The LORENA is painted steamboat white, with black hull and stacks, and gray decks.

"We used Bill Reed's painting of the old LORENA as a pattern," says Nelson Brown. Mrs. Brown made the large cloth signs attached to the boiler deck rails: ZANESVILLE, OHIO - BICENTENNIAL PROJECT.

Her capacity is expected to be in the vicinity of 149 persons. She was scow-bow as a towboat and remains so today. Her new length, measured from the tip of the stage to fantail is 104 feet.



WHEN THE GREENE LINE first started operating out of Cincinnati the wharfboat at Point Pleasant, West Va. was an old towboat. It is pictured above. The GREENWOOD, GREENLAND, HENRY M. STANLEY, TACOMA and others landed alongside and did business until 1905. Back in December 1896 J. W. Stone purchased the JOHN F. WALTON, took off the paddlewheel, removed the boilers and machinery, dismantled the pilothouse, lopped off the smokestacks, etc. and turned up with a right-smart floating warehouse with cabin and boiler deck intact. As you West Virginians may note the Spencer Hotel had not been built and where it later was erected appears a barn with a familiar sign on it CHEW SMOKE MAIL POUCH.

What brings this up is the picture at the right, a portrait of Capt. J. Sharp McDonald. This was supplied to us recently by Mrs. W. L. (Dorothy) Moore, 816 Thorn St., Sewickley. The JOHN F. WALTON when built in 1870 and, indeed, until 1882--twelve years--was named J. SHARP McDONALD, although we've yet to unearth a photograph showing that name on her.

J. Sharp McDonald was the ring-leader in forming the Pittsburgh Boat Yard at Sewickley where the BOAZ and RAYMOND HORNER mentioned in our last issue were built, not to mention other famed boats--such as the KATE ADAMS (1st), JAMES LEE (1st) and the great Missouri carrier WYOMING with her 257-foot hull. Even the LITTLE BILL famed for its part in the Homestead Riots came from here. Associated with J. Sharp McDonald in this venture was Stuart S. Colville, whose sister Annie later became the bride of J. Sharp.

Prior to the boatyard which dated 1878-1883, J. Sharp and his brother David had built the namesake towboat J. SHARP McDONALD in 1870 on a wood hull 177 by 34, six boilers, and engines 24" bore by 9 ft. stroke. Capt. Oliver A. Douds was her first master, a name still familiar with students of the SPRAGUE. Coal barons at Pittsburgh because of spirited competition, too frequent "coal spills" and money problems often became barren, and so it was that on Feb. 17, 1874, a bare four years after the J. SHARP McDONALD was built, she was sold by the U.S. Marshal.

Our tale continues on the next page.

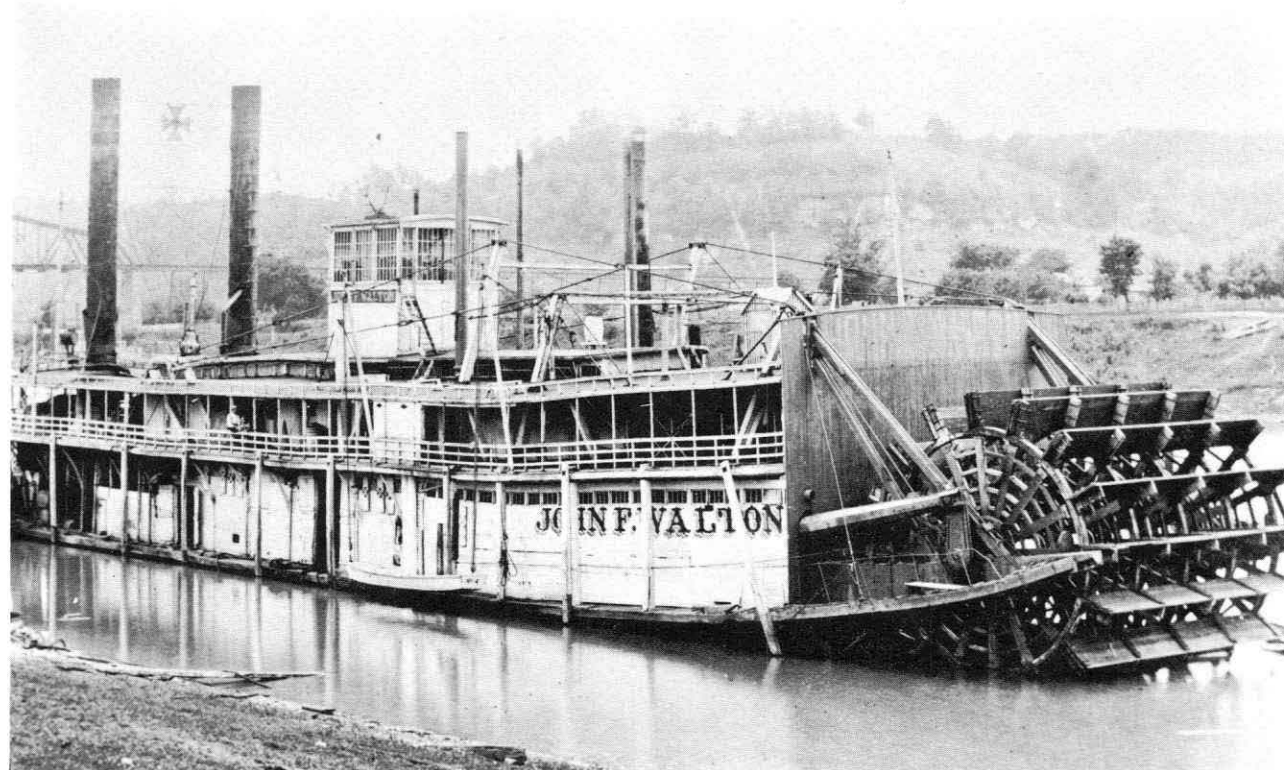


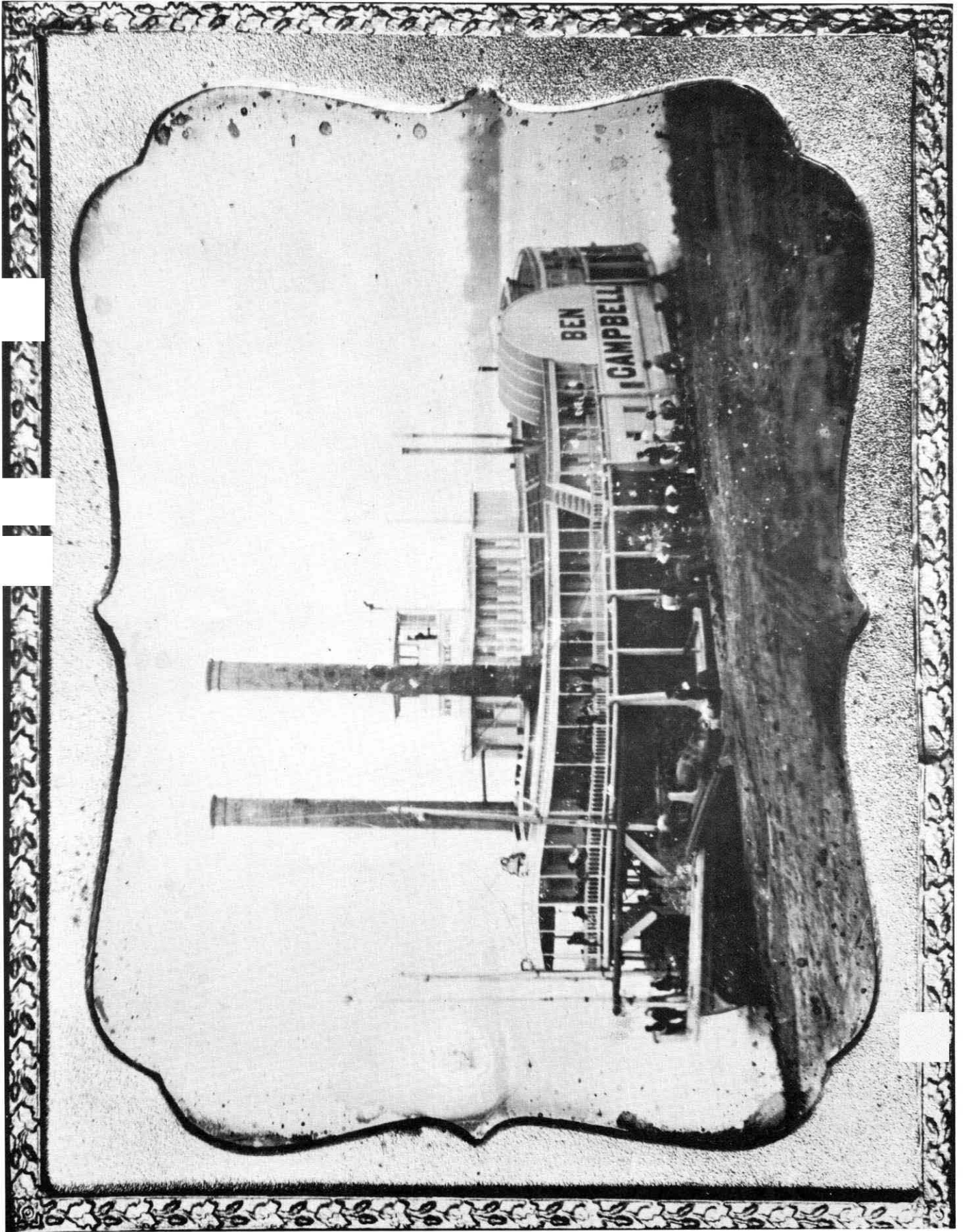
FOLLOWING several brief ownerships 1874-1877 the J. SHARP McDONALD on June 9, 1877 was sold to Joseph Walton & Co., miners and shippers of Monongahela River coal starting in 1860. Joseph Walton, born in Westmoreland County, Pa. in 1826 had married Annie Fawcett in 1858 (when he was 32), daughter of James and Elizabeth (Parker) Fawcett whose son Tom Fawcett had built the towboat BOAZ in 1867, and in 1882 was to build a second one of the same name. Much of the Fawcett story appeared in our March issue. Tom Fawcett and Joseph Walton were brothers-in-law.

Joseph and Annie Walton raised six children, eldest being John Fawcett Walton born in 1859. In 1882, when John F. was 23, the name of the J. SHARP McDONALD was changed in his honor, becoming the JOHN F. WALTON, pictured below. The third daughter Nellie was similarly honored when her name was placed on the towboat NELLIE WALTON. The JOSEPH WALTON was named to honor the father.

At the risk of becoming tedious, we must add that John F. Walton (1859-1908) after the death of his father in 1892 became president of the Joseph Walton Estate with offices in the Farmers Bank Building, Pittsburgh. His wife Annie Farley Walton bore five children, one of whom was John Fawcett Walton, Jr. who ascended into the stratosphere of the Aluminum Company of America and the Gulf Oil Corporation and took unto wife Rachel Larimer Mellon. Some few years ago John F. Jr. paid a call at 121 River seeking photographs of the family river towboats and was one of the most pleased of Steamboat Photo customers. Lately his son James Mellon Walton and y.t. have served together on the board of trustees for the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania.

While an inch of space remains we hasten to introduce to the reader the comely lady at the right. Please meet Mrs. J. Sharp McDonald who, when we met her in 1925, was giving her 50th annual performance singing the national anthem at Sewickley's Memorial Day exercises. The G.A.R. honored her in 1881 by making her a full member.





OUR THANKS to Grant Dinsmore, 545 Tenth Street, Oakmont, Pa. 15139 for the BEN CAMPBELL on the opposite page. The picture is made, says he, from a quarter-plate daguerreotype "which surfaced in a New England estate last winter." Grant surmises from a knowledge of daguerreotypes that it was made in the early 1850s, a bull's-eye. The hull was laid at the E. & N. Porter yard, Shousetown, Pa. late in 1851 and she was documented in the Custom House at Pittsburgh May 18, 1852, ready to depart for Galena and Dubuque. In our March '65 issue, page 8 there is mention from the diary of pilot Boulden Biddle, Sistersville, West Va., that he stood watches on the delivery trip of the BEN CAMPBELL from Pittsburgh to St. Louis, arriving there May 31. An opinion handed down judges the boat as rather slow and too deep in the water for the Upper Miss. Steamboat Bill Petersen suggests she likely was named for B. H. Campbell of the firm Campbell & Smith, associated financially with Capt. M. W. Lodwick who supervised her construction for the Minnesota Packet Co. Rare indeed are good pictures of steamboats built so early. This one fascinates us because of the Shousetown connection, same yard at which the fast side-wheel BUCKEYE STATE was built a year prior, in 1850. There is much similarity. The BEN has center-post hogchains, the forward one coming up through the chicken coop aft of the Texas; she has steps from roof to boiler deck forward of the wheelhouse; she has divided forward steps from forecandle to boiler deck; the tops of her wheelhouses are stripped with four dividers--features all of which appear on the Tredgold BUCKEYE STATE drawings. In our March '65 issue (quoted above) there appears another picture of the BEN CAMPBELL also made from a daguerreotype, showing her landed at Galena. It came to us from Beaumont Newhall in 1946 when he was connected with Eastman Kodak at Rochester, N.Y.

Capt. Roy Leslie Barkhau died on Tuesday, June 22, 1976 at Louisville, Kentucky. He was 72.

Modern river fans remember Roy as the author of two backlog books of steamboat history, "The Great Steamboat Race," and "History of the Eagle Packet Company."

For many years Roy was associated with Greene Line Steamers, as purser and steward on the GORDON C. GREENE, steward on the DELTA QUEEN, general passenger agent and confidant of Capt. Tom R. Greene.

During World War II he joined the Coast Guard and became steersman on LSTs and pilot on LCTs between Memphis and New Orleans. He held first class pilot's license Cincinnati-Louisville, and Memphis-New Orleans.

In 1954 he was instrumental in forming the Mid-West Navigation Company which built an excursion barge called THUNDERBIRD (presently the Streckfus excursion boat SAMUEL CLEMENS) and bought the sternwheeler PAULELAH to shove it. Operations were commenced in 1955, and the PAULELAH was victim of a tornado the following year. She was replaced with another towboat named MAC. Mid-West catered primarily to charters. Trips were run on the Illinois and also up the Missouri to Hermann, Mo. After the 1958 season the equipment was sold.

Roy joined the staff of The Waterways Journal while Donald T. Wright was at the helm and enlivened that sheet with frequent historical articles lovingly researched from contemporary sources in old newspapers. Somehow he always found time to visit and talk with starry-eyed young men aspiring to river life and consequently is held in highest esteem by those kids who since have made their marks. He continued with the WJ until his retirement in 1969.

He then moved from St. Louis to Louisville and became purser of

the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE. Late in the summer of 1969 he suffered a stroke which put him in a hospital for a lengthy period. Although Roy did not fully recover, he made extensive trips thereafter, to Europe, California, New Orleans, and a "must" were the annual S&D meetings at Marietta. On a visit to St. Louis in 1974 he had a second collapse and when able to travel he returned to Louisville and became a resident at Ann Rest Home. He died there.

Roy was born February 8, 1904 at Newport, Kentucky, son of August and Bettie W. Barkhau. His father died in 1939. His mother survives now in a retirement home at Cincinnati, aged 96. The Seabrook Funeral Home, New Albany, Ind., attended to arrangements. Brief graveside services were held at Florence, Indiana, attended by all of Roy's siblings; Mrs. Irene B. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Lester D. Barkhau, of Cincinnati, and Mrs. Audrey B. Shaller of Golden, Colorado. Also present were his niece Mrs. Betty Jane Kramling Koenig, her daughter and daughter-in-law; and three long-time river friends, James V. Swift, C. W. Stoll and Paul Seabrook. Floral tributes came from two other fast friends, Capt. William H. Tippet and Donald Grot.

Sirs: The "mystery" picture in S&D REFLECTOR (June '76 issue, page 41) is an easy one for me to identify. I have an almost identical photo of the boat in the same predicament taken in August 1969. The boat is the LAURA B. I have another photo of her in the water at Helena, Ark. and also one of her under her original name W. J. STONER taken on the Gulf Intracoastal Waterway. She was built in 1933 by Edwards-Butcher Co., Houston, for

Butcher-Arthur Co., Houston, and measured 62.3 x 17.4 x 7.8. She had an Atlas 6 cyl. diesel, 320 hp.

In 1957 she was acquired by Capt. Fountain M. Johnson, Whitehaven, Tenn. She sank Sept. 25, 1959 at Mile 560.8 AHP. Subsequently was sold to Gladys Johnson, West Helena, Ark. who was the owner in 1968. In August 1968 she was removed from documentation as scrapped, then owned by Saint Patrick Johnson, Sr., West Helena.

Dan Owen,
P.O. Box 0,
Maryville, Ill. 62062

=Dan Owen, associate editor of The Waterways Journal and co-editor of INLAND RIVER RECORD, is a native of East Liverpool, Ohio where 20 years ago he and his friend Kenneth (Buzz) DeLaney set up a watchtower on nearby Babbs Island and started photographing towboats. Both became rivermen. Ken today is a pilot on the Upper Miss and Illinois. Dan got his mate's license and then went ashore. Dan operates on the side his "Boat Photo Museum" stocked (latest count) with 18,571 photos of 6,472 inland boats, including about 90% of those currently in operation. -Ed.

That busy beaver currently under contract with Harper & Row, the N.Y. publishers, doing a big book about the Ohio River, surprised us with a call at 121 River this past June 28th.

His name is Bill Thomas. Bill is first to admit he's bit off a big chunk, the whole gamut from Teays to Tell City. But he has a quiet persistence, a great fund of savvy, and moreover he's a native to the watershed. His career in journalism includes editorial experience with the Cincinnati Enquirer and with the UPI at Louisville. And he's handy with a camera.

Sure, it's a gamble, and one he takes with enthusiasm. While he is hunting up Harlan Hubbard, and riding the ferry with Henry Kottmeyer, and snooping cemeteries with Bert Fenn, and hoping to talk with Paul Seabrook--to name a very few-- Bill solicits legends and tales from S&Ds who have a mind to take pen in hand. Write Bill Thomas, Route 4, Box 411B, Nashville, Ind. 47448.

Repeat: Nashville, INDIANA. We didn't know such a place existed--not on our map--but Bill says he's up that steep rr. at Madison and back a bit.

Nat Youngblood, talented artist in watercolors and oils, is a native of Newburgh, Ind. where he spent happy hours watching boats lock at Ohio River No. 47. On the evening of July 23rd last Nat was honored with a reception at the Fort Pitt Museum, Pittsburgh, when a group of his Bicentennial paintings was permanently installed.

Charles Early Williams, 80, died at his home, Little Hocking, Ohio, Tuesday, May 11, 1976. He was born aboard his father's Floating Photograph Gallery at Sistersville, West Va. on December 13, 1895, son of Hazael C. and Lenora Roberts Williams. The family later resided at St. Marys, West Va. where Charlie graduated from High School, Class of 1915. He was a graduate of West Virginia U., class of 1925. He spent much of his active career in the oil and gas industry as an engineer.

Charlie was proud of his river background. He had his wife Jessie Parker Williams attended S&D a few years back. At that time Charlie recalled many trips on the family Floating Gallery between Powhatan Point and Ravenswood, with a trip or so up the Muskingum.

Survivors other than his wife are one son and one daughter; Dr. Edwin Williams and Mrs. Sally Cano, both of Cape Girardeau, Mo., and seven grandchildren. Services were held at Belpre, Ohio, and burial was in the Rockland Cemetery.

We are indebted to Mrs. Jack (Marjorie) Burress, 3335 Glenmont Lane, Cincinnati 45211, for a stat clipping from the Cincinnati Commercial, issue March 19, 1870. A telegram from Gallipolis carries the news of the loss of the towboat KANAWHA:

"Down, KANAWHA and 5 barges of coal. The KANAWHA sprung a leak 8 miles below Gallipolis and sunk in 15 minutes, turning bottom up, smashing her cabin under her. No lives lost. The watchman, Charles Kerr, was in his stateroom asleep when she went down, and strange to say he crept out and swam out all right. Her barges are safe. She lies in sixteen feet of water. She was owned by the Kanawha & Ohio Coal Co., built at Wheeling four years ago, cost \$30,000, and was insured for \$13,000 in Western companies. Clear and pleasant."

The towboat KANAWHA was built at Wheeling 1864. Her engines were later recovered from the wreck, and in 1879 were placed on the side-wheel CITY OF IRONTON. They were 16" bore by 5 ft. stroke. The scene of the sinking was close-by the location of former Lock and Dam 26, Ohio River. Capt. Fred G. Dippold, aboard the VESPER, making a low water channel inspection trip in June 1895, reported seeing the bottom-up hull of the KANAWHA on the West Virginia shore.

Among advertisements carried in the Cincinnati Commercial that same day, March 19, 1870, is an advertisement which caught our eye and is here reproduced.

SUNDAY 12 M. PACKET.
FOR PITTSBURG.
The new and splendid side-wheel-passenger steamer
JUNIATA,
C. E. BREWSTER, Master.
Leaves SUNDAY, 20th, 12 M. Positively.
For freight or passage apply on board.
Or to HARRY ROSE & CO., 21 Public Landing, W. Va. L. JOHNSON & CO., No. 6 Pub. Landing.
Freight and passengers received through to OIL CITY, FRANKLIN, and the OIL REGIONS, by HARRY ROSE & CO.

In this ad for the side-wheel packet JUNIATA the last three lines state:

"Freight and passengers receipted through to OIL CITY, FRANKLIN, and the OIL REGIONS, by HARRY ROSE & CO."

Regular packet service, Pittsburgh to Oil City, had ended two years before, in May, 1868. Service on the Allegheny Valley Railroad had commenced four months prior, connecting the two cities. The above ad refers to the railroad connection, not to river and steamboat service, up the Allegheny.

WINDY NOTES FROM VEVAJ

-From the "Backward Files" appearing in recent issues of Vevay, Ind.'s weekly newspaper:

120 Years Ago: There was a severe windstorm along the Ohio River Saturday evening. The steamer PAUL JONES had her pilot house blown overboard.

The steamer INTERCHANGE, bound for Wheeling, West Va., was caught in a storm 10 miles below Madison and was damaged by a large tree falling across the fore-castle. Nine barrels of whiskey were smashed.

122 Years Ago: Vevay was visited by a violent storm Sunday and the mail boat JACOB STRADER was unable to land here because of high wind. The EMPIRE STATE was forced to land and tie up a short

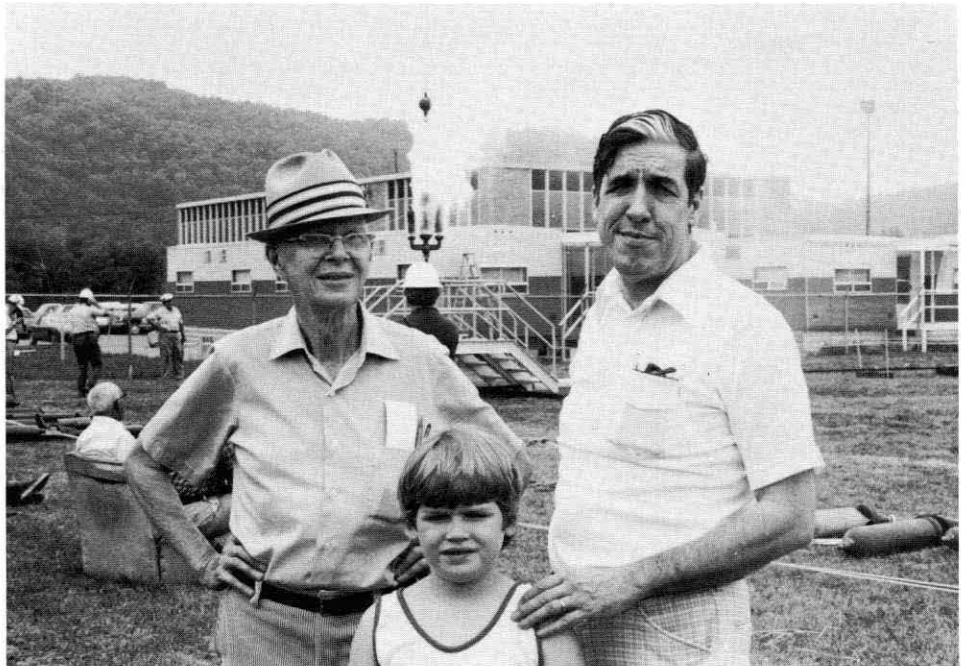
distance below town. During the storm a bolt of lightning struck a tree in the beech grove above town and 29 black birds were killed instantly.

50 Years Ago: Due to the worst wind storm here in recent years, Switzerland County was without mail delivery all day last Thursday because the Ohio River was too rough for the ferry boat to run. It was the first day that there had not been a mail delivery here since the winter of 1917-1918.

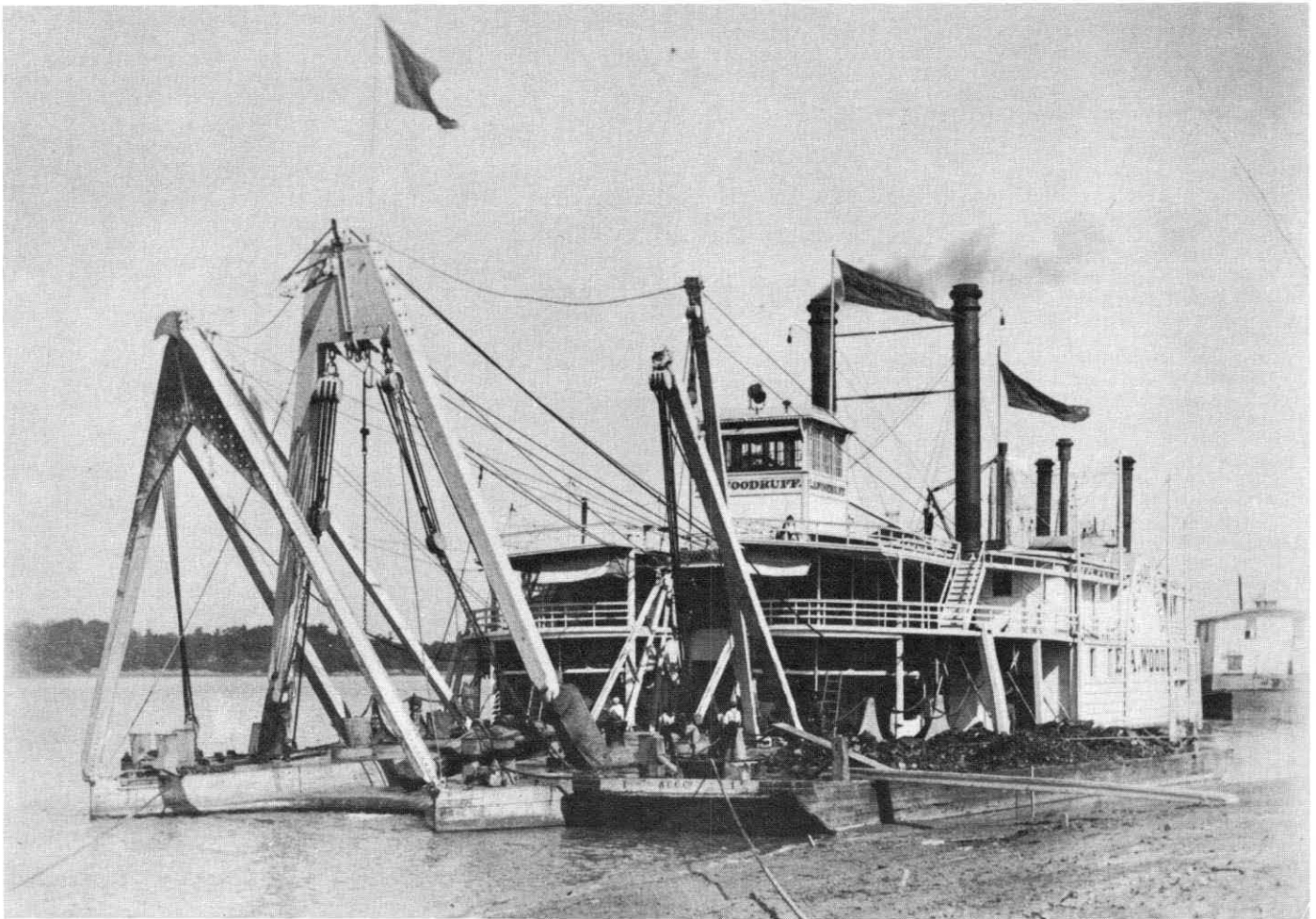
40 Years Ago: The diesel boat LELIA, with two empty coal barges in tow, was caught in a terrific wind at U. S. Dam 39 Wednesday afternoon and jammed against the upper guide wall. A large hole was torn in her side and she immediately started to sink, being saved only temporarily by hanging up on the guide wall. The crew was taken off by the employees of the dam.

We are indebted to Edna and Fred Donsback, 2216 Eastern Ave., Covington, Ky. 41014 for the above intelligences.

Our thanks to William B. Fletcher, 7575 Yankey Circle, Downey, Calif. 90242 for a clipping from the Los Angeles Times which notes in detail that Harry Loudon backed the MQ away from Louisville on her initial voyage "Legs apart with pipe clamped between his teeth."



REVERBERATION from the Walt McCoy Tootenanny is the picture above, sent to us by Adam Kelly (right), editor of the Sistersville, West Va. Tyler Star News. Says Adam in an accompanying letter: "Thank you seems like such an inadequate way to express the feeling of gratitude I have for S&D putting on Walt's Whistle Blow. The little fellow is my grandson, Matthew Chaplin, of Detroit. In self defense around here I need to join S&D and get the REFLECTOR. Please send me a form." Adam Kelly first showed up in the columns of the S&D REFLECTOR in issue of Dec. '71 in which his beautiful tribute to Walt McCoy, who had died September 4th, 1971, was presented in full.



SNAGBOAT E. A. WOODRUFF pictured at Tell City, Indiana, photographed by Emil Kroessman. Our thanks to Bert Fenn for the print. This odd-looking formidable stump-puller not only rid the Ohio River of stumps and snags, but was called upon to remove abandoned wrecks of steamboats and wooden barges. She was built with an iron hull at Covington, Ky. in 1875 and completed at Pittsburgh early in 1876. Overall length was 226 feet. The forward end was pronged into twin pontoons so's she could straddle and lift her prey. Her first skipper was Capt. George W. Rowley, soon succeeded by Capt. H. H. Drown. One of her missions during her first season was to remove the wreck of the side-wheel packet PAT CLEBURNE which had exploded boilers and burned opposite Weston, Ky. May 17, 1876. Capt. William H. Christian took command and was in charge for years and years. First mate was Wm. Jefferson Bickerstaff, later proprietor of the Speyerer Hotel at

Rochester, Pa. The pontoons were lengthened in the spring of 1885, and her hull was extensively replated at the Cincinnati Marine Ways 1897-1898. During the Big Ice of 1917-1918 she was caught on shore at the U. S. Engineer's marine ways, Fernbank, O. but was refloated. Several years thereafter she was sold at public sale to Capt. Gordon C. Greene. Shortly after his death the Louisville & Cincinnati Packet Co. rebuilt her into a wharfboat which served at Louisville. When L&C failed, Greene Line Steamers used this wharfboat until 1940 when they replaced her with a new one built by Dravo. The Ohio River Company bought the ancient WOODRUFF wharfboat with the idea of making it into a machine shop for their Huntington operations. Plans were changed, and she was beached and dismantled at Catlettsburg, Ky. The lengthy tenure of the WOODRUFF resulted in complete forgetfulness as to who E. A. Woodruff was, and this is the subject of the story appearing below.

A vague wonderment persisting for years has been the identity of the gentleman for whom the side-wheel snagboat E. A. WOODRUFF was named. Lately we have come upon some clues, thanks to James V. Swift, business manager of The Waterways Journal.

Others also have wondered. The U.S. Military Academy, West Point, N.Y. in 1866 graduated a class of 40, one of whom was Lieut. Eugene A. Woodruff. One century later the Shreveport (La.) "Times" received a letter from West Point officialdom requesting assistance

in tracking down any known living relatives of Lieut. Woodruff.

There were none. He died without survivors other than his widowed mother on September 30, 1873.

Charlotte Burroughs of the Times staff sleuthed the Oakland Cemetery in Shreveport and came upon a stone clearly marked: "To my beloved son, Eugene A. Woodruff, Lieutenant of Engineers U.S.A. A member of the Howard Association during the Great Epidemic. Died Sept. 30, 1873. Aged 31 years."

Last fall Jim Swift petitioned Martin K. Pedigo, chief, public

affairs office, U. S. Engineers, Louisville, Ky. for clarification of the above. Back came a photostat of a letter dated October 13, 1873 written from New Orleans as follows:

Brigadier-General A. A. Humphreys, Chief of Engineers, Washington, D.C., U.S. Army.

General: It has become my duty to report to you the death of Lieut. Eugene A. Woodruff, of our Corps.

In superintendence of the work assigned him on the Red River

Raft, it became necessary for him to visit Shreveport, La. to procure needed supplies for his working parties. On his arrival at Shreveport he found the city stricken by a sudden and terrible epidemic, before which all but the brave fled, leaving the sick and suffering to be cared for by the gallant ones who dared face the plague.

It was a position to call forth all the generous self-sacrificing impulses of a Christian gentleman and a soldier, and nobly did Woodruff answer the call, using the Howard Association, he took his part in bringing order out of chaos, inspiring others with his own fearless spirit, working good both at the bedside of the sick, and among those who could only be held in the path of hope and charity by a present bright example.

His monthly reports for August were written in a sick-room, the room of a sick and lowly man, whose only hope for aid came from the presence of the Good Samaritan.

After one week of devotion to the care of the plague-stricken, Woodruff was himself seized by the disease. He was surrounded by devoted friends whose care brought him safely past the turning point, and there was every hope of recovery. Some indiscretion brought on the fatal relapse that has deprived the Corps of one of its most promising young officers; a great public work of the dutiful energetic organizer and director, a host of warm personal friends of one very dear to them, and a widowed mother of an almost idolized son, her mainstay in life.

The people among whom he has labored for the past two years, now pay tribute to his memory in grateful earnest words.

He came among us about two years ago, a perfect stranger, sent by his department to remove the raft in Red River. By his courtesy to our people, his integrity, and unflinching industry and perseverance, he won the esteem of this community, and his death is looked upon as a public calamity.

He died a martyr to the blessed cause of Charity, and may his reward be rest in the world to come.

He died Tuesday night, September 30, 1873, at Shreveport, La., of yellow fever.

Very respectfully, your
obd't serv't,

C. W. Howell,
Capt. of Engineers,
U. S. Army.

Charlotte Burrows of the Shreveport "Times" further discloses that the Howard Association mentioned in the epitaph was formed when the yellow fever epidemic became serious in 1873 at Shreveport "to relieve the sick as far as is in their power and to solicit contributions for their relief."

Woodruff was assigned to Ward 2, the downtown area south and east of Texas Street from Red River to Common Street and Including Milam, Cotton, Crockett and Lake Streets, and the south side of Texas.

Concludes Mr. Pedigo of the U. S. Engineers, Louisville:

"We can find no direct information on the actual naming of the snagboat, but it appears that LT. Woodruff was indeed the honoree."

THANK YOU, FOLKS!

The Walt McCoy Tootenanny required voluntary assistance from willing hands. S&D wishes to thank Gene and Claire Fitch for favors far beyond the call of duty; also Lawrence Peters, and also Jim Sands. Chuck and Catherine Remley took upon themselves responsibilities from start to finish. Bill Reynolds and Cliff Scott hefted whistles, as did Bob Schoepner of Ohio University. These are the persons who made possible the transfer of S&D's many whistles from Marietta to Long Reach and return. Everything they did was perfect; no hits, no runs, no errors.

The Cincinnati Enquirer, issue July 23rd last, congratulated the U. S. House of Representatives for voting 369-9 to extend the DELTA QUEEN's life span another five years. The editorial concludes:

"The measure now will go to the Senate for final approval. With so many in the House favoring the exemption, it is not realistic to think that the Senate will be anything but receptive to the extension." We particularly like the concluding paragraph: "And there is a certain satisfaction in the knowledge that government, even at the national level, can be sympathetic to special cases and make reasonable exceptions when such are called for."

The National Geographic Society is making record albums, as though they didn't have enough to do. The series of four is called "American Adventure," and one of these, to be released this fall, is "Steamboat's A-Comin'!" Mary McPeak of NGS's recording division prevailed upon Ye Ed to act as consultant for the script and illustrations appearing on and in the album for the latter. We earned our keep by promptly throwing a tantrum over two line drawings of an improbable side-wheeler. NGS thereupon, in the interest of accuracy, called in John L. Fryant to set things straight. Last word from John is he's agreed to do the job, and is doing it. The result will be interesting to see. The 12-inch LP's. or cassettes if you prefer, are excellent, and are being offered to NGS members.



FIRST ELECTED OFFICERS

THE AMERICAN STERNWHEEL ASSOCIATION elected the above slate at their meeting held Sunday, February 8th, 1976 at Marietta, Ohio. From the left: Clyde Bryant, 2nd vice president; Claro Deane 1st vice president; Gene Fitch, president; Jan DiCarlo, secretary, and Harry Robinson, treasurer. --Photo courtesy of Eileen Daily.

CINCINNATI and Covington have been celebrating the 110th birthday of the famed suspension bridge linking Ohio and Kentucky, completed in 1866.

Technically it is the oldest and also the first bridge to span the Ohio River shore to shore. Purists insist that the older suspension bridge at Wheeling, opened in 1849, spans one-half the river inasmuch as one end terminates on an island. Anyhow the Wheeling span was demolished by a terrific wind-storm in 1854, when a new one was hastily laced using the original stone piers.

Almost incredible is the fact that both bridges still carry commerce in 1976. Both were major triumphs in engineering with spans almost identical in length, pier to pier. Ellet's Wheeling bridge has 980' suspension, and Roebling's Cincinnati masterpiece has 1,004'. Bridge buffs are quick to recognize the similarity of the Cincinnati-Covington bridge with the famed Brooklyn bridge, and with good cause. The Roeblings built both.

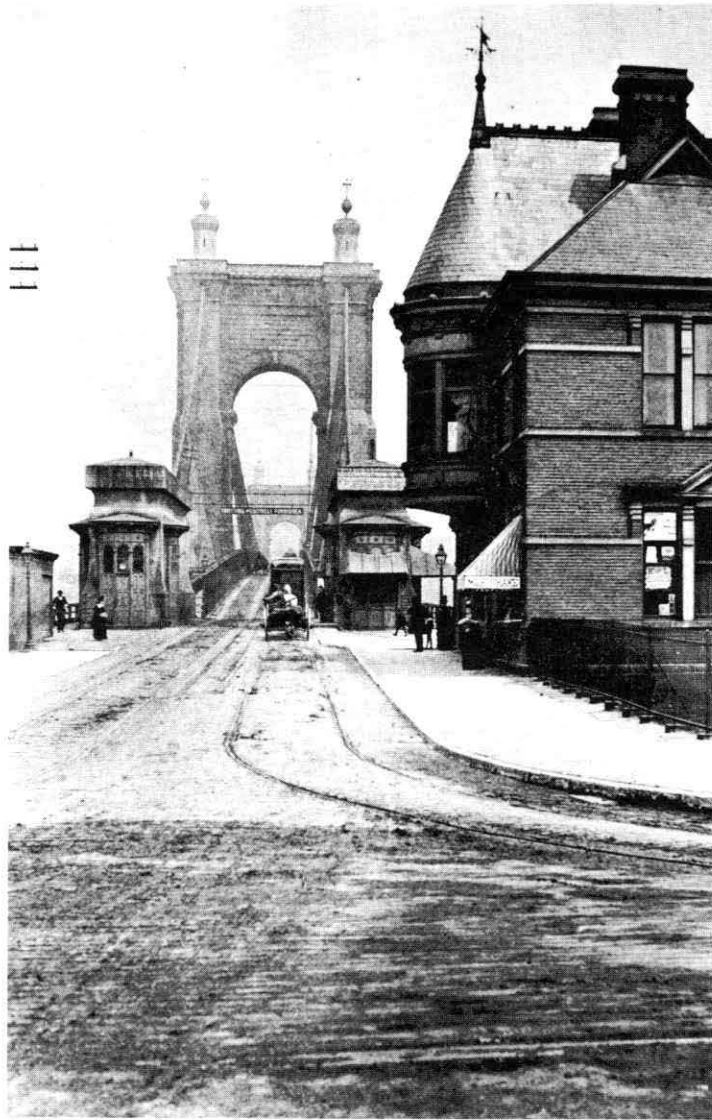
But now back to the recent celebration. There were several disappointments. A hot air balloon was to make a "sensational take-off at the best possible moment," and did not. Well-known entertainers invited to "fill the air with songs" did not. Army helicopters that were to swoop down did not.

Chief Richard Brightfire Thundersky, in colorful Mohawk garb, called on the Great Spirit to see the bridge through "many more winters and summers." The official program said he was going to do a rain dance, but he did not.

Hundreds of motor-boaters had a rollicking good time splashing about, honking horns. School bands played, there was the usual quota of speeches, and a replica Liberty Bell tolled. Flags were raised on poles secured at the tops of the piers.

UPPER RIGHT: Approach to the Cincinnati---Covington suspension bridge photographed on May 10, 1888 by J. D. Cox, Jr. A sign over the roadway reads TROTTING POSITIVELY FORBIDDEN, and an ad on the awning (right) says MILK SHAKES. We gather from the looks of things that tracks are laid for horse-cars, a single line occupying half the roadway. This and other interesting Cincinnati views taken by Cox were presented to the Public Library, Cincinnati, by F. Gordon Morrill, Manchester, Mass., in 1966. Cox was son of former Ohio governor Jacob D. Cox.

RIGHT: The suspension bridge at Cincinnati photographed in 1899, photographer not known. The packet TACOMA in daily service between Cincinnati and Chilo, O. is at her wharfboat (left) with the HERCULES CARREL moored outside of her. The odd-looking contraption at the right is described as the "Buena Vista stone-boat," although we are unsure what it did for a living.



The \$56,000 1800-style flatboat recently built at Marietta by the W. H. Heiby Co. for the Ohio Historical Society sank in the Muskingum to her gunnels from causes unknown on May 21st last.

She had just recently been set afloat from her building site on the Ohio River Museum property. All seemed to be going well.

Then in the interests of authenticity a weighty brick fireplace and brick chimney were installed hard aft (or forward, depending on which way you interpret it) causing that end to sink down some 15" and the other end to rise correspondingly. Then plug.

With the aid of scuba divers, a crane, and sheets of plastic she was successfully raised. In order to keep her on even keel bags of cement have been stowed hard forward (or aft, depending...).

Technically she is reported to be the responsibility of the contractor. The W. H. Heiby Co. has been following specs and plans prepared by Columbus architects who in turn were guided by historical research provided by the ultimate owner, Ohio Historical Society.

Flatboats in 1800 cost from \$1 to \$1.25 per running foot. So this 56-foot replica in its heyday would sell, new, for \$56 to \$70 not including fireplace. Cables, pump and fireplace ran \$10 extra. Zadok Cramer warned in his "Navigator" that proper trimming of a flatboat "is of considerable consequence to her safety."

Proper trimming of a flat bottom wooden hull is not accomplished by placing great weight in each end and nothing in the middle. This truth dating back to 1800 will one day assert itself at Marietta, is our warning.

Sirs: I like your article on the CHAUTAUQUA BELLE very much. You must admit I was right about reporters making mistakes.

Kenneth Steenburn,
Dewittville, N.Y. 14728

=Reporters are a sorry lot; we spelled Ken's name Steenbern in the account (pages 42,43, June '76 issue). -Ed.

Sirs: Why haven't I gotten my S&D REFLECTOR? Everyone else gets theirs the first of June. I can stand the suspense no longer. I would like to have it. Texas is not that far away.

Lexie Palmore,
630 Windsor,
Tyler, Texas 75701

=The above was mailed at Memphis

THE PICTURE BELOW

The opening of the suspension bridge at Cincinnati in 1866 ended ferry service to Covington, Ky. But despite the bridge ferry service continued across to Newport, Ky. until the opening of the Central Bridge on Sept. 7, 1891. Two side-wheel bow-loaders served, CITY OF NEWPORT and CINCINNATI. The above picture was taken May 10, 1888 by J. D. Cox, Jr. at the Cincinnati landing. (For other news of photographer Cox see story in this issue about the 110th birthday bridge celebration). The CITY OF NEWPORT was built at Cincinnati 1882. When her usefulness ended her hull became the packet wharfboat at Patriot, Ind.



on July 14th last, addressed to Ye Ed, received July 17th; not bad. Correspondence regarding address changes and non-delivery of the magazine should be directed to our secretary for prompt handling (see page 4). -Ed.

Next time in Marietta take a gander at the garage door, 613 Washington Street. Painted in heroic size is the paddlewheel and stern of the DELTA QUEEN done last fall by S&D member Jeffrey Spear, age 12.

Horace P. Lyle, 79, died at home at the Surf Club Apartments, Daytona Beach, Florida, on June 17th, 1976. He and his wife Dorothy Egers Lyle had been living in Daytona Beach since his retirement from Greene Line Steamers at Cincinnati some years back. Recently they gave up their home there and moved to the apartments.

H. P. Lyle will be remembered as general freight and passenger agent for various packet lines dating back to the Liberty Transit Company when they operated the GENERAL WOOD and GENERAL CROWDER in the Pittsburgh-Cincinnati trade 1918-1923. He continued to represent the WOOD under the regimes of Capt. Fred Hornbrook and Capt. William S. Pollock, and also the BETSY ANN. Later he was Cincinnati agent for the QUEEN CITY and SENATOR CORDILL in the Pittsburgh trade. He joined ranks with the Greene Line and when they gave up the freight trade he assisted with tourist reservations for the GORDON C. GREENE and DELTA QUEEN.

Other than his wife Dorothy (Dot) above mentioned, he is survived by two sons, H. P. Jr. and Joe, and by grandchildren. Burial was in Florida.



As we go to press we have a bulletin from R. Dale Flick relative to the initial arrival of the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN at Cincinnati, Sunday, July 25th last. Due to a storm encountered upbound from Louisville she loped in about an hour late, but was met by sunshine and an enormous crowd of well-wishers. Ceremonies were held at Yeatman's Cove Park. Betty Blake introduced congresswoman Leonor K. Sullivan (Mo.) who complimented the boat's builders for "Job-like patience and perseverance."

Dale says the roof bell, which was reposing on the roof packed in a crate during the Oxbow Shakedown has been mounted. It was rung to conclude the Cincinnati ceremony, the braided rope pulled by Capt. Ernie Wagner, Betty Blake, and distinguished guests. It has historic value, cast at Cincinnati in 1874, and rung for a century from a belfry of the Holy Cross Monastery on Mount Adams. Its weight is 660 pounds. Engraved on it are the words, "To the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN From the People of Cincinnati."

S&D members noted present at the ceremonies were Dorothea Frye, Larry and Ethel Walker, Dolly Robertson and daughter Dianne Duncan, Lee Woodruff, Pat Sullivan, Ann Zeigler, Lloyd and Rita Ostendorf, Tom R. Greene, Jr., wife and family, Mrs. Tom R. (Letha) Greene, Chuck and Catherine Remley, Marion and Marian Frommel, John Hartford and Michelle Kingsley, Jim and Janice Reed and family--this just a sampling.

According to Dale the crowd roared approval when the president of Coca-Cola Bottling Co. of N.Y. announced that a feasibility study would soon be inaugurated by his firm to explore the idea of building still another river tourist boat--possibly to be named CINCINNATI QUEEN.

Sirs: Reference is made to your story about the towboat BOAZ and her mishap with the D. T. & I. bridge pier below Ashland in 1908, as told to you by Emmett Gould (March '76 issue, pages 38,39). You say both of these piers were removed many years ago.

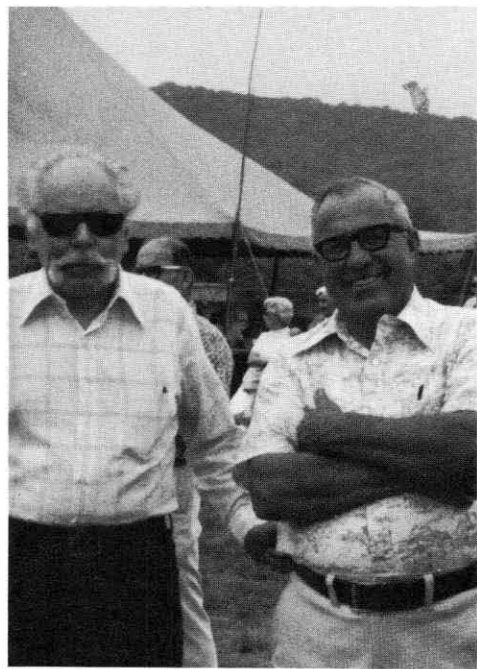
So far as I know there were two of these piers--one on the Ohio and one on the Kentucky side. The present Armco Steel plant at Ashland was later built in this area. The pier on the Ohio side was removed during World War II when, as I'm sure you remember, Chicago Bridge had a boat yard there and I believe they built the DPC steamer MIDWAY ISLANDS. The pier on the Kentucky side, apparently the one the BOAZ hit, is still very much in evidence at its old stand. I have heard many oldtimers tell about going to this spot in john-boats at low water times and loading up with spilled coal and selling it to blacksmiths at a premium---a good find for active kids in those days.

Hence, since your pilot's license is still valid, don't steer in too close to the Kentucky pier like the BOAZ did. Steel barges would not likely be quite as vulnerable as wooden coalboats and barges, but they could surely sustain some damage if they hit that pier. Armco Steel has some water intakes just below the Kentucky pier and probably they consider it to be a protection to these.

Anyway I didn't want you to hit that pier thinking it was gone.

C. E. Montague, Jr.,
Kitchen Building,
Ashland, Ky. 41101

=Yes, we well recall the pier on the Ohio side, about 150 ft. out on old Dam 30 pool stage. The Kentucky pier still there never



Two friends of long standing posed at the Walt McCoy Tootenanny while Catherine Remley took this picture, Glenn Crain (left) and Gene Fitch.

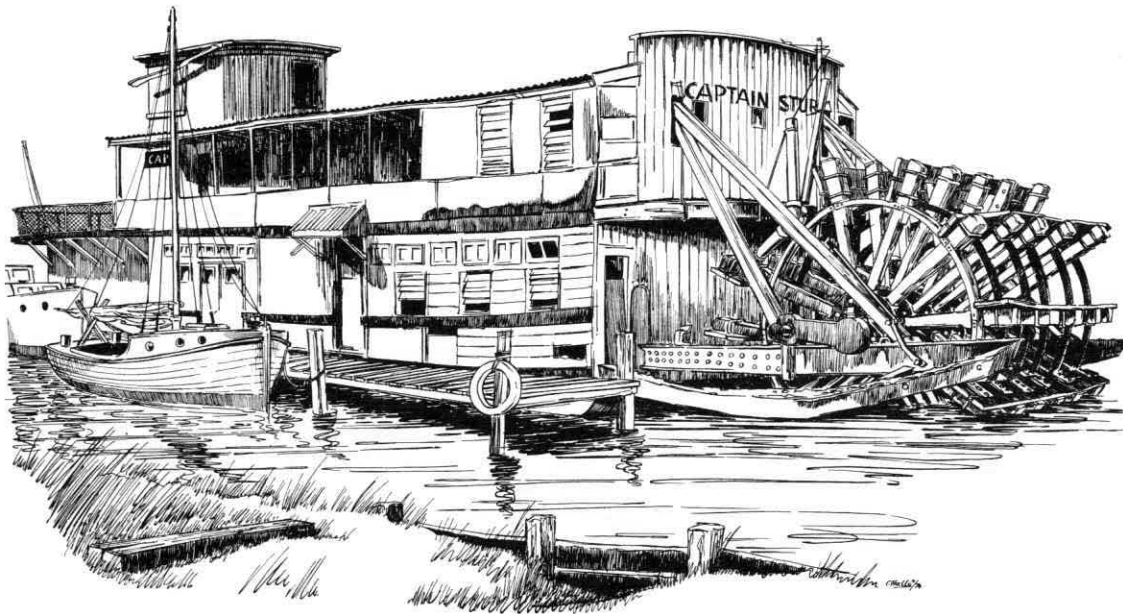
was considered a navigational hazard and does not appear, nor does it get mention, on U.S. Engineer chart maps. Since the subject is to the fore, permit us to dip into a badly cluttered memory to recall low water pilots purposely dodging a "lump" in midstream between these piers said to have been caused by faulty removal of a cofferdam placed there during the erection of a center pier for the RR. bridge. The faulty removal may have been of the pier itself, and indeed might have been the one the BOAZ stubbed her tow on. If this discussion prods Jerry Sutherland into looking into old U.S. Engineer files, all well and good. Thanks for the letter, and by the way, what virtue could spilled coal gain by long immersion in river water? I've heard the same thing; that blacksmiths considered it tops, and such "stone coal," as it was called because of the round appearance of the lumps, was considered best for livingroom grates and for kitchen ranges. -Ed.



This great bell was brought to the Walt McCoy Tootenanny by its owner Glenn Crain. It is equally as big as the one recently presented to the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN (see story in column above) and Glenn got it years ago from Charles Zubik complete with stand and tapper. The Delta Queen Steamboat Co. almost got it from Glenn for the MQ, then decided instead on the Cincinnati bell. John Beatty took a shine to this bell when he saw it at the Whistle Blow, bought it on the spot from Glenn, loaded it on his truck and took it home with him. -Ross Rogers, Jr. photo.



THE CAPTAIN STURT



Although in the 1860s there were three American-type Murray stern-wheelers of the sort common on the Mississippi in their day, the only one of a more modern kind was the *Captain Sturt*, which, engines and boilers gone, now sits permanently at Goolwa as a houseboat.

A Government vessel, the steamer was commissioned to be built when it was realized that the cargo-steamers then on the Murray would not be able to carry on their normal trade and also haul the huge amount of material that would be needed in building the locks. The hull, engines, and boilers, designed and manufactured in Cincinnati, were brought to Australia in parts. The hull was assembled at Granite Rocks, upstream from Mannum. Launched in 1916, it was towed to Blanchetown to be completed as a steamer.

Usually pushing a barge ahead of her and with one lashed to each side of her bow, she transported more than a quarter of a million tons of stone, gravel, sand, and other materials for the building of the locks from Lock One at Blanchetown up to Lock Nine at Kulnine. She was never snagged, and lost only two bargeloads of stone. When her work on the locks was completed, she moved to Goolwa, where she supplied steam, power, and light for building the barrages. In 1938, her work done, she was put up for sale.

By then the river had demonstrated the truth of an old saying among riverhands, "The Murray hates steel." When the vessel was being put together, Captain Murray Ander-

son had told the American captain who was supervising the operation, "She'd be a good boat, skipper, if only she had a bottom in her." Now the years had proved him right; the steel bottom had become so rusted that the inside of it was almost completely covered with cement patches placed there to stop leaks.

This helped to make buyers fight shy of her. She was auctioned for a mere £205—less than a seventieth of her original cost. This, however, did not particularly worry the Government; the great amount of carrying she had done during the twenty-two years since she was launched had led, it was considered, to her having paid for herself over and over again. The purchasers hoped to run her on excursion-trips from Goolwa to Point McLeay Aboriginal mission-station on Lake Alexandrina. Before long, however, they sold her as a houseboat.

George Johnston, Jun., skipper of the *Captain Sturt* for much of her career, was known as Gum Tree George. A strict Sabbatarian, even if he were only half a mile from a town and no matter what the wishes of the crew, he would tie up to the nearest gum tree at midnight on Saturday to save his men from the sin of working on Sundays. Another to follow the traditions of the religious revival that swept Goolwa in the early days was John Grundy, skipper of a dozen or so steamers in his day. His custom of doing much the same as Johnston on Saturday nights led to his being known as Midnight Johnny.

DICK SIMONTON presented us with a copy of "Riverboats Sketchbook," published in Australia, from which the above is taken. The text is by Ian Mudie and the drawings by Chris Halls. Dick had seen the CAPTAIN STURT on the Murray and was interested in her Ohio River origin. An odd circumstance is that Capt. Doc Hawley piped up to say--this presentation was dur-

ing the MQ's Shakedown--that he recently had entertained an ex-skipper of the STURT at New Orleans aboard the NATCHEZ.

The STURT was built at Cincinnati 1915 by the Charles Barnes Co., who shipped the steel hull knock-down, and the engines, boilers, etc. off to Australia.

Coincident with the above, we have received from Dr. Leland R.

Johnson a copy of a letter written by the same Barnes Company dated Dec. 18, 1899 to Major Charles F. Powell, Pittsburgh District U. S. Engineer. The subject matter discloses that Barnes had built a small steel hull steamboat for a French mining company, had shipped it knock-down to the Colorado River, where it ran from Needles to Fort Mohave, some 20 miles, with many groundings during 1899.



CAPT. ROSS ROGERS came callin' almost at press time with the two pictures shown here. He took them during the Walt McCoy Tootenanny this past June 19th. The big whistle on the truck (above) is the one found in the Missouri River at Mile 8, and if anyone recognizes it, or knows how it got there, correspondence is invited. The three musketeers in this picture hardly need introduction anywhere between Pittsburgh and New Orleans, or up the Kanawha either; the Dean of Rivers Capt. W. C. Beatty (left), Capt. John Beatty and Nelson Jones.

Some idea of the number of whistles blown at the Union Carbide wing-ding is apparent in this view at the left. Keep both EYES on the two-chime whistle in the foreground (piping painted silver) for it is the famous GORDON C. GREENE tooter. Capt. Ernest Wagner is not happy with the new MISSISSIPPI QUEEN whistle, and arrangements are currently under way to send the GORDON whistle to him to try out. If he likes it, it may stay there.



-Photographed at Louisville, Ky., April 22, 1976 by J. W. Rutter.

