

S&D

REFLECTOR

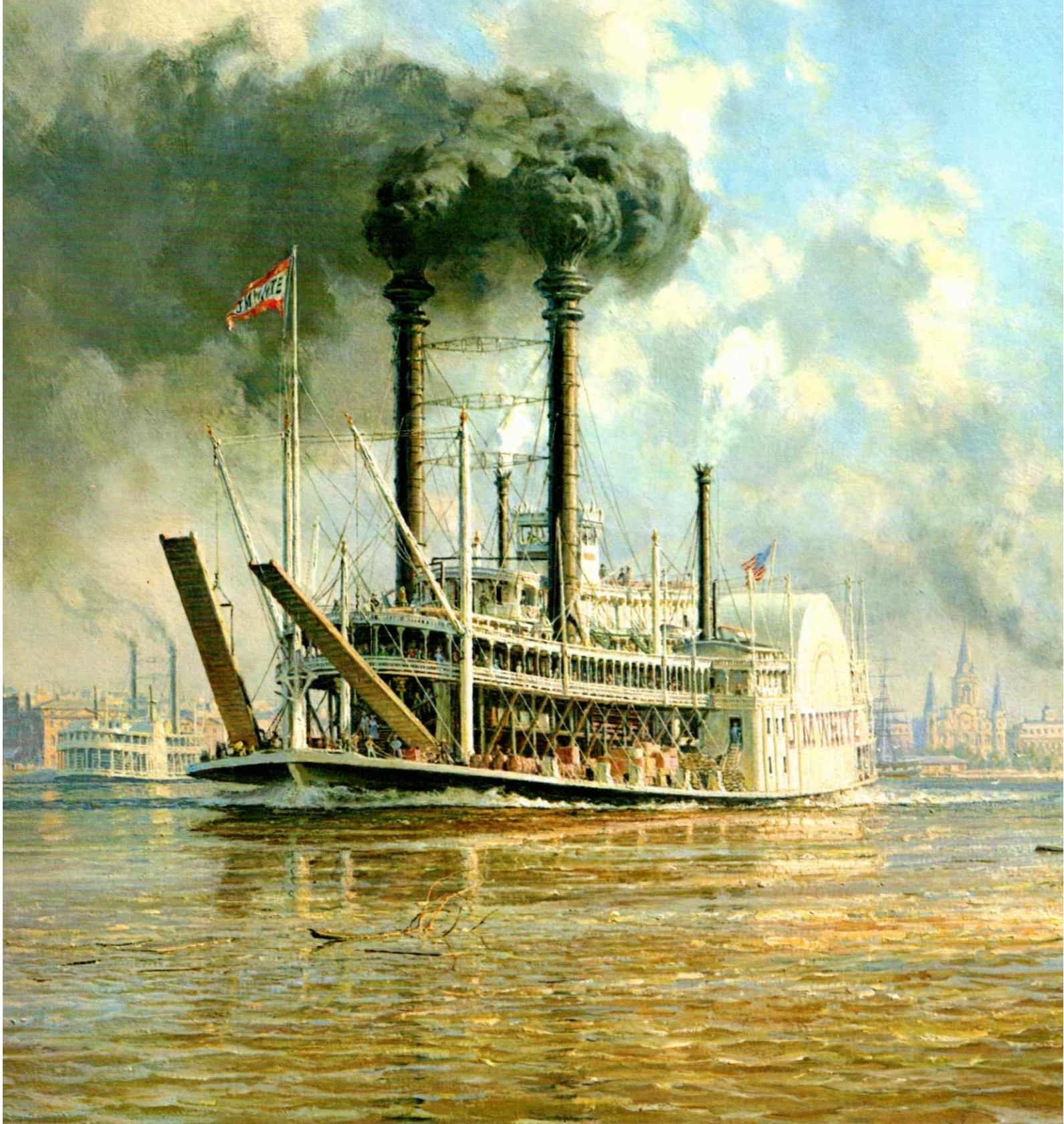
Published by Sons and Daughters
of Pioneer Rivermen



Vol. 14, No. 2

Marietta, Ohio

June, 1977





THE J. M. WHITE is much in the news. She has been re-created in oils by marine artist John Stobart (see next page, column 1). The above photograph of the original painting in entirety was furnished to us through the kindness of Augustus J. Montovano who runs Lithocraft of New England, Inc., 7 Market St., Stamford, Conn. 06902. The front cover of this issue is a section-view made direct from the original. The WHITE is departing New Orleans bound upriver. In the distance over her stern is St. Louis Cathedral flanked by the Cabildo and Presbytere where the NATCHEZ docks today at

the Toulouse Street wharf. The sailing ship in right foreground is the PAUL JONES, berthed at Algiers. The several side-wheel packets at the left were painted in for atmosphere and John Stobart says one of them is the OUACHITA BELLE. The ferry heading out from Canal Street is modeled after the JOSIE which was the first steel hull boat built at the Howard Ship Yard, propeller driven. For all the accuracy of delineation and captivating atmosphere, JOSIE was not built until 1891 and this picture necessarily was staged prior to 1886 when the WHITE burned at Point Coupee.

LAST MARCH 30th John Stobart, an energetic marine artist with English background and accent, descended upon 121 River all gung-ho to do an oil marinescape of Pittsburgh. He has already done one of the Cincinnati harbor in the 1860s, at least three harbor scenes of New Orleans and has produced striking glimpses of New York and San Francisco in the days of sail.

Two of his New Orleans scenes are similar, both featuring the J. M. WHITE. John Stobart befriended Leonard V. Huber of that place and had let himself be known to Captains Doc Hawley and Roddy Hammett of the NATCHEZ. Lately he has been to St. Louis with the idea in mind of painting Independence Landing on the Missouri and there met James V. Swift of The Waterways Journal. Two other river friends of his are W. W. (Pat) Patterson (our Pittsburgh ratchet manufacturer) and his wife Mack who had walked rather innocently into his Washington, D.C. gallery called Maritime Heritage Prints Inc. They liked John's pictures and they liked John.

The Pattersons live in the Sewickley area so Pat and Mack hosted a dinner party at the Edgeworth Club for John Stobart and kindly asked Lady Grace and y. t. to share.

In the course of this two-day visit we made bold to ask John's permission to dramatize his J. M. WHITE in full color on the cover of this issue of S&D REFLECTOR. He consented with enthusiasm and arranged with his printer to forward the color separations, vital for best results, to Richardson Printing at Marietta.



John Stobart
-Robert Longley, photo

The first we knew of John Stobart was in August 1974 when the American Heritage wrapped his view of the Cincinnati waterfront into an effective continuous front and back cover mural. In that issue

the Heritage also reproduced in color a number of Stobart's sailing ship scenes. At that time he was living at Darien, Connecticut. Since then he has settled with his wife and three children at Potomac, Maryland. He operates his Maritime Heritage Prints Inc. at Suite 502, 1055 Thomas Jefferson St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20007.

His J. M. WHITE scene appeared in color on the front of Dixie Magazine's Bicentennial Issue, July 4, 1976, distributed by the Times-Picayune. Full color prints of the New Orleans scene featuring the WHITE 20 by 32 inches with over-all white border 28½ by 38 are available. Write to the address above and ask for the illustrated brochure and prices.

The Kennedy Galleries in New York handle the original Stobart oil paintings.

"When's the next Whistle Blow scheduled?" This question comes frequently to our desk. The answer as of May 1, 1977 is this: We have no positive information to pass along to you. Some while ago S&D was approached with an inquiry from New Orleans. A civic group there was mulling the idea of having such an affair this fall, asking would S&D be willing to loan old whistles to assist. Knowing one of the principals in the group to be completely reliable, our answer was in the affirmative provided S&D's Board agrees. We checked just a moment ago and find that no decision in New Orleans has been reached.

Another publication has announced that a Whistle Blow will be held at the Long Reach, W. Va. plant of Union Carbide in 1978. If this be so, it's more than we know of it at the present time. No negotiations concerning S&D participation have been initiated.

Joe Russell, 10, has joined the Sternwheelers. A couple of years ago his Dad supplied us with two pencil sketches Joe did, one of the excursion steamer WASHINGTON and the other of the side-wheeler MORNING STAR. Pencil sketches cannot be successfully reproduced in this magazine, or we'd have run 'em. They're that good. And Joe was eight when he drew them. He's the youngest of that steamboatin' family at P. O. Box 781, Portsmouth, Ohio 45662.

The more Alan Bates digs into the racer ROBT. E. LEE the more he discovers. Now he startles us by requesting that we announce the following:

"The plans I have prepared of the LEE are in need of revision and will be corrected. Those of you who have bought my initial plans will receive revised drawings. Right now I cannot predict when you will receive them. My prime objective is accuracy and



The Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen will convene at Marietta, Ohio and there hold the Annual Meeting, week-end of

Saturday, September 10

Meeting with them will be the American Sternwheel Association, Inc., the Middle Ohio River Chapter of S&D, and the Ohio-Kanawha Branch S&D.

Let this constitute official notice to the Board of Governors, composed of the same nine distinguished gentlemen who are identified on page 4 of this issue, that the Board will meet in the Lafayette Motor Hotel's Ohio Valley Room at 9:30 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, September 10.

There will be no formal programs save those on Saturday. Most delegates arrive Friday (many Thursday) and stay over Sunday. Visitation aboard the many sternwheel boats present is encouraged.

The VALLEY GEM will run frequent excursions. The BECKY THATCHER, completely renovated and in handsome garb, will be available for inspection. The W. P. SNYDER, JR. will be at her usual mooring, the welcome mat out.

The program at this date is not entirely firmed. The honored speaker is Alan L. Bates, Louisville, who says he is DEE-lighted to accept.

Bring wives, sweethearts.. dogs, cats. No particular formality. Program of events will be available when you arrive.

there may be delay."

Until these revised drawings are ready, Alan has temporarily withdrawn sale of his LEE plans.

Those housewives who read Good Housekeeping may have noticed in the January 1977 issue the story about Marietta by Diana and Bill Gleasner. The illustration shows the VALLEY GEM, W. P. SNYDER, JR. and the Ohio River Museum.

Flattering comments come to our ears regarding the huge success of the St. Louis joint meeting held April 23-24 last. More on this as details get to our ears for the September issue.

S&D REFLECTOR

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of Pioneer Rivermen



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MARIETTA, OHIO

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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

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.

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THE NEXT EDITOR of the S&D REFLECTOR, if he operates anything like the present one, will be in need of strategic reference books. The ones we constantly use, helter-skelter on the floor in easy left-hand reach, are these:-

Webster's New World Dictionary, College Edition, 1951. This is always on top of the heap, the most used of all. We can't spell "misspell" without looking it up (as we just have) and how to properly break a word into syllables escapes our comprehension.

Webster's Biographical Dictionary, 1943. Many of the persons we're interested in knowing about are not listed here, but sometimes we hit pay-dirt.

A New Dictionary of Quotations, H. L. Mencken 1942. "It is better to have useless knowledge than to know nothing," page 638.

An Ohio River Anthology, Ethel C. Leahy, 1931. Ethel threw everything in here including the kitchen sink, and I thank her.

Thrills of the Historic Ohio River, Frank Y. Grayson (no date). Absolutely impossible to find anything unless first you index it, which we did.

Merchant Steam Vessels of the United States, Lytle-Holdcamper, 1975. Brad Mitchell gave us this, and bless him.

The Ohio River, R. R. Jones, 1916. Probably the most famous Ohio River book ever issued.

The Ohio River, U. S. Engineers, 1935. The update of Jones, and well prepared.

The Ohio River, A Course of Empire, Archer Butler Hulbert, 1906. He was a history prof at Marietta College when he wrote this epic.

From Paddle Wheels to Propellers, Charles Preston Fishbaugh, 1970. The story of the Howard Ship Yard. His compilations at the stern are what we use most. Bert Fenn supplied this gem, thanks.

Showboats, Philip Graham, 1969. This is a must, sorting out as it does a slippery subject. Our thanks to H. C. Putnam for our copy.

Official Rail Way Guide, June 1868. A reprint issued in 1968, loaded with good stuff. S. Durward Hoag thoughtfully supplied this to us.

Steamboat Days on the Tennessee River, Frank L. Teuton, 1974. Frank wraps up for keeps the story of the St. Louis & Tennessee River Packet Company.

Zip Code Directory, 1967. We swiped this from The Sewickley Herald.

Steamboats on the Muskingum, J. Mack Gamble, 1971. Clyde K. Swift's directory in the rear is checked by us every time we mention a Muskingum steamboat.

Advertisements of Lower Mississippi River Steamboats 1812-1920, Leonard V. Huber, 1959. An entire mountain range of steamboats, names and dates down there in the land of cotton.

Transportation in the Ohio Valley, Charles Henry Ambler, 1932. The late Hi Carpenter financed the publication of this one, and deserves public thanks.

Steamboating On the Upper Mississippi, William J. Petersen, 1968. He freighted this one to the deep load line and quit at Year 1870, which is a shame.

List of Merchant Vessels of the United States, U. S., 1895. Capt. Charles J. Larkin gave us this valuable book.

Merchant Vessels of the United States, U. S., 1925. We fell heir to this one in some abstruse way.

The Middle and Upper Mississippi River, U.S. Engineers, 1939. Somehow they managed to get the maps in backwards, a source of constant confusion.

A Company of Uncommon Enterprise, Dravo Corporation, 1974. A lot of facts mixed with back-patting.

Allegheny County's Hundred Years, George H. Thurston, 1888. Lists all steamboats built in the Pittsburgh area 1811-1888, and sailing ships before that.

A History of the Eagle Packet Company, Roy L. Barkhau, 1951. Capt. Buck Leyhe stood over Roy's shoulder when this was prepared.

JIM HUTCHINS of Shannon, Ala. 35142 remembers German battleships on Pleasant Run, Ky. and sent us the photograph on this page as proof. He used to live in that neighborhood and says in 1894 a dam was built across the creek creating a good-sized lake. Then J. J. Weaver built an amusement park, and a local electric trolley line handled most of the people to and from this "Lagoon Park."

We looked at the maps in the 1935 edition of "The Ohio River" by R. R. Jones and the lake on Pleasant Run is indicated.

Jim Hutchins says this:- "J. J. Weaver, looking for added attractions, found there were some model battleships in storage at St. Louis, purchased them and brought them to the park. Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany had these built for maneuver training and sent them to St. Louis for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in 1904, as part of Germany's exhibit.

"These battleships were manned by a crew of one, powered by one-lung gassers. Each evening after dark they battled one another on the Lagoon shooting Roman candles (as we called them) at one another.

"J. J. Weaver also staged a MONITOR and MERRIMAC battle with floating models. Sometimes there was a balloon ascension climaxed when the pilot descended by parachute.

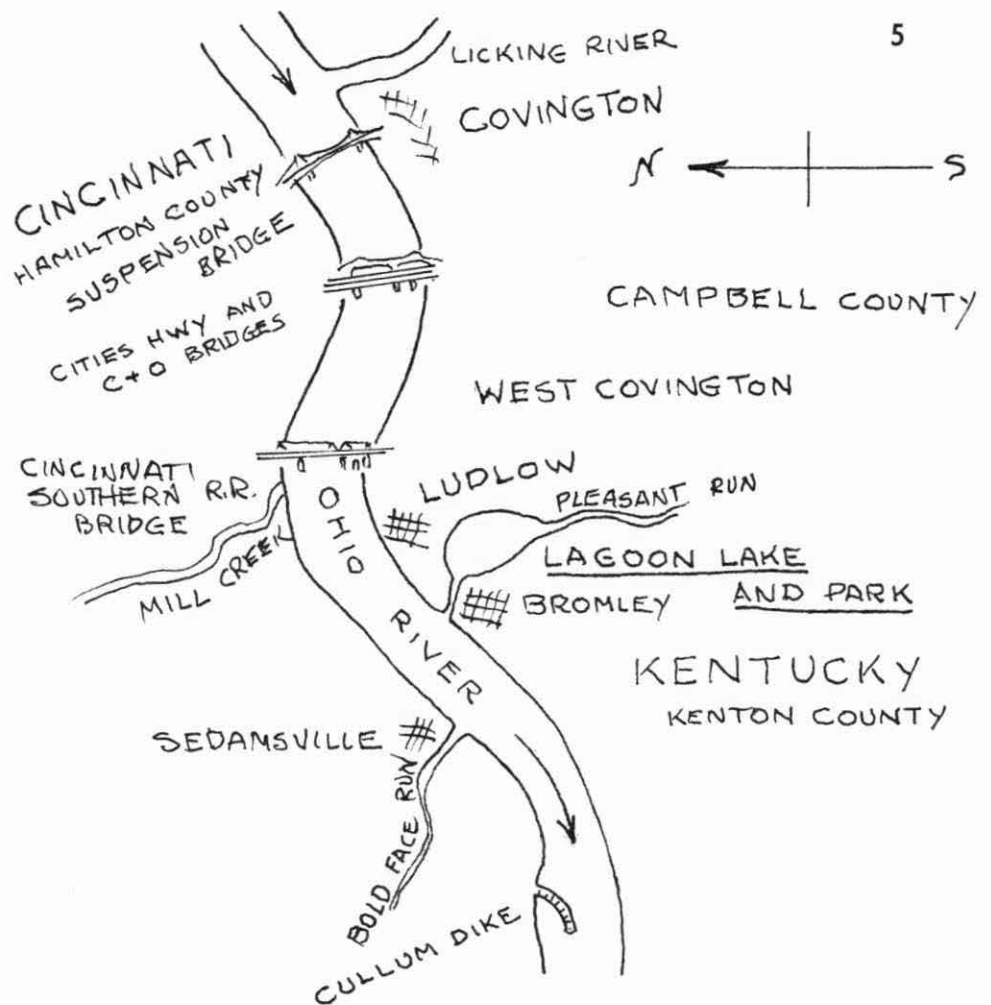
"There was great rivalry between parks. On the Kentucky side we had the Lagoon at Ludlow, Rosedale Park at Latonia and Tacoma Park at Dayton, Ky. Then on the Ohio side they had Chester Park at Cincinnati and Coney Island on up the river.

"On July 30, 1913, with an estimated 5,000 spectators at the wooden motorcycle bowl there at Lagoon Park, a driver went over the top, spilled, and there was a gasoline fire. Seven persons were killed, twenty seriously injured and an estimated fifty others suffered lesser burns, etc.

"Attendance slumped after this tragedy. On July 7, 1915 a tornado destroyed many of the rides and buildings. In this storm the towboat FULTON was capsized at the Central Bridge, the towboat CONVOY also capsized, and Capt. Harry Doss shoved the Coney excursion side-wheeler PRINCESS in at Dayton Bar where her pilothouse sash departed.

"Lagoon Park was all downhill after that. Today the lagoon or lake is no longer there. Some five years ago it became a bog, swamp and land fill. A development company proposed to level the area for commercial development and remains and bones of the Cincinnati Union Terminal and Crosley Field were used as fill. The upper course of Pleasant Run staged a flood or so resulting in suits and injunctions about as messy as the site itself had become.

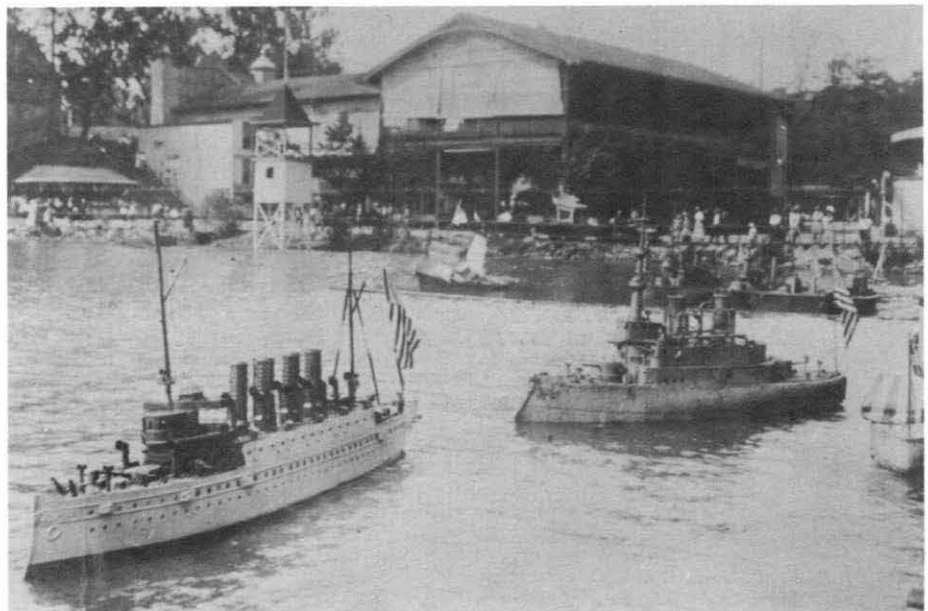
"When I was a kid rooting around in the mud below the old dam and the Ohio River, I came across the bow of one of those battleships



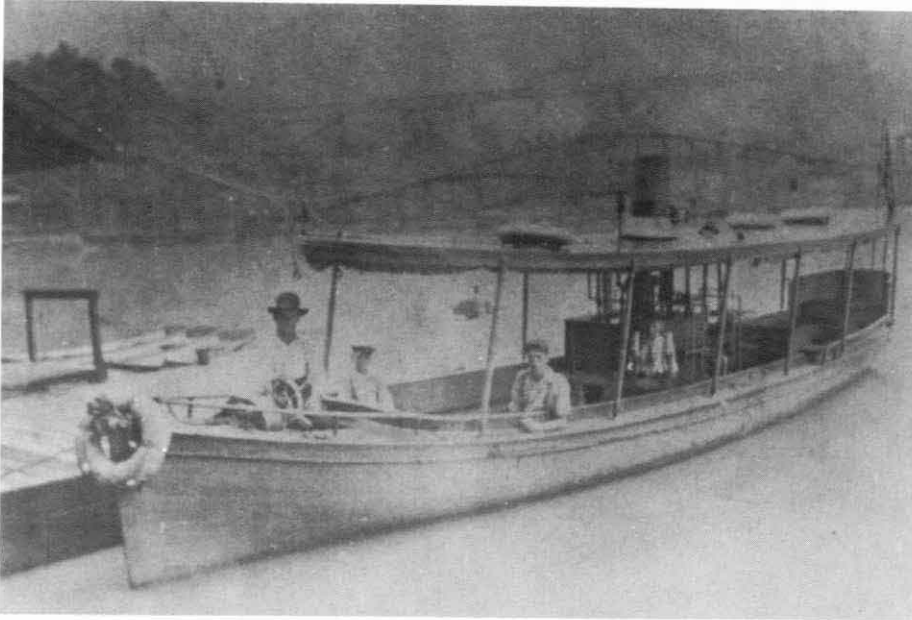
sticking up out of the mud three or four feet. I intended to go back and dig it out but, as usual, something more important like a raft or a prize piece of drift always came up and I never got back."

"All of these amusement parks have long since departed. Coney

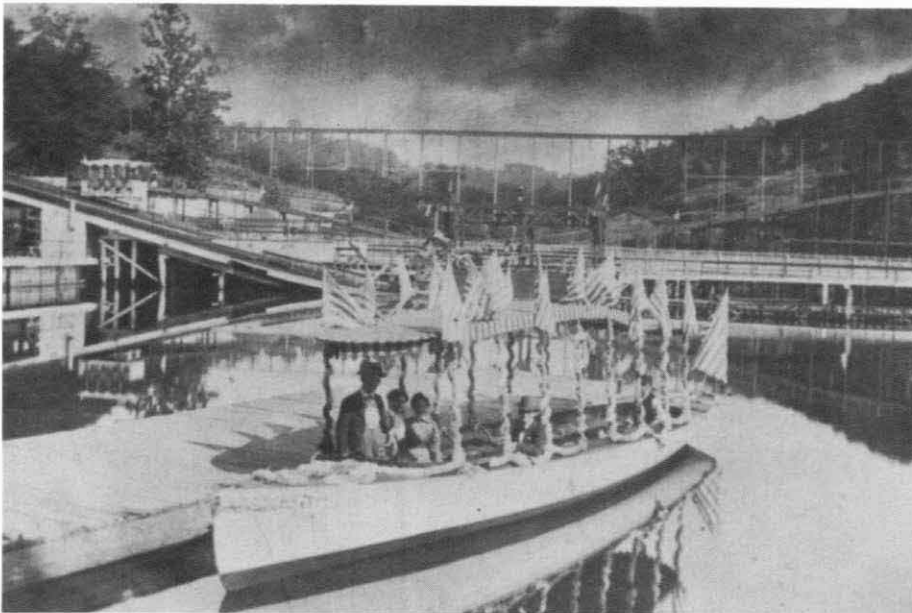
Island outlasted the others due, no doubt, to the boat ride to and from. Maybe King's Island was the right move, but if I read the signs correctly today, there is still a place for a boat ride to Coney, although I will admit it won't be 50¢ including admission."



GERMAN BATTLESHIPS
They came from St. Louis to Pleasant Run, Ky.



LAGOON LAKE ALSO HAD A STEAM LAUNCH
Jim Hutchins recalls that electric launches were used later (see picture below).



SOUTHERN R.R. USED HIGH TRESTLE
The trestle bridge in the background, over the Pleasant Run valley, carried the Southern R.R. on its way from Cincinnati to Lexington. This was known to railroaders as the "first trestle" which was followed by two more on the seven-mile grade to Erlanger, Ky. Heavier structures replaced all three. Jim Hutchins believes this launch is one of the electric-powered fleet used on Lagoon Lake at the park.

Priit J. Vesiland, staff writer with the National Geographic Magazine, hopped aboard Union Mechling towboat NORTHERN last fall and wound up with a copiously illustrated story of his adventures in the February 1977 issue of that magazine.

He rode from Neville Island to Cairo. His tale is titled "The Ohio---River With a job to Do."

Priit was raised in Beaver, Pa. where he fished for carp and cats at the outlet of the municipal sewer in the early 1950s. His mother laid down the law and discouraged his swimming in it. Other than this indoctrination he had no truck with the beautiful Ohio until his trip on the NORTHERN.

Everybody we've talked to who've read the story likes it. Priit

writes with a fresh viewpoint. He and staff photographer Martin Rogers did a lot of legwork along the shores, too, witness the fact they called on Harlan and Anna Hubbard at Payne Hollow, Ky. One of the best of the illustrations has Harlan playing his fiddle while Anna accompanies on the grand piano.

Mrs. Margaret C. Stewart, 62 North Ave., Cameron, West Va. 26003 is daughter of John William Gordon, former chief engineer on the packet SONOMA. Her Dad had come home to Marietta because of the 1913 Flood, and hence had been away from the boat about nine weeks when word came that the SONOMA had capsized and was lost on the Kentucky River one mile above Glenmary at 4:30 p.m. on May 3, 1913.

The SONOMA had been a fixture on the Muskingum from the time she was built, 1897, until 1910, most of the while running Marietta-Beverly, until a street car line was her undoing. Capt. E. W. Webster then put her in the Madison-Frankfort trade. Mrs. Stewart recalls that the boat was downbound from Frankfort and had landed in to take aboard a few passengers. In backing away a snag speared the hull. A baby daughter of Mrs. B. F. Kidwell was drowned. Mrs. John Crawford returned to her room to gather valuables and also was lost. Capt. Webster's wife Nora was home in Beverly at the time, says Mrs. Stewart.

Sirs: I have a question for you. What happened to the ZANETTA after Capt. Gordon C. Greene took her engines and placed them on the GREENLAND? I know that her hull was used on the Kanawha River packet J. Q. DICKINSON, but what happened to the superstructure and pilothouse and other things like her whistle and pilotwheel?

Jeff Spear,
Marietta, Ohio 45750

=Jeff, I don't know. My hunch is that the DICKINSON was sort of a salad of leftovers from both the ZANETTA and KANAWHA BELLE. She had the machinery from the latter, the hull from the former, and maybe your question will tantalize someone into doing further research. Hope so. -Ed.

The following is quoted from Interim Report 3, Texas Gas Transmission Corporation, November 5, 1976:-

"The Inland Waterways revenues include \$13.9 million, reflecting the delivery of the Mississippi Queen, a paddle wheel passenger boat. The construction of this vessel did not result in a profit due to the effect of a year's delay in construction and inflationary increases in materials and labor."

LIBRARY REPORT ISSUED

Yeatman (Andy) Anderson III has authored the 1974-1976 Report of the Inland Rivers Library which was started twenty years ago. Copies were sent to all S&D members. The Public Library of Cincinnati and Hamilton County and S&D need not apologize for a bit of self admiration and a few cock-a-doodle-does over how this project has expanded. Today the best source of information about the history of the Mississippi System in all aspects is Andy's library.

The greater part of the 1974-1976 Report has to do with new and exciting acquisitions. Even more pleasing is evidence that IRL has more and more assumed a dynamic role, supplying information and photographs to top-flight publishers home and abroad, and is sought out by an ever increasing number of researchers and historians.

The commonplace of today is the history of tomorrow and, quite wisely, IRL evidences equal pleasure in having acquired the Capt. C. C. Bowyer collection from Mrs. Samuel B. McCulloch and modern towboat photographs from Chris Eaton.

The attractive front cover of the Report is a pen drawing of the steam tug ALICE L. BARR made from the accompanying photograph.



Steve Muick is sort of a folk hero around the Pittsburgh area. He was piloting Dravo's RAMROD in the back channel of Neville Island on Friday, Jan. 28 last. He looked at the new \$28.5 million I-79 bridge, opened Labor Day 1976 with much ceremony, and saw what he figured was a shadow in the blue-painted 10 ft. overhead girder. A little later, again shuffling barges with the RAMROD, he looked again. The shadow was a crack, and it was a big one.

Steve radioed in to the office and told them somebody had better come look.

Somebody did come--quick. The bridge was promptly closed to all traffic. Repairs were made, and now it's again in business.

Steve started working for Charlie Zubik when he was 13 and has been on the river pretty much since, save for a hitch with the Army in WW2 shooting German planes from a half-track. He was on the Monongahela River the night of Jan. 31, 1956 when the U.S. Air Force B-25 bomber fell near the Glenwood bridge with a crew of six and drowned two. Steve threw a rope to airman second class Charles L. Smith and got him safely aboard a towboat.

Since that night nobody ever has located hide-nor-hair of that B-25 bomber.

Former DELTA QUEEN hostess Mariam Edgar has joined the Thelma White Productions, Hollywood, in the filming this summer of a movie to be called "The Will." Mariam

BUILT AT CINCINNATI in 1884 this twin prop steam tug was in the fleet of Licking Coal & Towboat Co., Covington, Ky. until 1892. Her name was ALICE L. BARR. Her wooden hull was 83.8 x 16.8 x 6. She had two 11" by 15" steam engines powered by a single 46" by 17 ft. boiler. She's in today's news inasmuch as the 1974-1976 Report of the Inland Rivers Library displays her on the cover page (see story in the left column) with no identification. In 1892 she was sold to Evansville, Ind. and rebuilt. New owner was J. H. Daugherty of the Helfrich Lumber Co. of that place. From there on our information is sketchy. In June 1911 she was reported sold to Beiling Bros. for use on Green River, and in 1923 her skipper was Capt. James Hollander.

is a graduate of Marietta High School and Ohio University. She went to the DQ the winter of 1970-71. Since leaving the boat some while back she's been a hostess with Carnival Cruise Lines. Her mother lives at 1212 Glendale Road, Marietta, Ohio.

Know what a snail darter is? Not much to it, about as long as a couple of paperclips laid end to end. It's a fish. It's a fish on the Endangered Species List. This little tan colored member of the perch family feeds on snails at the bottom of the Little Tennessee River. Ask TVA. They have been ordered to halt construction on the Tellico Dam project (\$100 million job) because you can't spoil the home of a snail darter and get away with it.

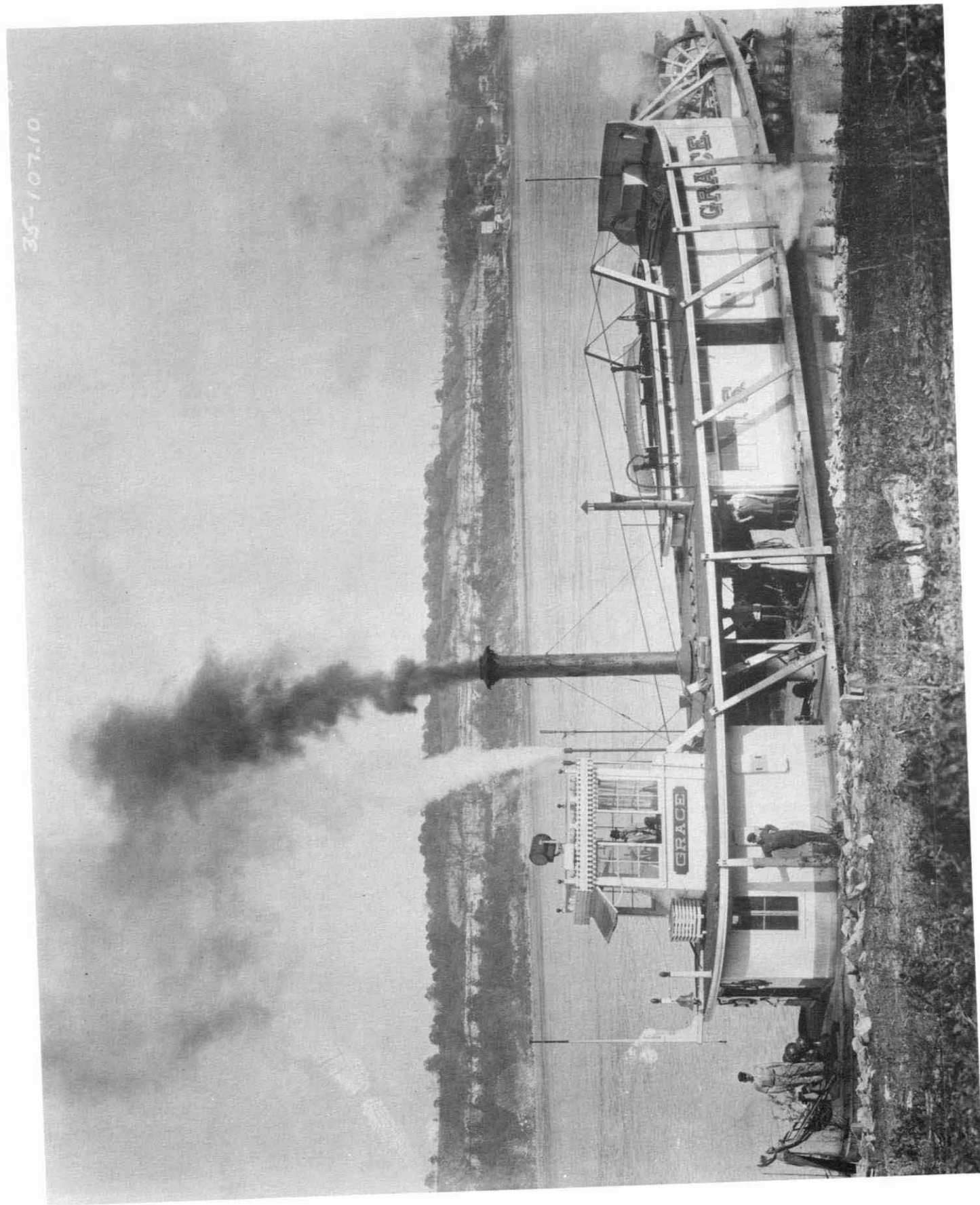
Now the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service is eye-balling the \$142-million Columbia Dam on Duck River in middle Tennessee. That's the

home of the birdwing pearly mussel and of the Cumberland monkey face pearly mussel.

The \$56,000 flatboat built at Marietta for the Ohio Historical Society sank again. It had been leaking, the bilge water froze, and this kept up until she settled to the bottom of the Muskingum on January 31st last. She was raised successfully about a week later. This was her second dunking. Soon after initial launching she sank on the night of May 20, 1976.

The following recipe is taken from the inside cover of the cash book used on the Hannibal, O. wharfboat in 1918:

3 qts. ground corn meal
2# raisins
4# sugar
1½ cakes yeast
3 gal. water



AMAZING GRACE
(See picture opposite)

CAPT. TOM KENNY has our very best thanks for sending GRACE to us, made from an original glass plate dating about 1905-1910.

Listen to Tom:

"Apparently they had just painted her. Looking at her crank I'd say she had about a four foot stroke. Another thing, if you look closely at the head of the boat, I think she has a steam capstan and two hand-powered capstans. I think the whistle is the thin one behind the pilothouse, and the other two pipes are possibly for the blow-off from the boiler. She has near as much gingerbread as the SENATOR CORDILL and a delight to Larry Walker will be the six acorns I can see on this little baby. My secretary and I are wondering if this was taken above Alton, Ill. Those palisades look very familiar."

The GRACE was built at the U. S. Engineer's Boat Yard at Keokuk, 1904. A number of little work boats of this type were used by the Engineers along the Upper Miss in building dikes, etc. before locks and dams. We featured the LUCIA, with her feathering paddlewheel, in our June '66 issue, pages 16-17, quite similar otherwise, built in 1885 also at Keokuk.

The GRACE was sold at public sale, May 29, 1931, to the Moline Consumers Company, Moline, Ill. for \$1,500.

TALL RUNNING. The MISS-Q departed from New Orleans at 9 p.m., April 9, 1977 upbound with 90 passengers including Betty Blake. The PRESIDENT departed at 9:15 p.m. upbound on her evening trip. The PRESIDENT overtook the MISS-Q at Jackson Avenue, 3.2 miles from the foot of Canal Street.

How things do get around. Bruce B. Cheever was rummaging around in a stamp store in his home town of Tucson, Arizona this past April. "I discovered and purchased a series of ten covers from the "packet" LADY GRACE, June 20-24, 1963 celebrating the West Virginia Centennial," he says. He wonders whether or not the details of the event were written up in the S&D REFLECTOR.

Well hardly. The S&D REFLECTOR was born a year later, in 1964. The LADY GRACE, owned by Ye Ed and H. C. Putnam, was selected to convey U. S. Mail from Wheeling to Charleston in '63 with a special cancellation. Walter McCoy was the boy who dreamed this up and brought the voyage to realization. Walt went to Washington, D. C., knocked on the right doors, and procured necessary authorizations.

Inasmuch as U. S. Mail was to be picked up at Wheeling, New Martinsville, Sistersville, St. Marys, Williamstown, Parkersburg, Ravenswood and Point Pleasant, the LADY GRACE had to carry aboard an official U. S. Postmaster in addition to the crew.

The scheduling was preannounced and tight. To facilitate matters we inquired of the U.S. Engineers at Huntington whether an old law granting precedence at Ohio and Kanawha River locks for vessels handling U. S. Mail was still in effect. It was, and orders went to all locks enroute to give the LADY GRACE the right of way. This caused slight delays for some commercial tows, but most of the tow-boat skippers were helpful.

Arrival at Charleston was made on time. The Charleston Postmaster and a U.S. Mail truck were on hand to transfer cargo, which by then was considerable. We had made a dry run--nothing got wet.

Now we've heard everything. On April 7th last we had an extended phone conversation with Richard Holmes who lives in Dallas, Texas (when he's home) and otherwise he runs Holmes International Tours based at Dallas. He was just back from Egypt, and the possibilities of a cruise steamboat on the Nile had caught his fancy.

He doesn't envision one as big as the DELTA QUEEN. Something which can sleep and feed about 100 in air-conditioned luxury would be about right. Mr. Holmes said the boat must be built in the U.S. and shipped abroad. Apparently the artisans who built the pyramids, however skilled, were by modern standards too slow, a heritage which has been passed along unto the present generation. Mr. Holmes asked us if Mississippi river boats had ever crossed the Atlantic, and we told him we didn't think any had, or were likely to.

He reminded us that times have changed, and such a craft could be loaded piggy-back on a modern sea freighter and delivered all in one piece. "Would you like to come to Egypt and run this boat?" he asked us. We apologized to Mr. Holmes that we are allergic to scarabs.

Our supply of clothbound volumes of S&D REFLECTOR containing all of the issues 1972-1974 had dwindled until there was one left on the shelf. It enjoyed lonesome solitude about a week and all the time we were wondering who would adopt it. The customer turned out to be something of a surprise, Eric Northey, Embassy of Ghana, Prague, Czechoslovakia.



MENTION was made in the obituary for Mabel Bartenhagen in our last issue of her remark at an S&D meeting, when she said "my one claim to fame is that I was aboard the DELTA QUEEN when it ran through itself at Rock Island." C.W. Stoll, who also was aboard on that occasion, now sends us the above picture. Mabel appears at the right holding Christina Stoll, age 15 months. On the left is Ruth Ferris, with Capt. William H. (Buck) Leyhe looking quite pleased. The picture was taken Sept. 27, 1954 on the head of the GOLDENROD showboat, St. Louis. The DQ also was in port, having undergone spectacular repairs (engine parts from the DELTA KING were flown from California to Rock Island) so terminating her initial St. Paul cruise. Rock Island was as far as it got.

Forty miles below
Pittsburg on the
Ohio River 10 min-
utes past 9 o'clock
Thursday evening

Dear Mag

We have arrived this far without any accident and all well, although we left you in such a great hurry we just saved our distance, as the boat put out just as we got on board even before we reached the cabin. We went down the river below Mill Creek for the purpose of taking the passengers off of the Louisville Packet and returned without landing again, which brought it to broad daylight before we lost sight of the Queen City.

We have a very comfortable load of passengers, not at all crowded, and at breakfast time I was surprised to find friend Harrison Alderson on board with his little son who is on his way to Westown School. Harrison expects to go as far as Brownsville, and the boy will probably go on with friend Stevens who are also passengers to Philad^a by cars.

There has been a good deal of excitement all along the river as it has generally been known that this boat is running against time this trip, and we have been kept pretty ignorant of that fact until we found it out by the demonstrations made. We ran the first fourteen and a half hours without stopping even to take fuel, and Wheeling is the only place we have landed at all so that a passenger could get on or off and did not stop there over one moment.....

Forty miles below Pittsburg on the
Ohio River 10 minutes past 9 o'clock
Thursday evening

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WRITTEN ABOARD THE BUCKEYE STATE
As she ran her Fast Trip 1850

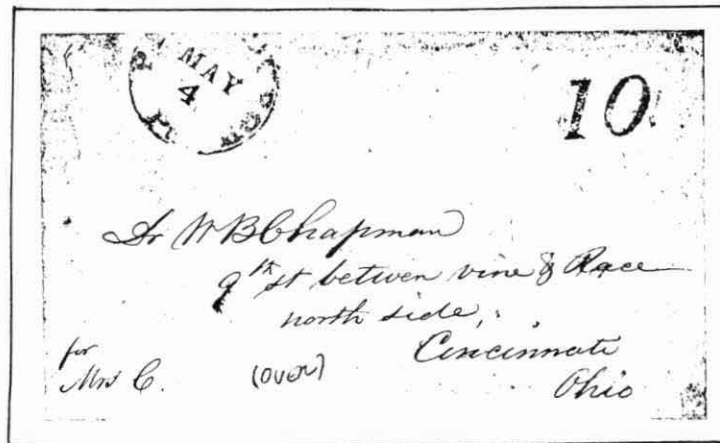
Capt. Samuel Dean and crew made preparations and left Cincinnati before daylight with the side-wheel BUCKEYE STATE on Wednesday, May 1, 1850. First they went downstream to Mill Creek, came alongside the up-bound BEN FRANKLIN, and took aboard all passengers bound for Pittsburgh. At 5:11 a.m. the BUCKEYE STATE sped past Cincinnati without landing. The objective of Captain and crew was to get to Pittsburgh, 468 miles, faster than any boat had done it. Forty three hours, no minutes, no seconds later she was at destination. The record still stands pat in 1977. No boat of any description ever has bettered it.

The letter reproduced on these two pages was written on board while the fast trip was in progress. We infer that the author was Dr. W. B. Chapman of Cincinnati. Nowhere in the letter does he mention the name of the boat he rode, or the name of the

boat met below Cincinnati, nor does he name the year. Jerry Devol says 10¢ postage held 1846-1851. No other steamboat in that period ran a "speed trip" Cincinnati-Pittsburgh placing her 40 miles below Pittsburgh at 9:10 p.m. on a Thursday

evening. All evidence fits the BUCKEYE STATE neat as a glove.

We are vastly indebted to Jerry Devol for sending us the letter. We marvel at the calm attitude of the writer.



All day yesterday we had a very quiet day. I did not know but it was the Quaker influence having four of them with us, but when night approached and the supper things were cleared away many preparations were made for a dance which was kept up until about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10, and sister Nancy seemed as nimble and lively as any of them and seemed to enjoy the excitement. She thinks you may say that that is strange as she had the Rheumatism so bad she could scarcely get up-stairs, but nevertheless it is the fact, and when I commenced this letter she was dancing again this evening. Dear Mag I do not know whether you can make this out as the boat shakes so I cannot stand still. I will finish this tomorrow morning if I can and send it, so good night my dear Mag and little ones, with earnest prayers that we may be spared to meet again.

Good morning Maggie and little ones

We have at last arrived here all safe and sound. Nancy has left us to go to the Packet with our friends I. Stevens and wife and the other friend Harrison has gone over with them. I was fearful if I went I should not have this opportunity of writing to you.

We have had a very pleasant trip so far, though considerably excited when we found we were running against time. There were one or two alarms of fire aboard one at night about three o'clock fortunately but few heard it. I did not. Nancy said she awoke and heard it and got up and peeped through the little ventilator over her cabin door & found several ladies pretty much frightened, but it soon subsided. The other was about eleven o'clock in the day, it proceeded from a deck passenger's shirt taking fire from the stove by which he was drying it. After the fire was thrown overboard all went on smoothly again. You must excuse this letter as I have but little time for arranging the matter or paying much regard to the writing or orthography. Good by you shall hear from me again at Baltimore. Nancy sends her love to you all, accept mine & kiss the little ones.

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Good morning Maggie & little ones

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Your affectionate Husband

Williams

Your affectionate
Husband

William.

Ed. Note:- A lengthy paragraph of family matters has been deleted from the original letter, as it has no bearing on the matter at hand. Scale drawings of the BUCKEYE STATE may be obtained from John L. Fryant, 6508 Dorset Drive, Alexandria, Va. 22310. A superb model is exhibited at the Ohio River Museum, Marietta, O.

S&D'S O-K BRANCH HEARS STORY OF COAL RIVER NAVIGATION

by Jim Wallen

Professor William H. Dean of Morris Harvey College, Charleston, gave a thorough history of Coal River navigation as it was carried on from the 1850s through 1881 before the spring meeting of the Ohio-Kanawha Branch of S&D on Saturday afternoon, March 20 last at the Library in St. Albans, W. Va.

After tracing early exploration of the stream, the speaker described construction of the lock and dam system between 1855 and '57. Cannel coal mined along the river was transported by barge on down the Kanawha, Ohio, and even the Mississippi as far as New Orleans, prior to the Civil War, Mr. Dean said.

During the war, many barges of coal were sunk near the mouth of Coal, and the locks and dams were allowed to fall into disrepair.

With the conclusion of the war, the Navigation Company was reorganized, the locks and dams repaired, and commerce was resumed. From 1866 through 1881 navigation on the Coal flourished, with a good commerce in coal, lumber, staves and farm products. However, when the principal veins of cannel coal were worked out, and the cost of maintaining the locks and dams exceeded the income from tolls, the Navigation Company went out of business, Prof. Dean related. The locks and dams were washed away during subsequent years and few traces of the system remain today except for the lock chambers hewed from solid rock at Lower Falls, and a few spikes and timbers attached to the rocks. Some additional remarks were made by Sigfus Olafson, also an authority on Coal River.

Mr. Dean, a 1955 graduate of St. Albans High School, has taught American history at West Virginia State College and Marshall University as well as Morris Harvey College. He holds a Bachelor of Arts degree in history from Morris Harvey and Master of Arts from Marshall, and is completing work on a Ph. D. in history at West Virginia University.

R. Jerome Collins, who presided, announced that Capt. Clifford Deane had offered the use of his sternwheeler BAYER ISLAND for a boat ride on the Kanawha this summer. Capt. Deane was present for the meeting.

William H. Barr, who worked with Jerry Sutphin on the by-laws committee, read a copy of the newly formulated constitution and by-laws by which the chapter will function as a member of the parent organization. Copies were distributed.

Capt. Charles H. Stone, reporting for the museum-library committee, stated that a room in the new Library building now under construction at Point Pleasant will be reserved as a river museum for the accumulation of books, maps, pictures, models and other historical material relating to the riv-



MIDDLE OHIO'S MEETING HELD ON MIKE FINK

ONE HUNDRED strong, S&D's Middle Ohio River Chapter gathered at Covington, Ky. on Saturday, Feb. 26th last for a dinner meeting aboard Capt. John Beatty's floating restaurant MIKE FINK. Speaker of the evening was Yeatmen (Andy) Anderson III, at the right in the picture, Curator of Rare Books and of the Inland Rivers Library, Cincinnati Public Library. Andy elaborated on some of the rare items in the Rivers collection, and exhibited handwritten steamboat menus from the 1850's. Delly Robertson (left foreground) introduced Mrs. Tom R. (Letha) Greene, engineer Charlie Dietz and others. Officers were elected including Sandra R. Miller as secretary (right foreground) and Greg Goldstein (left rear) as first vice president. The gentleman in picture's center is "Uncle Coke" Anderson.

Other officers elected are Jack E. Custer, president; Rev. Charles (Bud) Schroeder, second vice president, and R. Dale Flick, treasurer.

Prior to the meeting many visited the Inland Rivers Library. On Sunday morning Dale Flick guided the group on a tour of Covington, pointing out the mansions, many of which have river significance.

The Middle Ohio Chapter publishes a newsletter, "The M.O.R. Riverview," edited by Bud Schroeder. Applicants for membership must belong to the parent S&D, and may send \$3 to M.O.R.'s secretary, Sandra R. Miller, 4223 Cutliff Drive, Louisville, Kentucky 40218.

We extend thanks to Delly Robertson for the picture above.

ers, their boats and their people. He announced that the summer meeting is scheduled for Sunday, June 5th, at the Tu-Endi-We Manor in Point Pleasant. He also mentioned that the history of the Huntington District U. S. Army Corps of Engineers will soon be available.

Jerome Collins gave a brief eulogy in memory of deceased member James A. Harmon, and also told of the recent death of Capt. Rolla F. (Dusty) Rogers.

At the conclusion of the meeting members enjoyed displays which had been placed around the room. David Miller had brought a whistle, owned by his mother, from the Coal River steamer PEYTONA, while Turley Caldwell brought a large

painting of the steamer ROBERT P. GILLHAM by Capt. Jerome Childers.

Rabbit Hash, Ky. hasn't much going for it these days. It even had a pool hall until the 1937 flood swept it, and most everything else, away. Cliff Stephens still has the general store, in the family since 1919, but he's willing to sell.

R. Jerome Collins says he has been told that Dr. Claudius M. Pitrat (March '77 issue, pages 6-7) brought the lens from France and built his camera at Buffalo, West Va.

HICKORY-DICKORY
Do ti do re ti sol do.

THE MOST EVENTFUL year in our time? Taking into account the entire Mississippi System I'd say 1927, and taking into account my own personal experiences I'd go double for 1927. A lot of water has gone over the dam these fifty years since, although in retrospect much of that water was concentrated into 1927. Two major floods passed down the Mississippi during January and February and just about the time everybody was sweeping out the mud the Granddaddy Flood, biggest in known history, turned much of Arkansas and Louisiana into a Dismal Swamp.

The KATE ADAMS burned at Memphis on January 6th, as though to start things off, and while gallons of printer's ink went into lament and sorrow over this tragedy Bill Pollock and I looped-the-loop in high glee, bought the control of the GENERAL WOOD from Capt. Fred Hornbrook and Fred Hoyt, and formed the Pittsburgh & Cincinnati Packet Line. The much lamented KATE had been making life miserable for us during the passenger seasons of 1925 and 1926, syphoning off P&C revenue from both the BETSY ANN and GENERAL WOOD.

We had the BETSY hauled out on the Ayer & Lord Marine Ways at Paducah for repairs and alterations which, like most garage bills, ran away over estimates and instead of \$3,000 ran \$33,000. Instead of ten days' work the job ran over two months due, in no small share, to these January and February floods.

Water, water, everywhere, and when Capt. Gordon C. Greene died at Cincinnati on January 20th the family decided to convey his remains to Newport, Ohio, 314 miles, aboard the TOM GREENE. She ducked bridges and dodged drift the entire distance, knocked out plate glass storefronts at Pomeroy, and when they put the stage down at Newport everybody was worn to a frazzle except the honor guest.

Nobody was thinking about floods and so the Mississippi River Commission decided to climb aboard the INSPECTOR at St. Louis and foray to New Orleans. The INSPECTOR wasn't big enough to contain the multitude of dignitaries, so they took along the excursion barge SUMMER GIRL, a 120 by 24 affair until lately the private pleasure barge of Garrett Lamb, et al. of Clinton, Iowa. The MRC had been advocating Mississippi River flood control via bigger and better levees. Much to the embarrassment of all they cruised along with levees crumbling on both sides, convinced that diversion spillways were the proper ticket, but too late now.

About this time a 390-foot steel hull tanker of the U.S. Shipping Board named INSPECTOR was sucked into a crevasse at Junior Plantation below New Orleans. The word got about that the MRC's INSPECTOR

had deliberately rammed the levee and purposely had created the breach to alleviate the flood crest at New Orleans. There was no truth to this, but this molasses tanker did manage to illustrate the merits of diversion. The breach couldn't be fixed with the tanker in it, and everything got out of hand.

Up in Chicago there was a flamboyant mayor named William Hale Thompson celebrating his election, so in the middle of all this he chartered the CAPE GIRARDEAU, hired a special train, and brought the "boys" to St. Louis for a jaunt to New Orleans. The excuse for the event was also an "inspection trip" sponsored by the Mayor's Lakes To the Gulf Association. Everybody Thompson invited decided to come, total of 450.

No-way could the Mayor load this population aboard the CAPE, so Capt. William E. Roe made a hurried trip to the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, and the big side-wheeler CINCINNATI was immediately chartered to run down light from Cin-

1927

cinnati to Cairo where she would be met with another special train bearing the bulk of the takers, including the Mayor himself.

Bets were even-Stephen that the CINCINNATI wouldn't make it under the IC bridge at Cairo, but she did make it (by inches) and was ready and waiting when the first special IC train of 15 cars pulled in to Cairo at 7:30 a.m., April 20th. Five minutes later a second long train came in. Let it be said for Mayor Thompson that he had passed the hat, or had had the hat passed, on these trains and had \$7,000 raised for Red Cross Flood Relief. The CAPE GIRARDEAU was also at Cairo, 112 aboard.

U.S. President Coolidge by now had placed Herbert Hoover, Commerce Secretary, in charge of the Mississippi River disaster. Two days before the CINCINNATI and the CAPE had reached Cairo the stage there had crested at 56.3 feet, the highest ever recorded. But this was not a real crest, as levees had been breaking below, relieving and perhaps saving that town.

The CAPE discharged her passengers Sunday morning, April 24 at New Orleans, whereupon Capt. William H. (Buck) Leyhe moved her over to Algiers to keep out of the way of the CINCINNATI's arrival. The latter had been twice warned

on the way down to keep down her speed. After Capt. Jimmy O'Brien had discharged his passengers, both of these fine steamers lit out for their respective homes up North. The Chicago persons tarried in New Orleans several days, then took special trains.

Lt.-Col. George R. Spalding, the District Engineer at Louisville, was placed in charge of all watercraft in the stricken areas. The fleet he collected was amazing in variety and scope. As example the new U.S. Lighthouse tender WAKE-ROBIN, just completed at the Dravo yard, Neville Island, Pa. and destined to Rock Island, wound up instead at Plaquemine. Every craft from the SPRAGUE to rowboats was put to use. Major W. J. Macdonald, supervising U.S. Inspector at St. Louis, advised competent pilots they could go beyond the scope of their licenses to serve, and warned suspension or revocation if they did not go.

DESPITE this devastation in the South, the whole country was electric with optimism, and Charles A. Lindbergh couldn't have picked a better time to fly his SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS non-stop New York to Paris. He did this in May 1927 and returned, plane and all, on the U.S. cruiser MEMPHIS to a tremendous demonstration. Nothing now was impossible.

The Ward Engineering Co., Charleston, W. Va., drew up plans and ran full-page ads in The Waterways Journal exhibiting a beautiful wash drawing of a proposed Mississippi River tourist steamboat 450 feet long, 60 feet wide, side-wheel, which would sleep 670 passengers and contained 140 baths. This, mind you, almost a half century before the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN was dreamed up.

The California Transportation Co. in 1927 had just completed one year's full operation of their two new San Francisco-Sacramento sister steamboats DELTA KING and DELTA QUEEN both with air-conditioned staterooms equipped with steel hotel beds. Yes, bring your car with you--each boat could handle 55 automobiles as well as 400 tons of freight. Many of the rooms had white tile baths and showers.

Capt. Tom Greene ran a special Kentucky Derby trip, Huntington-Louisville, with his TOM GREENE in 1927. The CAPE GIRARDEAU had to cancel a similar trip from St. Louis because of the flood, although the smokestacks on the TENNESSEE BELLE were drastically shortened and her pilothouse roof removed to duck bridges. She took a Lauder Tour of Chicago school teachers from St. Louis to the Tennessee River. The accent among packet operators was on tourism.

Such was the persuasion which led your writer in 1927 to seek out architect Tom Dunbar and set him to work designing a 210-foot sternwheel packet, tentatively named OHIO VALLEY, with accent on creature comfort and a freight carrier as well. Nobody in 1927 had faith that an outright tourist

boat, divorced entirely from freight, would pay her way. Witness the fact that the CAPE GIRARDEAU, after ridding herself of Mayor Thompson and his gallon-hat Chicago politicians, had dropped in at Reserve, La. and took aboard 200 tons of sugar as payload on her return north. The CINCINNATI returned to enter the regular Louisville-Cincinnati freight and passenger schedule; freight first and passengers secondary.

RUNNING the BETSY ANN was a beautiful dream, transient bliss. I knew full well one day the spell would have some sort of a soap-bubble finale. In 1927 the bones of the GENERAL PERSHING, my college, were rotting in the muddy shore of the Kanawha River at Point Pleasant. The stumps of the smokestacks of the GENERAL CROWDER, the college I transferred to, were sticking above water at Slidell, La. and that's all you could see of her in 1927.

Such introspection usually came upon me at night, standing in the doorway of the BETSY's office, and for the moment alone. I memorized the curve of the forward panel work, the boat's name done in oils on the forward skylight bulkhead, the delicate frieze of countless small wood blocks, the shadow, the glow, the patina. Ephemeral reality, all of it. I knew without the telling that the real-life Betsey Ann years ago had stood where now I stood, lips half-parted, caught in the mesh of this

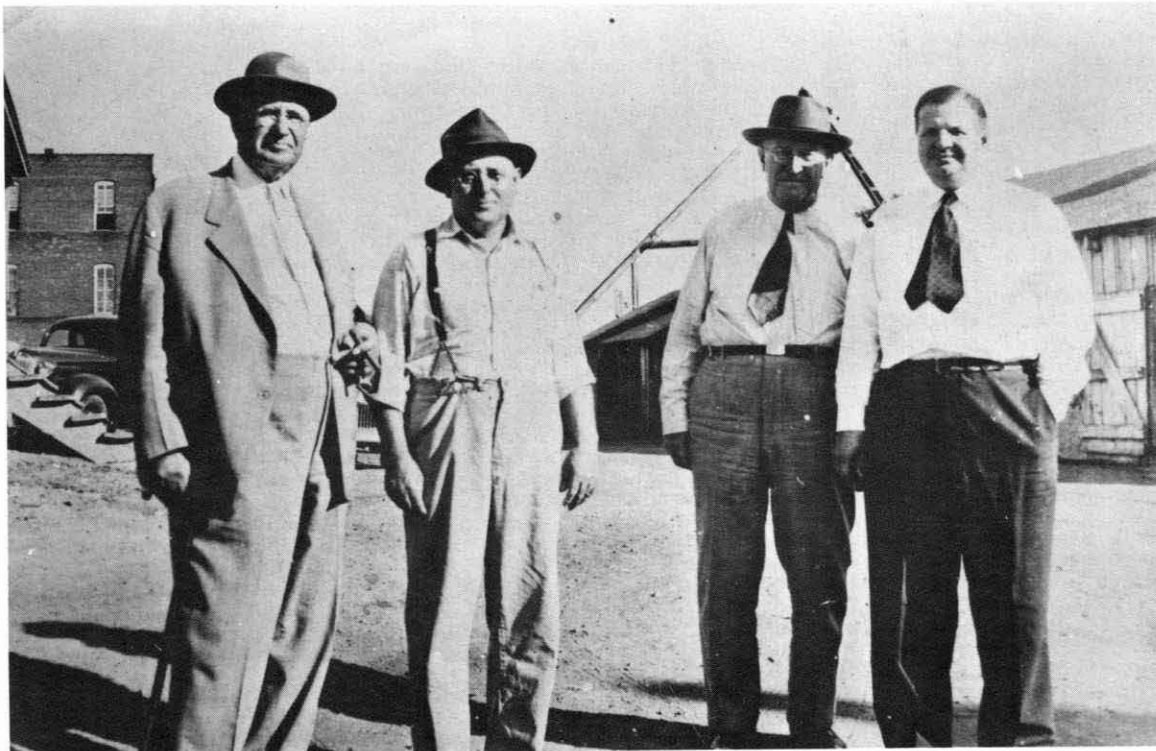
wooden poetry frail as fog.

No. When Capt. Dick Dicharry came aboard and rode with us, plying me with offers, hard cash, to buy the BETSY and take her to the NEW Orleans--Vicksburg trade, I told him no. Then he went to St. Louis and bought the TENNESSEE BELLE. Even with this subtraction St. Louis was rather a wonderful place in 1927. Every Saturday evening at 3 p.m. sharp four packets left for upriver, the ALABAMA, BALD EAGLE, BELLE OF CALHOUN and the GOLDEN EAGLE. You could best see this sight from the decks of the side-wheelers J.S. or SAINT PAUL which also on Saturdays took upriver excursions departing at 2:30.

This period we're talking about is often recalled in print as the "Flapper Era" or the "Roaring Twenties," girls with precariously short skirts and painted lips capering with pompadoured and knickered college boys guzzling bath tub gin. Doubtlessly so but on the BETSY ANN our association with such moral decadence was gainfully --and I mean gainfully--restricted to aiding and abetting the manufacture of scofflaw home-brew, wine and liquor. On one trip from Cincinnati to Pittsburgh we flaunted a banner THIS BOAT IS CARRYING 2000 CASES OF RED TOP MALT EXTRACT, the makings for high-test beer. As we left Cincinnati, Homer Denney was playing the calliope on the ISLAND QUEEN, saw the banner, and struck up "How Dry I Am" and followed up with "I Won't Be Home Until Morn-

ing." The freight cargoes also included new kegs, wine casks, bung starters, wooden spigots, coiled copper tubing, and cases of new pint-size whiskey bottles. These latter, the whiskey bottles, we delivered in great quantity to U.S. Lock 16 where the inhabitants of Beavertown gathered them up to fill with mountain water, I don't suppose. They were an industrious lot around Beavertown, and honest, too. Most of these bottles were delivered "freight collect" and if the recipient was not on hand with the cash, the lockmen obliged by acting as agents. Andrew J. Volstead knew not what he wrought, save that his name became enshrined in Webster's Biographical Dictionary.

There was time for play, too. Lock and Dam No. 4 on the Allegheny River was opened for traffic on Sept. 6, 1927 and for the first time in the history of the stream a big side-wheeler was slated to lock through and proceed over the new slackwater to Freeport, Pa. She was the JULIA BELLE SWAIN, in charge of Capt. Oscar A. Moore. The fabled Swain family by 1927 had sold all their boats and had scattered hither and yon, but the JULIA BELLE was in the Pittsburgh area with new owners, and the side wheel VERNE SWAIN now was the ROSE ISLAND operated by D. B. G. Rose at Louisville, and the sternwheel VERNE SWAIN was running out of Memphis. Capt. Percy Swain had just distinguished himself in 1927 by commanding the new towboat S.



Some of the principals in packet operations in 1927 were Capt. William H. (Buck) Leyhe at the left and next to him is the gentleman who ran the Eagle Boat Store, St. Louis, whose name we don't know. Capt. Henry Leyhe is third from the left, and at the right is Capt. Tom R. Greene.

S. THORPE on the first payload trip, St. Louis-St. Paul, for the Federal Barge Line. This is the same boat now displayed at Keokuk named GEORGE M. VERITY.

Quite a day. We boarded at Natrona, just above New Kensington, went through the new lock, and joined the U.S. snagboat SWAN and the towboats CREIGHTON and OLD RELIABLE. All four ran abreast up through the wide section setting up a din of whistling like to waken the dead. Just below Freeport the SWAN and CREIGHTON raced ahead, neck and neck up to the PRR bridge, the latter winning by a full length. I had never expected to see a steamboat race on the Allegheny River. Lock 5, just above the bridge, was not finished at the time, but was opened about three weeks later.

There weren't many diesel towboats in 1927.

IT'S HARD to believe. Dan Owen would have had slim pickings in 1927. About the best we had to offer on the Upper Ohio in the way of diesel towboats were the BENWOOD and the BETTY. Wards had completed the DUNCAN BRUCE, too, sternwheelers all. The larger class prop towboats were steam-powered, notably the "City" fleet of Federal Barge. The rivers' showpiece for horsepower still was the mammoth SPRAGUE. Running second place were the D. R. WELLER, CITY OF PITTSBURGH and MONONGAHELA all equivalent to the old JOS. B. WILLIAMS long since deceased, all sternwheelers. The Goltra, or "State" boats, four enormous sternwheelers, were conspicuous failures. All manner of ingenuity couldn't make them run. In 1927 one of them was converted to burn powdered coal, and given a complex "Dunbar" paddlewheel. She went out on a trial at New Orleans and couldn't shove herself against the current, let alone a tow. These four Goltra sternwheelers were living examples of what not to do, all four strangely (surprisingly, a better word) like the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN.

Three of the old wooden hull Combine "lower river" towboats, with pilothouses aloft, were still percolating in 1927, the JAMES MOREN, EXPORTER and TRANSPORTER (ex-VALIANT). This was the year the latter of these three was literally blown to shreds and capsized in a tornado below Joppa, Ill., but she was retrieved and rebuilt.

The rivers weren't quite ready for the deeper-draft diesel-prop towboats in 1927. But the optimism was there shimmering like heat waves. The National Board of Steam Navigation, with big clout since organized in 1869, met aboard the CINCINNATI, riding from Cincinnati to Louisville in September 1927. Tom Greene, Stogey White and I went along to meet and commune with Easterners and Westerners attracted to the opportunity. Practically every tug concern in around New York and Boston was represented, the Hudson River

Day Line, the Foss families from Seattle and Tacoma, and there on the receiving line were Capt. Joe Streckfus and Capt. Henry W. Leyhe.

It was a big night. The CINCINNATI grounded on Rising Sun Barges, she did--and after wriggling off Capt. Charlie Brasher asked for soundings and the lead was called. But a peaspout fog got him at Vevay and didn't burn off until late next morning.

There was more fog that fall than I ever recall. Once the BETSY was forced to lay up twelve consecutive nights. Once, caught at Yellow Creek, we cleaned boilers and again had steam before the end of the stage was visible. The schedules of the BETSY and WOOD retrogressed as the boats proceeded, an Alice In Wonderland effect, and in the end both were back on schedule having each lost a whole week. We intended laying up the WOOD at the end of the passenger season but BETSY bagged her boilers (I do not put this term in quotes; it was a common steamboat disease, stomach ulcers, not fatal but expensive) and had to quit. The seizure happened at Cincinnati and the nearest clinic was at Gallipolis. The WOOD dragged her up to Lock 35 one week, on to Portsmouth the next, and the TOM GREENE the rest of the way. The WOOD finished out the year in the P&C trade.

While verifying some of these details in old issues of The Waterways Journal I was astonished to discover I was running a FOR SALE ad, not mentioning the BETSY by name. "Will sell at a bargain price because a larger boat is needed in the trade," it concluded. I wanted to build the OHIO VALLEY. Or did I? Selling the family pet dog just because it gets sick is unnatural. I don't know why I ran the ad.

THERE WERE a few persons in the U.S. in 1927 who knew exactly what they wanted to do. On August 2nd President Coolidge had released a terse statement: "I do not choose to run for President in 1928." That one sentence made him immortal; experts hacked at it, analyzed it, and it always came out the same. He meant what he had said.

On the rivers, and somewhat in the same vein, Pat Jr. and Andy Calhoun formed the American Barge Line. They did this by consolidating the Inland Waterways Co. with the W. C. Kelly Barge Line. They knew what they were about--ACBL celebrates its 50th anniversary this November 2nd.

Work on the new Ohio River dams between Louisville and Cairo was set back a full year because of high water. Large cofferdams were flooded in August 1926 and weren't visible again until July 1927. Backwater from the flooded Mississippi reached Big Hurricane Island below Cave In Rock, 90 miles above Cairo.

At New Orleans, Cesare Maestri

formed the Greater New Orleans Amusement Co., bought the ISLAND BELLE (originally the VIRGINIA of the Pittsburgh & Cincinnati Packet Line), completely rebuilt her at Paducah, renamed her GREATER NEW ORLEANS and by year's end was running excursions and charters at New Orleans with her. This same group also bought the IDLEWILD, which had been a fixture at Memphis from the start of her career, and took her to New Orleans. The ISLAND QUEEN had spent the winter 1926-1927 "bucking" the CAPITOL at New Orleans and was preparing to repeat the dose--got to Louisville --then gave up.

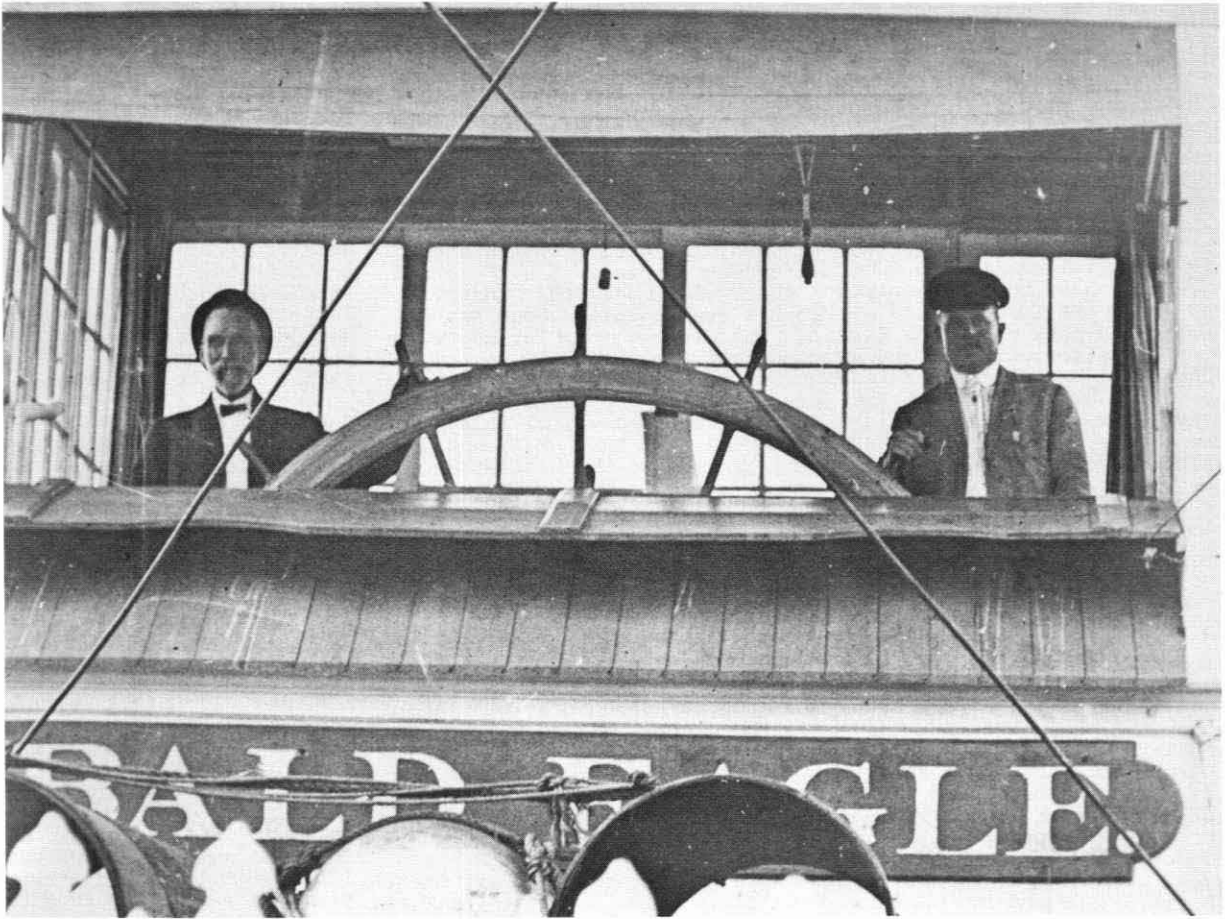
Somewhere entwined among the foregoing events I stood examination and received my original master's license at Pittsburgh. The U. S. Steamboat Inspection Service for the district then was in the House Building overlooking the Monongahela River wharf. Harry Layfield was Supervising Inspector; Edward L. Shaw, Hull Inspector, and George E. Berry, Boiler Inspector. Almost coincidental with this acquisition my wife Charlotte Lyon Way presented me on November 17, 1927 with a second son, James Courtney Way, rounding out our family of three.

About the last thing that might have entered my mind in 1927 was that fifty years later I'd be writing this rambling discourse for the S&D REFLECTOR with Fred III, Bee and Jim and their multiplications cheering from the sidelines, with Lady Grace and black dog Wrecks by my side, with Bill and Betty Pollock, Bob McCann, Jim Wallen and so few others still very much in the scene, and that master's license, many times renewed, hanging here on the wall, somewhat dusty, true, but good as gold.

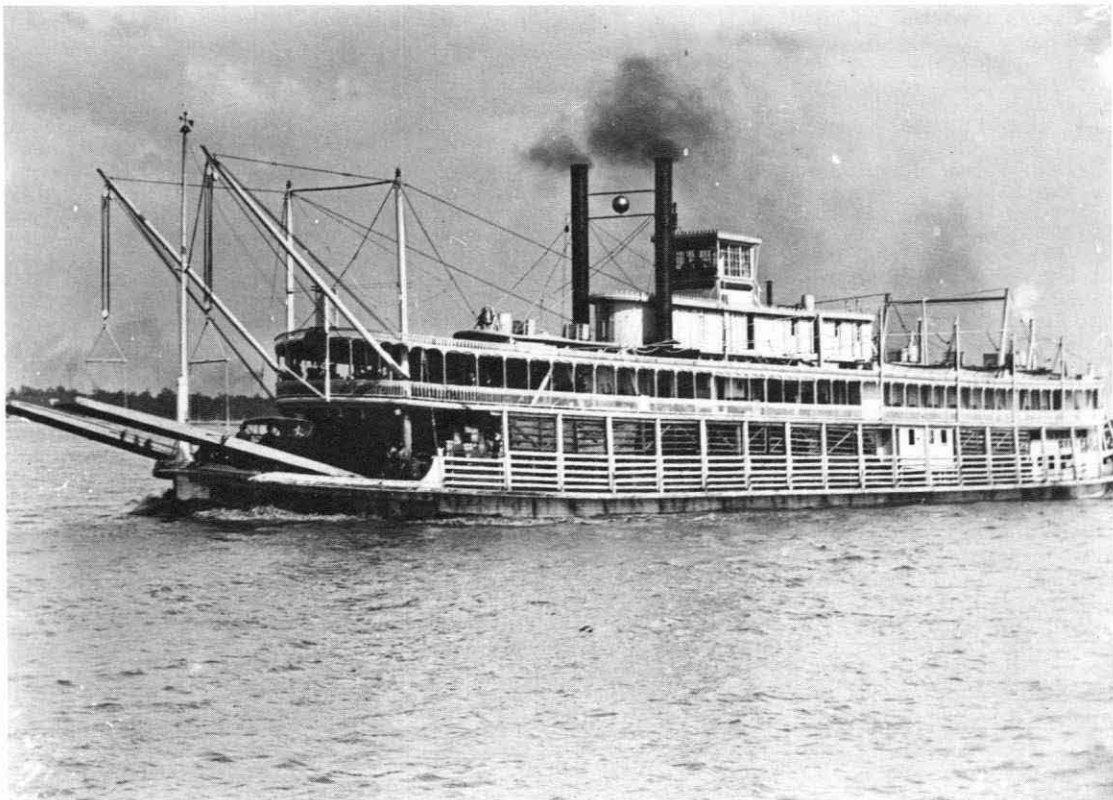
We are indebted to Roy V. Heater, 14023 Gail Lane, Crestwood, Ill. 60445 for an article in the Chicago Tribune, issue of April 1, 1977. Mrs. Ralph (Louise) Emerson, widow of the famed showboat operator, was exhibiting a large model of Emerson's COTTON BLOSSOM showboat at the Orland Square Shopping Mall. It measures about 20 feet long and was built 13 years ago by John and Jan Zweifel, Orlando, Fla.

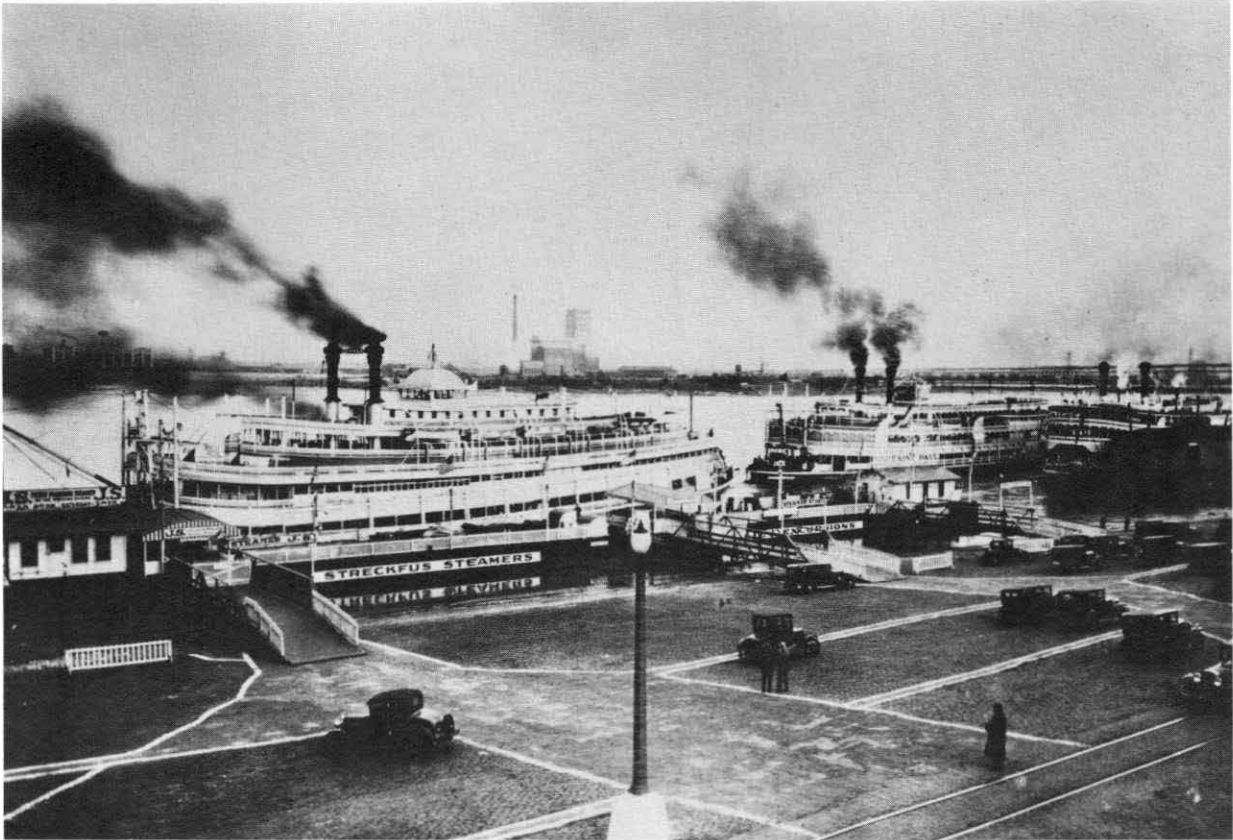
Mrs. Emerson, now 72, married Capt. Ralph W. Emerson when he was 57 and she was 26. They met when he was directing the construction of a showboat at Sturgeon's Bay, Wis. which he operated for the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago. It was called the DIXIANA. He died in 1956 and their only son died soon after that.

His real name was Ralph Emerson Gaches, born at Pittsburgh, Pa. in 1878. At the age of 10 the family moved to Letart Falls, O. where the old home still stands. He owned in nine showboats, and was captain on the QUEEN CITY in the early 1930's in the Pittsburgh and Cincinnati trade.

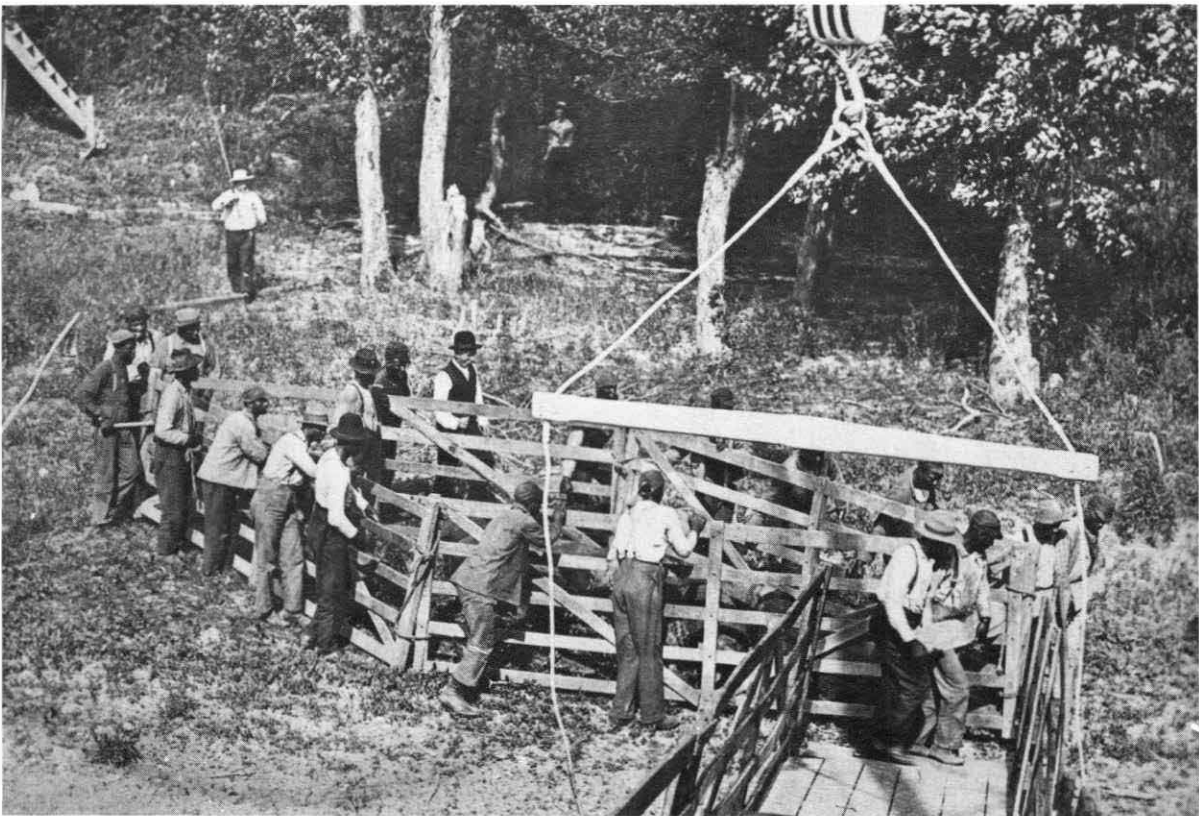


We do not know the two stargazers in the BALD EAGLE's pilothouse, and will appreciate identifications. For various of the pictures in this series we are indebted to Ruth Ferris. Below is another good portrait of the BALD EAGLE.

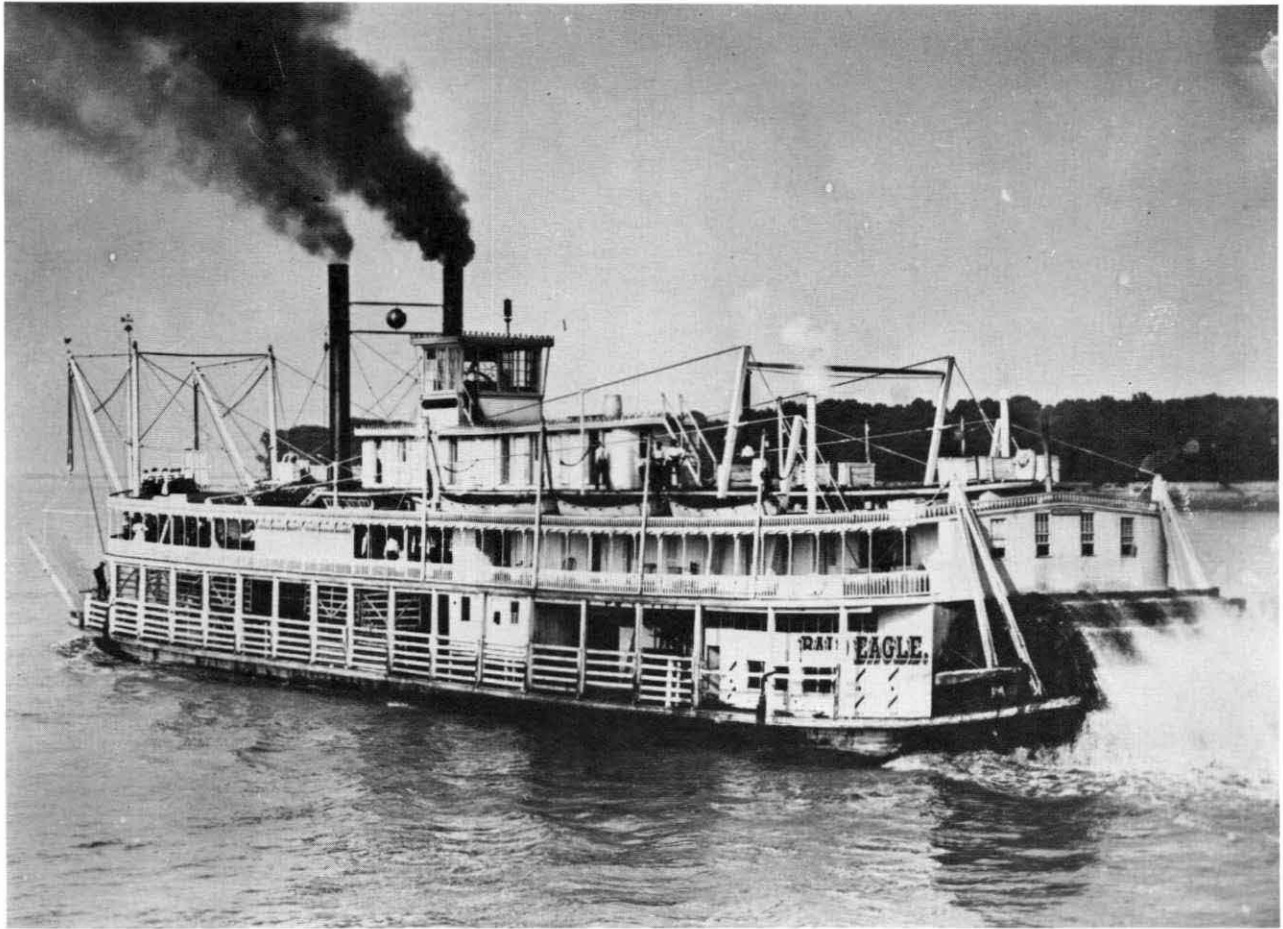




In 1927 the Streckfus excursion steamer CAPITOL was brought north from New Orleans after the spring flood subsided. She appears in this scene at St. Louis at the left. The SAINT PAUL is in picture's center and the "de luxe" side-wheel J.S., pride of the Streckfus fleet, is at the extreme right.

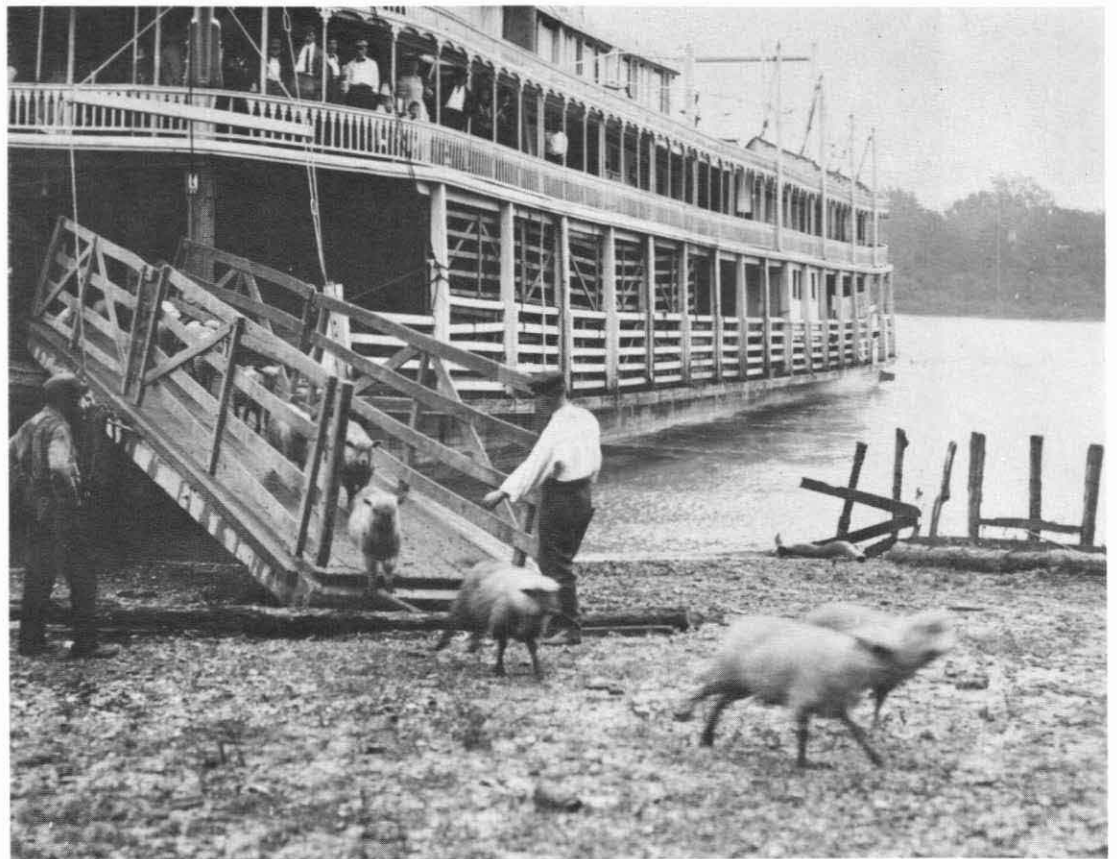


Getting ready to load hogs on the BALD EAGLE necessitated some preparations. The deck crew plus many local natives have them corralled in a portable pen. The stock racks are in place on the stage.

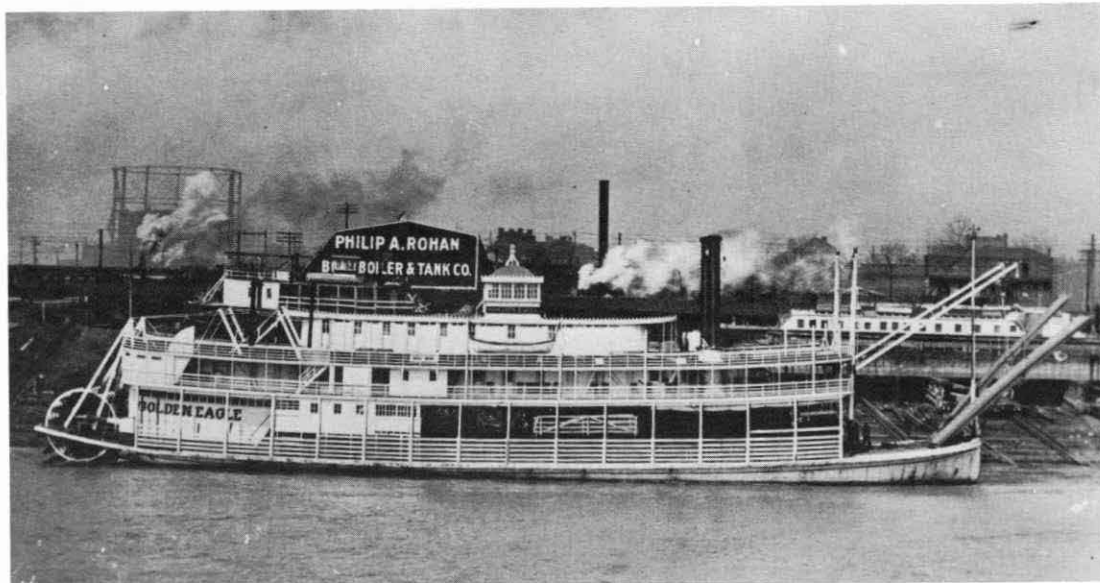


The BALD EAGLE ran to Fort Madison (above Keokuk) in 1927 during the apple season, in charge of Capt. John Simmons and with pilots Dan Dipple and Ben Burns. Owned by the Eagle Packet Co., she sooner or later was in all the trades they operated. In her youth she was a regular in the Peoria-St. Louis trade, and later ran St. Louis--Cape Girardeau. She was sort of the company work horse, and seldom participated in the more spectacular events.

The view at the right shows her unloading sheep.

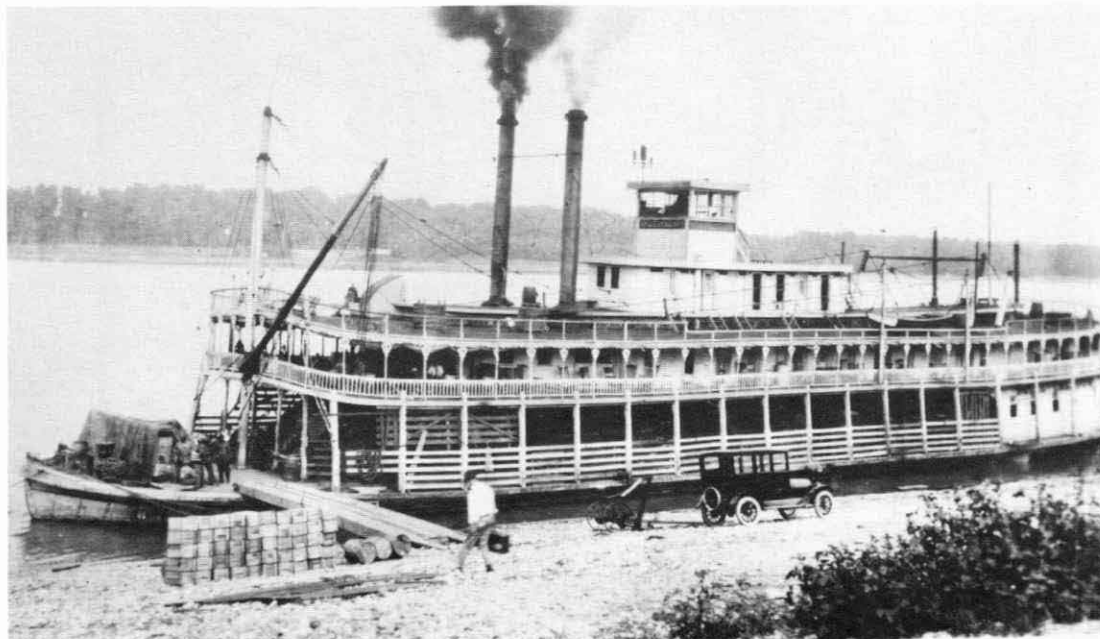


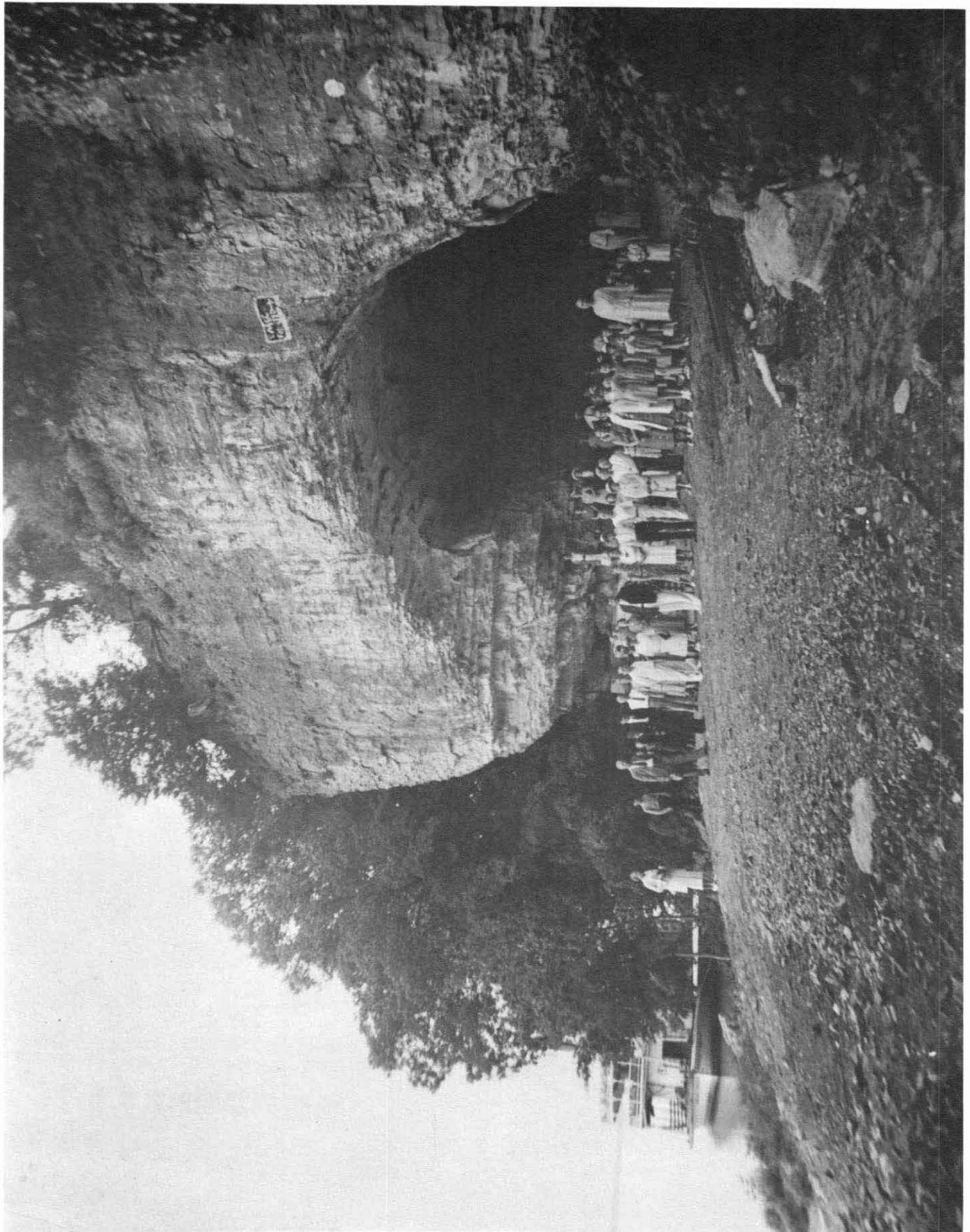
Mention is made in the accompanying article HICKORY-DICKORY of four regular Saturday upriver packets at St. Louis in 1927. The GOLDEN EAGLE ran to Peoria with the popular Oscar W. Moore, purser. Thomas E. Rear-don was steward. The pilots were William Clark and Edward F. (Skip) Shermeyer.



The ALABAMA in 1927 was running between St. Louis and Quincy owned by the St. Louis and Tennessee River Packet Co. Her master was Capt. Barney J. Carragher. Pilots were William Bush and Ollie Tayon and John W. Scott was purser. Al Gambeck was in charge of concessions.

The BELLE OF CALHOUN in 1927 was in the St. Louis-Keokuk trade in charge of Capt. James Phillips and with the popular William J. (Billy) Keith as purser. The pilots were Selby Crader and Harry Woodruff. She was owned by the New St. Louis and Calhoun Packet Corp, managed by Arthur Buchanan.





PICTURE OPPOSITE
Ohio River's Cave In Rock

The most prominent natural wonder along its shores is this cavern at Mile 881, about midway between Mt. Vernon, Ind. and Paducah, cut deep into the base of an Illinois cliff. The mouth 25 feet high and 80 feet wide is the entranceway to a vault running back about 150 feet, this surmounted by a smaller cavern entered through a chimney-like tunnel. Keelboaters recall a profusion of initials, names and dates carved and scrawled on the walls even before the first steamboat passed by. About 1800 large trees grew at the entranceway, blocking the view, and at the top of the cliff was a stand of small red cedars. Legends grew and multiplied. At one time the cave was said to have been the abode of robbers who preyed on passing flatboats. Skeleton fragments found in the upper level were purported to be the remains of victims done in, after which their flatboats and goods were appropriated. Like most unregulated natural wonders, this one has had more than its share of defacements. About 1900 a large professionally painted sign over the entranceway said ST. JACOBS OIL. This excellent picture was taken in 1936. The persons grouped about are neither robbers nor natives--they are passengers and crew of the GORDON C. GREENE peeking around the trees at the left.

UNCLAIMED FREIGHT

by Bert Fenn

OUR LAST PACKET BOAT on the river discharged its final consignment of freight many years ago, yet strangely enough a few shipments remain on the levee unclaimed to this day. I know of three such instances, and they have always intrigued me.

The oldest is at Marietta, Ohio. It's a small cast iron boiler, ordered in 1814 by Major John Lawrence Lewis and delivered by boat from Pittsburgh to the levee at Marietta. Major Lewis never paid the charges or claimed his freight. The boiler was eventually moved to the top of the levee on a corner of Flat Iron Square where it remains today awaiting Major Lewis' successors or assigns.

This site is now known to Mariettans as Boiler Corner. It's catty-corner from the Lafayette Hotel on the river front. And I never visit Marietta without paying my respects to this ancient piece of river freight, and to the good citizens of Marietta for their honesty and patience in put-

ting up with this oversight for 164 years.

We next go to Bayou Sara, La., which you won't find in Rand McNally because it was long ago swallowed up by St. Francisville. In fact it isn't even on the river today, having been the victim of a change in course of the Mississippi. Nevertheless, if you can find your way to the old levee of Bayou Sara you'll discover there yet a tall, unscribed monument that was deposited by packet sometime before the Civil War.

There are several stories as to why this shipment was never claimed. The most plausible version is that it was ordered during a yellow fever epidemic by a prosperous planter who feared he wouldn't survive the plague. By the time it was unloaded on the levee he realized he wouldn't need it after all, that his fears had been exaggerated. It was too heavy to move up the hill anyway. So he let it sit. And there it sits today.

Come with me now to my native country, to the community of Rono, Ind. And you won't find Rono on a road map either; the Postal Service has recognized it as Magnet since 1899. To rivermen, though, it's still Rono because of the light at Mile 682.9.

Anyway, at Rono we pick up the trail of John W. Grant who returned to that neighborhood following

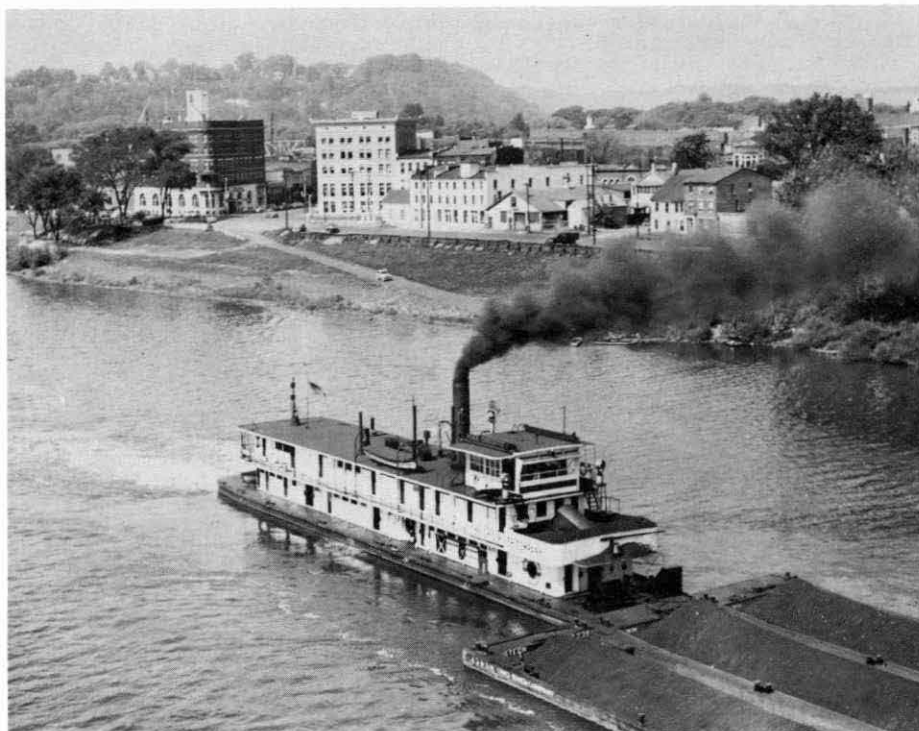
his service in Company H, 23rd Indiana Infantry during the Civil War. Here he lived out his life, departing this world in 1909.

Since Grant left no family, it was friends who saw that he was properly laid to rest in Chapel Cemetery near Buzzard Roost. They also ordered from Washington the tombstone to which he was entitled as a veteran. This tombstone, properly inscribed, was duly delivered by packet and left on the Rono levee to be claimed.

Now the citizens of Rono knew that tombstone was there. They knew where it belonged. But no one took the initiative to erect it over John Grant's grave. So it sat on the levee until 1969 when conscience began to bother Mrs. Forrest Miller. She knew the Cannelton Dam was due to raise the river 25 feet. Enough to drown that tombstone forever.

Well, Mrs. Miller went to work. She scouted out Mrs. Jane E. James who remembered where the grave was. Then she wheeled a county highway crew into erecting the stone where it belonged. And what do you know, sixty years later that parcel of river freight was claimed and delivered.

So hang in there with me. Maybe there's still hope for the others.



WILLIAM E. REED took this from the Marietta-Williamstown bridge between 1952 and 1954, a date easy to spot inasmuch as the steam towboat MIKE CREDITOR carried that name only in that period. S&D's River Museum was being enlarged and Steve Hoag fastened a row of old steamboat whistles to the wall at the left as you entered. The W. P. SNYDER, JR. had not arrived on the scene. The S&D REFLECTOR still was ten years in the future. S&D had no Board of Governors and there wasn't any Inland Rivers Library. The MIKE CREDITOR was over twenty years old in the early '50's--and --like S&D--she's still going strong. She has had five names in all. Think!

MERIWETHER LEWIS'S FLATBOAT

He had problems.

The Lewis and Clark Expedition, contrary to stylized accounts, was commenced--not from the mouth of the Missouri River--but from the headwaters of the Ohio River at Pittsburgh. Meriwether Lewis contracted for the building of a flatboat at Pittsburgh in the summer of 1803. When he got there, about July 15, not much had been accomplished.

"The person who contracted to build my boat engaged to have it in readiness by the 20th inst.; in this however he has failed," he wrote President Thomas Jefferson. "He pleads his having been disappointed in procuring timber, but says he has now supplied himself with the necessary materials, and that she shall be completed by the last of this month; however in this I am by no means sanguine, nor do I believe from the progress he makes that she will be ready before the 5th of August; I visit him every day, and endeavour by every means in my power to hasten the completion of the work; I have prevailed on him to engage more hands, and he tells me that two others will join him in the morning, if so, he may probably finish the boat by the time he mentioned; I shall embark immediately the boat is in readiness, there being no other consideration which at this moment detains me."

Added to this vexation, the Ohio River was extremely low; the weather dry, and the chances of a quick trip to Louisville diminishing daily. Lewis expected to pick up his partner William Clark at that place. Then too, a couple of days after Lewis arrived at Pittsburgh, with the sides of his flatboat about half planked, the boat-builder "according to his usual custom" got drunk, quarreled with the workmen, and several of them left him.

Twenty-nine year old Lewis took matters into his own hands, persuading and threatening, until the flatboat was ready and afloat on August 31st.

Rivermen advised him that the river was too--too low to start; that he would never make it until a general rise came. But determined Lewis started anyhow. He was at Wheeling on September 8th and from there he wrote President Jefferson:

"I set out (Aug. 31st) having taken the precaution to send a part of my baggage by a waggon to this place, and also to procure a good pilot. My days journeys have averaged about 12 miles, but in some instances, with every exertion I could make was unable to exceed 4-1/2 & 5 miles pr. day. This place is one hundred miles distant from Pittsburgh by way of the river and about sixty five by land."

The nature of the Ohio River at extreme low water, according to Lewis, was this:

"When the Ohio is in it's pres-

ent state there are many obstructions to it's navigation, formed by bars of small stones, which in some instances are intermixed with and partially cover large quantities of drift-wood; these bars frequently extend themselves entirely across the bed of the river, over many of them I found it impossible to pass even with my em(p)ty boat, without getting into the water and lifting her over by hand; over others my force was even inadequate to enable me to pass in this manner, and I found myself compelled to hire horses or oxen from the neighbouring farms and drag her over them; in this way I have passed as many as five of these bars, (or as they are here called riffles) in a day, and to unload as many or more times. The river is lower than it has ever been known by the oldest settler in this country. I shall leave this place tomorrow morning, and loose no time in getting on."

At Wheeling Lewis bought a "perogue" to handle the duffle sent by wagon from Pittsburgh, and also to lighten the flatboat as much as possible. He was finding six inches in the riffles.

From Wheeling to Marietta took him four full days. Upon arrival at the latter place he penned another letter to President Jefferson:-

"I arrived here at 7 P.M. (Sept. 13th) and shall pursue my journey early tomorrow. This place is one hundred miles distant from Wheeling, from whence in descending the water is reather more abundant than it is between that place and Pittsburgh, insomuch that I have been enabled to get on without the necessity of employing oxen or horses to drag my boat over the ripples except in two instances; tho' I was obliged to cut a passage through four or five bars, and by that means past them: this last operation is much more readily performed than you would imagin; the gravel of which many of these bars are formed, being small and lying in a loose state is readily removed with a spade, or even with a wooden shovel and when set in motion the current drives it a considerable distance before it subsides or again settles at the bottom; in this manner I have cut a passage for my boat of 50 yards in length in the course of an hour; this method however is impracticable when driftwood or clay in any quantity is intermixed with the gravel; in such cases Horses or oxen are the last resort; I find them the most efficient sailors in the present state of the navigation of this river, altho' they may be considered somewhat clumsy."

From the time Lewis penned the Marietta letter until he arrived at Cincinnati required two full weeks. Accordingly the expedition did not get to the mouth of the Missouri River until mid-December. There they camped all winter and started up the Muddy Mo in May 1804.

-For the above we are indebted

to Earl Olson, 120 West Norris Road, Norris, Tenn. 37828, who has been absorbing the 411 letters passed between the principals of the Expedition in the book prepared by Donald Jackson, published in 1960 by Univ. of Illinois Press titled "Letters of the Lewis and Clark Expedition."

Sirs: Saw the note in the March S&D REFLECTOR, page 7, concerning the scrapping of the CITY OF JAMESTOWN. I bought her engine from Earl Solomonson about 1972 or 1973. It was under water at the time, still installed. I spent many American dollars getting it removed and set high and dry on good old Mother Earth once again. It is now reposing at the Fenton Historical Society, Brooklyn Square, Jamestown, N.Y. for all to see. It was my pleasure to donate it for this purpose.

Might say the engine was in good mechanical condition when removed from the watery grave. And still, to this day, it is worthy of more service. The maker was Trout Engine Co., Buffalo, N.Y. Rated 150 hp., and I'd estimate the weight at about 9500 pounds.

The wreck of the CITY OF JAMESTOWN has been entirely scrapped. She is no more. It makes me feel very old.

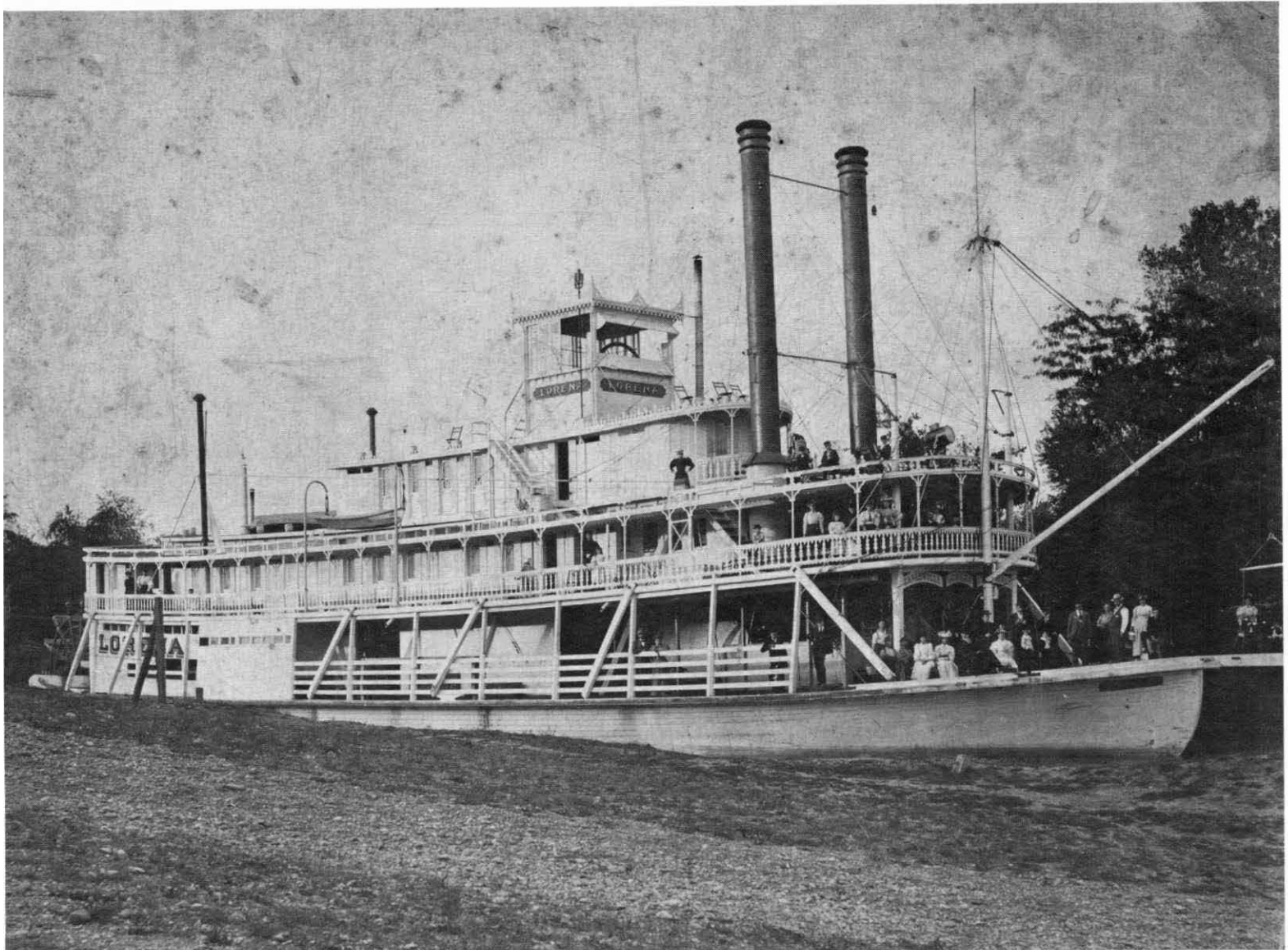
Jim Webster,
80 Cobbles Drive,
Penfield, N.Y. 14526

=Jim is president of Chautauqua Lake Steam Navigation Co., owner-operator of the steam sternwheeler CHAUTAUQUA BELLE. The engine he describes is an upright steam job, one high and one low pressure cylinder. -Ed.

There is a new Holiday Inn on the Chicago riverfront, just west of the Merchandise Mart, a 527-room Mart Plaza. It was opened in January this year under the charge of innkeeper Rodolfo (Rudy) Prieto who was imported from Acapulco where he was "Innkeeper of the Year" for the last two years for the entire Holiday Inn system.

Arrangements were made to bring in the paddlewheeler BETSY ANN (Sept. '75 issue, page 7) to run excursions for the guests, and for charter trips. She was to land in front of the Merchandise Mart until a permanent dock is built nearby.

Jim Hutchins, who supplied the story in this issue about the German battleships on Lagoon Lake, is expecting to attend S&D on Sept. 10th. He rode the JULIA BELLE SWAIN from Chattanooga to Knoxville April 12-13 and did some steering. "Quite a thrill for an overgrown kid who once commanded all 14 feet of a rowboat," he says. Jim also was scheduled to come around on the JBS from Chattanooga to Louisville along with what was promising to be quite some celebrated crew.



THE ORIGINAL of this picture (same size as above) is pasted to a cardboard mount inscribed "To Cassie Martin McElhiney, compliments of Chas. S. Beckwith." It came to Campus Martius Museum with no further information.

We would judge it was taken early in the LORENA's career, possibly 1895 or 1896. Inasmuch as Charlie Beckwith lived at Malta, O., and that he and Dana Scott were the boat's clerks at the time, the photograph likely was taken in the canal at McConnellsville, O. on the Muskingum.

Perhaps Clyde Swift or Jerry Devol may recognize this scene and know more about what's going on than

we do. A good many people are strolling or lounging about with their Sunday-go-meetin' clothes on, like maybe an excursion is in the making. Then, on the other hand, there is no sign nor symptom that the boat has steam up. So maybe she's not going anywhere after all.

The fancy topped stacks prove an early date, aside from the handsome paint job. The whistle is not the one she had most of her career. Aside from being slightly mottled with age-stains, the picture is one of the best so far found of the Pittsburgh-Zanesville packet LORENA. Our thanks to Catherine Remley for permission to include it in this issue.

Bob Thomas loaned us the original specifications and lumber list used in building the sand digger RISANCO pictured in our last issue. The hull was entirely built of oak except for the side gunnels which were 8" fir. She had a 3" oak bottom on her. The bill for the oak in the hull came to \$300.54, and \$254.68 for the fir. Six oak timbers 8" x 12" by 45 ft. length for the bottom gunnels were figured in at \$4 each. Fir timbers 100 ft. long 8" x 18" were listed \$12 each. She had three longitudinal keelsons built of ½" steel plate.

She had oak rudders (3) and her cylinder beams were of steel. The RISANCO was built at Clarington, O., 1911 and the hull measured 121 by 24 by 3.5. Her over all was 140 by 28.

Latest in the sad chapter of the DELTA KING:- Lately she's been moved up the Sacramento River, and now is moored between a couple of barges just upriver from Rio Vista in Solano County. Structurally she looks quite familiar, all of her decks still on her, but gutted of everything worth the taking.

Work of remodeling the BECKY THATCHER into a combination showboat and restaurant is under way. A second round of bidding resulted in acceptable figures. Bids were opened at the Lafayette Motor Hotel on February 10th last. The total of the low bids came to \$202,323.

The federal government through the Economic Development Administration has earmarked \$150,000 for the project, and the State of Ohio has promised another \$98,000 for renovation work aboard the boat.



ON WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1977
 QUEEN were both due at Natc
 was alerted. He left New
 get to Natchez before the boats
 such magnitude and prominence
 become more rare than a total
 mansions of that place. The D
 upbound for Vicksburg. Meet
 result of Allen's photography.
 Steamboat Company has arranged
 mural, eight by twenty feet, ma
 offices at 2020 International I



DELTA QUEEN and the MISSISSIPPI
 Miss. Photographer Allen Hess
 ans at 2:30 a.m. that morning to
 . After all, two steamboats of
 ed together "under the hill" has
 lar eclipse over the ante-bellum
 s downbound from Memphis; the MQ
 did, and the above scene is the
 ne management of the Delta Queen
 n Allen to have a huge photo
 f this. It will grace the new
 Mart, New Orleans.

The Caruthersville, Mo. ferry had been a going concern since L. B. Powell opened service there in 1889 with a double-oarlock skiff. In 1897 he and his brother Byrd built a "4-mule-power" ferry on which the mules walked 'round-and-'round on a circular wood floor located at the boat's stern, wide as the boat. The four tillers to which they were hitched rotated a giant vertical hub geared to a stern paddlewheel. All went well when she had her load out forward, but when crossing light the weight of the mules and wheel lifted the bow clear out of the water.

The second ferry corrected this fault by having the mule merry-go-round in the middle. The 1917-1918 ice carried this one away. Mr. L. B. Powell followed it to Memphis and then gave up. He came home and turned the mules out to pasture. One of them, Rhoda, was hitting 20, and was glad to retire to a less strenuous life.

Then came a ferry flat shoved by a small motorboat.

The ferry at Tiptonville, Tenn. is the only one operating on a regular basis between Cairo and Memphis. The new highway bridge across the Mississippi at Caruthersville, Mo. has ended the ferry there, and also the one at Cottonwood Point.

Mrs. Letitia Merrit, 82, daughter of L. B. Powell, told these facts recently to Charles Goodman, writer for the Memphis "Press-Scimitar." Our thanks to Emmett Lewis, Tiptonville, Tenn. for sending us a copy.

Capt. Leonard (Pat) Mason, 85, died at the Kentucky Baptist Hospital, Louisville, Ky. in mid-December 1976 and burial was in the Moffitt Cemetery near Milton, Ky. He was a native of Salvisa, Ky.

Pat piloted for the Louisville & Cincinnati Packet Co., Ohio River Transit Company, and the Greene Line. Once he was wharfmaster at Madison, Ind. Of late years he and his wife had been living at Fort Lauderdale, Fla. and in our March '72 issue, page 39, is a good picture of the two of them taken by Capt. William S. Pollock.

Other than his wife Agnes Farley Mason, he is survived by two sons, Leonard P. Mason, Jr., Fort Lauderdale, and Roy Glenn Mason, St. Louis. There are seven grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

As we go to press we have heard the sad news of the passing of our good S&D friend Louis I. (Lou) Seshier. He died at the home of his daughter on Mercantile Street, McKeesport, Pa., Saturday, April 23, 1977. Services were held at the Harry Drum Funeral Home, West Elizabeth, Pa.

Lou had not been sick. He wrote a letter which appeared in the last issue of S&D REFLECTOR (page 41) loaded with sly humor. He spent his boyhood at Marietta, O. where his father and Capt. J. M.

Hammett conducted a boat yard at the foot of Sacra Via fronting on the Muskingum.

Our thanks to S. Durward Hoag for excellent photographs he took Feb. 10-14 last along the Ohio during the heavy ice. One shows the ONWARD three miles above the Belleville Locks completely frozen in--out in midriver.

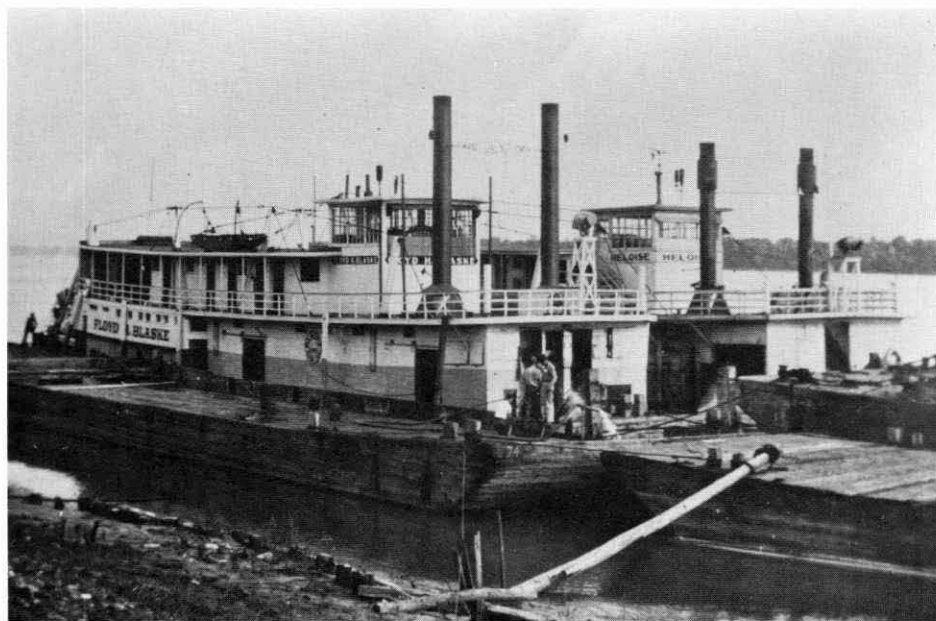
Capt. Floyd H. Blaske, president of American Commercial Barge Lines and Jeffboat, Inc., died, 63, at Fort Lauderdale, Florida, Sunday, February 27, 1977. He was a native of St. Louis, son of Capt. and Mrs. Hugh C. Blaske, and his grandfather had run a 4-horse ferry at New Haven, Mo. on the Missouri River. Floyd towboated in his younger days, a licensed master-pilot, and one of his brags was that he had stood watches on the BETSY ANN when she was owned by John I. Hay. He became well known in S&D circles when he championed the construction of the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN at the Jeffboat yard even though he was skeptical of the structural design. On the front page of our March '75 issue is a group picture in which he appears. Let it be said of Floyd Blaske, he never lost the common touch. He enjoyed river people.

He is survived by his wife Dorothy Frances (Hellrung) Blaske; by five sons, Roger Blaske of Alton, Ill., Jeffrey Blaske of Jeffersonville, Ind., Steve Blaske of Brandenburg, Ky., and Mark and Stanley Blaske; a daughter, Mrs. Douglas Neuman of Lexington, Ky.; his mother, Mrs. Elsa Blaske of Alton, Ill.; a sister, Mrs. B. E. Spencer of Cleveland Heights, Ohio, and by five grandchildren.

Burial was in the family lot at Brandenburg. The family requested that expressions of sympathy take the form of contributions to the American Cancer Society.

Capt. Ernie Wagner wrote The Waterways Journal wondering if note had been taken of the passing of Capt. Joseph Heath in October of 1976. "Capt. Joe's wife told me of his death," said Capt. Ernie. "He gave me my first job on the river. He was mate on the ISLAND QUEEN at the time. Later he was with the Greene Line as captain on the TOM GREENE and GORDON C. GREENE. He was with Ashland Oil when he retired. A lot of river people will be sorry to hear of his passing."

We, too, had heard of this, but in a round-about way, and so far have not pinned down the details.



CAPT. FLOYD H. BLASKE had three towboats named for him, the first of which is pictured above. She was built at Alton, Ill., 1931 when Floyd was in High School, by his father Capt. Hugh C. Blaske. She had hand-me-down engines from the old rafter VERNIE MAC, 14's-4½ ft. stroke. One of her first jobs was towing cotton in barges out of Memphis in 1932 for a speculator who also chartered the BETSY ANN, a dear experience for all concerned. The diesel towboat WILLIAM DICKINSON was renamed FLOYD H. BLASKE in 1946 and carried the name until 1961. Then the present FLOYD H. BLASKE was added to the ACBL fleet in 1966. The towboat moored alongside in the above picture is the HELOISE, originally the CLARA BOND, which wound up her days on the Tombigbee-Warrior rivers owned by Capt. Tim Parker.

HURRY UP AND WAIT

LAST FEBRUARY 25th we threw all caution to the four winds and boarded a United B-727 at the Greater Pittsburgh International Airport clutching in our hands an invitation to the 3rd Adventurous Shakedown Cruise of the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN. The word "Adventurous" appeared in the invitation's salutation, although the #1 Shakedown run out of Louisville in July '76 (see Sept. '76 issue, pages 7-11) was calm and orderly. The #2 Shakedown run at New Orleans last November was somewhat of a flop with M' Proud Beauty crutched between towboats on a short and painful harbor hobble.

This 3rd Shakedown started off adventurous enough to suit most anybody and therein hangs our present tale. When our plane arrived at New Orleans at 1:23 p.m., Friday, Feb. 25th, we fell into the capable hands of Steve Villier of the NATCHEZ who bore tidings that the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN was not at New Orleans at all. Instead, she was hospitalized across the Mississippi at Todd's Shipyard and last he had seen her, Thursday evening, she had no paddlewheel. It was perched on a barge some distance behind her.

A steamboat without a paddlewheel is no boat at all and so Capt. Doc Hawley had dispatched Steve to the Airport to gather me up in a rather fancy yacht, Doc's '76 Mercedes, in which the both of us were to bee-line to the NATCHEZ scheduled to depart in 40 minutes on her regular afternoon harbor cruise. Considering the distance from Airport to river, this left scant margin for delay. Ray Samuel, bless him, also was at the Airport to meet us, but he agreed that Doc's scheme was the more advisable. Ray and his wife were to be aboard the Shakedown so all was well.

Hurry got us nowhere. Any other car would have started but the Mercedes would not. The starter key refused to turn. Steve inserted it right, wrong and sideways, then back to right again, and the switch would not flip. All he got was silent aristocratic disapproval, as though the manufacturers had looked up our pedigrees and had found us wanting. Then it started---just as easily and as unexpectedly as that. I have an uneasy feeling that the Mercedes clan would not want the secret divulged, the secret Steve discovered by accident. So I will say no more.

Naturally when we hauled up at the Toulouse Street wharf a long Missouri-Pacific freight was sound asleep on the crossing, a sulphur-besplattered tank car right ahead of us, and on the yon side the

NATCHEZ was blowing her last call whistle. Fortunately Capt. Doc Hawley peered between couplings, saw our plight, and held the boat fifteen minutes until a locomotive we never saw, nor heard, decided to move up and block somebody else (probably the PRESIDENT) for a while.

It was while aboard the NATCHEZ on this afternoon excursion, we steamed close-by the MISS-Q berthed at Todd's, and found the paddlewheel had been lifted from the barge, placed in its journals, and as yet the pitmans had not been hooked up. Yes, there she lay with a paddlewheel attached, but with no pitmans to drive her. It did not take a diagram to convey the information that the MISS-Q, come scheduled departure time at 9 o'clock that evening, would not be found at the foot of Canal Street ready for departure with 200 invited guests aboard. Instead, she would be right there at the Todd Yard with a crew hard at work installing two enormous pitmans. The question now was whether the 3rd Adventurous Shakedown Cruise had been cancelled, or was it merely delayed?

Here's where Capt. Doc Hawley started adding things up. He knew that his boss Wilbur E. Dow, Jr. and daughter Lynn were expecting to go Shakedowning, so Doc suggested to them that they load themselves and baggage aboard the NATCHEZ and, during the course of the evening Harbor Cruise, land alongside the MISS-Q at the Todd Yard for a store-door delivery.

Not only did Wilbur Dow say with no hesitation "Yes, let's do it" but instantly enlarged upon the plan to include C. W. and Lucy Stoll, the Whiteheads, the Bickels and more to participate. A dinner party was arranged aboard the NATCHEZ, with Geneva Robinson attending, for all. George Fitzgerald confirmed that the MISS-Q had every intention of running the trip.

And so it came to pass that the NATCHEZ backed out on her regular evening excursion with an extensive suitcase brigade including the aforementioned and also 25 or 30 more gathered up by George Fitzgerald, all bound for the MISS-Q over at the Todd Yard at Algiers.

The MISS-Q was aglow with lights from her tiers of decks, for night had now fallen, and she magnified enormously as the sure-footed NATCHEZ glided alongside and snuggled against her as though by feline instinct, as quietly as a kitten. Mechanics working under floodlights on the MISS-Q's starboard fantail, connecting pitman-jaw to crankpin, paused momentarily to ogle so unusual a scene. The transfer of passengers and baggage required but a moment. Then the NATCHEZ, her mission performed, stood out in the river, calliope playing, artfully and consciously showing off her shameless charm, and rhythmically paddle-slapped herself into the up-river darkness.

There was an unmistakable crass braggadocio in this rare moment, a tribute to J. Frank Ellison, to Jim Howard, to Tom Dunbar, to Jim and Tom Rees, to their forbears and mentors, and to the modern disciples with the God-given sense of worship at the proper altars. The NATCHEZ, in harmony with her element, is a reincarnation in which modern metals have replaced wood and wrought-iron rods. She's as old as the hills and as new as tomorrow's sunrise; the Mississippi River was made for her, and she was made for the Mississippi. A myriad of trifles lend to her perfection, and she becomes an art form, a symphony. Some humans cry aloud in delight; some are mute and paralyzed; some brush a handkerchief to eyes hardly knowing why. None forget it.

SO WHAT'S with the MISS-Q? Why the expensive surgery? Why remove the paddlewheel and pitmans on the very eve of an invitational gala voyage which has brought together people from hither and yon, from coast to coast? Incidentally, the placement of the starboard pitman, still in progress, beclouds the fact that the port pitman still is missing. The voyage was scheduled to commence at 9 o'clock this Friday evening; the hour now is 10 o'clock p.m., and she won't get away until tomorrow morning sometime. According to the invitation we are supposed to cruise 268 miles to Baton Rouge and return, disembarking on Sunday, Feb. 27th at 2 p.m. The programming is already obsolete on this Adventurous Shakedown.

There are plenty of people being paid to worry about these repair problems. And so, after being misdirected to a stateroom already occupied on the Main Deck, we repaired to room 212 on the Cabin Deck, took off our winter long-johns, and settled into a comfortable bed. There is a diesel motor under the floor of 212 which runs without surcease, whose function we never did ascertain, no better, nor worse, than the one we used to live over on the FRANK B. DURANT. It sounded sort of homey-like, but it would drive any woman clear up the wall.

The morning sun rose brightly in the west, as it is wont to do in these parts, to find the MISS-Q still at the Todd Shipyard with departure predicted "within an hour or so." We shared breakfast with Ray Samuel and his wife Martha Ann, who introduced us to Al Pierce who owns and runs the Bon Ton Restaurant on Magazine Street in New Orleans. The Bon Ton is not advertised, nor does it have a sign on the door, but always there is a waiting line. Al goes on the belief that properly prepared food properly served needs no sign, and a waiting line is far better than a half-filled establishment--the very last idea in his mind is expansion; he says he will never expand his restaurant. This all sounded so very unAmerican and so

sensible.

So we wandered out and up to the Grand Salon on the Observation Deck, its vast expanse unoccupied at this early hour. There we met up with Eddie Rosensteil who runs a travel agency in Redwood City, Calif. and whose neighbor out there is Mrs. Ella Dixon, widow of Capt. William John Pittman Dixon, former master of the DELTA QUEEN in the San Francisco-Sacramento trade for the California Transportation Company. Eddie had not seen nor heard of the "Saga of the Delta Queen," and when we predicted long-shot he might find a copy at the souvenir stand he promptly made inquiry, returned with one, and we autographed it for him.

At 10:45 without visible fanfare and with a small towboat named RESTLESS, flying the John C. Domino flag, on our starboard fantail, the MISS-Q gave a warning wail on her whistle (it never has blown properly since she first raised steam at Jeffboat) and we were away.

We went forth to see the scene, of course, and discovered the many flagpoles gaily garnished with state flags. The MISS-Q was wearing the Louisiana State flag out forward over the mast, and the others along her flanks. Lady Grace some while back had gone to great effort to procure for the boat, at the behest of the Cincinnati office, a Pennsylvania State flag. There it was, flapping gaily, upside down, all \$42 worth. Even before we could enter protest some loyal resident of the Keystone State set up the necessary din and got it righted.

The RESTLESS had been brought along, and properly so, to provide insurance in case the MISS-Q got in trouble. There is no appreciable current at New Orleans during the present low stage, and from the start the MISS-Q's paddlewheel was propelling her with but little if any aid from the towboat. She was making about 5 mph working about half-head, and much attention was being lavished on her shaft bearings.

This bearing trouble has plagued her since she first went in operation, and the reason for taking off her paddlewheel at Todds was to rechannel these huge brass bearings to better the grease distribution. The cure was the right one, they ceased heating up, and that evening the RESTLESS was dismissed.

The paddlewheel had been greatly altered. Every other bucket was virtually eliminated without rebuilding the entire two wheels--for she has a double sternwheel set-up on a common shaft, staggered. Thus, for all practical purpose, she now is working but one-half the number of buckets she formerly had. This is a noble experiment, one we have never before observed. The eliminated buckets, which may be called drones, have been shorn of all surface which contacted the water, with but a single plank bolted across snug to the circle which effects a brace,

and does no work. The thinking here is that she had altogether too many buckets, and that one was robbing the one immediately behind it of effective thrust. The penalty for such added thrust, if any or even some added thrust develops, of course is added vibration through the wheel beams to the entire structure. We'll come back to this later on.

In the course of our perambulations we came upon conclusive evidence that a great deal of misinformation has been broadcast regarding the MISS-Q's engines. The S&D REFLECTOR pleads guilty of having informed its readers that new cylinders were cast and machined for her last fall. Kenny Howe, of Jeffboat, Inc., told us the straight of it. Her original engines are in her. When discovery was made that they were badly scored they were taken out at Avondale, put on a boring lathe, and rebored. Defects were found in one of the l.p. heads, so two new heads were made and installed, one in each engine. The original undamaged head is being carried on board as a spare.

NEIL WHITEHEAD joined us in a visit to the pilothouse where we found Capt. Carl A. Shelton, the MISS-Q's master, our initial exposure. Captain Shelton is a late comer to the landing-stage-out-ahead fraternity with a backlog of capable experience with the American Commercial Barge Line. We found him to be an outgoing, easy conversationalist, quite at home with his enormous responsibility. When he maneuvers the MISS-Q at landings he puts the big boat through her paces reminding of the late Clyde Beatty handling lions, with eagle eye and amused detachment. He's quite a guy.

Capt. Fountain M. Johnson was the pilot on watch, grandson of the famous Capt. Nettie Johnson for whom the packet NETTIE JOHNSON was named, with roots in Helena, Ark. His partner, who we met later on, was Capt. Joseph Van Gale of the New Orleans area. Our thanks to both for making our visits to their domain delightful ones.

A great deal of scuttlebutt had been going the rounds about the Prudential Life Insurance Company lately having acquired a piece of the rock in Delta Queen Steamboat Company. There is substance to this. We introduced ourself to Frederick Smith, Prudential Lines, Inc., San Francisco, in the rather remote prospect he might possibly be related to THE Swains formerly of Stillwater, Minn. who indeed had a side-wheeler named, no less, the FRED SWAIN. He laughed and said yes, he had heard of the boat and of its gyrating machinery (see S & D REFLECTOR, June '71 issue, pages 15-30) but could claim no kinship to the clan. Mr. Swain is the superintendent engineer of Prudential Lines, Inc. and his present mission aboard the MISS-Q was to solve mechanical and structural problems. In effect he was

in charge of the operational end of the present Shakedown.

Prudential got into the shipping business when they combined with the W. R. Grace Co. some few years back, a chemical conglomerate. They operate cargo-passenger liners Pacific Coast-South America-Panama including SANTA MAGDALENA, SANTA MARIA, SANTA MARIANA and the MERCEDES. Their main office is at One California St., San Francisco, with division offices in New York, and at Vancouver, B.C. For the present Prudential is lending its expertise to mechanical and structural problems related to the MISS-Q. Promotion, bookings, etc. remain the province of Miz Betty Blake, president of Delta Queen Steamboat Company. Betty was present on this Third Shakedown, but unaccounted for. We saw her briefly upon boarding, but not once again thereafter.

THE PASSENGER LIST comprised over 200 persons, and what the bulk of them were doing there, or where they came from, or went to afterward, we'll never know. We've just gone over this list checking off with a pencil the ones we knew and met, a pitiful total of 15. They came in all ages, shapes and sizes, youngsters to great-grandmothers. Vic Tooker was borrowed from the DELTA QUEEN (his Mom stayed on the DQ to keep shop) running the entertainment, backed by Eddie Bayard and the Bourbon Street Five.

Meals were served promptly, the service excellent, the food tasty. A new river movie, "A Pair of Queens," was twice shown in the Lower Deck Theater. Even with the best of intentions we missed both. Charge part of this up to Capt. Shelton who was showing us his new pilothouse Raytheon radar, so bright it needs no hood in daylight. Also he showed us his remote control for playing the calliope simply by pushing pilothouse buttons. What's the world coming to? One excellent feature of this gismo is you can shut down the calliope instantly, and no back talk.

The electronic depth recorder was registering 65 to 80 feet most of the time and once, while making a landing, showed 52 feet less than 100 feet from the bank. This is a deep Mississippi down here. Nobody has fixed the whistle simply because it is passe, out of date, old fashioned. Who needs a whistle? The approaching ship calls on the ship-to-shore and tells you in Cajun English what he's going to do. The whistle signal is perfunctory, required by law, and no matter that it is barely audible. All thinking is in terms of electronics. We confess some amazement having watched the MISS-Q brought to shore and tied to trees with nobody on the roof, no signals passed between pilot and engineer, everything handled by telephone with the mate on deck, and by radio to the towboat RESTLESS hooked at the stern. The pilot stood at the controls,

in complete charge of the operation, and simply talked himself snugly ashore. Nobody got excited. That is, except the bow thruster. It blew a fuse. It had the decency to tell the pilot that it was out of whack, so this lack was taken into account.

We decided we needed a drink, and so repaired to the swanky bar amidship on the Observation Deck. Well, we started for there, but never quite made destination. En-route we came upon a gentleman who grew up along the blue Danube watching paddle-boats pass by, and so became a naval architect and marine consultant. Miklos M. Kossa has his offices at 1760 Bolano Avenue, Berkeley, Calif. 94707. Thrust upon him was the duty of analyzing the MISS-Q's lack of enthusiasm to propel herself. His first impulse, quite a normal one, was to dig out of libraries all of the available technical information on the subject of paddlewheel propulsion. This did not take long, for there isn't much. Most of the studies he discovered applied to towboats shoving tows, a quite exhaustive one having been prepared for the NOKOMIS some years back.

Anyhow, the information Mr. Kossa seeks does not exist, not in technical papers nor in the minds of men. This business of applying a successful sternwheel to a 4500 ton Mississippi-style hull hopeful of 12 mph is not in the books, nor does there exist a recipe of pre-sage. Experiments of such magnitude come dearly. Mr. Kossa does not subscribe that the present modification of the MISS-Q's wheel as recited earlier in this story is a cure, far from it. Rather, it seemed worth the try, hopefully to pick up another mph or so. The results are to be tested and evaluated. We were rounding 12-Mile Point and a streak of sunshine snailed brightly across the piece of paper we had doodled with sketches of rudders, paddlewheels and cylinder beams.

SUNDAY MORNING we cruised below New Orleans to Braithwaite, to kill time, there turned, and as we did so the NATCHEZ out on a regular cruise also turned and headed up behind us. The rivers' two newest passenger boats by no prearrangement were committed to a test. Each crew knew what the other was thinking. Due solely to this circumstance, and thanks to it, we instantly detected added vibration to the MISS-Q's floors. By the time we got to the stern of the Observation Deck we found Wilbur Dow already there, watch in hand. "We're turning 18," he said significantly. The scenery was going by at a pretty fair rate, and for the first time we saw the MISS-Q breaking bow waves. Water was cascading over and above her paddlewheel. Whether Fred Swain had authorized this burst of speed or whether the engineers took it upon themselves we did not ascertain, but knowing Capt. Carl Shelton who was conspicuously absent

from the "Captain's Farewell Dinner" we had temporarily deserted, he may have applied the burr.

Near as we could judge both boats were turning up approximately the same rpms, which means both were turning 18 if Wilbur Dow's count was right, and his fund of experience in these matters leaves scant doubt.

The NATCHEZ can, and has, turned 21 (see S&D REFLECTOR, March '77 issue, page 40) so the inference is she was using regular cruising speed. Even so, the NATCHEZ made slow and steady gain, blew to pass and sailed majestically by with Capt. Roddy Hammett making low bows.

We concluded the voyage promptly on schedule at the Poydras Street Wharf. Capt. Verne Streckfus waved from the office of the PRESIDENT as we glided closeby making the landing. He reappeared a moment later at the stern of his boat to watch the mooring procedure.

Visitors came aboard, among them Michael Ricouard, the New Orleans photographer of note, and with him for the moment was Margaret Peabody presently attending Newcomb College in New Orleans, and with a yen to major in steamboat history. She is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Peabody, Natchez, Miss. who relate straight back to the BETSY ANN and others. C. W. introduced us to Mrs. Wagner whose husband Capt. Ernie and son Ernie Lee were upriver aboard the DELTA QUEEN.

PRIOR to debarkation each guest was provided with a legal size yellow sheet. Printed thereon were 29 questions inviting comment on food, service, entertainment, your accommodations, etc. The response must have been copious. We observed ladies seated solo at tables struggling with ball-point pens doing this duty without any H. R. Block assistance. Spaces on the form requested your name and stateroom number.

Now one cotton-pickin' minute here. Everybody aboard the boat came by invitation, non-paying guests. This was a party. When you mind your manners at the conclusion of a wiener roast or at a country club cotillion the Emily Post procedure is to seek out your hostess for a buzz of last minute flattery and goodbyes.

Betty Blake said on the form she needed "critical analysis."

We had a wonderful time, Betty, and thanks so much for asking us aboard. Our sole regret is that at departure time we were unable to discover present anybody in Management to tell this to. Many of your good guests were having the same dismay. We held on to hope we'd see somebody in Management even until the taxi driver slammed the door. We regret this breakdown in communication. All else was perfect except, speaking of communication, for that wheezy whistle. Get it fixed.

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Sirs: As I lean against the ferry-bell post, with a straw in my mouth, waiting for the ferry which has been gone for 30 years, I think that the flapdoodle puzzle which you planted on page 7 in the March issue was just to get us backwoods boys awake. Even we can see that the BOY disappeared from MOUNTAIN BOY when the engineer raised the flap, just like on the ANNIE LAURIE picture below.

Thank you for the pictures in that issue of the ZANETTA giving her boilers to the GREENLAND. The ZANETTA carried an excursion in the last of May 1901 from Zanesville to Steubenville. That item in local newspapers was the last mention of her until March 7, 1903 when she was sold to Capt. Gordon C. Greene. What was she doing in the meantime?

Glad also to read the letter from Lou Seshar. He recently wrote me as follows: "Boatmen in the early times ran in clans and the Muskingum had one. The Capt of the boat hired the Chief Mate and the pilots and general crew; all these men were taken care of and generally from an area, or a part of the river. The hiring on the Muskingum generally extended down to Lowell, O. This made them all what we call home guards. I got very little work on this river. I had no regrets or hard feelings, as my work area was the same. I did run on the LORENA. I always marveled at her crew; all clean-cut farm-type men, out to make a few dollars while the crops were growing. These men wore clean clothes, leaned against a spar, chewed a straw, and looked the mark of health."

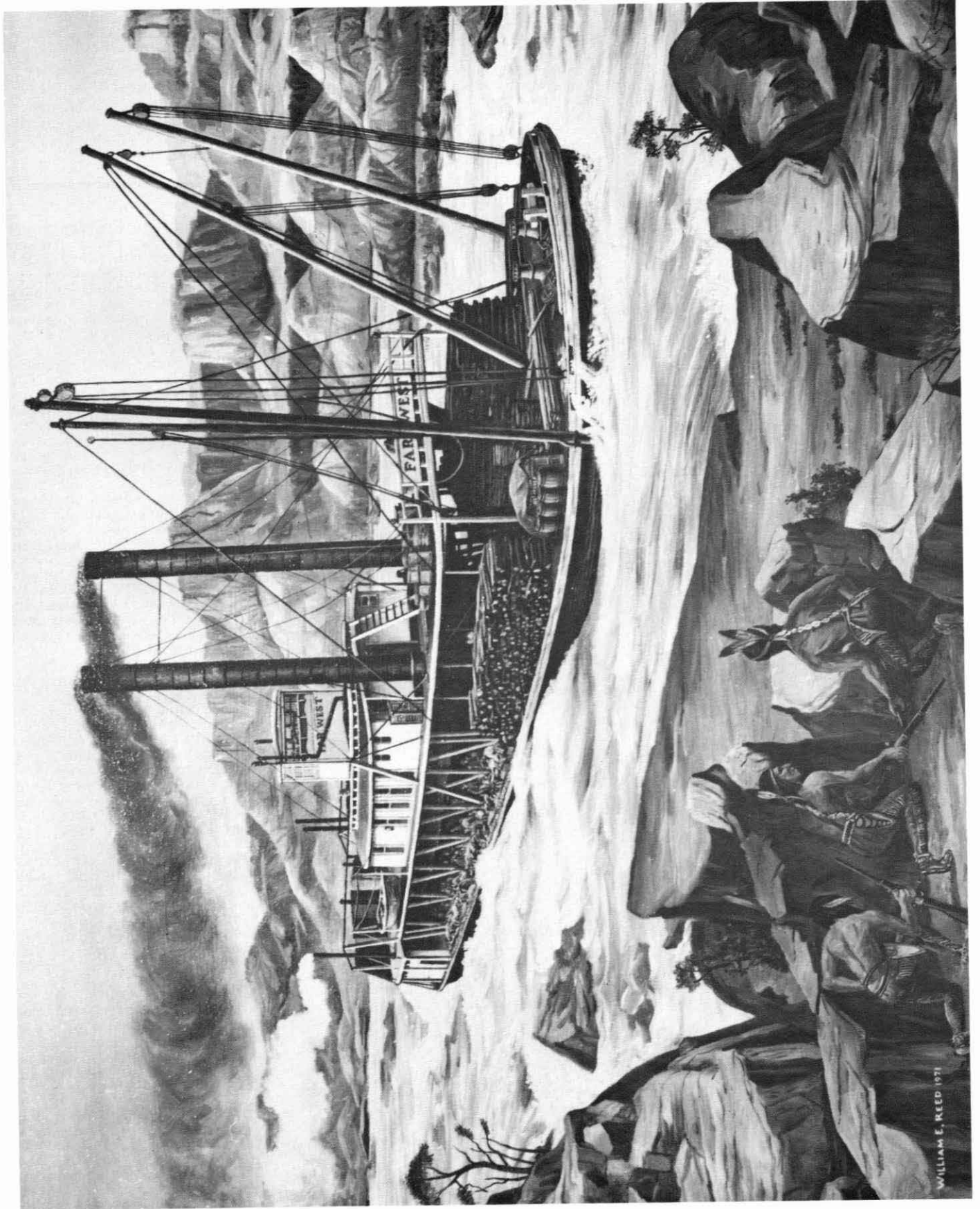
Hence my opening lines.

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

=Clyde Swift will mourn with the rest of us at the sad news on page 26 this issue about Lou Seshar. We commend to Clyde the wonderings of Jeff Spear about the ZANETTA on page 6 this issue. -Ed.

The farm where Clarington, O. is located was willed by James Henthorn to his son William and by him to David Pierson, who in 1822 laid out the town and called it after his daughter Clarinda, later wife of Thomas Ford, Woodsfield.

The post office was started in 1824 and Asahel Booth was postmaster. It was called Sunfish.



Picture On the Opposite Page

FOOTNOTES to the story of the FAR WEST include this dramatic oil painting by our steamboat artist William E. Reed. Here she is hurtling down the Yellowstone River, Capt. Grant Marsh at the wheel, bringing the survivors of Custer's Massacre to Bismarck. Bill Reed made this painting in 1971 for William M. Taylor, Kirtland, Ohio.

The presentation of the FAR WEST model in our last issue brings to light a 90-year-old veteran living at Billings, Mont. who actually steamboated with Capt. Grant Marsh. W. H. (Bill) Stockdale, who lives at 715 N. 32nd St., that place, was born Oct. 5, 1887 in Madison, Wis. His family soon moved to Washburn, N.D. and about 1904-1905 Bill got a job as night watchman on the EXPANSION which was running between Washburn, Mondak and Glendive. Captain Marsh was the skipper. Bill Stockdale recalls with a chuckle being present when Grant Marsh and Capt. Bill Massie got into a fight and had to be separated. Marsh was 72 at the time and Massie was 82. Massie had long resented the fame and plaudits bestowed on Marsh following an exploration trip up the Yellowstone---Massie claimed he had been there first. Massie got a cut over one eye and a sugar bowl was broken in the fray. These and other stories were revealed when Kathryn Wright, editor of the Billings Gazette Magazine recently interviewed Bill Stockdale. Our thanks to Donald J. Powers, regional director of the Burlington-Northern at Billings, for cluing us in.

The Steubenville Jeffersonian, issue of Feb. 17th last, did a feature story on S&D member William E. (Slim) Brandt, written by Diana Ross McCain. There was a time when Slim, eldest of nine children, shared space on a houseboat with parents and flock moored below the Steubenville bridge. The 1936 Flood ended that style of living--the houseboat sank. But, undaunted, the family hauled it up on shore and again raised steam on the cookstove.

Slim went to work with the River Sand Co. there at Steubenville at the age of 17. He stayed on the river until 1942 when war sent him to the South Pacific. After spending some time in Baltimore, Slim went to work for the Weirton Steel Company in 1950, and is still there. His marriage was sort of a river romance, too, for Ethel was living on a houseboat when they met.

Now he's the newly installed president of the Jefferson County Historical Association which has a new museum on Franklin Avenue in Steubenville. He and J. Sheldon Scott helped furnish the river room there.

In between times he collects boat pictures and artifacts, appears regularly on the Bob Gray radio show on WOHI. He strums a guitar with the best of 'em but, like many, can't read music. If you know of a dog in trouble there in town, Slim is president of the Animal Welfare League.

Gabe Chengery told a Pittsburgh news reporter last fall he's too young to be a "river character." He said it'll take thirty more years to get in the league with Harry Loudon and some of the rest.

He was 15 in 1964 when he took his first rides on the AVALON at Pittsburgh. Gabe decided he'd be a court reporter and became a student at Duff's Business Institute in Pittsburgh. Six months before graduation, in February 1968, he left the school to work on the DELTA QUEEN.

But give him credit. He went back to Duff's and graduated.

Since then he's come up through the ranks. For a while there he was the DQ's purser which was a mistake. One of the more persistent of river legends is that the DQ's management has a secret trap door under the DQ's office adding machine. About every two months a purser does a vertical descent and goes down the chute. Gabe is the only one who didn't. He quit.

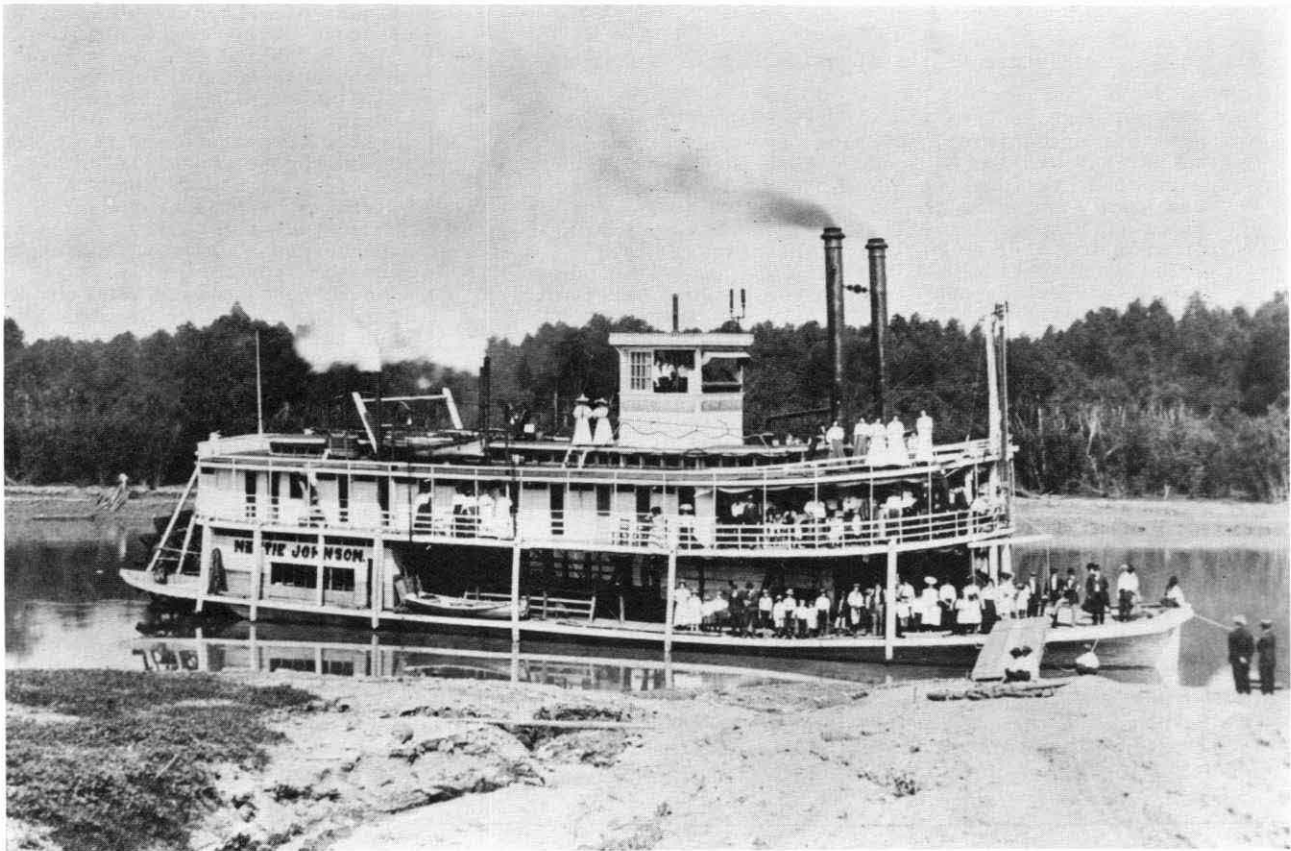
Now he's the captain.

By our reckoning Gabriel J. Chengery now is 29. We've known him since he was a pup, which seems like yesterday, when he was living on California Avenue here in Pittsburgh.

Ever hear Gabe play "Beautiful Dreamer" on the calliope? Most river characters don't realize that they are characters.



THREE GENERATIONS of the famous family of Streckfus. From the left:- Mrs. Curran (Lorraine) Streckfus, Sr., Capt. Verne Streckfus and Capt. Curran Streckfus, Jr. Photographed at Beaugard House, New Orleans this past January 6, 1977 by C. W. Stoll.



OUR THOUGHTS wandered back to the NETTIE JOHNSON when we met and rode with Capt. Fountain M. Johnson aboard the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN (see "Hurry Up and Wait" in this issue) this past February.

Nettie Johnson was Fountain's grandmother, a full-fledged captain and pilot with an all-ton license as master on all rivers, and as pilot on sections of the Mississippi, Ohio, St. Francis, Arkansas and White Rivers. She and her husband Capt. Isadore S. Johnson built the NETTIE JOHNSON at Memphis in 1905, wood hull, 116 by 28 by 5. The packet had 12" bore by 4 ft. stroke engines, powered by two boilers, each 38" by 22 ft. Some of the cabin work came from the VICKSBURG (ex-OUACHITA) wrecked at Memphis a year or so before.

Capt. Isadore and Nettie had three sons, the eldest being Chester Johnson who became a pilot; the next being Emory Johnson, long with the Federal Barge Lines; and the youngest being Arthur C. (Babe) Johnson who ran the ferry at Helena, Ark. for years, and was father of Fountain M. Johnson.

In January 1912 the NETTIE JOHNSON was taken up St. Francis River to Marianna, Ark. and was just leaving with a log camp aboard when she sank leaving Mrs. Nettie Johnson and son Emory marooned in a steel lifeboat.

Eventually Capt. Nettie Johnson sold her namesake steamboat but when the steel hull packet JOHN L. LOWRY burned in 1920 she and son Arthur bought the wreck and took it to Paducah for repairs. It was at Paducah that Capt. Nettie was stricken with paralysis and was brought home to Memphis to the home of her son Emory and there died, aged 55. Her license was last renewed at Memphis on March 6, 1918, signed by inspectors Rees V. Downs and George R. Bower.

The Waterways Journal, issue of June 18, 1927 carried this item:- Capt. A. C. Johnson, well known ferryman of Helena, Ark., and son of the late Capt. Nettie Johnson, is indebted to Thomas Church, wireless operator on Capt. Robert M. Boles' tunnel towboat MEMPHIS. On June 8, while the MEMPHIS was at the new Helena Barge Line Terminal, Mr. Church leaped overboard and rescued Fountain Johnson, age 9, Capt. Johnson's son, who had been frightened while playing on the dock and either jumped or fell into the river. Both the lad and his rescuer were going down when members of the MEMPHIS' crew hauled them out. Mr. Church, who owns a farm near Lexington, Ky., and is a Frankfort boy, has been very modest while his picture is appearing in various Southern newspapers.

Sirs: I wish to convey my personal joy concerning the wonderful news I learned from Tom Kenny with confirmation by C. W. Stoll and Jim Swift---that S&D is really going to republish the "Packet" and "Towboat" Directories.

For me---you are in the nick of time as I had been considering theft, as I promise you there is nothing obtainable via legal means. Theft is not my nature,

but the frustration of needing the books over and over--and seemingly always at a time when the nearest available volumes are locked up in some library vault--is depressing.

So--herewith--I tender an order for two sets--one for the Eastmans --one for the Public Library District (Alton).

Please, Sir, I do hope this project is somewhere in the vicinity of the top of the priority list.

Many, many thanks.

Susan H. Eastman,
Alton, Ill. 62002

=This project is under way, yes, and has picked up speed since we read the above. Earliest possible date for completion of the Packet Directory (which we're now working on) will be December 1978. -Ed.



The gasboat ORION, crew and cargo at Burnsville, West Va. on the Little Kanawha River, Mile 125. The following identifications are by James Roy Boyles, son of ORION's owner, Nomic Beckweth Boyles:- Seated on the ORION's "hurricane" roof is the boat's owner, Nomic B. Boyles. Now come over to extreme right and work back: The gentleman standing in right foreground is Blain Wilson, salesman for the Burnsville grocery. Seated from the right: Mr. Heater (?), shipping clerk for the Burnsville grocery; Alpha Boyles; John Hoy Boyles; fourth man seated is not known; Earl Boyles; Delbert Bright; seventh not known; James Roy Boyles, chief cook; Clennie Conrad (pronounced Coon-rod in those parts) and 10th man also not known. Capt. N. B. Boyles' feet are dangling just over top of an elevated main deck hand capstan used in winding the boat up over shoals. Three hundred feet of manila line was kept coiled nearby for such occasions. The sacks are loaded with feed, oats, middlings and the like. The barrel at left holds lamp oil. The wood boxes contain dry goods. The cargo is downbound to Glenville, W. Va., Mile 103. The river was "up," and the date quite early in the century.

NOMIC BECKWETH BOYLES lived at Long Shoals near Stout's Mills on the Little Kanawha---and that's about Mile 114 above the mouth at Parkersburg. Five locks and dams brought 4-foot slackwater from Parkersburg to Creston which is at Mile 47.5, so to say that N. B. Boyles was up in the boon-docks puts it handsomely.

The chief means of transportation was horseback but there's a limit to what a horse will stand up under. Best freight route to the outside world was the Little Kanawha River in its "up" season, roughly December through March or maybe into April, plus occasional summer "tides" during summertime gully-washers.

Early in this century there was a mill dam across the Little Kanawha at Stout's Mill (hence the name of the place) blocking river

traffic. When they (meaning the Government men) blasted out the obstruction, N. B. Boyles, an enterprising individual (he raised 13 boys and five girls), bought a second-hand sternwheel gasboat from down on the slackwater reach named ORION. He and the ORION were the first to chug above the site of Stout's Mills. His boat only had eight hp. and was too heavy in the water anyhow, so Mr. Boyles tore her up.

Using parts from the old ORION he produced a new sternwheeler he christened FLORA B, light-weight in draft and, unfortunately too light-weight in power. But to cure the latter deficiency he up and bought from Jim Keith, the local International Harvester man, a real one-lunger with ambition. With this improvement the FLORA B could handle two flats.

The FLORA B, which seems to have escaped photography, ran on gasoline procured from the druggist at Burnsville. Two 55 gal. drums of fuel sufficed for the winter season, total cost \$7 plus \$2 deposit on the drums and some r.r. freight to Burnsville. Boyles fussed with the r.r. not to store the drums in the sun, for they'd tend to drift a couple of gallons. (The weight of a chicken drifts if you don't feed and water it properly.)

As the Boyles boys grew up in turn they helped on the river, and there was profit handling pulpwood out to Owensport, in the slackwater reach, loaded on flats. On the upstream trips the cargo varied. All the Boyles remembered the "McCoy family trip" when the FLORA B hauled Papa and Mama McCoy and six little McCoys, their moving plunder, four cows and an

assortment of calves, hogs and chickens. They got aboard at Owensport and were taken to Gilmer Station. Papa McCoy proposed to work in the coal mines there. He had no money. N. B. Boyles took one of the calves as pay for the fares and freight. Everybody ate McCoy chicken eggs all the way up the river. There wasn't any house at Gilmer Station to contain the McCoys, so they set up housekeeping in a tent until one was built.

Finally the Boyles boys grew up and followed other pursuits. The FLORA B was swapped to French Shiflet and Jess Ables for "a horse, some money and other things."

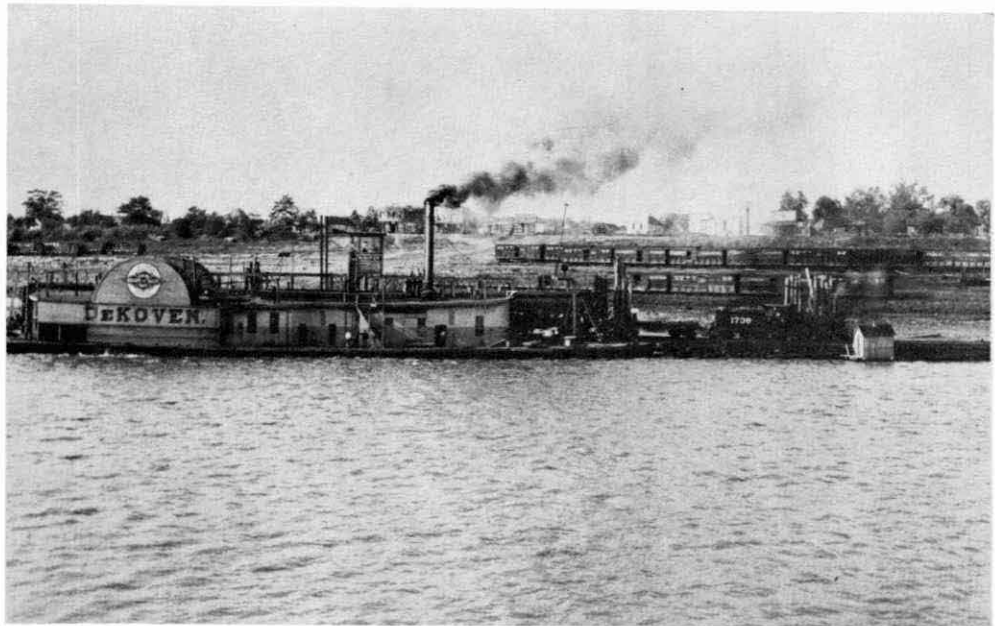
We are vastly indebted to Mrs. Nellie Engelke for the photograph, and for an account of her interview with the Boyles family. At the present time we have no definite information regarding the statistics of the ORION (rhymes with carry-on) save that it seems to have been a predecessor of the latter-day gasboat of that name built in 1914 at Grantsville, West Va.

In 1977 James Roy Boyles, son of Nomic Boyles, lives in Weston, W. Va. and his daughter Mrs. James (Jane) Singleton lives in Glenville, W. Va.

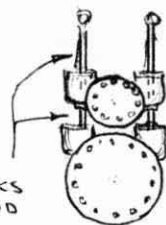
Dubuque-built excursion boats dot the rivers at many places. Now, in a peculiar switcheroo, the new SPIRIT OF DUBUQUE has just been completed at Morgan City, La. and her home-base will be at Dubuque.

She carries 370 passengers and is owned by Bob Kehl. The designing was done by a New Orleans firm, Ross Kramer, Inc. and the construction took place at the Scully Bros. Boat Builders, Morgan City. She measures 93 by 28, and is twin prop, diesel.

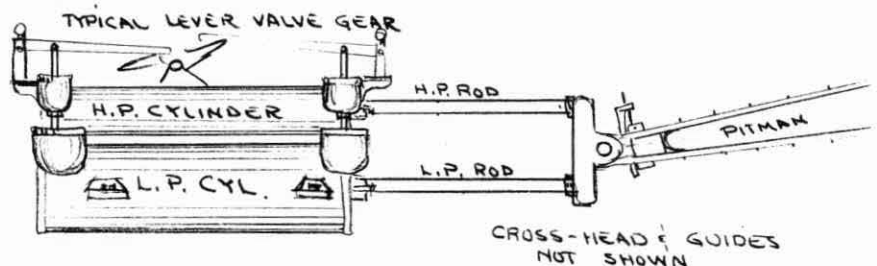
Christening was slated at Dubuque on May 14 last, and Iowa's governor Robert Ray was to bust the bubbly. She will operate daily excursions out of Dubuque and evening charters through October 31.



A RECENT ISSUE of the ICG News, published by the Illinois Central Gulf Railroad, 233 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60601 ran this photograph of the IC's old transfer side-wheeler DeKOVEN. The picture had been sent in by Charles H. Bogart, Frankfort, Ky., who had acquired it from the U.S. Engineers. "This steamer has us stumped," confessed the editor of ICG News, adding "if you have more information please write us." The single-track transfer DeKOVEN was built by the Howard Ship Yard at Jeffersonville, Ind. in 1894, wood hull, 232.2 by 37 by 6.1. She had engines 20" bore by 6½ ft. stroke, with two boilers on each guard (total of 4) each 44" dia. by 24 ft. long. Original owner was the Ohio Valley Railroad Co., Henderson, Ky., L. A. Washington, superintendent. On Oct. 4, 1897 the ownership was changed to Illinois Central Railroad, which had sopped up the Ohio Valley. Most of her career was spent trading cars between Paducah and Brookport, Ill. Please note in this view she has on board a passenger train hauled by IC #1738, and we surmise the scene is at Brookport. She was rebuilt at Paducah in 1899, and continued until 1912 when she was sent to Helena, Ark. to replace the transfer JOHN BERTRAM there. Later she was bought by the Paducah Sand & Gravel Co. and converted into a sand dredge, loading rr. cars on board. She sank at the IC incline while unloading cars, then renamed SANDERSON, in August 1932. Our thanks to Roy V. Heatter, 14023 Gail Lane, Crestwood, Ill. 60445 for sending the picture. Roy's eldest son John works with the ICG Railroad.



SAME VALVE STEM WORKS BOTH H.P. (UPPER) AND L.P. (LOWER) VALVES



Capt. Dennis Trone sketched the above peculiar compound steamboat engine for us. William Hopkins, one-time superintendent of the Iowa Iron Works, predecessor of Dubuque Boat & Boiler, designed the above. Now the next question before the American public is whether any such engine was built. Comments from the floor will be appreciated.

EVERYBODY WAS SOMEBODY

Sirs: Following the Third Shake-down Cruise aboard the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN I spent a few days in the office. Then I took off for five days on the DELTA QUEEN. The weather was not at its best, to put it mildly, although our first morning's stop on Wednesday, March 2nd at Houmas House, Burnside, La. received a bathing in sunlight while the group inspected this fine old mansion owned by the Crozat family and supervised on its behalf by Edwin Paul Crozat, the only male Crozat left of a long and distinguished Louisiana Creole family. I like to remind Ed Crozat that his ancestor, Antoine Crozat, in the early 18th century received as a concession from Louis XIV the whole Louisiana territory. --And he gave it back to the King two years later.

Thursday morning saw us at Bayou Sara landing, or what was Bayou Sara landing. This was a thrill for me as my father grew up as a boy at his family's landing, Tunica, just above Bayou Sara. All my young life I heard stories about Bayou Sara and its surroundings. This was my first arrival there by steamboat.

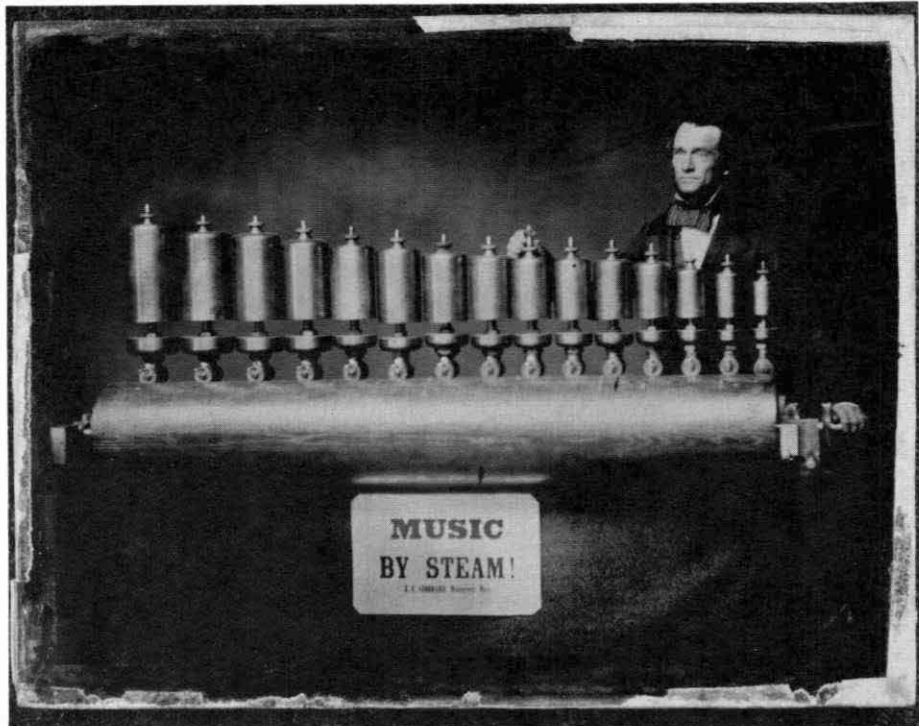
Buses took us to visit Rosedown, Rose Bank, and the grounds of Af-ton Villa (in the rain all day) where Mr. and Mrs. Morrell Trimble of New Orleans have turned the immense grounds into a heavenly garden. Then all aboard for Natchez.

Next morning we were tied up at Natchez under the you-know-what. Meanwhile, I delivered two slide lectures aboard the DQ; "Steamboats and the River" Wednesday afternoon, and "The Houses of Natchez" on Thursday afternoon. These talks gave the party a warm-up for what they would see the following day.

I should mention that this was the most unusual group, the National Trust for Historic Preservation, that I have ever addressed. "Everybody was somebody." The list of names reads like a Who's Who. They were exceptionally attentive and interested in everything I had to say, on and off the podium. It was a pleasure.

At Natchez some of us took an early morning stroll, dropped in on friends, and after lunch aboard the boat motor buses took the group to see five of the magnificent homes. I was delighted to see some activity "under the hill." At last Natchez seems to be waking up to doing something about this important river and steamboat landmark. I had an all-too-brief visit with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Peabody, Jr. at their lovely home on the river, and a quick look at some of his steamboat pictures. Tried to see Dr. Thomas Gandy, but couldn't make connections.

Leaving Natchez Friday evening, we were ready for Baton Rouge on Saturday. There we visited the extraordinary LSU Rural Life Muse-



JOSHUA C. STODDARD of Worcester, Mass. patented his steam calliope (a name he coined) in October 1855. The above picture comes from Paul E. Rieger, 5031 Westminster Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560. "This is a reproduction of an ambrotype of J. C. Stoddard taken about 1855, with the steam calliope he had patented that year," says Paul. Philip Graham, in his excellent book "Showboats" relates that Stoddard built these instruments with whistles which "varied from thirteen or fifteen to as many as fifty-eight." The above instrument is a 15-whistle job and we may presume one of his first, and possibly THE first he made. Stoddard used a double balanced poppet valve to blow each whistle. He organized the Steam Music Company (after 1857, the American Steam Music Company) and built calliopes until the Civil War. The instrument became popular on packets, and frequent mention of them is made in early Mississippi Valley newspapers. Spaulding and Rogers' FLOATING CIRCUS PALACE was using a Stoddard calliope in 1858. Most of the "showboat" instruments were of much later vintage, manufactured in Cincinnati and Evansville.

um, which everybody should see. A drive around the city, visiting the Old Governor's Mansion, Magnolia Mound Plantation, and the old Capitol building on the river--and back to New Orleans next morning.

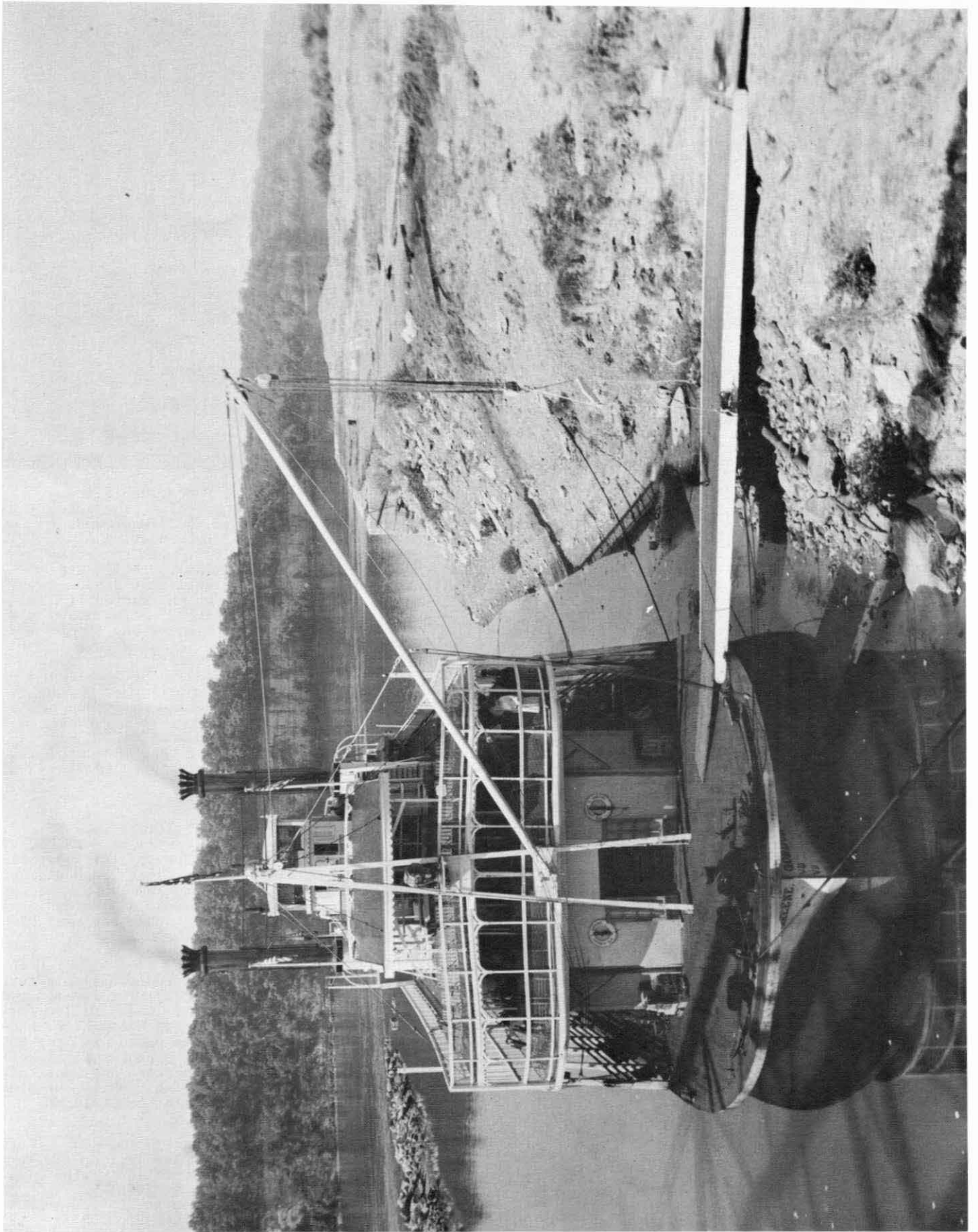
The ol' DELTA QUEEN chugs along without a whimper---at least without one the passengers were aware of. It is wonderful how the crew keeps her rollin' along like Ol' Man Ribber. Capt. Ernie Wagner was most cordial and helpful. I believe this was his last trip. I can't praise all hands too much for making this a delightful experience. The food, the accommodations, the whole atmosphere was first rate. I just hope the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN comes along in the same tradition.

Ray Samuel,
International Rivercenter,
Suite 805,
321 St. Charles Ave.,
New Orleans, La. 70130

The site of former Lock No. 17, near Reno, O., will be retained by the U. S. Engineers for possible future use. This announcement puts at rest any hopes of the property becoming a recreational or historical center as was proposed by the Corps in 1974.

There is a paddlewheel pleasure boat on the Muskingum River named SARAH M. She was built from scratch by Fred McLaughlin, Hebron, Ohio. He named it for his wife. Fred is a professional welder and carpenter, and got his liking for boats while helping Gene Fitch build the CLAIRE-E.

The combination for opening the safe in the office of the side-wheel DIURNAL in 1875:-
6 turns right to 75
Left three times to 105
Right two times to 49
Left to 102, stop.



FLORENCE, ALA., 1936
Picture on opposite page

The GORDON C. GREENE is moored at Mile 256.5, Tennessee River, having arrived from Cincinnati with tourists. The only lock she went through on that river was at Colbert Shoals, 80 by 293.6. She had been there various times before when named CAPE GIRARDEAU, then owned by the Eagle Packet Co. the tours arranged through the Cartan Travel Bureau in Chicago. When Eagle Packet sold her to the Greene Line her first trip as GORDON C. GREENE, still with her original double stages and no other alterations, was to Florence, handling one of these Cartan trips contracted prior to sale. That was early in 1935.

BEAUTIFUL WHITE SWAN

"I WANT you to come downtown with me today," the old curmudgeon said one Tuesday noon. "I want to enlist you in a cause." Whereupon we set off for the Downtown Athletic Club, just north of the Battery in New York, on the Hudson, and there reported for duty in the Governors Room, on the thirty-first floor, whose big windows afforded a magnificent view of the (alas!) ship-free New York Harbor. There was a small bar and a table set for what was obviously to be a small and uncrowded luncheon. The old curmudgeon introduced us to, among others, Alfred Van Santvoord Olcott, Jr., of the fifth generation of a family that was deeply involved with steamboating on the Hudson River for a matter of a hundred and twenty-three years; Frank Braynard, who is one of the founders of the South Street Seaport and, more important, was the organizer of Operation Sail; William H. Ewen, president of the Steamship Historical Society of America, down from Rhode Island for the day; and Professor Stephen Jacobs, (Architecture), a historic---preservation buff down from Cornell University for the day. The old curmudgeon began telling Frank Braynard that Op Sail was the greatest thing that had happened to New York City since the Hudson-Fulton Celebration.

"That was in 1909," said Mr. Braynard.

"Yes," said the curmudgeon. "With practically the entire United States Navy, and a reproduction of Robert Fulton's steamboat, the first to ply the Hudson River."

"It was the NORTH RIVER STEAM BOAT," Braynard said, "though today everybody thinks Fulton's boat was named the CLERMONT."

Alfred Van Santvoord Olcott, Jr., joining us, said, "One of the finest ships in my family's Hudson River Day Line, which we finally had to sell, was named after Robert Fulton. She's gone now, and

so is, almost every ship we ever had, including our flagship, the WASHINGTON IRVING, one of the fastest vessels on this country's inland waterways, and a gem. She was licensed to carry six thousand passengers. She went down within sight of this building when she was rammed in 1926 by an oil barge. We got all but three of the passengers off safely. My family's heart was broken."

"Mine, too," said the curmudgeon. "I attended her launching, in Camden, New Jersey, in 1913, when I was only fourteen years old, but my shrieks of excitement were drowned out by the ululations of a posse of redheads, an all-girl contingent from Washington Irving High School."

"Yes," said Olcott. "We had planned to invite the entire student body of the high school, until we found out how large it was. Then my grandfather said, 'Let's just extend the invitation to all red-headed girl students.'"

"I thank your grandfather," said the curmudgeon. "It was the first time I ever noticed girls, and I've been doing it ever since." He turned and looked out the window. "The loss of the WASHINGTON IRVING was a turning point in steamboating on the Hudson. With her speed, with her daytime cabins amidships, each one opening on a private segment of deck space, with her splendid dining saloon abaft on the main deck, she offered something pretty grand in the way of inland travel. The Day Line couldn't really afford to reproduce her, for even then people were seeking out the illusory pleasures of driving up the old Albany Post Road on weekends." He peered intently at something across the river. "I think I see one of your surviving vessels tied up in the Morris Canal. The CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, isn't it, back from her later career in Bermuda as a ship's tender?"

"Yes," said Olcott. "She and the PETER STUYVESANT, up in Boston, are propeller-driven, but the only surviving side-wheeler is the ALEXANDER HAMILTON."

"And SHE'S our cause for today!" the old curmudgeon said to us.

"The HAMILTON is the last Hudson River side-wheel steamboat," said Olcott. "We banded together a couple of years ago and formed the Steamer Alexander Hamilton Society, whose purpose is to save her from extinction."

Another guest, who proved to be Dan Donovan, the ALEXANDER HAMILTON purser, beamed at Mr. Olcott, and we all sat down to lunch.

"This is not bad chicken," the o.c. said. "I enjoy going to luncheons where there's plenty of elbowroom for everybody. This is like New York back in 1909."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Olcott, "the HAMILTON is in great danger. She's sitting on a sandbank, with holes in her hull, down at Atlantic Highlands, near Sandy Hook. She continued in service after the family sold the Day Line, but she was retired on Labor

Day in 1971, and she's been looking for a home ever since. For a while, she was berthed at the South Street Seaport. Then she was towed across the East River and put into storage at the old Navy Yard, in Brooklyn. Then a group of people who were going to make her into a floating restaurant bought her, but they found the cost of rebuilding her too great to handle. Now, as the salt water goes to work on her innards, her state of health grows a little bit worse every day. If something isn't done in a very short time, she'll be beyond salvation."

"Something MUST be done," said William Ewen. "She represents a hundred and fifty years of Hudson River steamboating, and she's an impressive racing beauty."

"She's a cathedral," said Frank Braynard. "How many thousands of Americans have sent money to preserve Venice or Mont-Saint-Michel! And here we have, right in our midst, another monument that must be saved. I can't think of anything more wonderful we could do than rescue this beautiful white swan of the Hudson. Oddly, as Op Sail proved, it's much easier in this country to preserve splendid old sailing ships than it is to preserve a slightly newer but magnificent old steamboat."

Ann Bedell, an energetic worker on behalf of the Steamer Alexander Hamilton Society, spoke up to say that she had already got one bank, one foundation, and about two hundred and fifty individuals to promise financial support. "But we desperately need seventy-five thousand dollars in the next two months, and a total of three hundred and fifty thousand by mid-July, if we're ever going to float her again," she went on. "The ALEXANDER HAMILTON has been officially listed by the State of New Jersey as a historic site, and the National Trust for Historic Preservation has come out in favor of our scheme. Thanks largely to the efforts of Senator Kennedy, the National Trust now has a Maritime Preservation Division, and we've made an application to the people there. And I hope everyone in this room will do his bit."

Professor Jacobs said he couldn't wait for the HAMILTON to be afloat again, because he felt that it would make a superb mobile museum.

Over dessert---vanilla ice cream and raspberry sherbet---Mr. Olcott said, "After my family sold the Hudson River Day Line, we went straight off to Maine, because my father, who had a sailboat and a motorboat, said he wanted to live as near as possible to his boats, so he wouldn't have to use an automobile to get to them. My mother, whose name was Ruth, didn't like the idea of sailboats at all and wouldn't go near them. So when it came to the point of naming the sailboat, my father decided to call her RUTHLESS."

Ed note:- The above story, in entirety, appeared in The New Yorker magazine, issue of Feb. 21, 1977.

Gale Justice, long a resident of Sistersville, W. Va., celebrated his centennial---one hundred years young---this past February 7th at the home of his daughter, 412½ Dayton St., Akron, Ohio 44310.

Gale had his share of haps and mishaps on the river. He was on the towboat BELLE MCGOWAN in 1902 when she capsized and was lost at Sawmill Run, Pittsburgh. Gale was off watch and in bed clad in his longjohns at the time, swam to a ladder which had floated off the boats's roof, rescued the chambermaid and shared the ladder with her, and both were rescued by the crew of the OLIVETTE.

Prior to that, he was off watch and asleep aboard the GENEVIEVE at the Sistersville wharf when she sprung a leak and sank. Gale did a Steve Brody to the shore side, landed knee-deep in mud.

He was aboard the gasboat MARTHA when that boat burned under way at or above Witten Towhead, Ohio River, Nov. 19, 1930. He was hospitalized at Sistersville, seriously burned following that one.

Gale held license as mate, all tons, and kept up his renewals until recently when his vision was impaired.

Greg Pelo who handles real estate at 101 North Cody Road, LeClaire, Iowa 52753 sent customers and friends an attractive 1977 wall calendar graced by a photograph of the rafter ECLIPSE. The picture obviously was taken when she was brand new in 1882. She was built at LeClaire. In her latter days she towed Emerson's GOLDENROD showboat (1914-1917). On the cold night of December 8, 1917 she struck the crib dike at the foot of Neville Island, Ohio River, burned and sank. This was the only steamboat your scribe ever saw burn.

The trustees for the J. Mack Gamble Fund met in Columbus, O. on Monday, February 7th last and transferred the securities and accrued income to the Trust Department of the Ohio National Bank of that city for future management.

J. W. Rutter, chairman of the Fund Committee, drove over from Birmingham, Mich. Bert Fenn flew in from Tell City. Bob Thomas and his wife Julia were driven up by Cheryl Imperata of Shadyside, O.

Attorney Chester Hummell hosted the S&D group to a luncheon at the University Club of Columbus. Ye Ed flew over from Sewickley to join the deliberations and the luncheon.

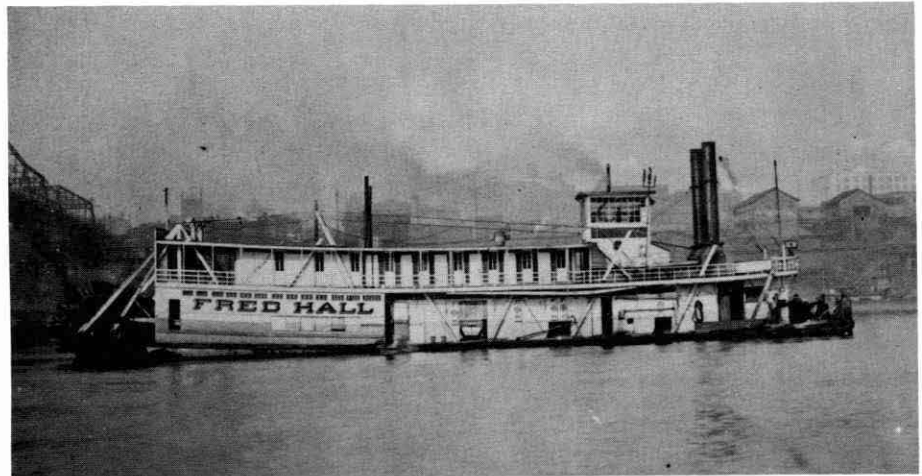
The arrangements were completed in the conference room of the bank at 155 East Broad Street. The bank officials were Joseph R. Cook, Trust Officer; David K. Beebe, Personal Trust Administrator, and Lynn A. Oberg, Investment Administrator, Trust Division.

So far three projects have been approved by the Fund Committee for funding from accrued income, the TELL CITY pilothouse restoration

and a vastly expanded edition of "Way's Packet Directory" and its companion "Way's Towboat Directory."

The Packet Directory, already in preparation, will include all steam packets, excursion boats, U. S. Lighthouse tenders, private steam yachts, etc. dating back to the advent of photography on the rivers, 1848. Each will be treated biographically. A complete index of all rivermen mentioned in the text of both volumes will be presented.

Alan L. Bates mailed notices in early February announcing his new drawings of the champion ROBT. E. LEE. Plans come in 9 large sheets scaled 1/8" to the foot. The size of the model at that scale is 41" by 10½" by 15". Included are deck plans, hull lines, side, front and rear views, cross section, details of railings, boilers, engines, lettering, etc. Priced \$12.50 the set. Address Alan L. Bates, 2040 Sherwood Ave., Louisville, Ky. 40205. Tell him we sent you.



THE FRED HALL was a familiar part of Ohio Riverscape at Cincinnati from the time she was built 1912 until she burned in 1932. We are indebted to Fred E. Hall III for the picture. The T. J. Hall Company built her at their plant, foot of Lawrence Street, Cincinnati, with a scow bow wood hull 121 x 28 x 3.2. She had engines 14" dia. by 5 ft. stroke and an unusual big Bonson boiler. On the day of the big steamboat fire at Cincinnati, Nov. 4, 1922 the FRED HALL dragged the CHRIS GREENE (first) away from the conflagration out into mid river, discovered she was afire, and cast loose to get clear. The CHRIS floated down under the suspension bridge and burned to the hull. The Halls handled sand and gravel, builders supplies and coal. They merged in 1931 into the Ohio Gravel Company. The HALL was sent to the marine ways at Madison, Ind. for repairs. She burned there along with the excursion steamer ISLAND MAID on December 7, 1932.

The article and pictures of the ROYAL in our last issue, pages 20-21, have brought further information. John Hartford has our thanks for the size of her engines and other facts gleaned from "The River," issue of Oct. 31, 1891. Also we are indebted to Bert Fenn for information contained in the Evansville "Courier," May 16 and May 19, 1891.

The ROYAL had three boilers, each 24' by 40", each containing 5 8-inch flues. Her high pressure engines were 15½" dia. by 5½ ft. stroke made by Schwitz, Thuman & Co., Evansville. She had iron cylinder beams, iron rudders and a staggered paddlewheel. The hull had a 9" deadrise.

Her initial trip was made on May 16, 1891. She was named to honor the son of Capt. C. G. Perkins who had lost his life in the explosion of a steamboat near Cape Girardeau, Mo. several years

prior.

Her first crew:- Capt. J. B. Thompson, master; Frank Thompson, clerk; E. J. Clarke, pilot; Joseph Vandergrift, chief engineer, and Nath Smith, mate.

Sirs: I recently purchased an 1860 Henry Rifle that was presented to "Captain J. R. Sausley of the steamer BELLE MEMPHIS by the Memphis and St. Louis Packet Company, February 23, 1863."

Do you have information about Captain Sausley? I have heard he died in Nebraska City. Would you know of a picture of him, or one of the steamer?

Harold E. Bossardt,
257 Albany Turnpike,
Box 124,
Canton, Conn. 06019

=Negative on all counts. -Ed.

Sympathies of her many river friends were extended to LaRie Mueller, Mt. Washington (Cincinnati), Ohio upon the passing of her husband Louis D. Mueller, 74, on Tuesday, February 22, 1977. Mr. Mueller died suddenly of a heart attack at home. He was retired, having run an advertising agency bearing his own name.

Mrs. Mueller is well remembered on the river. Her first husband was Capt. Chris B. Greene who also succumbed to sudden heart failure in 1944. Mrs. Mueller's father was Capt. Verner L. Stickel, former master and pilot of the CHRIS GREENE.

Sirs: My idea about the lack of BOY on one picture of the MOUNTAIN BOY (March '77 issue, pages 6-7) is that in one view the horizontal door on the engineroom bulkhead is up, and on the other it is down.

James A. Lindemann,
631 Twickenham Road,
Glenside, Pa. 19038

=Take a seat at the head of the class. -Ed.

Last summer a group of businessmen in Augusta, Ky., concerned with restoring ferry service across the Ohio River there, bought Robert O'Neill's open end steel hull ferry MISTER HAINES and put it back in business.

The O'Neills, both the late Kline O'Neill and son Bob, had run the ferry across to Boude's Ferry, O. since 1951. Bob gave up in the fall of 1975. "Too much for one man," he explained.

The ferry under new ownership resumed July 11, 1976. Rates are \$1.50 for a car, and 25¢ for a foot passenger. The MISTER HAINES originally operated Portsmouth, O.-South Shore, Ky. run by James Hannah, and with Russell Haines (for whom the boat is named) as pilot. The U.S. Grant bridge ended service there.

Sirs: We sometimes tend to get gloomy about the decline of paddle steamers in Britain, but by my reckoning there will be more than 60 vessels operating in Europe and Scandinavia this summer - and that

doesn't include Russia which was having steam powered side-wheelers built until 1964.

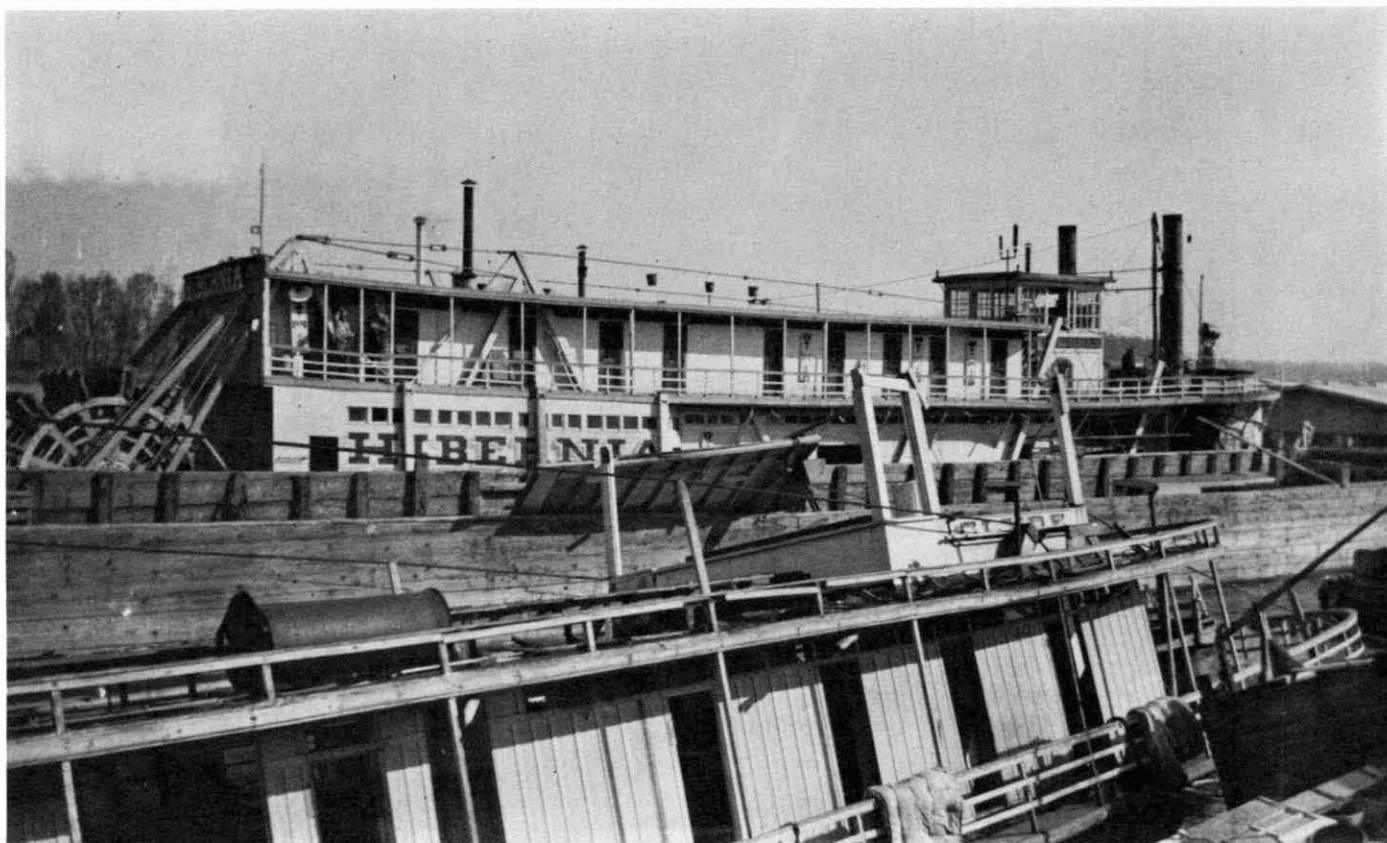
Russell Plummer,
39 Ellwood Ave.,
Petersborough PE2 BLX
England

=Mr. Plummer is the editor of the quarterly magazine "Paddle Wheels" issued by the Paddle Steamer Preservation Society which operates the 693-ton steam side-wheeler WAVERLEY on the River Clyde, and currently is rehabilitating the 94-ton steam side-wheeler KINGSWEAR CASTLE on the river Medway near Rochester. When S&D member John Hartford was in Scotland early this spring he visited on board the ocean-going WAVERLEY. -Ed.

COMPLETELY SOLD OUT

All bound volumes of S&D REFLECTOR have been sold.

Clothbound books Vols. 12-14 will be available in 1978 @ \$40.



JERRY SUTPHIN has been having fun making some prints from Capt. Ben Gilbert's negatives. This one was sort of a puzzler. Then it dawned on us that the CLYDE (wrecked in the foreground) sank at Paducah on November 9, 1933 from huge swells kicked up by a violent wind-storm. This is the same CLYDE with the iron hull which was an Upper Miss. rafter clear back to Izzard. The Arrow Transportation Co. of Sheffield, Ala. owned her in 1933 when this pic-

ture was taken. They decided to tear her up. As you see, the roof of the pilothouse has been thrown over into a barge. Then they changed their minds. She was raised, cut down to a single decker, and ran eight more years. The HIBERNIA was owned by Capt. Walter G. Houglund when this picture was snapped. She was well remembered around Pittsburgh towing coal to the Duquesne Light Co.'s plant on Brunots Island, this in the 1920s.



THIS is a darn good picture, and our compliments to Capt. Ben Gilbert who handled the camera and to Jerry Sutphin for the print. The CITY OF PITTSBURGH (2nd) is upbound at Mt. Vernon, Ind. on the Ohio River with a tow, and the local ferryboat DUGAN is in the foreground. This dates about 1931. The CITY OF PITTSBURGH was almost a dead ringer for the better known MONONGAHELA, both built by the Carnegie Steel Company. Today she is in the Ohio Barge Line fleet at Dravosburg, Pa. on the Monongahela River

serving as a landing boat since 1951. Last we heard of the MONONGAHELA she was beached on the shore of Castro's Cuba. The DUGAN was a steel hull towboat built at Jeffersonville, Ind. by Howard, 1927. She still exists, now renamed ELLIS FARMS II, operated by Kolb Ferry, Inc., Evansville, Ind. If it looks a little odd to see the CITY OF PITTSBURGH heading up around the Indiana side of Mt. Vernon Towhead, oldtimers will remind younger pilots that's where the channel used to be.

Lorenzo D. Poor, 83, died at the Hayswood Hospital, Maysville, Ky., at 10:50 p.m. on Monday, March 7, 1977. He had been a patient there over the week-end. He was born in Aberdeen, Ohio on February 2, 1894 and was the youngest and last of six children of L. D. and Mary M. Tolle Poor.

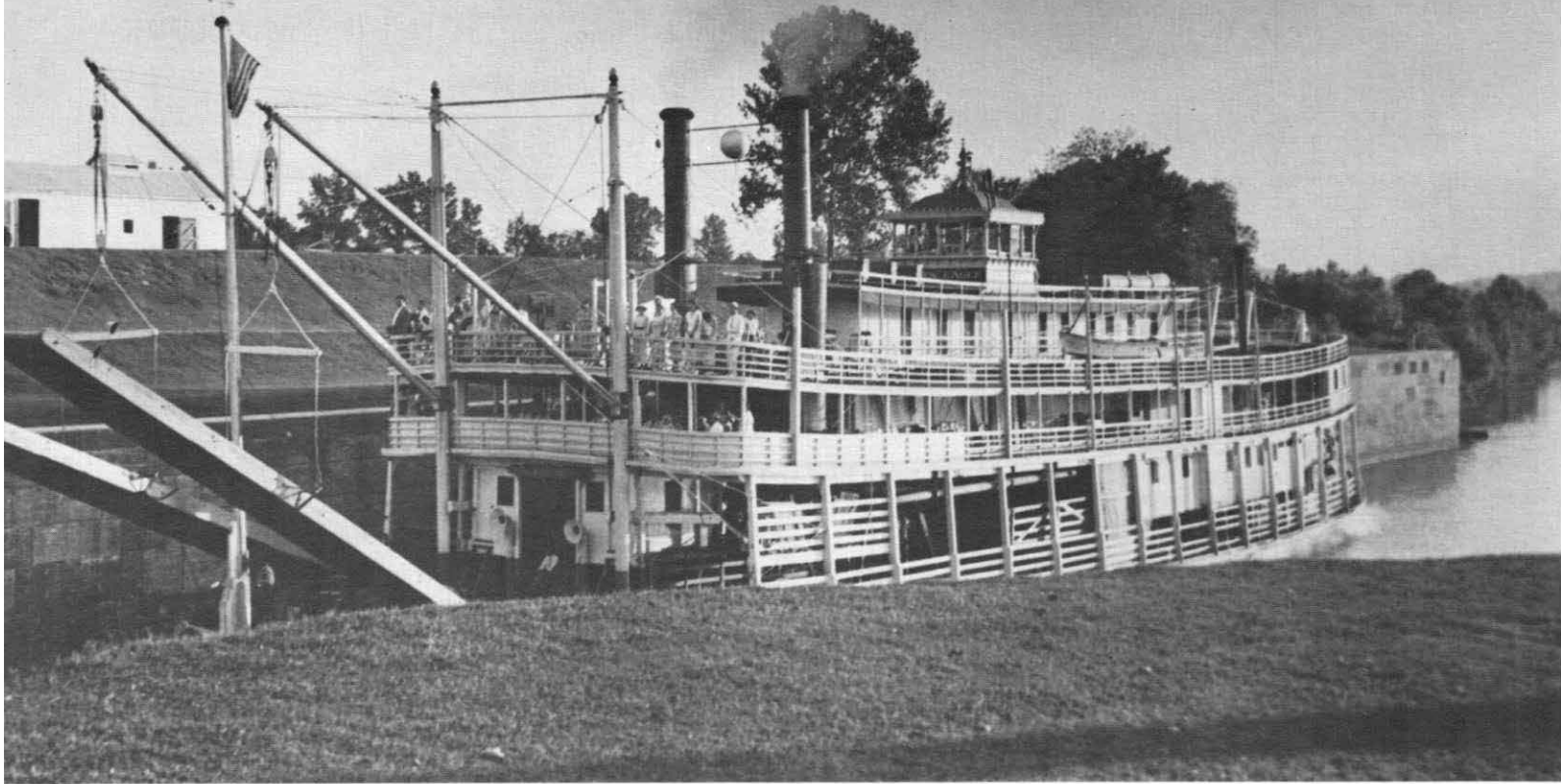
"L.D.," as he was known on the river, spent a long career as pilot on Maysville-Aberdeen ferryboats, and was mate and watchman on the DELTA QUEEN when she first entered Greene Line service. He was a veteran of the first World War, and had seen Army service in

France and Italy. A sternwheel gasboat at Maysville was named L. D. POOR in his honor.

L.D. and Elizabeth Rudy Poor were married years ago, and she died in 1965. He is survived by one child, Mrs. Nancy Stern of Cincinnati, and one grandchild, Joseph Laurance Stern, also of Cincinnati.

Services were conducted by the Rev. Ralph Middleton of the First Presbyterian Church, Maysville, and burial was in the Maysville Cemetery.

The great annual Steamboat Race at Louisville took place May 4th last, too late for inclusion in this issue. We made a phone call down there in advance to see how events were shaping up, to discover that John Hartford was piloting the JULIA BELLE SWAIN on local excursions, oblivious, apparently, to the national exposure of his song "Gentle On My Mind" on the Lawrence Welk Show several days prior. C. W. Stoll meanwhile was piloting the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE. Indications were that Capt. Ernie Wagner was to be in charge of the DELTA QUEEN there at Louisville.



THE tourist steamboat GOLDEN EAGLE is entering the Riverton Lock on Tennessee River, photographed by Capt. Ben Gilbert, and our thanks to Jerry Sutphin for the print. Thirty years ago this past May 18 the "Goldie" was lost when she sank at Grand Tower Towhead, Mississippi River, 78 miles

above Cairo. On that same date thirty years ago the DELTA QUEEN was entering the Mississippi River in tow of the ocean tug OSAGE, having successfully completed her epic journey from Antioch, Calif. By such strange whim of Fate these two significant events coincided on Sunday, May 18, 1947.

One sweet day G. H. (Bub) Crain popped in at 121 River and asked would S&D like to have an old-time ice saw for the Marietta exhibits. He said Bill Stinson had given it to him. Well sure, sure.

So then came the Hard Winter and we heard no more of Bub nor of the ice saw either. Until this picture arrived in the mail. "Taken at Georgetown, Pa., Ohio River Mile 38.7, left bank," said an accompanying note. "That old saw works fine sawing this ice from around the BETTY LOU even if it is a million years old and has Noah's fingerprints on it."

That's Bub on the business end.



A surprising number of famous Jeffersonville-built packets did not come from the Howard Ship Yard. Among these: BELLE LEE, KATIE, NEW MARY HOUSTON, EMMA C. ELLIOTT.

David S. Barmore ran his own shipyard at Jeff, produced the packets listed above, and scores of others. He built towboats (the JACK FROST was one) and eventually bought the marine ways and yard at Madison, Ind. in 1891, moved to that place, and, under his ownership and management, the Madison Marine Railways and Ship Yard was one of the busiest on the rivers.

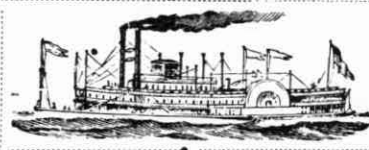
Barmore was a native of Cincinnati and with the exception of a few years in California, spent his adult life as a shipbuilder at Madison and Jeffersonville. Other of his Jeff-built boats were the GRAND ERA, W. P. HALLIDAY, MARIA LOUISE, BRADISH JOHNSON, CAPITOL CITY, ATLANTIC, WADE HAMPTON, CHARLES B. CHURCH and BELLE OF ST. LOUIS.

He served his apprenticeship under the elder James Howard who briefly operated the Madison yard in the 1840's. When Howard opened a yard at Shippingport, Ky. Barmore went there (in April 1845) and then launched out on his own.

The reason for this excursion is to focus attention for a few brief moments on David S. Barmore. When he was building the Anchor Line's HILL CITY at Madison in 1897 he judged he had built or repaired over 800 steamboats and barges in his lifetime.

Cairo and Tiptonville Packet Co. The Fast Passenger Steamer.

COLE BOREN,
MASTER.



C. J. HOWE,
CLERK

EVANSVILLE

Will leave Cairo for Tiptonville every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY at 2 o'clock p. m.

Will leave Tiptonville every TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY, at 6 o'clock a. m., making close connections with all Steamboats and Railroads.

We earnestly solicit the patronage of the shippers and traveling public.

FRANK CASSIDY, Agent,

No. 411 Ohio Levee

Telephone 154.

JOE C. HUBER, 1361 Conway St., St. Paul, Minn. 55106 is great-grandson of Capt. Cole Boren. Amongst Joe's souvenirs is the advertisement shown above. Joe also has a log book kept in 1881 on the towboat JAY GOULD handling corn and wheat in barges St. Louis-New Orleans. On the first page Capt. Boren notes "my first Tow Boat Trip." Also there is a receipt from the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers Pilots' Society for dues paid in January 1893, signed by P. S. Drown as secretary. There is no mention in our copious notes indicating that the EVANSVILLE ever ran in the Cairo-Tiptonville trade, but maybe she did---possibly about 1895-1897---maybe Bill Tippitt will know about this.



We were going on about a whistle located in a Monongahela, Pa. brewery purported to be "the long lost whistle of the old towboat BOAZ." If you missed it, or have forgotten, see page 44 of the Dec. '76 issue. Well, Russell M. Lintner has come up with the above photograph taken in 1937 at the Stag Brewing Co. showing the whistle "rediscovered." Plain to see it's not even a poor relation of the one the BOAZ wore all of her career. Russ says he got this picture from the late C. B. Copeland, Charleroi, Pa.

Grant Dinsmore, who restored the CALEDONIA daguerreotype (March '77 issue, page 22), went to Marietta on March 6th last armed with a camera. "I took a photo at the site of the CALEDONIA sinking---it is rather uncanny to see virtually the same topography in two pictures taken 121 years apart," he writes.

The Ohio River landing in front of the Joe Waring home formerly was called Daniel Boone Furnace landing. Iron from Boone Furnace in Greenup County was hauled overland to the river and shipped on boats, hence the name. Briary Landing was where Briary Creek entered the Ohio, below Quincy. New Hampshire landing was about one mile above Briary. Capt. William C. Dugan procured the above from Capt. James Rowley, Sr. (1829-1904).

PACKAGE OFFER

We have a surplus of 6 issues of S&D REFLECTOR: Vol. 7 #2; Vol. 8 #3, #4; Vol. 9 #4; Vol. 10 #2, #3. All six for \$10 and we pay mail charges. Address F. Way, Jr., 121 River Ave., Sewickley, Pa. 15143.

No substitutions please.



OUR THANKS to J. William (Bill) Kisinger, 515 Front St., Brownsville, Pa. 15417 for this, the last chapter in the story of the packet VALLEY GEM. In this picture she lies sunk at Morgantown, West Va., Mile 101, Monongahela River, victim of ice in the severe winter 1917-1918. During 1917 she had been operated in the Pittsburgh-Fairmont, West Va. trade by Capt. J. Orville Noll. For twenty years she was a Muskingum River regular (1898-1917) between McConnellsville and Zanesville, Capt. Newton Price. Built at Marietta, her original stockholders were Capt. Newton Price $\frac{1}{2}$ of McConnellsville; C. F. Siler $\frac{3}{8}$ of McConnellsville; J. H. Shipps $\frac{1}{8}$ and Charles F. Hearing $\frac{1}{8}$, both of Zanesville; H. S. Shaner $\frac{1}{16}$ of Durant, O. and Lee Humphrey $\frac{1}{16}$ of Malta, O. Her wood hull measured 125.2 by 26.4 by 4.2. Her engines were 13'-5 ft. and she had two boilers, each 40" by 18 ft. The tradition is that she was named for a piano. The manufacturers of the "Valley Gem" upright piano offered to supply one free to the boat if she carried that name. Today she has a worthy successor at Marietta, the diesel sternwheel excursion boat VALLEY GEM owned and operated by Jim Sands.

The National Research Council, 2101 Constitution Ave., Washington, D. C. 20418 is making a study of trees as the source of fuel "to the third world" (their phrase). S&D was petitioned to send along to them photographs of Mississippi River steamboats gorging on cordwood, or stacks of wood "on the wharf ready to be loaded on the riverboat."

"As you may know," writes Mrs. Maryalice Risdon, Library, Board on Science and Technology for International Development, National Academy of Sciences NRC, "the growing scarcity of firewood today is threatening the economies of the developing nations and directly affects the one-third or so of mankind which uses wood as fuel." A study is being conducted by the NRC to culminate in a report which will examine various species of trees and their potential value as

fuel to the third world. This report will be distributed free to scientists, policy-makers, and government officials throughout the developing world.

We're a bit edgy about fostering a report bothering itself about this third world going back to stoking boilers with pine knots and rosin. Think of the sparks! Better maybe we stick to ham fats and bacon rind. Apropos of these paragraphs was the excitement almost unprecedented at 121 River the other day. We were burrowed in our den typing inclusions for the "C" listings in the forthcoming Packet Directory when the air was rent with the unmistakable tootlings of a steam whistle on the railroad out front. We shoved down the "off" button on the electric typewriter, leaped up the stairs two at a clip, fell over the dog, and got to the front door

just in time to see this steam engine belching great gobs of black smoke, westward bound, hauling six coaches. The whistling never ceased, on into the distance, and as the sound dimmed the smoke hung aloft as reminder of the EVENT.

The third world must not be denied such outrageous loveliness. Wood-burners won't do the trick. Sure, coal-burners use wood for kindling, fair enough. Maybe a few left-over NRC Reports would serve as well.

In our last issue, page 5, was a four-line notice that Capt. Sam Herrington wished to dispose of his complete set of S&D REFLECTORS all in good shape. The purchaser in New Orleans gladly paid \$350 for the lot.



WE HAVE TWO PROBLEMS

..The pictures on page 44..

Some while back we added to our files the pictures shown on the opposite page. We did not then know, and still don't know what they are all about.

The lower one shows the pilothouse of the CHRIS GREENE (2nd). Somebody is mighty curious about how much clearance she has under that bridge. The person on the pilothouse roof is holding up a broom, and he got up there via the ladder. Fine. But what bridge, why and when? Who took the picture?

The upper one is not the skyline of Louisville, nor of Cincinnati against that dramatic cloud effect. It's a steamboat whistle. First off we voted it also on the CHRIS GREENE. Then our eyes wandered to the right, and that whistle over there is not the CHRIS's. The other two are. Or maybe it isn't on the CHRIS.

Assistance will be helpful.

they extended to New Orleans. They built much larger boats (over 300 feet) for the New Orleans run.

But to resume the KATIE trip: Just after leaving Memphis we met the CHARLES MORGAN, a fine, fast Cincinnati and New Orleans boat and an unusual favorite of shippers and the traveling public. Just below Cairo we met the JOHN A. SCUDDER, a St. Louis and New Orleans boat. After entering the Ohio River we met the ROBERT MITCHELL, Cincinnati and New Orleans boat. That evening we raced the BEN FRANKLIN and soon passed her.

My uncle Curt Holmes and I went to Plymouth, Mass. after coming up on the KATIE.

Yes, I did know Capt. L. V. Cooley. He started steamboating before the war and ran boats for many years on the Ouachita River. His last big boat was the AMERICA. She was built for the Ouachita trade. When the New Orleans and Vicksburg boats went out of business he switched the AMERICA to the New Orleans and Greenville trade, and I made a round trip on her each season she ran there. I

don't think Captain Cooley made much money with the AMERICA. He managed to meet expenses and ran her to be on the river. He and his wife lived on the boat, even when she was laid up at the New Orleans wharf. They were fine people and I learned to love them both. I took my last steamboat trip on his OUACHITA, this in 1929.

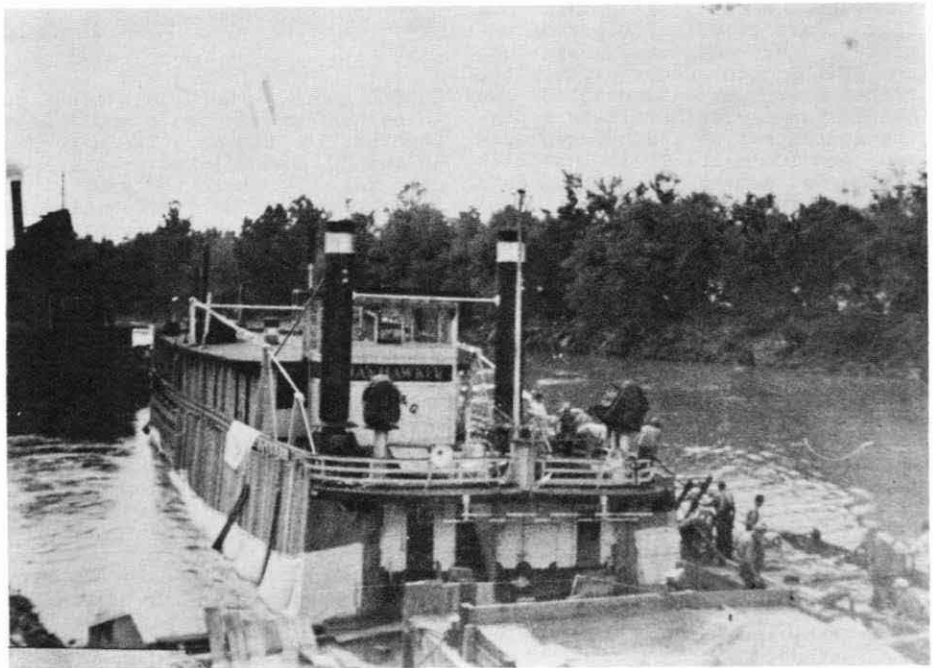
And by the way there was an old Negro died here at Natchez about five years ago who was a fireman on the LEE during the race with the NATCHEZ. He said that Captain Cannon gave each of the firemen one hundred dollars when the LEE arrived at St. Louis, the winner. You can have no idea what excitement there was at the time all over the country. Down this way the people took sides like they did in Presidential elections. My father wrote some doggeral after the race, and it was put to music and widely sung.

--The above was written by Mr. Holmes in 1936, when he was 77.
-Ed.

Thomas L. Watts, 82, died at Birmingham, Ala. on Sunday, April 17, 1977. He was a former lockmaster at No. 35, Ohio River. The graveside services were conducted at Highland Memorial Gardens. He is survived by two sons, Arnie C. Watts of Bessemer, Ala. and Raymond E. Watts, Chattanooga, Tenn., and a sister, Mrs. Bernice Gregory of Tuscaloosa, Ala.

The following was written by a gentleman who "was dar, Charlie." Truman C. Holmes has the floor:-

I don't think any farewell party was given when the KATIE left New Orleans on her final trip to Jeffersonville. I was not in a position to remember about that anyhow as I did not get aboard the KATIE until she reached Natchez. But I hardly think that there was much to-do about the departure at New Orleans because she was not a special favorite with the people, nor was she a business success, and I don't think she was dismantled because of her age or condition. I think she was in fair shape; but her cabin was to go on a much larger boat at the Howard Ship Yard, the ED RICHARDSON. The boats we passed enroute up to Jeffersonville (you may be sure I have a record of that, for these things were my principal interest in those days) were, first, the CITY OF ALTON, a big side-wheeler in the St. Louis and New Orleans trade, which we met just outside of New Orleans. Next morning we met the THOMAS SHERLOCK of the Cincinnati and New Orleans trade, and that afternoon the CAPITAL CITY. I think she was an Anchor Line boat in the St. Louis and Vicksburg trade. If I remember right the Anchor Line ran medium-sized boats in the St. Louis and Vicksburg trade some years before



DAVE WILSON, 47 Sherrell Drive, Jackson, Tenn. 38301 wants to know if anyone has a picture of the towboat JAYHAWKER taken after her final sinking above the old Colbert Shoals canal on the Tennessee River. We thought yes (see above) but have had second thoughts. Her final glug happened on Jan. 25, 1939, and in this "pitcher" the trees are in leaf. Anyhow she is said to have gone down in 28 feet, and in this one she's hardly 8 feet under. Our surmise is that the above was taken at the time she sank in Sheffield Chute, Tenn. R., which was on Sept. 11, 1936. If anyone has a view of JAYHAWKER's final plunge, Dave will be vastly obliged to know of it. We asked Dave what a "jayhawker" is, or was. He said it sounds like some kind of a bird but he doesn't think they roost in Tennessee, not along the river anyhow. People from Kansas used to be called Jayhawkers, maybe still are. But what's that got to do with a towboat on the Tennessee River?

Sirs: The letter to Sarah McCoy Wells in the Sept. '76 issue certainly brought back memories of our friend Walter McCoy. I guess the bit which hit me most was in the paragraph where you spoke of hopping in the car and taking off for Coal Run to see about the mishap of the LORENA. The one particular sentence was, "Your dad would have loved this."

Indeed Walt would've loved every breathing second of that particular episode as he did with anything connected with the Ohio and her tributaries, not to exclude "big daddy" the ol' Miss.

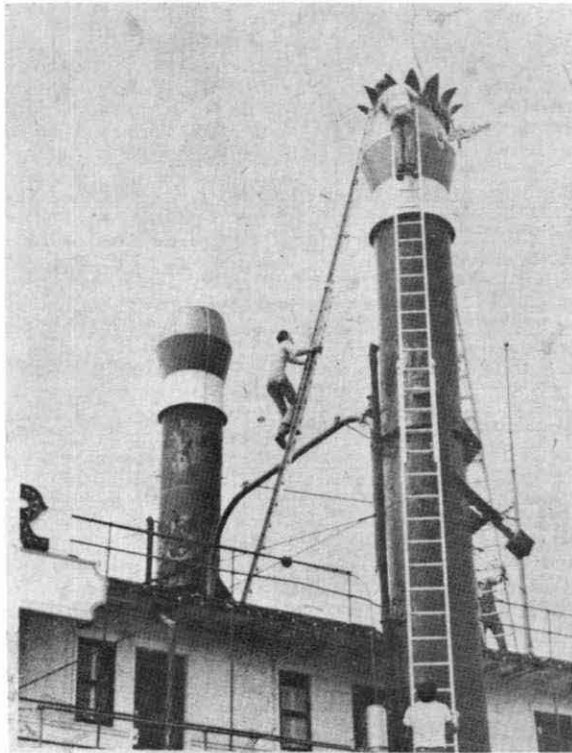
Wheeling to Coal Run to aid Brownie was something that would have been right up Walter's alley to say the least. To be sure, he'd have been in the car and half way down Sacra Via street toward the Muskingum before anyone had even thought to suggest it. Yes, Walt would've been on cloud nine.

I recall the meeting in '69. It was Friday morning and I had made the customary sojourn to the Gun Room in the Lafayette for breakfast. When I came back to the lobby there was Walt at the desk. As would've been expected he already had a project going. It took no arm twisting to get me enthused. We immediately went out to Walt's old Chevy pickup (the right door was inoperable) and headed for Campus Martius. Reposing in the box of that pickup were two genuine steamboat whistles which he had acquired from Lord knows where.

After depositing these plumber's dreams in the "River Room," we headed for Harmar, the west bank of the Muskingum section of Greater Marietta. Upon arrival Walt, Sam Herrington and I literally crawled on our hands and knees under the front porch of this local residence and there sat a rather unique contraption, a yawl, date of building 1885. Even in the darkness, dust and cobwebs below the porch, this 84-year-old facet of marine transportation was beautiful. How could an old rowboat, deprived of many recent coats of paint or varnish be beautiful? Perhaps it was the situation itself. We were in the company of Walt McCoy and exposed to his sincere enthusiasm.

We'd extracted the yawl and placed it in the bed of the pickup and were heading for the museum with our new treasure, on a loan basis. I looked over at Walt and asked how long the loan was for? That grin and twinkling eyes was the only answer I got. The yawl still reposes in the river museum. Then over to the Harmar Lumber Yard for blocking. The only thing comparable to this was my first S&D meeting two years previous when I met so many of those fine people for the first time.

I next saw Walter at the succeeding S&D meeting and then a month later here in St. Paul when the DELTA QUEEN was here on her supposed last trip. I carted him downtown in a vain attempt to locate the huge eagle which was from the hurricane deck of the packet



Getting ready for S&D at Marietta....feathers are being installed on the stack tops of the BECKY THATCHER. See news story on page 23. --Picture from Marietta Times (Leyphoto).

SPREAD EAGLE. We didn't find it.

The next evening Walt and I were together in the Mark Twain lounge on the DQ, and all too soon it was time for the boat to leave. My last glimpse of Walt McCoy, in the flesh, was on the forecastle of the QUEEN as she backed 'round from the landing and he hollered, "Hey Bob, there's still room on here!"

The following September, a phone conversation with C.W. relayed to me the sad news of Walter's sudden passing. Shocked was hardly the word. I'd lost one of my best river friends.

Even now, five years hence, it's still not all that easy to believe that the life of Sistersville, W. Va. and the Ohio Valley from Pittsburgh to Huntington is gone. Walter was too full of loving living and enthusiasm. No more will I be able to phone Sistersville, say "Hello you old whistle thief!" and hear that genuine hearty laugh on the other end of the line; a laugh coming from a beautiful human being.

The finest tribute which ever could've been rendered him was naming that Whistle Blow for him. Those Tootenanneys were his unselfish contribution and way of sharing his love of the river and life itself with his friends.

Rest assured, McCoy clan, your Dad did hear those whistles blowing June 19, 1976.

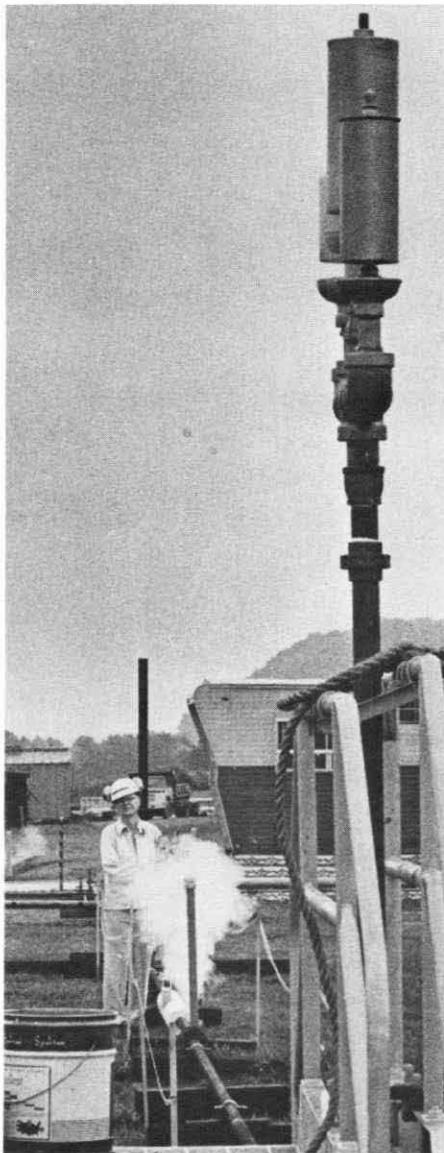
Bob Niemeyer,
1205 Westminster St.,
Apt. 15,
St. Paul, Minn. 55101

On page 19 this issue is a photo of the packet ALABAMA and alongside of it the caption mentions that Al Gambeck is in charge of concessions. We knew Al, and interviewed him in 1952 when he was keeping the bar on the GORDON C. GREENE.

In 1952 he had been steamboating for 60 years and declared he was on his last trip. Al came over from Germany aged 16, alone, and went to St. Louis where his uncle George Geisler owned the bar rights on the SPREAD EAGLE. Al, who had not learned English, went to work as assistant barkeep on the GREY EAGLE running St. Louis to Alton. He got some schooling in St. Louis and went assistant barkeep on the CHESTER where Dave Blair owned the bar rights. Dave was consuming too much of his wares and was fired. Al Gambeck bought the bar rights on the CHESTER for \$150.

After that, Al owned the bar rights on various of the St. Louis & Tennessee River Packet Co. packets, and last of all on the BELLE OF CALHOUN which burned----and the day she burned Al quit being a steamboat bar owner--and that tradition, an honorable one since Mark Twain's day--came to a conclusion. No man since has owned the bar rights on a Mississippi steamboat.

Once long ago a baby girl was born aboard a packet Al worked on, at Hamburg, Ill. Some twenty-five years later she wanted to go to England, her parents had died, and she had no birth certificate. She went to the steamboat landing at St. Louis with her tale of woe. Al Gambeck recalled the event, and her birth certificate was issued on his say-so.



Known in the trade as a "space filler," the above picture is presented to show y.t. blowing his whistle at the last Whistle Blow. It was on the DESTREHAN, later CHARLES R. HOOK.

Candidly we got behind time in preparing this issue of the magazine.

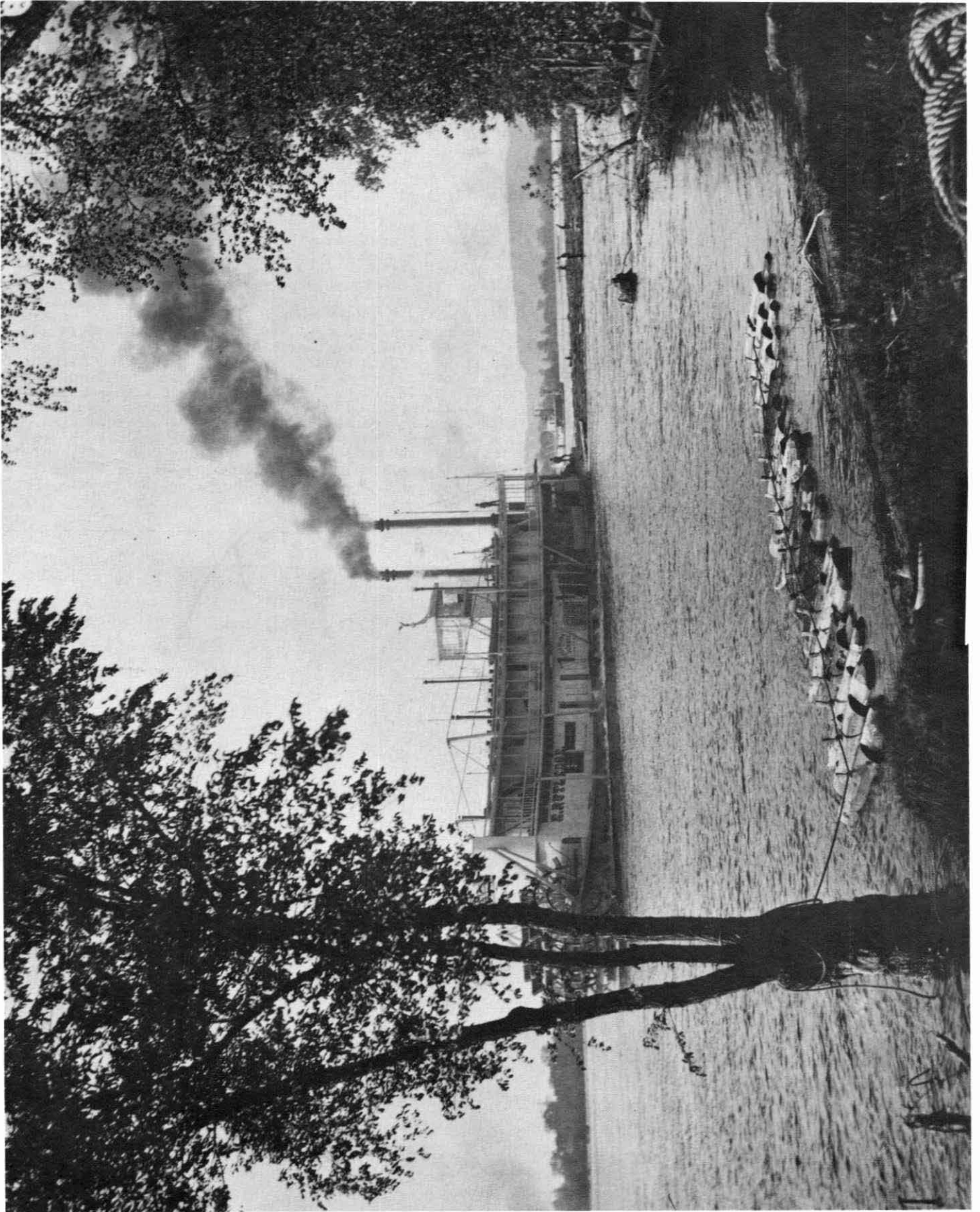
Then the doorbell rang. Oh, boy, there stood Jim Swartzwelder and Bob Latta, so blame this column on them. Jim had been scouting the Missouri River in a rental car; said the Muddy Mo was not as wide as he thought, but sure is full of sandbars, and current is pretty respectable. He got chased off a levee while taking a picture by a local law officer at one place. Bob Latta is building a whopper towboat model which he may name ALLEGHENY. By the time we'd gotten through rebuilding the MISS-Q and rejoicing over some new pictures of the CHAUTAUQUA BELLE that Jim Webster has sent, the morning was very successfully whiled away.

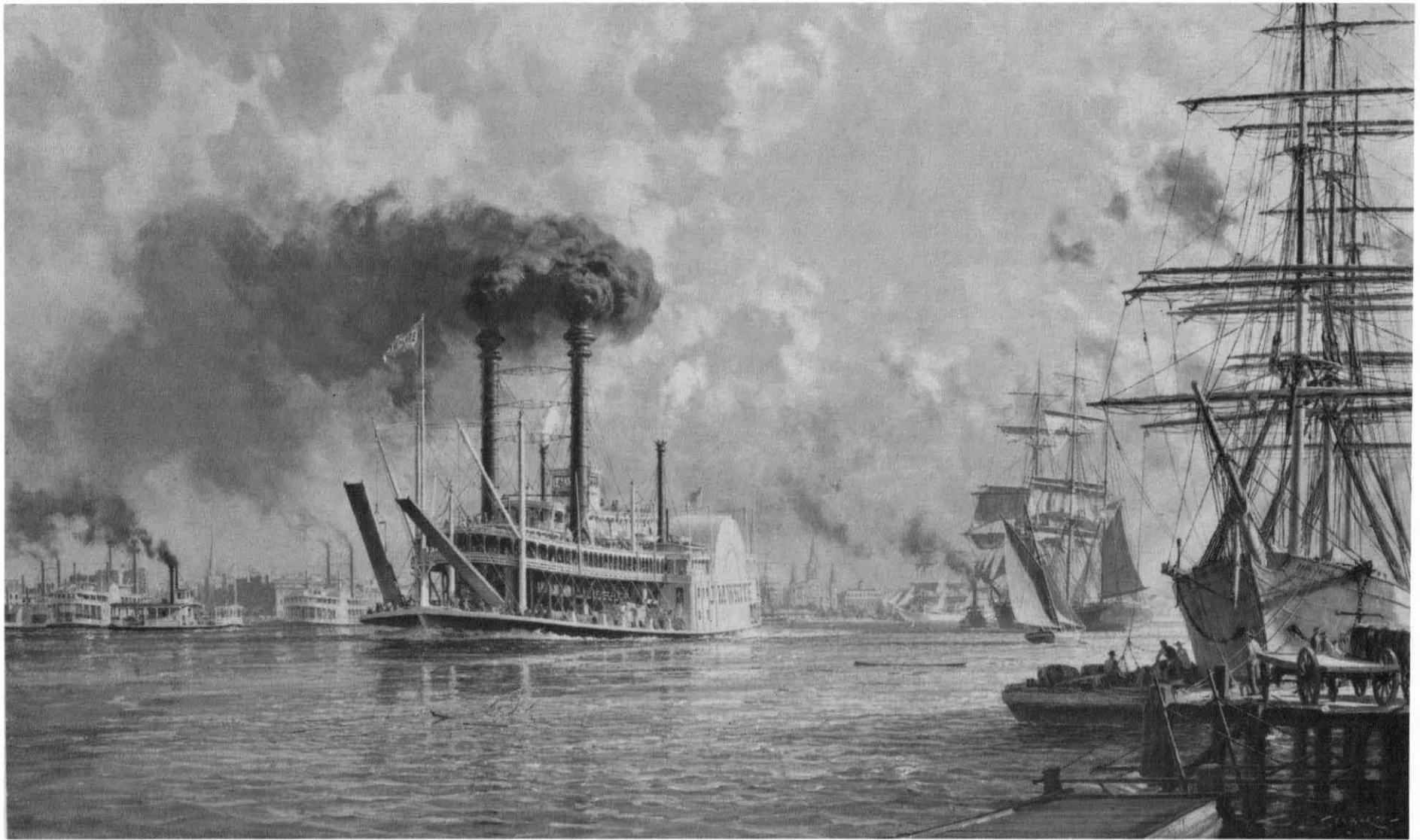
OUR BACK PAGE

BACK IN THE GOOD OLE DAYS of real sport private citizens wanting a pleasure boat picked up likely-looking steam sternwheel towboats and converted them for family use. The E. RUTLEDGE spent a lengthy career towing logs on the Upper Miss before she was bought by the Drs. Charles Horace and William James Mayo of Rochester, Minn. to become a steam yacht. She was built in 1892 at Rock Island, Ill. for the Rock Island Lumber Co., and later was in the fleet of the Weyerhauser & Denkmann lumber firm. There was another change of ownership and she was renamed JOHN H. RICH, still towing logs. This latter firm went into receivership and the Drs. Mayo, being creditors, accepted the boat as their share of the liquidated assets. They rebuilt the boat extensively, renamed her ORONOCO, and cruised hither and yon as escape from the arduous duties at their Rochester Mayo Clinic. Cruising on the river was so enchanting a pastime, the good Doctors telegraphed Ed J. Howard of the Howard Ship Yard to come look at the ORONOCO and advise them about transferring her machinery and cabins on to a new steel hull. Ed Howard did come look, and persuaded them to build instead an outright new boat--built at Jeff in 1916 and named MINNESOTA. The old ORONOCO became a daily packet between Greenville, Miss. and Luna, Ark. run by Capts. Frank and William Lyons. In 1921 she was sold to the Ben Franklin Coal Co., on the Ohio River at Moundsville, West Va. and renamed BEN FRANKLIN and towed coal with the pilothouse still aloft on the roof. In 1925 she was sold to Capt. John Donald, Ripley, O. and A. O. Kirschner, Cincinnati. Capt. Donald's share soon was acquired by Kirschner who then owned her entire. He job-towed with her until she burned at Cincinnati in 1935. In 43 years under four names she was a rafter, yacht, packet and towboat. Vital statistics:- 132.7 x 30.5 x 4.7. Engines 15's- 5 ft., three boilers, 38" by 18 ft. For this picturesque scene in her rafting days as E. RUTLEDGE our thanks to Ralph Du Pae and the University of Wisconsin Area Research Center, La Crosse, Wis. They acquired it with the Sam Van Sant collection.



This strange whistle was blown aboard the DELTA QUEEN from St. Francisville to Vicksburg on her New Year's trip 1977. Lexie Palmore got it in Abbeville, La. where it did service on an old sugar mill there. Capt. Gabe Chengery was skipper on the DQ that trip. Ann Zeiger, 6167 Fairway Drive, Cincinnati 45212 took the picture. This is not the first time the DQ has temporarily changed her voice; she had the CHRIS GREENE--HOMER SMITH whistle in 1952 for a time, and briefly blew the one now on the NATCHEZ. Her normal voice is the one she was born with in California.

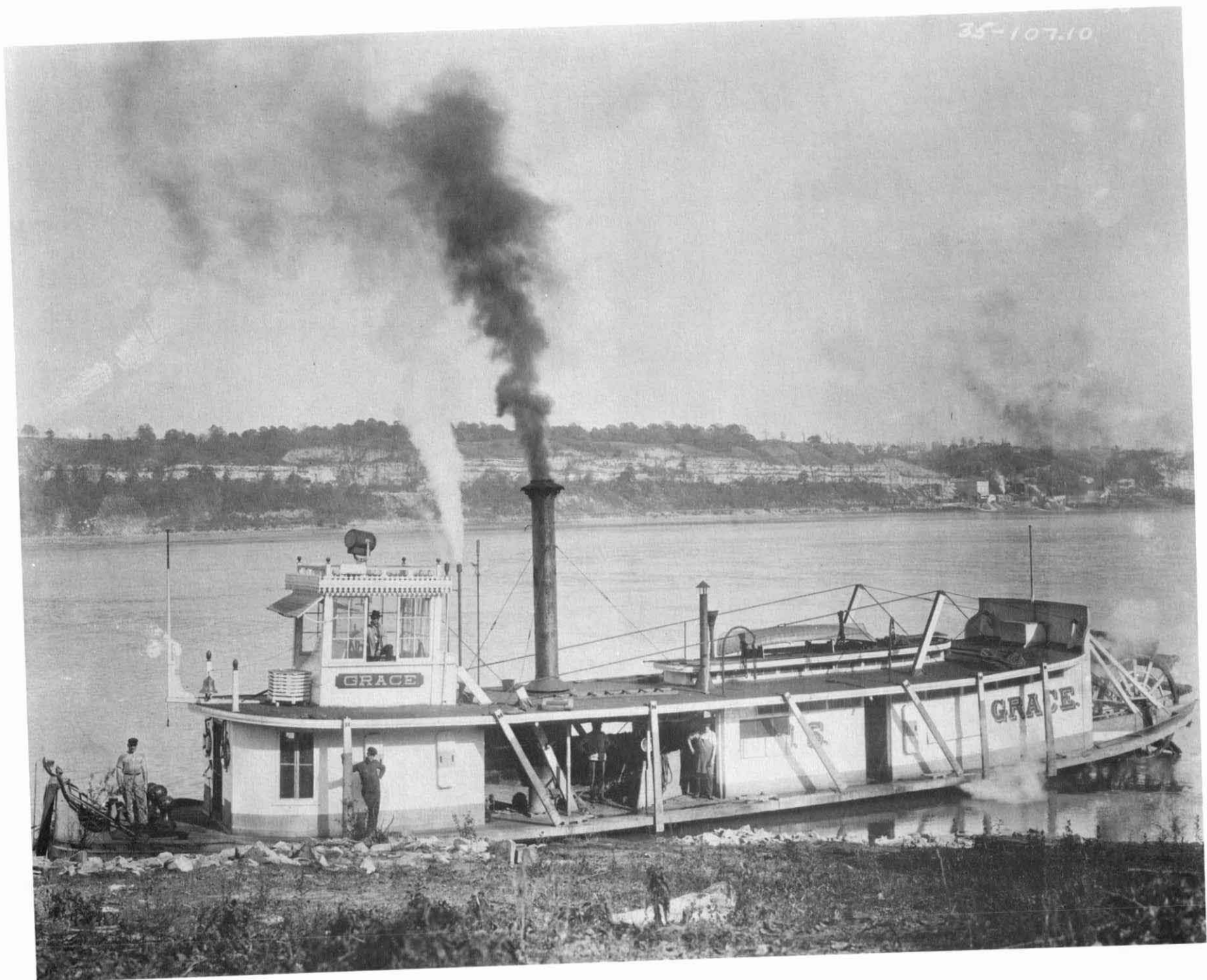


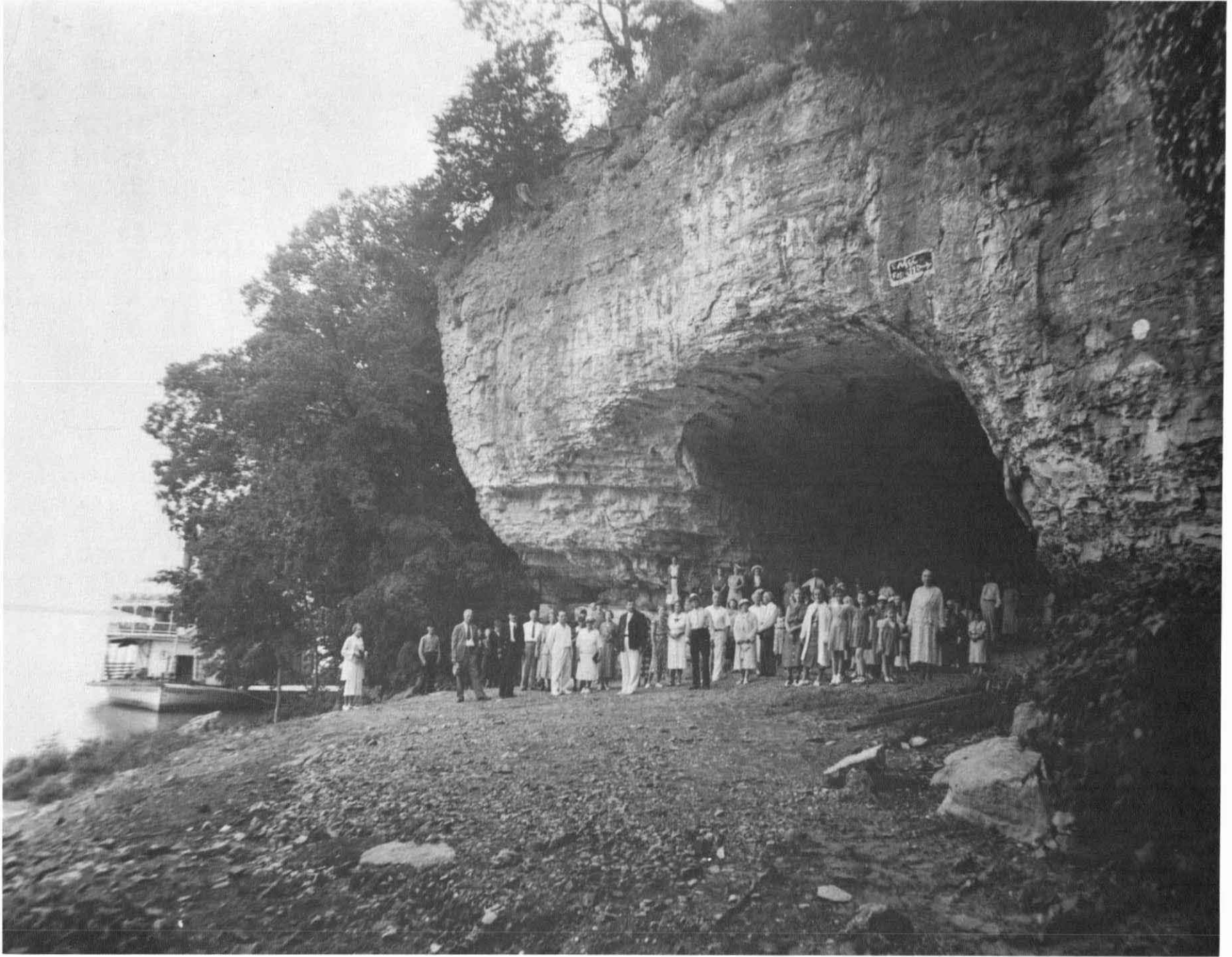


THE J. M. WHITE is much in the news. She has been recreated in oils by marine artist John Stobart (see next page, column 1). The above photograph of the original painting in entirety was furnished to us through the kindness of Augustus J. Montovano who runs Lithocraft of New England, Inc., 7 Market St., Stamford, Conn. 06902. The front cover of this issue is a section-view made direct from the original. The WHITE is departing New Orleans bound upriver. In the distance over her stern is St. Louis Cathedral flanked by the Cabildo and Presbytere where the NATCHEZ docks today at

the Toulouse Street wharf. The sailing ship in right foreground is the PAUL JONES, berthed at Algiers. The several side-wheel packets at the left were painted in for atmosphere and John Stobart says one of them is the OUACHITA BELLE. The ferry heading out from Canal Street is modeled after the JOSIE which was the first steel hull boat built at the Howard Ship Yard, propeller driven. For all the accuracy of delineation and captivating atmosphere, JOSIE was not built until 1891 and this picture necessarily was staged prior to 1886 when the WHITE burned at Point Coupee.

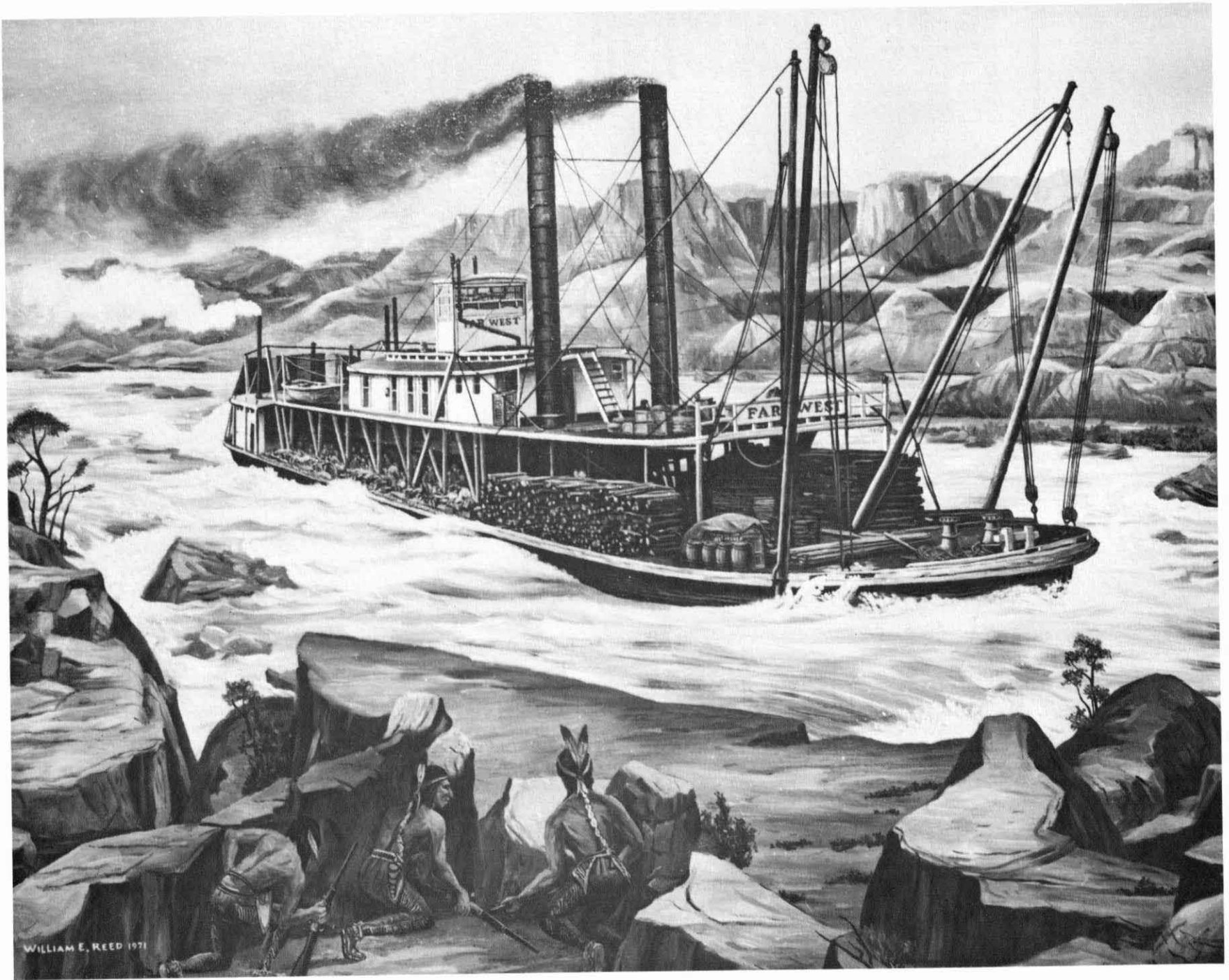
35-107-10







ON WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1977 the DELTA QUEEN and the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN were both due at Natchez, Miss. Photographer Allen Hess was alerted. He left New Orleans at 2:30 a.m. that morning to get to Natchez before the boats did. After all, two steamboats of such magnitude and prominence landed together "under the hill" has become more rare than a total solar eclipse over the ante-bellum mansions of that place. The DQ was downbound from Memphis; the MQ upbound for Vicksburg. Meet they did, and the above scene is the result of Allen's photography. The management of the Delta Queen Steamboat Company has arranged with Allen to have a huge photo mural, eight by twenty feet, made of this. It will grace the new offices at 2020 International Trade Mart, New Orleans.



WILLIAM E. REED 1971



