

S&D

REFLECTOR

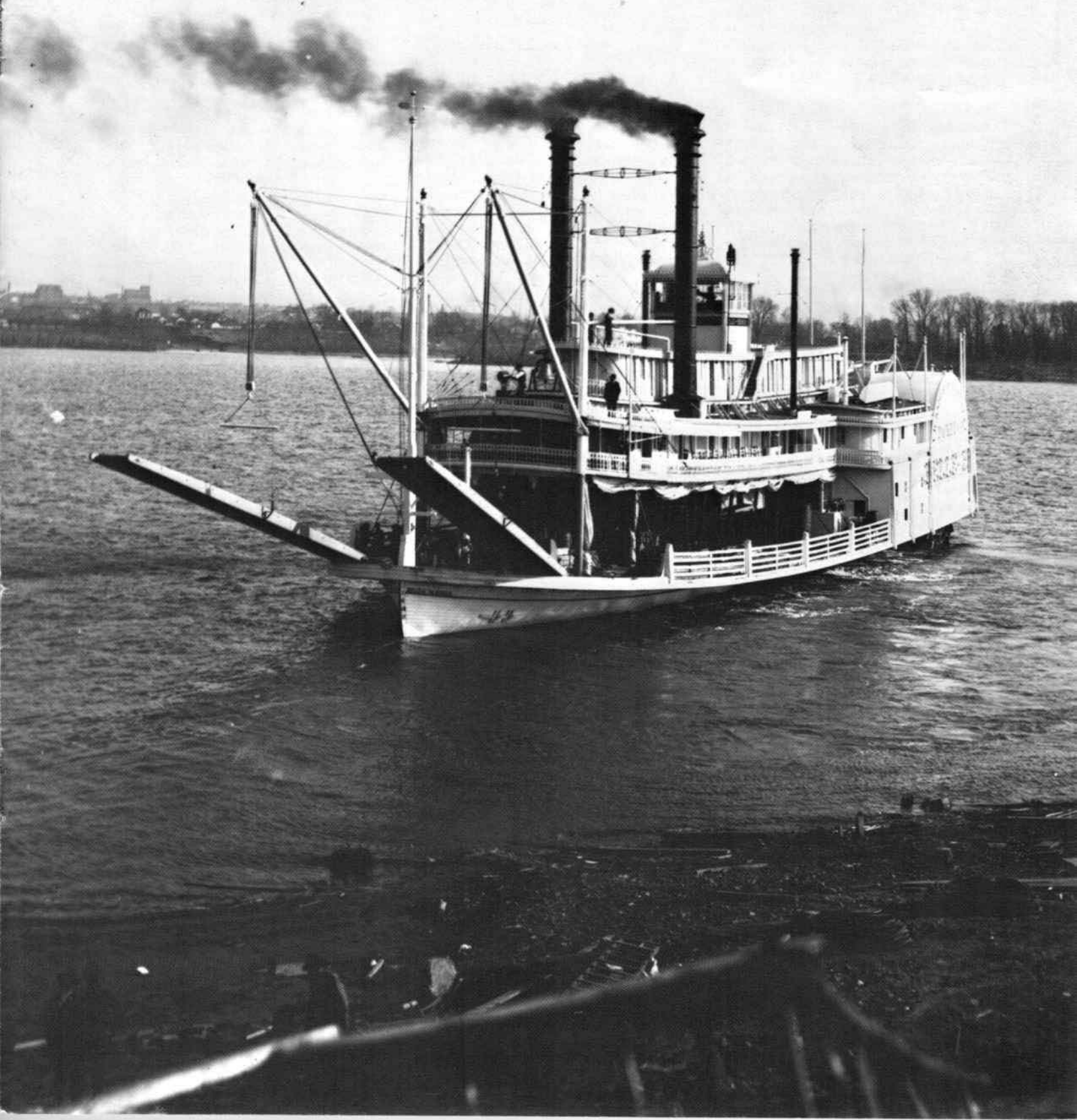
Published by Sons and Daughters
of Pioneer Rivermen



Vol. 25, No. 3

Marietta, Ohio

September, 1988



TALL STACKS

Cincinnati Gears Up
For Super River Show

Looks now like the PRESIDENT, DELTA QUEEN and BELLE OF LOUISVILLE will be the star performers Oct. 14-16 when Cincinnati's year-long sesqui celebration comes to its climax.

An attractive folder lists other participants as the ISLAND QUEEN from Memphis, WEST VIRGINIA BELLE from Huntington; SOUTHERN BELLE from Chattanooga; BONNIE BELLE from Evansville; MARK TWAIN from Hannibal, Mo.; THE QUEEN of Cincinnati; BECKY THATCHER of Cincinnati; SPIRIT OF CINCINNATI of Cincinnati; P. A. DENNY from Huntington, and the RIVER QUEEN from Knoxville.

Late advices from Warsaw, Ky. promise that the W. P. SNYDER JR. renovation is being rapidly pursued by Capt. John L. Beatty and crew, and Ohio Historical Society hopes to have her exhibited at the Tall Stacks spectacle, following which she will be returned to Marietta.

Official sponsors of these special events are Cincinnati Brewery--Hudephol-Schoenling; Greater Cincinnati Pontiac Pacesetters; Kahn's and Company; Kentucky Fried Chicken, and United Dairy Farmers. Tall Stacks is an official event of the Greater Cincinnati Bicentennial Commission, Inc.

The kick-off comes on Friday, Oct. 14 with the arrival of the river fleet, fanfare and national TV coverage. Saturday's headliner is a 2-mile race at 2 p.m. with four boats participating. The "big" race comes Sunday at 3 p.m. between the DELTA QUEEN and BELLE OF LOUISVILLE.

Those who wish to ride the boats are buying advance tickets for luncheon cruises, arrival ceremony cruises, harbor cruises, dinner cruises, moonlight cruises and brunch cruises. Prime offering is a trip aboard the PRESIDENT to Coney Island and return, dinner included, Saturday and Sunday at 6:30 p.m., at \$86.95. A feature of these two trips is a stop-over at Coney, Cincinnati's amusement park still going strong. To order tickets by phone call the Talking Yellow Pages in Cincinnati at (513-333-4444 from 7 a.m. to midnight E.S.T.

Also offered are Passport

Tours on Friday at 6:15 p.m., on Saturday at 9 p.m. and on Sunday 10 to 11:30 a.m. These are subject to vessel availability and require paid admission. A guided tour of the vessel is given as she remains dockside.

S&D is requesting a supply of these folders to be made available at our Sept. 17 week-end at Marietta.

THE FRONT COVER

Was there ever a boat's name with ever so springy a lilt; BELLE OF THE BENDS! Say it half aloud to yourself, and once again; BELLE OF THE BENDS. The Waterways Journal once headlined her as One of the Best Proportioned Side-Wheelers Ever Built. We're a bit lyrical due to the discovery of this front-page original glass negative, copy prints of which have been circulated for years. Now we know for the first time that Capt. Jim Howard took this picture on her trial trip at Jeffersonville, April 11, 1898, and but a mere month ago the original negative surfaced in the collection of Capt. Bill Tippitt. Woody Rutter made the print, as pristine as the day Capt. Jim developed it in his dark room.

Capt. Sam G. Smith in his latter days as managing editor of The Waterways Journal tilted back in his office chair at the mere mention of the BELLE OF THE BENDS, which he had clerked in 1907, and his eyes lit up.

Courtney M. Ellis, the

Nashville steamboat engineer who often attended S&D meetings of yore, once stood watches on her. Courtney recalled how very narrow of hull she was; of how unmanageable she was in wind, and of how he so frequently had to call upon the captain to move freight from one side of the main deck to the other to trim her. She'd get a lean, magnified by those tall stacks, enough to set Courtney's Vanduzens away off kilter on her three boilers, reading like a stopped Methodist church steeple clock, all faces showing different times of day. "You'll notice they lopped off that 116-foot texas later on, setting the pilothouse down on the skylight roof--she was really topheavy and touchy," he'd say.

Howard's built the hull 210 feet long by 32.6 feet wide, about the same width as the BETSY ANN. But the BELLE OF THE BENDS was built high--main deck to boiler deck 14 feet.

Another Waterways Journal person, Andy Franz, once cast his lot with the BELLE, lettering along the circular portion of the wheelhouses THE ONLY WAY THE WATER WAY. Andy said it about tore his heart out to rip out her gorgeous cabin (which had two overstuffed bridal suites hard aft, about the conclusion of that barbaric custom) and make a full length dance floor of it for excursions.

The BELLE OF THE BENDS, like the DELTA QUEEN, bids to provide river talk forevermore.



On board the NATCHEZ at New Orleans, March 12, 1988, star of the Dolly Parton Show; hello Dolly. -Thanks to Judy Patsch.

S&D SPEAKER

Walter Carpenter of
St. Marys, West Va.
Had Unusual Career.

Walter S. Carpenter is son of the late Hiram A. Carpenter, and Walter and his wife Nancy live in the Carpenter home at St. Marys. His father's river interests were widely diversified and included raising potatoes on many Ohio River islands, and he used to recount that he had run the last produce boat, loaded with apples and potatoes, down the Ohio River. Hiram furnished the gravel for improving highways on both sides of the river, which operation included ownership and operation of towboats, barges, hoists and dredges. By 1930 he was a vice president of the Ohio Valley Improvement Association, and not the least of his deeds was to bring with him from St. Marys to an S&D meeting a youthful river enthusiast, Roddy Hammett, who now is alternate master of the popular steamer NATCHEZ at New Orleans.

Walter worked with his father on various of these enterprises, including the digging and shipping of the island-raised potatoes. and with the contracting fleet.

Our speaker received his master degree in education at West Virginia U. and for almost 30 years he taught science subjects in St. Marys high school. He and Nancy were married in 1947.

Way's Packets #4333 provides a two-line mention of a side-wheel packet named ORLINE ST. JOHN built at Louisville 1847 which wound up in a blaze in Alabama claiming 41 lives.

The details of this catastrophe was the subject of an Associated Press release widely circulated in mid-July. The wreck has been located on the Alabama River in Wilcox County and a search is under way to recover \$5 million in gold reportedly lost when the boat burned on March 4, 1850.

On board were 49rs returning from the California gold dig. Also contemporary reports were that she carried gold ingots possibly bound for the U.S. Mint in Dahlonega, Ga.

The ORLINE ST. JOHN was upbound about a mile above Bridgeport Landing. A sand

bar at the site is still known as St. John's. In 1955 W. P. Harris Jr. of Camden, Ala. and a group of friends scratched around and recovered razors, buttons, buckles, assorted knives, scissors, coins and a piece of chinaware with the boat's name on it--but that's about all.

The present search is being launched by a two-man team, David Folmar of Hoover, Ala. and John Wright of Pelham, Ala. They will determine whether or not there is gold in that thar steamboat.

Thanks to Charles A. Danner, 108 Lauderdale, Montgomery, Ala. 36116 for a clipping from the Montgomery Advertiser.

- OBITUARIES -

During the three-month period ending July 28, 1988 all S&Ds hopefully have enjoyed the summer and Amen to that.

In the 1880 census Fort Benton, Mont. checked in with a population of 1,618, exceeded only by Butte and Helena. In 1890 Fort Benton had dwindled to 624. Today's Fort Benton numbers 1,600+, about back to the 1880 figure. Montana will observe the state's centennial next year.



Capt. Jesse P. Hughes stands in typical pose for a gallery photo. The original is not dated but the occasion, for occasion it must have been, may have been in celebration of getting his first pilot's license. Thanks to Mrs. Hope D. Barnhouse, Route 1, Box 106, Newport, Ohio 45768 (Rea's Run) for loaning this keepsake, and to Woody Rutter for making this copy.

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Remit to:

Mrs. J. W. Rutter,
126 Seneca Drive,
Marietta, Ohio 45750

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 a loan basis.

Additional copies of the current issue are available from Mrs. Rutter at \$4 each. Back issues are available for most issues within the past twelve years at \$4 each; for older issues inquire of Mrs. Rutter.

Capt. Frederick Way, Jr., editor,
121 River Avenue,
Sewickley, Pa. 15143

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DIBS AND DABS

We'll Be Meeting By the River.

THE TIME has come, the walrus said, to speak of many things, and the "many things" in this issue have the wide range of a salad bar, dibs and dabs of attractive fare, colorful and crisp on an ice-cold glass plate. But don't overload--we have the savory entree coming up on the week-end of Sept. 17th at Marietta. If you read the S&D REFLECTOR systematically, starting at page 2 and winding your way aft, you have already met our featured banquet speaker on page 3, but you won't meet up with the Ramada news until page 40. Vic and Mom Tooker have fan letters on pages 7 and 25. Speaking of the Ramada, Woody has arranged a street car shuttle to clang, clang its way between the Lafayette and the Ramada on Saturday. Details will appear in a bulletin available upon your arrival. Questions? Phone Woody and Bee at (614) 373-7829 or Ye Ed at (412) 741-5395. Lafayette's phone is (614) 373-5522, and Ramada is (614) 374-8481. Our ETA is Thursday afternoon, Sept. 15, in time to get the dust swept under the rugs, etc.

Back again briefly to this issue of the S&D REFLECTOR:- Never have we included on 48 pages so many letters, photographs and news accounts sent to us by fellow members. A certain amount of selection and editing is all that kept the thing from busting its seams. Such generous assistance deserves, and gets, thanks, thanks, thanks--and more thanks.

II

TWO UNUSUAL EVENTS

They Both Happened
Aboard the NATCHEZ
at New Orleans.

by Capt. Doc Hawley

During the course of several years in the excursion business we have had occasion to entertain many diverse groups interested in a river cruise. We've played host to a President of the United States, Gerald Ford, high school and college proms, company picnics, fancy charters for many companies, grade school outings, sit-down dinners, stand-up cocktail parties and church socials. But the most interesting was an excursion for the National Association of the Blind who chartered the NATCHEZ for a narrated cruise upon which we boarded 817 blind persons and 300-plus seeing-eye dogs.

My phone call to the U.S. Coast Guard's local Captain of the Port for advice on how to best serve this very special group was met with the response that there was "no precedent" in Coast Guard annals. The only official advice was to cover the boat with lots of watchmen. Due to the special nature of boats with canted decks, doorways with raised sills and stairways with center rails, we decided to provide assistance in several ways. Girl and Boy Scouts were assigned to cover strategic spots. Also we gleaned our World Trade Center office force, leaving behind only the telephone receptionist.

I am proud to say that the excursion was a real success and it was heartwarming to see the interest and response. The charterers requested and received a vivid, technicolor narration with a special description of each passing ship. At the close of the cruise we received the only ovation that I have experienced in 35 years in this business.

The calliope was especially appreciated and we received several requests for special songs. The only problem encountered was that some of the seeing-eye dogs were extra-sensitive to the harmonics of the big steam whistle and this resulted in reactions that required the services of a special "scooper patrol" conducted by the deck crew.

Contrary to the popular belief that the public is unpredictable, an axiom of the excursion business is that upon boarding nearly all passengers go on an "exploring mission" that leads them to the bow of the uppermost decks. Seldom is there a variance unless rain is falling or nature is calling.

Upon arriving at their chosen spot on deck, the inclination is to "stake a claim" on a deck chair and the portion of the deck beneath it. For reasons not quite understood, many passengers expect that the chair and deck space is to be theirs alone for the duration of the trip. (Not realizing that, sooner or later, they will want to move about to visit the bar, restaurant, gift shops, engine-room, etc.)

On one occasion, an elderly lady claimed her chair and literally planned to keep it with her no matter what. We had been under way 25 or 30 minutes when a deck watchman came to the pilothouse to report "a lady trapped in one of the stalls in the diningroom lavatory." This unusual circumstance called for immediate attention.

I accompanied the officer to the scene where we were met by an anxious attendant and cautiously shown into the ladies' room. To our surprise we found, not only a frail little lady, but her wine deck chair--all within the confines of the narrow stall. She had taken her chair with her through the stall door which opens inwardly. When it came time to leave, the door would not clear the chair (let alone the lady or the commode.) The only solution was to somehow elevate the chair over her head or the commode. In addition to our physical dilemma, claustrophobia was setting in and she was in a state of near panic. As we could not explain the logistics of the problem to her, the situation worsened as she began to cry and call for help.

Therefore, for a moment or two, the situation was tense and slightly ridiculous with crying passenger, deck chair, commode, and perplexed porter--all within the confines of that narrow space. Fortunately, for all concerned, we had an extra-thin young man working as a diningroom porter. He agreed to slither under the stall divider

(with her permission, of course) and hold the chair overhead in such a manner as the clear the door and allow it to swing open.

Upon her release, she directed the porter to return the chair to her spot on the third deck. Fortunately the place was still available and she sat right there for the remainder of the cruise, enjoying the narration and the Mississippi to her heart's content. Her only remark was that "They should make those toilet stalls larger."

TIPPITT COLLECTION
ACQUIRED

The trustees of S&D's J. Mack Gamble Fund called on Capt. William H. Tippitt at Hernando, Miss. on May 25th and inventoried Bill's extensive collection of river materials. J. W. Rutter, Bert Fenn and Andy Anderson decided that the material Bill had assembled and compiled over his lifetime will be of great assistance to future researchers. Agreement was arrived at to transfer the collection to the Inland Rivers Library, Cincinnati, which was accomplished during June.

A summary of the scope of Bill's collection by J. W. Rutter follows:

"Mainly, Bill Tippitt's collection's big value is the vast number of extracts from newspapers of Memphis, Cairo and St. Louis covering the period from 1850 to 1920. He spent five years culling library files and has all the extracts typed out and boxed by year; this alone takes up more than 10 feet of shelf space. Then there is all the material which Bill researched on the Lee Line and the Anchor Line, plus his "Snagtown River Ripples" columns which appeared in a Cairo newspaper, 1920-1924. Bill's photo collection is reasonably well organized, and turns out he has 25 8x10s and 150 5x7 glass plate negatives which Ralph DuPae has not yet examined for the University of Wisconsin project. The 5x7s are professionally-made copies from a collection assembled by one Frank Saville, an old-time steamboat steward who ran a saloon in Cairo about 1910-1920. Also there is the Cairo wharfboat register for 1853-1855 and 77 pscket manifests from the period 1899-1900. All in all, this will be an important addition to the Inland Rivers Library, according to Andy Anderson."

6 Wreckage said to be steamboat

• What wrecks are present?

We currently know of four vessels located downstream from the Mississippi River bridges at West Memphis. One is a steamboat (at least 150' long); a second vessel (139 feet long) is either another steamboat or a barge. The others are a modern steel barge and a fragment of a wooden barge. The two steamboats are considered of greatest interest and potential historical importance.

• Who owns the wrecks?

The Arkansas Commissioner of State Lands acting for the State of Arkansas holds these properties in trust for everyone. Arkansas State law provides that the bottoms of all navigable streams (in the case of the Mississippi River to the Tennessee State line) are the property of the State including all sand, gravel, minerals, or cultural objects (artifacts). A second State law forbids collecting any archeological artifacts from State property by individuals. The Arkansas Archeological Survey is the State agency with responsibility for investigating evidence of Arkansas' archeological record.

• How old are they?

We don't know, but that doesn't mean we haven't got a clue. In fact we have quite a few clues. The two steamboats appear to have been constructed before 1900, for no round nails (which became popular about 1900) were used in their initial construction. However, the steamboat/barge was repaired at some time with round nails. Construction details and artifacts found with the vessels will provide other evidence.

• Why are they important?

We presently know very little about boat construction on the Mississippi River in the 1800s. Builders in those days rarely used blue prints. Most of our information has been gained from photographs of the exteriors or descriptions of the public areas (cabins, saloons, casinos, etc.). Other information has come from the difficult study of submerged wrecks. The two steamboats here are exposed on dry land and clearly show their internal skeletons, among the first from this period capable of being so thoroughly studied.

What wood was used?

What construction techniques were used?

Answers to these and many other questions will enable us to better understand how our forefathers used the Mississippi River.

• How were they discovered?

These wrecks were brought to the State's attention by citizens of West Memphis who recognized their importance. The Arkansas Commissioner of State Lands immediately established security by posting guards to protect the vessels, and the Division of State Parks provided signs to place around the area. Emergency funds provided by the Arkansas Natural and Cultural Resources Council have enabled the Arkansas Archeological Survey to begin scientific investigations.

• What are we doing now?

Dr. Skip Stewart-Abernathy, Survey Archeologist based at the University of Arkansas at Pine Bluff, is in charge of the investigation. He and a crew of archeologists and experienced volunteers from the Arkansas Archeological Society and from the region are excavating to expose structural details of the vessels and to determine if and what artifacts (boat hardware, dishes, and other objects not salvaged when the vessels sank) still remain. This work will increase our understanding of ship construction and, hopefully, tell us more about how these ships were used and when they sank (perhaps even enabling us to identify the ships).

Boat discovery said "beautiful"

• What next?

During the first week in July an expert in Mississippi River steamboats will examine the wrecks and make detailed drawings of the remains. Dr. Stewart-Abernathy and others will do archival research to locate clues as to when the ships might have sunk and the identification of the vessels. Artifacts recovered will also be cleaned, preserved, and analyzed. On the basis of all this information the Survey will make recommendations to the Commissioner of State Lands as to what, if any, further research should be conducted before the vessels are again covered over by the Mississippi River.

COOPERATING AGENCIES

The following agencies of the State of Arkansas are cooperating to accomplish this important research.

The Arkansas Commissioner of State Lands

The Arkansas Archeological Survey

The Arkansas Division of State Parks

The Department of Arkansas Heritage

The University of Arkansas

Arkansas State University

The University of Arkansas at Pine Bluff

Many other persons and entities are contributing to its success.

Billy and Eddie Garey

The officials of Crittenden County and the City of West Memphis

The Crittenden County Historical Society

The Arkansas Archeological Society

The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, Memphis District

Memphis State University

Chucalissa Indian Museum

Mud Island Museum

Murray Guard, Inc.

Last, but not least, we wish to thank you, the public, for not damaging the site before, during, or after the current scientific investigations and for the interest you have shown in those relics from the river's past.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, PLEASE CONTACT:

Arkansas Commissioner of State Lands

State Capitol Building, Little Rock, AR 72201

Arkansas Archeological Survey

PO Box 1249, Fayetteville, AR 72702

PLEASE DO NOT TRESPASS ON THE CROPLANDS!!

The Arkansas Archeological Survey, fending off multitudes of questions asked by sightseers, distributed a leaflet this past July when Memphis newspaper headlines (two samples posted above) started an influx across parched soy bean farms. Nobody knew what they were looking at, including AAS, and guesses ranged from luxury liners to beat-up old wooden barge remains. Our thanks to Mike Vanderboegh of Pinson, Ala. for the stat copies shown on this page. Mike says he has spent three of his July week-ends "in the dry bed of the Mississipp" in his search for the mortal remains of the packet ACACIA (see June issue, page 45).

CELEBRATES RETIREMENT

Alan Bates informs us that effective last May 31 he decided to take down his shingle as a commercial marine architect. In a letter dated July 19th he was freshly back from a visit aboard Holland's new tour boat MISSISSIPPI QUEEN, pictured and described in the S&D REFLECTOR recently.

"She's the most tastefully and luxuriously appointed riverboat I've ever seen, and this includes her namesake on the Mississippi River," Alan enthuses.

Some of the details which caught his eye:-

"Railings are much lower than the one-meter height required by the Coast Guard on American riverboats. All interior finishes are required to resist fire for 35 minutes and window glass is about 3/8" thick, 50% thicker than required here. Toilet rooms are spacious and beautifully decorated. One exception to spaciousness is the pilothouse. The pilot sits in a stringently confined horseshoe of electronic-gear cabinets. Those in the NATCHEZ's pilothouse shocked me when first I saw them, but this MQ's brain-box beats all; it has a two-person lazy bench shoe-horned into the after right-hand corner. The place is like a submarine; in order to lay something down one must first pick up something else. The contrast with the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE's pilothouse is startling. How on earth did we used to run that boat with a pilotwheel and three bell cords?! Yeh, the BELLE's pilothouse has two searchlight controls but Harris Underwood could steer for a couple of weeks without touching them.

"Steamboat officers in Holland study six years in a technical school before they even get a job as deckhand on a boat. After a couple of years of observation by owner and officers they may get licenses.

"Holland pilots are good at handling. All rivers in Europe are busier, much busier than New Orleans. Even in Holland, where the Rhine (or Rijn, as they misspell it) currents run about 4 m.p.h. Traffic in Rotterdam's harbor has a density of boats comparable to the auto traffic in Manhattan. The pilots at Rotterdam are from many nations and languages, but they get along just fine.

"To date Holland's MQ has no

imitators but the Koln-Dusseldorf Line is taking note of her popularity. She has never run a public trip; charters take up all of her time and these charters used to be the 'property' of the K-D Company. Hans Heijmen, MQ's owner, expects to run public trips for about three weeks during late July and early August, if they can find time between charters.

So what will I do in my retirement? Well, after the loose ends are knitted I shall write, make home repairs and fool around with projects--a new boat design for Lexie Palmore, arranging music for the HOT BRATS GERMAN BAND, carving two more alphorns and such like."

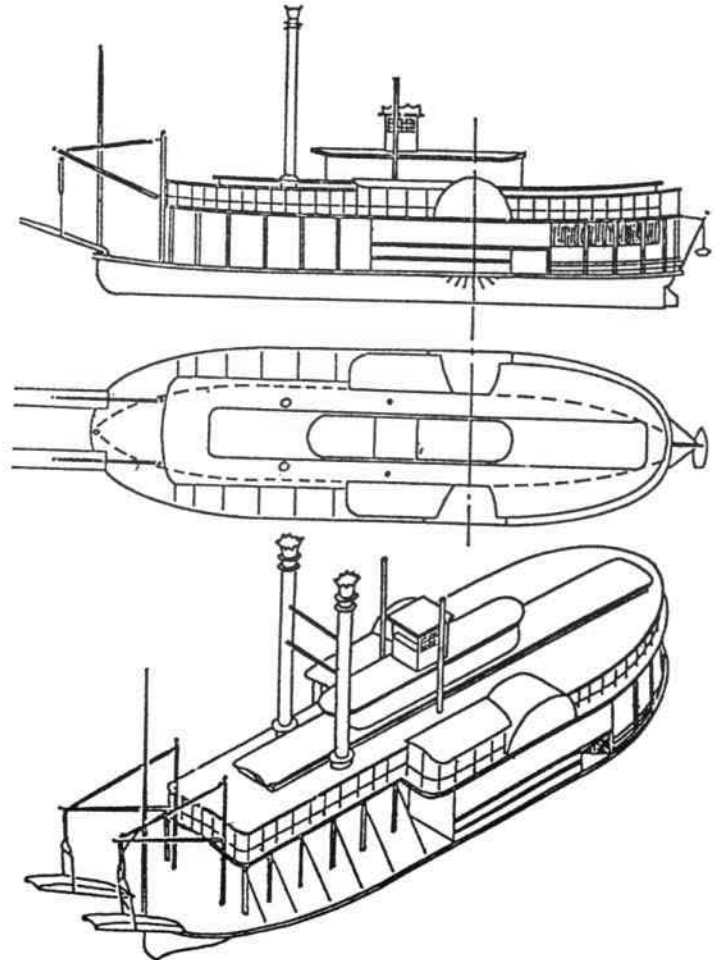
Sirs: Both Lynn and I are planning to come to the S&D meeting the weekend of Sept. 17th. I imagine we will get down on Friday.

As you know, Vic Tooker has been a regular on the NATCHEZ for some time now and I am anxious to meet his Mother of whom I have heard so much.

Wilbur E. Dow, Jr.,
Pine Point,
Lake George, N.Y. 12845

U.S. Vice President George Bush, campaigning for the Republican nomination to the presidency, got wide TV exposure standing on the Memphis levee on July 25.

SHIPWRECK STUDIES



July 1988

These drawings are reproduced from the "Shipwreck" leaflet shown on the opposite page. Seems to us we detect artwork here from the pen of Alan Bates.



ST. LOUIS, NEW ORLEANS ANCHOR LINE CO.

U.S. MAIL

NEW YORKMAN

PICTURE OPPOSITE

This one we could not resist--the original glass 8x10" plate showed up in the Capt. William H. Tippitt collection. From it, Woody Rutter made this contact print. The CITY OF HICKMAN is very new at the Howard Ship Yard, Jeffersonville, Ind. in 1890, and no doubt Capt. Jim Howard, the prolific photographer of the famous family, selected the site, set up his tripod, and took the picture.

This was the last of the fleet of "tall stacker" side-wheelers built by the Howards for the St. Louis & New Orleans Anchor Line Co. She differs from her predecessors by having hinged stacks equipped to lower with the lately devised Christy Patent "chimney hoists." By such plan the stacks were hinged at about pilothouse level. Deckhands operated cranks at roof level, one crank for each stack, causing a lengthy worm screw to draw the upper stack section back to the desired level, angled aft. The plan was widely adopted inasmuch as the entire operation was under control every step of the way, and the stacks could be returned to full height by reversing the cranks. This stack-lowering device, concession to bridges appearing across the Mississippi, may account for the absence of the huge decorative anchor usually swung high aloft between the stacks of Anchor Liners. We have just made a quick check of the several photographs in our collection of the CITY OF HICKMAN, and none shows such an anchor.

We've picked up an item pertinent to the showing of this picture. It says this: "Isaac W. (Ike) Betts and Charles Harding (Sr.) came out as engineers on the CITY OF HICKMAN when she was new, with Capt. Horace Bixby, master. Ike's older brother John Betts was chief engineer, later killed when one of the engines ran through itself." Ike Betts was pictured in our last issue, page 36. Capt. Horace E. Bixby was the subject of our front cover in last March's issue. --And Charles Harding married Edith Thorwegan, daughter of the Capt. William H. Thorwegan mentioned in the back cover story of the GREAT REPUBLIC which adorns the back cover of our June issue.

Jim Wallen brings to us a folder and pleasing report of a cruise he took recently on the St. Johns River in Florida. The ROMANCE, a 350-passenger catamaran cruise boat, is based at Sanford, offering a variety of outings. On Sundays she leaves Sanford at 10 a.m., and ties up at Palatka that evening for riverside lodgings. Monday she delivers her passengers back to Sanford at 7 p.m. Jim says the river is about as wide as the Kanawha in the upper stretches and then widens into Lakes Dexter and George.

The folder relates that passenger boats quit business on the St. Johns about three-quarters of a century ago, and now is revived. Well, not three-quarters of a century ago we boarded the sternwheel OSCEOLA at Jacksonville and overnighted on her to Sanford, and before leaving Jacksonville we made a dockside inspection of the side-wheel CITY OF JACKSONVILLE, then retired from that service. We found the wide stretch from Jax to Palatka sot of ho-hum, but the upper course to Sanford was really wonderful to the eyes of a Yankee lad who hadn't seen

orange groves. If interested, call 800-423-7401 for folder and details.

Dear Mrs. Rutter: The two binders I ordered for the S&D REFLECTOR came and are really nice. We really enjoy the magazine.

Nancy Engelke,
Star Rt., Box 295,
Creston, W. Va. 26141

Those red binders for your file of S&D REFLECTORS are again available at \$8 including shipping. Orders and checks are welcomed by our secretary, Mrs. J. W. Rutter, 126 Seneca Drive, Marietta, OH 45750.

The Friends of the Ohio County (West Va.) Public Library recently donated \$250 toward the purchase of books as a memorial to the late James R. Paisley, who had been an active supporter of the library for many years, and was an organizer of the Friends group. Jim Paisley is recalled around Wheeling, and at S&D meetings, as the gentleman with the bright red cap, a smile, and a kind thought to share.



The WEST VIRGINIA BELLE on her maiden voyage this past May between Charleston and Huntington overtook the FRED WAY on the Kanawha River. Bill and Marga Smith tended to the photography. We are ever humbled to think that Charles T. and Nelson Jones renamed this towboat with the pleasing lines to bear the name it does, and for staging the christening party at Marietta with the DELTA QUEEN nestled close-by as Bee Rutter busted the bubbly.

Delly Robertson and R. Dale Flick represented the Greene family at ceremonies in Dubuque, Iowa, wherein the National Rivers Hall of Fame formally added Capt. Mary B. Greene and the Greene family to their roster of river celebrities.

Dale writes us from Dubuque under dateline of April 30:

"Delly Robertson had previously nominated Capt. Mary B. Greene and the Greene family to be considered for induction. Due to prior engagements none of the Greenes was present at today's ceremonies. At their request Delly Robertson formally accepted the award in their behalf, and Dale read a letter written by Mary Greene Stewart.

"Today's ceremonies included the cutting of the ribbon to open the new National Rivers Hall of Fame Museum and Auditorium adjacent to the Woodward Museum and the dredge WILLIAM BLACK."

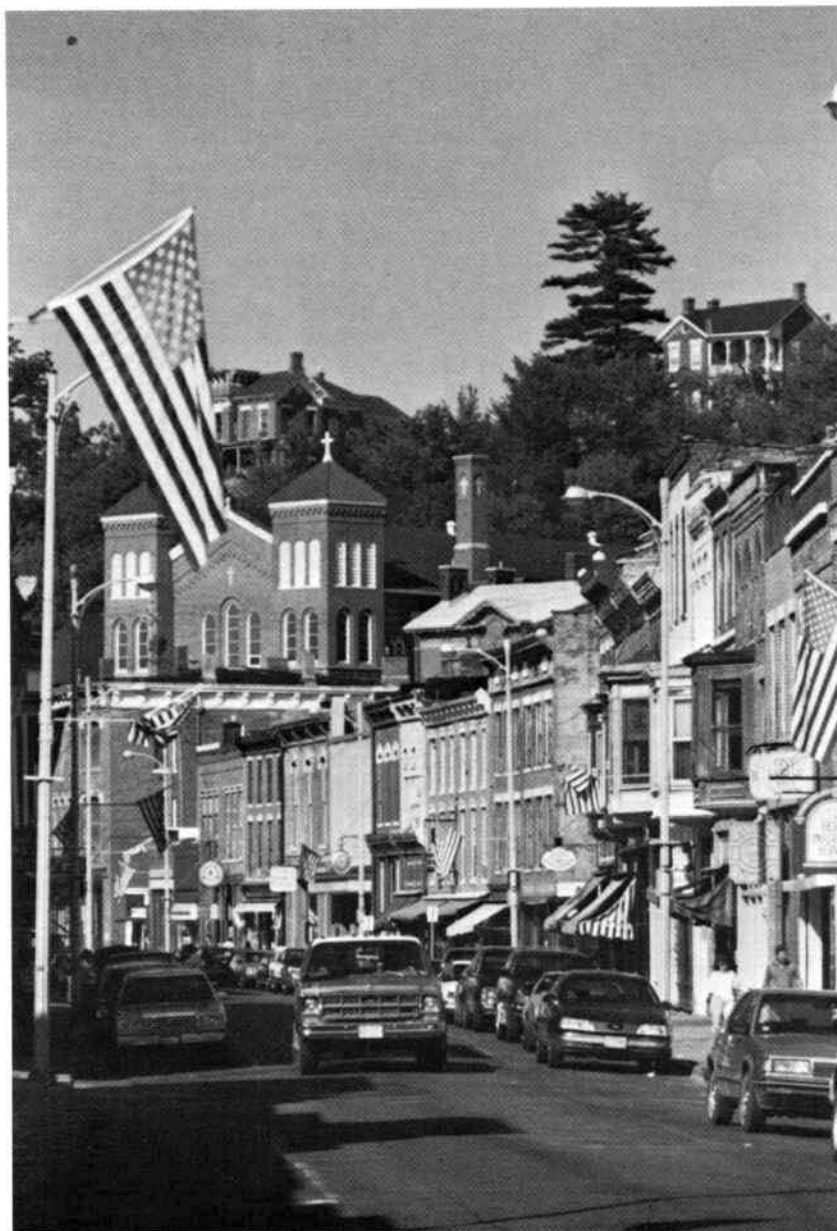
The sons and daughters of the late Capt. Tom R. Greene are Mary Greene Stewart, Gordon C. Greene II, Tom R. Greene II, and Letha Jane Greene.

Capt. Tom R. Greene was son of Capt. Gordon C. and Capt. Mary B. Greene. Capt. Tom's older brother, the late Capt. Chris B. Greene, devoted his mature years with Greene Line Steamers.

The Nautical Research Guild meets at Baton Rouge, La. on the week-end of Saturday, Oct. 22. A comprehensive exhibit of boat models will be displayed in the Louisiana Naval War Memorial and Nautical Historic Center, a new 2-story facility overlooking the Mississippi River. The conference will be held in the Prince Murat/Ramada Hotel. Jack Custer's talk is titled "Mississippi River Steamboats - History and Modeling." For information contact Gordon P. Boatwell, 3113 East Lakeshore Drive, Baton Rouge, La. 70808.

Sors: Congratulations to Alan Gintz, builder of the stern-wheeler pictured on page 11, last issue. That's the first sternwheel pleasure craft I've seen that looks like what it's supposed to. Hope Alan puts a nice fancy railing around the boiler deck.

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



RIVER BUFFS VISIT GALENA

Galena, Ill. had out its flags to celebrate the Fourth of July when 35 river buffs visited on July 3rd. Fred Rutter took this shot looking up Main Street. A jumbo post card arrived in due course at 121 River bearing signatures and salutations from Jack Custer, C.W. and Lucy Stoll, Sandie Miller, Michael Blaser, Sue Blaser, Barbara Hameister, Helen Prater, Frank Prudent, Pat Welsh, David Schenk, Judy Schenk, Ken Buel, Margaret Buel, Flo Davis, Barb Brown, Dorothy Heckmann Shrader, Sonie Lieb---, Charles Anschutz and Sara, and Fred Rutter--plus a couple more we couldn't figure out. Thank you, all!

THREE STITCHES

And a Black Eye.

The kick-off for the Kentucky Derby is the annual race between the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE and the DELTA QUEEN. They've done it so many years, the win-lose ratio about evenly divided, you'd think the event would wear pretty thin. But it doesn't pale. Crowds line the shores from Louisville up the Ohio to Six Mile Island, the customary turn-around, and everybody hangs around until these two popular sternwheel steamboats cross the finish line back in Louisville. A ceremony follows, with speeches, and the gilded elk antlers, symbol of river speed, are delivered to the winner. A generous audience stays for this ceremony, too, even though the weather on Wednesday, May 4 was cool, clammy, and sprinkling rain.

This year the B/L won hands-down, piloted by Capt. Charles Decker. Ye Ed, invited to ride her (the B/L) changed his cotton-pickin' mind at the last moment before departure and hopped aboard the DQ as guest of Capt. Gabe Chengery. The DQ had just handled a Stanford Alumni charter, New Orleans to Memphis, a capacity load. It so happened that about a score of Stanford die-hards had booked themselves to Cincinnati.

I did not know of this when I arrived in the cabin of the DQ, but soon found out. Many of them had been on former Stanford-sponsored DQ voyages which I had shared with them as guest of Peter Voll, the Alumni cruise director. So it turned into Old Home Week, me with a black eye and three stitches in my left eyebrow, impossible to hide and embarrassing to explain. Fact is I'd fallen flat on my puss in my garage at Sewickley while loading my car to drive to Marietta. Picked myself up with blood on shirt and sweater and while getting tidied up and applying band-aids I debated whether to head for the emergency room at the Sewickley Hospital or proceed on the Louisville trip. Decided on the latter course lest those MDs at the hospital might ground me by ix-naying my solo drive to Marietta.

Let us omit the bloody details but I arrived at 126 Seneca Drive looking like a fugitive from Custer's Massacre, and Woody said, "Over to Selby Hospital for you." There's where they stitched me up and predicted I'd wake up next morning with a shiner, how true, how true.

Bee, Woody and I and Catherine Remley had been invited to supper with Joan, John and Jeff Spear, always the recipe for a rousing good time and Joan's home cooking. Things started to look up from that moment forward.

That night I didn't bleed on Bee's pillowcases and promptly at 8 next morning Jeff arrived and drove Catherine and me to Louisville. We stopped by at Warsaw, Ky. to see the work getting under way on the W. P. SNYDER JR. and had a good visit with John and Claire Beatty, first time any of us had seen the fabled home they built facing the Ohio River, a lengthy ranch-type studded with port holes on the shore side lighting the full-length (156 feet) hallway leading to elegant bedrooms fore and aft, and kitchen and patio between, all with hand-finished wood galore. We had hoped to call on Dr. and Mrs. Carl Bogardus there in Warsaw, but scheduling did not permit. This was the first exposure to Warsaw for all three of us, and as we drove along we were constantly exclaiming about unique and well-kept old homes. John Beatty told us that the renovation on the SNYDER may keep her from returning to Marietta until after S&D in September.

Drove up the hill to Rock Hill

in Louisville, no hits, no runs, no errors. Keith Norrington arrived to take charge of Jeff Spear, and next day C.W. drove us to visit with Helen Prater, rapidly recovering from surgery in a local hospital, prancing around in the halls. Helen's current ambition is to ride the DQ to Pittsburgh, but that popular steamboat is so solidly booked she may not get aboard until next summer.

Then C.W. and I went to New Albany and called on Paul Seabrook, now 92, and slowed down considerably by that damned arthritis. Ruth met us at the door and shared the visit. Arthritis or no, Paul still has that twinkle in his eyes.

In the course of our visits, we stopped in at the B/L's office where C.W. signed checks and I bought 75 B/L post cards, determined to send them to friends not lucky enough to be on hand in Louisville. Ralph DuPae got me the 15c stamps to paste on them, and Frank X. Prudent did the pasting on board the DQ, mailing them in the DQ's official mail box. When or how I got those 75 cards addressed and the messages written what with so much going on and a black eye and stitches was a minor triumph of my 87 years.

PS: Got the stitches out on the return to Marietta, and Woody led me to an eye-shop to get my glasses fixed. So arrived back home all in one piece after what had started out with a few moments of doubt. Wouldn't have missed any of that trip for anything; well, almost anything.



The Cabildo fire at New Orleans was really a calamity. See pages 42, 43 for details. Capt. Doc Hawley has our thanks for this view of the damage.

Bob Gray and Bill and
Marga Smith Provide
OK Chapter Program

by Jim Wallen

Two video presentations of different and quite interesting aspects of today's riverboating were enjoyed at the quarterly meeting of the OK Chapter of S&D the afternoon of Sunday, June 12th, in the Mason County Library at Point Pleasant, W. Va.

Robert L. (Bob) Gray, retired river superintendent of river transportation for Ashland Oil, showed the film, "Six On/Six Off," and Bill and Marga Smith, from Springfield, O., exhibited a movie of the large, Nashville-based sternwheel excursion boat GENERAL JACKSON, with Marj operating the equipment and Bill giving the introductory commentary.

In "Six On/Six Off" the audience saw the day-to-day activities of a capable crew in keeping a large tow under way. The towboat ASHLAND was the subject and the story began with Capt. Willard White at work on his farm, and by the end, the audience of 46 had seen just how a tow is put together and moved to its destination.

Ashland Oil has one of the largest and most modern of towboat and barge fleets, transporting petroleum on the rivers in multiple-barge tows.

Bill and Marga Smith had been fortunate in obtaining the loan of the movie on the spectacular GENERAL JACKSON, a sternwheeler of 1,500 tons combining the characteristics of both an excursion boat and a showboat. Comment on the big boat by Capt. E. A. (Wamp) Poe and Bill Howell gave added interest to scenes of the boat under way and the happy and colorful entertainment staged on board for the hundreds of passengers.

Launched at Jeffersonville, Ind. in 1984 the JACKSON on her delivery trip took four days and went through seven locks on its 500-mile journey to Nashville. While under way the JACKSON ran at an average speed of 10 miles an hour, propelled by the 30-ton sternwheel.

Some impressive facts brought out about the GENERAL JACKSON, named for the first steamboat to land at Nashville,

were that it has a length of 330 feet, a beam of 63 feet, and a maximum height above water of 73 feet with stacks up. Its air conditioning system is powerful enough to cool 54 houses on shore.

As one member of the audience said, "She's big and beautiful and is providing some happy times for a lot of people."

In opening the meeting, Capt. Charles H. Stone gave a memorial commentary on two prominent river people whose deaths occurred recently, Juliet Lewis Smith, daughter of the late Homer Smith, who was instrumental in the construction and operation of the large excursion steamer HOMER SMITH, and W. Oakley Faudree, retired engineer of both steam and diesel boats. Both were residents of Point Pleasant.

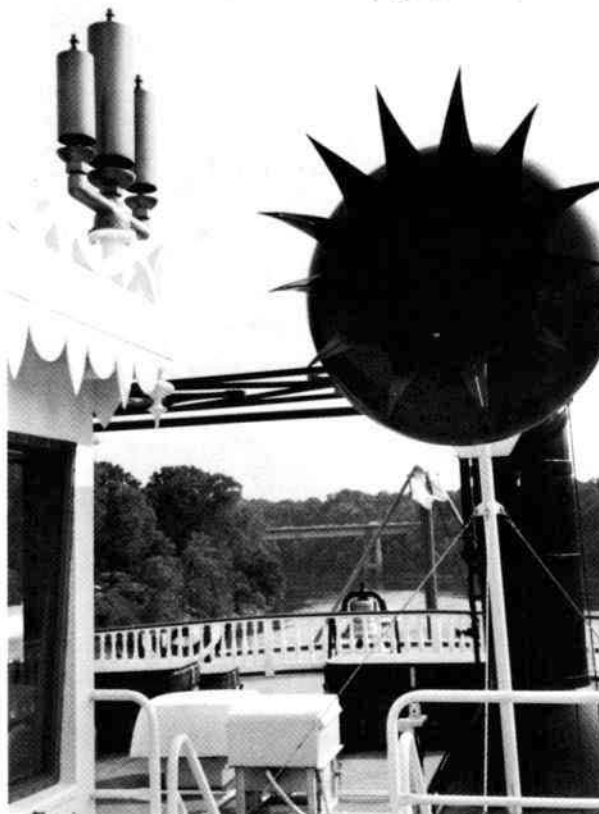
"Video is something new for

our meeting, but the room proved to be perfect for it," commented clerk Suellen Gunnoe.

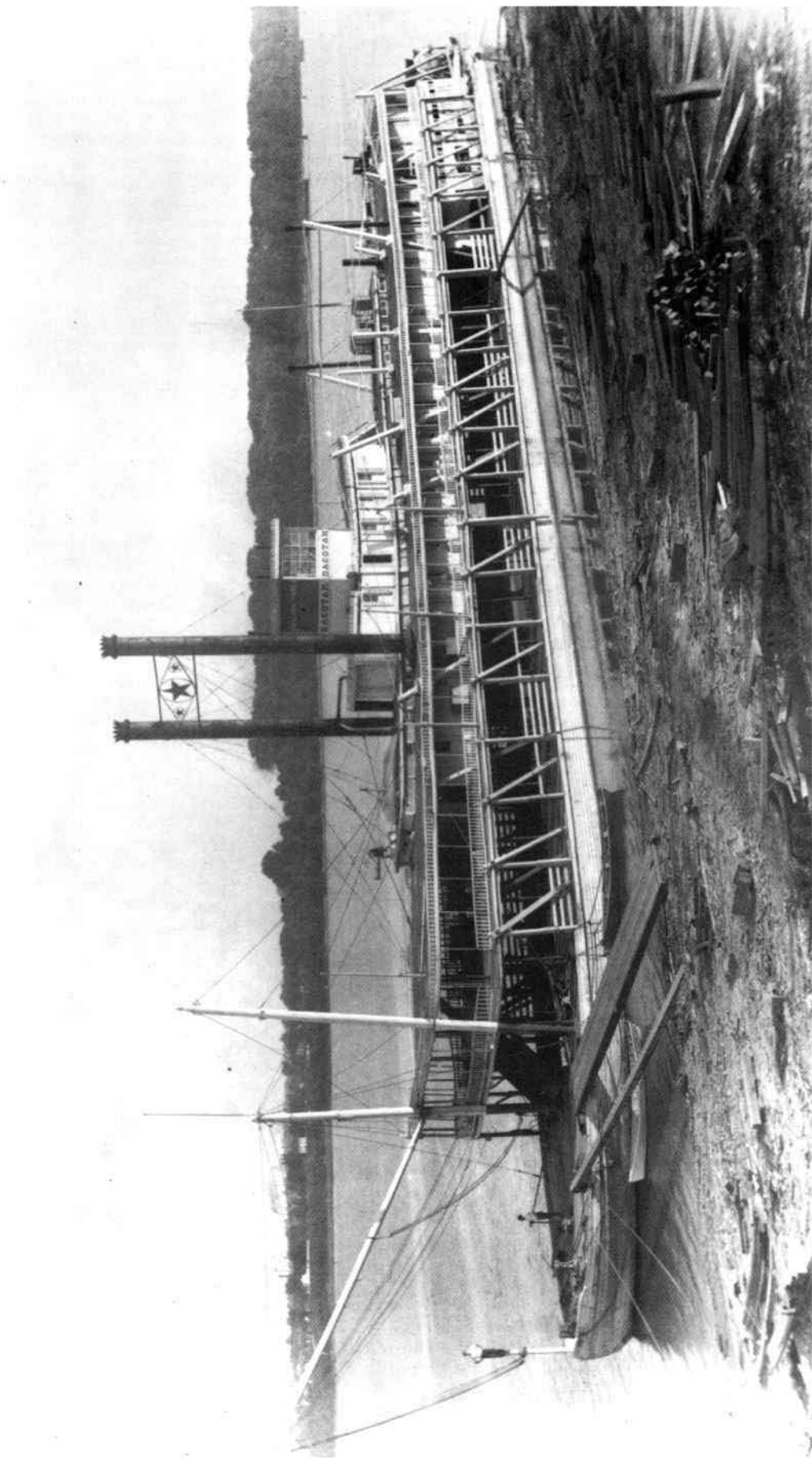
The next meeting was set for November 14th. All officers were reelected for another year by unanimous acclaim.

Much appreciated were the nice refreshments of fruits and fresh vegetables set forth by the Huntington ladies, and the lemonade and coffee provided by those of Point Pleasant. At the end of the meeting there was the usual viewing of steamboat pictures and discussions of boats and people, past and present.

For the information of S&D members in the Pittsburgh area, we are advised by Rick Sebak of TV station WQED that the hour-long river show "The Mon, the A1 and the O" will air on that station on Sept. 8 at 9 p.m.



Marga and Bill Smith, 2219 Manhattan Blvd., Springfield, O. 45504 sent this unusual shot they took while riding the GENERAL JACKSON in late June this year. Although driven by diesels, the big whistle is blown by steam.



THREE ENORMOUS packets were built in 1879 for the 3,000-mile St. Louis-Fort Benton run, DAKOTAH, MONTANA and WYOMING, and the owners tacked the final H on the DAKOTAH to make a seven-letter name of it like the other two. We acquired a print of this picture forty years ago, so it's nothing new under the shining sun, but only yesterday did we learn that it was not taken away up the Muddy Mo as we had assumed. The photographer was James E. Howard and the location is

Jeffersonville, Ind. in 1893. She's at the Howard Yard for dismantling. The original glass 8x10" plate from which Woody Rutter made this print was transferred lately as part and parcel of Capt. Bill Tippitt's collection. No other photographers to our knowledge ever took pictures of the DAKOTAH, so this one is pretty special. About the first thing Howards did was take out the engines and put them over on the cotton packet IMPERIAL they were building at the time.

OPERA CRUISE

DELTA QUEEN, Veteran of
the High Seas, Copes
With High C's.

by Martin Bernheimer
Music Critic of the
Los Angeles Times.

It was irrational, unsettling, unreal. In its bizarre yet unavoidably hypnotic way, it also was wonderful.

There we were, floating lazily down a watery time tunnel in grandma's parlor, to the incongruous music of Verdi, Puccini and Mozart.

The we in this case, comprised two bona fide stars of the Metropolitan Opera, two younger singers building distinguished careers on the West Coast, a seasoned operatic administrator, a brilliant pianist, a couple of specialist journalists, more than a hundred intrepid defenders of the lyric muse, an operatic super-groupe or two, and the tireless, ultradedicated, slightly bemused staff of the DELTA QUEEN.

The cast was, to say the least, unusual. It had been assembled by a dauntless, supremely impractical dreamer and inspired bon vivant from Portland named Hugh Phillips. He happens to adore almost anything that sings. He also happens to adore the DELTA QUEEN, the most authentic steamboat still gracing the muddy Mississippi.

He began to put his plan together several years ago. For eight blissful days, while the bona fide and dignified national monument paddled at full speed--7 m.p.h.--from St. Louis to New Orleans, the passengers would attend concerts, watch opera videos, endure musical lectures and symposia, play operatic trivia games, impose the lyrical muse on a masked ball and exchange a lot of gossipy shop talk.

The old steamer might not provide much to contemplate in the way of high seas, but high Cs would be plentiful. Robert Peters, the internationally beloved and eternally charming coloratura soprano, would attend to diva duties. John Alexander--a stalwart hero from Meridan, Miss., with imposing credentials at the Met, Covent Garden and Vienna--would serve as congenial tenor in residence.

The fellow travelers would have to plan their schedules carefully. Any conspicuous cultural consumption to board had to take place when the agenda did not happen to include such important extracurricular diversions as bingo or a cocktail party. Or even a stop in Natchez for a gala Jenny Lind commemorative concert held in a hospitable antebellum mansion.

Musical pursuits had to be scheduled around tours of Civil War monuments and visits to the hot spots of certain sleepy little towns of the Old South. Most important, the unlikely artistic exercises had to take place between meals.

There's a rub. There isn't much time on the DELTA QUEEN between meals. One of the most vexing of nautical problems involves figuring out how to finish the lavish captain's dinner in time for the cozy moonlight buffet.

At the beginning of the odyssey one heard a little nervous grumbling here and there. Newspaper addicts worried about getting their daily print fix. Unrepentant television zealots searched in vain for some sign of a box containing a picture tube (one set actually could be found, it turned out, in the crew's quarters, but the paying customers were to be spared the intrusive technological anachronism at all costs).

A few silly, misguided souls, confusing the modest paddle-wheeler with a luxury liner, wondered about the location of the theater, the gymnasium, the pool, the disco and the really commodious staterooms.

Soon, however, such mundane considerations became blissfully irrelevant. The QUEEN boasts a couple of gracious lounges, a friendly bar and a lovely dining room that can double--with a little fast improvisation--as nightclub and concert hall. It is enough.

The decor, replete with brass fittings and teakwood rails and Tiffany-glass windows, harks back to an ornate era when comfort was more important than glamour. It is reassuring.

The boat also boasts three airy decks that afford panoramic views of the passing greenery, of distant homesteads, of approaching barges and towering bridges. Eleven laps around a deck equal one mile, or so a couple of lonely health and exercise fanatics assured us

between repasts.

The outside world, it was rumored, was agitated with political upheaval, an uneasy stock market and a shaky baseball season. We couldn't be bothered with any of that. We had our own priorities.

Important matters loomed on our shared, constantly changing horizon. We had to search for the shades of Gaylord Ravenal and Scarlett O'Hara and Huey Long and Br'er Rabbit. We had to explore the subtle differences between Cajun and Creole cuisine. We had to venture out to do some high-powered, short-term sightseeing.

We had to make small talk with new acquaintances and big talk with important guests. Most important, perhaps, we had to deal with the emotional and aesthetic intricacies of "Carmen" and "Rigoletto" and "Don Giovanni."

As the lovely tub pulled slowly and reasonably surely away from its Missouri dock, Dan Forman, the calliope virtuoso, pounded out a deafening but eminently reasonable facsimile of the grand march from "Aida." Later, at dinner, he would serenade us at a more conventional keyboard with the insinuating waltzes from "Der Rosenkavalier." The COTTON BLOSSOM was never like this.

The DELTA QUEEN wasn't always like this either. Constructed 62 years ago in Stockton, it began service on the Sacramento River connecting Sacramento and San Francisco. During World War II the Navy took over and made the QUEEN a ferry for the transfer of troops to and from combat vessels in San Francisco Bay.

After being laboriously towed oceanward through the Panama Canal and on to Pittsburgh, she was refitted for a second career on the Mississippi and Ohio rivers in 1948.

Since then she has played host to history buffs and ordinary vacationers, to actors and singers, to statesmen and royalty. Gold plaques on various stateroom doors attest to the one-time occupancy of such itinerant celebrities as Helen Hayes, Van Johnson and Jan Peerce.

Princess Margaret's name appears as Margarite--don't ask why. The little room that everyone looks for, however, is No. 340 on the top aft corner.

During a jaunt from St. Paul to St. Louis in 1979 it was the much-publicized home of Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Carter.

Everyone leaves a cruise, any cruise, with the pleasure of newly acquired friends offsetting the pain of newly acquired pounds. Certain experiences linger in the mind just as others linger in the waist. In this case the disparate images are music-oriented:

--Capt. Lawrence Keaton, ever amiable and ever resourceful, intercepting a bouquet of red roses from a smaller boat en route to Vicksburg so that Roberta Peters can be given a post-performance tribute worthy of a river-bound diva.

--Peters accepting the flowers with proper prima donna grace, and then having them placed on the piano in the dining room as a reciprocal gift to the passengers at large.

--Bud Black, the resident MC, capping a late night show with his bravura rendition of "Chattanooga Choo-Choo"--each word perfectly, rhythmically, articulated backward.

--Alyce Rogers, the high-spirited mezzo-soprano, punctuating a particularly voluptuous performance of Carmen's "Seguidille" with the well-aimed toss of a flower at the feet of a professional admirer sitting in for Don Jose (as her husband looks on approvingly).

--Michael Delos, the sensitive young basso, beaming with pride as he sings "La ci darem la mano" and thus achieves what he says is a lifelong ambition to portray a Don Giovanni who can seduce Roberta Peters of Zerlina (as her husband looks on approvingly).

--Ruby Mercer, the outwardly prim editor of Opera Canada, imitating with uncanny point every demented songbird from Pons to Callas to Peters as Lucia di Lammermoor at the Mardi Gras ball.

--Hugh Phillips, the mustachioed impresario-for-a-week, winning the masquerade contest with his impromptu impersonation of a none-too-consumptive Traviata.

--Tony Byrne, mayor of Natchez, presenting Peters with honorary citizenship and, without skipping a beat, reminding the soprano that he is up for reelection.

--Peters and a so-called serious critic, abandoning the historic sights of Memphis in favor of a thorough tour of the

super-hyper-kitschy all-American -quasi-splendors of Graceland.

The last vignette probably told it all. There we were: Roberta and Martin and Elvia, together at last, in a gilt-edged, multimirrored, much-padded livingroom adorned with a push-button waterfall.

Meetings like this do not happen every day. They could only happen, in fact, amid the happy delirium of an opera cruise on the Mississippi.

--Our thanks to Richard E. Brown, 6404 Casper Way, Bakersfield, Calif. 93307 for sending the above story.

GUYANDOTTE RIVER STEAMBOATS

The following are documented in the Chief of Engineers Reports, operating on that river from the first date listed below through the last date, consecutively. Compiled by Jerry Sutphin.

J. T. HUSTLER 75 x 16 x 2.2. 16.68 tons 1893-1898.

JENNIE GEORGE 93 x 14 x 2.5. 37.41 tons. 1896-1898.

FAVORITE 103 x 14.8 x 2.5. 43.64 tons. 1894-1898.

GUYANDOTTE 104 x 16 x 2.8. 43.83 tons. 1896-1898.

ED C. KIRKER 73 x 8 x 2.7 tons. 1892.

Additional information on each appears in Way's Packets.



The dual stacks topped with winged pigs in Cincinnati. See also another view, both taken by Dennis Brown.



Ye Ed standing at left, alongside of Frank H. Mayfield, Jr. of Cincinnati and video crew, posed at 121 River with Caddy stretch limo at the curb. -Photo by Fred Rutter.

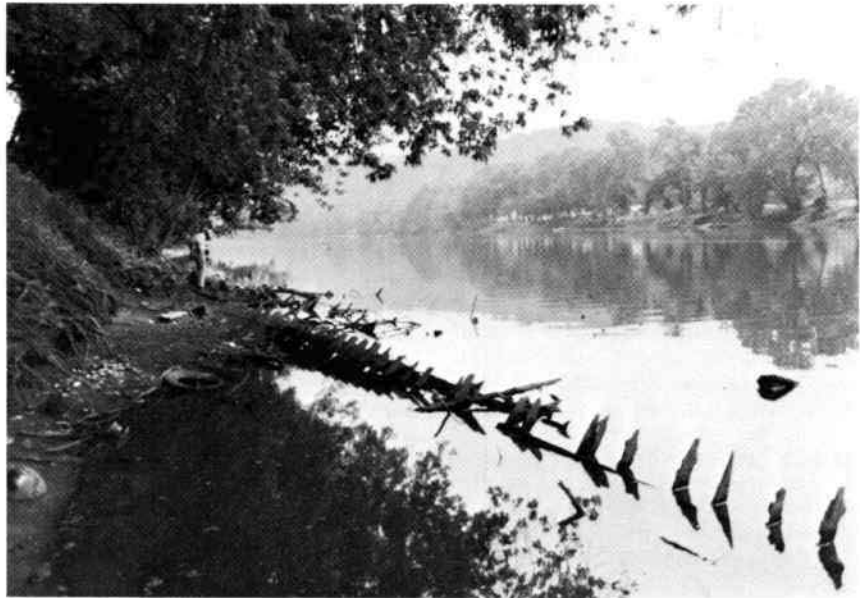
ARGAND WRECK EXPOSED

Extensive repairs at Devol's Lock and Dam on the Muskingum River required the lowering of the usual pool level above. Due to the hot, dry summer the stage of water at the foot of the Lowell lock, next one above, fell to a record low in mid-July. Woody Rutter decided to scout out the location of the charred remains of the former Greene Line packet ARGAND which burned there over sixty years ago. He knew the boiler and engines had been recovered in a scrap drive, but it would be interesting to do some prodding.

Prod he did, and the reward for his efforts was a very rusty pilothouse whistle treadle, quite similar in design to the pair George Schotten made for the TELL CITY pilothouse at Marietta.

Woody showed us his souvenir last week. "When you think of some of the famous people who pressed a foot on this thing..." His list would include Capts. Mary B. Greene, Gordon C. Greene, Jesse P. Hughes and Jim Rowley.

Some days later Woody returned to the wreck



accompanied by Fred Rutter, who took the two pictures on this page. Says Fred in a letter: "Last Sunday, July 10, went to Marietta to visit Mom and Dad. Highlight was viewing the wreck of the ARGAND at the mouth of the Lowell Canal, just below the lock. The starboard side of the hull was exposed,

the port side under water. Since she burned in 1927 there is not much left, but she's easily identifiable as a stern-wheeler. All heavy machinery has been removed, including the paddlewheel shaft and cranks, but there is still a lot of stuff in the hull. The water is too murky to see much more than a foot below the surface. If only the pool were a little lower! This possibility probably will not happen. Seems the quite low stage when Dad first visited the wreck (about a foot lower than my pictures show it) exposed some mussel beds which began to stink, causing some good citizens of Lowell to raise a stink of their own, so the contractors at Devol's Dam raised the river to save the clams and clamor."

The ARGAND gets a pretty fair treatment in Way's Packets (#0322) and of course has appeared frequently in C. W. Stoll's series in the REFLECTOR recounting the adventures of Capt. Jesse P. Hughes based on his yearly diaries. Capt. Edwin A. Price owned her longer than anybody, buying her in 1903 to tow his showboat WATER QUEEN. He had her laid up for the winter below the Lowell Lock when she burned in December 1927. She was named for an oil refinery located in the bend below Marietta on the Ohio River, a good packet customer. The refinery got its name from the Argand burner used in oil lamps, the invention of a Swiss physician and chemist of that name.



Paddlewheel bucket and section of wheel arm in the foreground.



WEST VIRGINIA BELLE

She's leaving Charleston, W. Va. this summer every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7 a.m. for the 100-mile voyage to Huntington. Leaves Huntington Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 a.m. for Charleston. Trips include breakfast, hot sandwich lunch, and prime rib dinner. Reservations, folder and details phone 800-327-1381 or 304-744-4008.

Marga and Bill Smith of Springfield, O. have our thanks for the three pictures shown here. The one above was taken at the Charleston landing place on the Kanawha River at South Charleston under the I-64 bridge. The second deck diningroom shown here gives some idea of the comfort provided aboard this new 1,000-passenger packet being operated by Roberts River Rides which also runs river passenger service out of Dubuque and Bettendorf on the Upper Miss.



Capt. Gene Lister (left) is skipper of the WEST VIRGINIA BELLE, having won his spurs operating the CAMDEN QUEEN in the Huntington area. Capt. Bert Shearer (white shirt) and Bill Smith are getting a conducted tour of the what-makes-her-go department below decks. Capt. Gene has his hand on the little white box which translates pilot-house orders to the main engines. Bill and Marga rode the maiden voyage Charleston to Huntington.

Sirs: BOY! I got my name on the cover of the S&D REFLECTOR!! along with a wonderful and rare picture of the 1896 steamboat VENUS on the Muskingum!

When I broke into the local old-men's bridge game to tell them the news I got the usual reply: "You mean the Muskegon?"

Anyway Fred, thank you for the picture.

I will no longer heckle you for more Muskingum coverage. You even had a Muskingum boat on the cover of Vol. 1, No. 1, March 1964; the COME & SEE ME.

The June '88 middle-spread is beautiful. The O. O. McIntyre story gave the issue a warm glow and brought back memories. Your Plimsoll "spot" had a breath of Way. Best wishes.

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

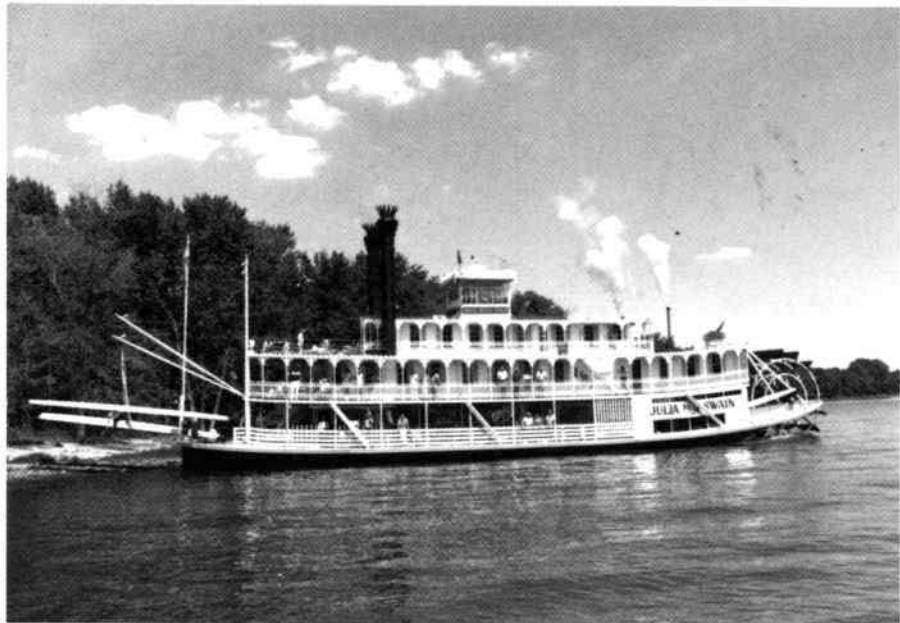
Sirs: Harry Willis (WW Towing, Scott Depot, West Va., and I went to Warsaw, Ky. on the week of June 25 to see the W. P. SNYDER JR. Capt. Beatty is doing a good job on her and we look forward to seeing the finished product. The WAKEROBIN is tied up just upriver of Beatty's Navy and she is a pitiful sight.

Coming back we saw at Ripley, O., an old towboat that is being converted into the Lucky Lady restaurant. Neither of us could identify the boat although we think she is one of those big old steamers later converted to diesel. With the temperature at 101 we didn't get out and inquire.

Enjoy the S&D REFLECTOR very much.

John J. Rous,
3505 Thompson Drive,
Ashland, Ky. 41101

The forthcoming Tall Stacks celebration at Cincinnati is hopefully planning to include the W. P. SNYDER JR. The possibility of mooring her downriver from the City marine floats west of the suspension bridge is being investigated. Authorization for public access to the towboat will rest with the City of Cincinnati. Bob Limle is following up on this project.



Capt. Dennis Trone's cruise service this summer on the Upper Mississippi has brought about regular meets between the JULIA BELLE SWAIN and TWILIGHT. Common practice is for both boats to land alongshore to transfer supplies and swap entertainers. Fred Rutter was aboard the TWILIGHT July 2-3 along with 35 buffs of the MOR Chapter of S&D and members of the Midwest Riverboat Buffs. Fred took the above shot of the JBS the first afternoon out, above Savanna, Ill. as the meet was under way. His "reflection" shot (below) was made before departure from Le Claire, Iowa. The TWILIGHT is moored to the converted CITY OF BATON ROUGE wharfboat.



The June S&D REFLECTOR was being received by S&D members, featuring the story of hearings held by the U.S. Engineers at Louisville in 1888 regarding the site for the proposed Big Four bridge, when Louisville's mayor Jerry Abramson received a surprise phone call.

"I understand you have a bridge for sale," said the caller.

Speaking in English, the gentleman identified himself as Costa Rica's president, Oscar Arias.

Arias, recipient of the 1987 Nobel Peace Prize, explained to the Mayor that Costa Rica was looking for a used bridge and he had heard that the old Big Four Railroad Bridge was for sale.

The bridge, which hasn't been used for years, could be dismantled and floated to Costa Rica via the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and the Gulf of Mexico, the caller said.

Abramson said he knew the idea of moving the bridge sounded preposterous, but the caller sounded genuine. After asking a few questions, Abramson said he decided it really was Arias.

After all, it was George Clark, the former economic-development chief under Gov. John Y. Brown Jr., who had left the message telling Abramson to expect a call from Arias.

Costa Rica's president explained that a study had been made showing it would be cheaper to move the bridge to Central America than to build a new one.

Abramson thanked the caller, and told him the city of Louisville does not yet own the old bridge, and can't sell it or give it away. A court dispute over the ownership is in progress.

-Our thanks to Jane Morningstar for clippings.

CORRECTION

Pictures of the GREY EAGLE, UNITED STATES and BOSTONA in our last issue are wrongly credited. Ralph DuPae advises us that they come from the collection of Wes Cowan, Cincinnati. Our apologies to Mr. Cowan, and thanks to him for contributing these three gems.

Sirs: I hope your summer will be totally different from what we endure in the blazing prairie of North Texas, and that all will be cool and mellow and restful for you.

Ernst Wahlert,
2716 Hartlee Court,
Denton, Texas 76201

=Should we tell Ernie the truth?

--That it's 103 in the shade this July evening; above 90 every day for the past three weeks, our lawn baked brown; no rain for five weeks, and the birds have quit singing? Should we tell him that? Ernie Wahlert is a retired high school and college English teacher, belongs to S&D, and we corresponded with him about forty years ago. -Ed.



A modest blush as Ye Ed pastes this picture on exhibit. Hundreds of shore dwellers have been saluted by the DELTA QUEEN as she slips by their riverside homes and landings. What's unusual here is that as Ye Ed was waving at Sewickley's Chestnut Street landing last June 5th, Dennis Brown--aboard the DQ--took this picture, not of Ye Ed (obviously) but the one long and two short salute. Thanks to Dennis for the picture and a Pittsburgh harbor salute to the on-watch pilot who did the blowing.

HOW LOW CAN YOU GET?

In the good ol' steamboat days,

The river would not raise;
The ol' Mis'sip she got so low,
In the bottom of the river the
dust did flow--

And all the pikes and cats
Had to be acrobats,
And stand on their heads to
wet their gills,
In the good ol' steamboat
days.

The ol' Mis-sip in these modern diesel days has all but swamped TV, radio, magazine and newspapers with accounts and pictures of almost countless stranded barges, singly and in tows, as the bottom of the river got too close to the top and stayed that way for weeks on end.

Today, July 14th, we received a bushel of newspaper clippings from Jane Morningstar of Bowling Green, Ky. she had scissored from dailies over the past week or 10 days loaded with reports and interviews. The Lower Ohio and the Mississippi's mid-section reaches were getting coverage equal to the Presidential pre-election uproar.

One of Jane's clippings, culled from the Louisville Courier-Journal, says this:

Bardwell, Ky., June 27: The mighty Mississippi River, weakened by the Drought of 1988, is loosening her hold on the skeletons of some of her victims.

A few days ago the towboat CHARLES NORVELL, built in 1882, watched the waters which have held it captive for nearly 20 years slink away and leave it landlocked a few yards off the Kentucky shore in Carlisle County.

It was New Year's Day 1969 when the vessel, which is 96½ feet long and 21 feet wide, struck an obstruction and sank in about 35 feet of water.

The boat, originally owned by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers and named the ITASCA, was built in Missouri as a steam-powered vessel; it was converted to diesel in 1942.

It was renamed the CHARLES NORVELL some years later when it was bought by the Patton-Tully Company of Memphis, Tenn. which specializes in marine construction and maintenance.

Upon rupturing the hull after striking an unknown obstruction, the pilot headed for shore. Byron Crawford, who reported this story for the C-J, interviewed Glen Bean, 75, of Bardwell, who recalled talk that some of the crew jumped off one end of the boat while the other end was going down. Inasmuch as the boat was old, and had a wooden cabin, the owners made no attempt to raise it.

The exposed wreck shows that the wooden cabin has disappeared and the pilothouse now is upside down beside the steel hull.

James V. Swift, contributing editor of The Waterways Journal, St. Louis, estimates that the St. Louis-Cairo section of the Mississippi contains at least one sunken power vessel per mile, not counting barges.

"Of course, that's going way back into the steamboat days, but I'd say the average is about the same for many miles below Cairo."

Since the exposure of the CHARLES NORVELL the discovery of other steamboat wrecks, particularly on the Arkansas side, have shown up.

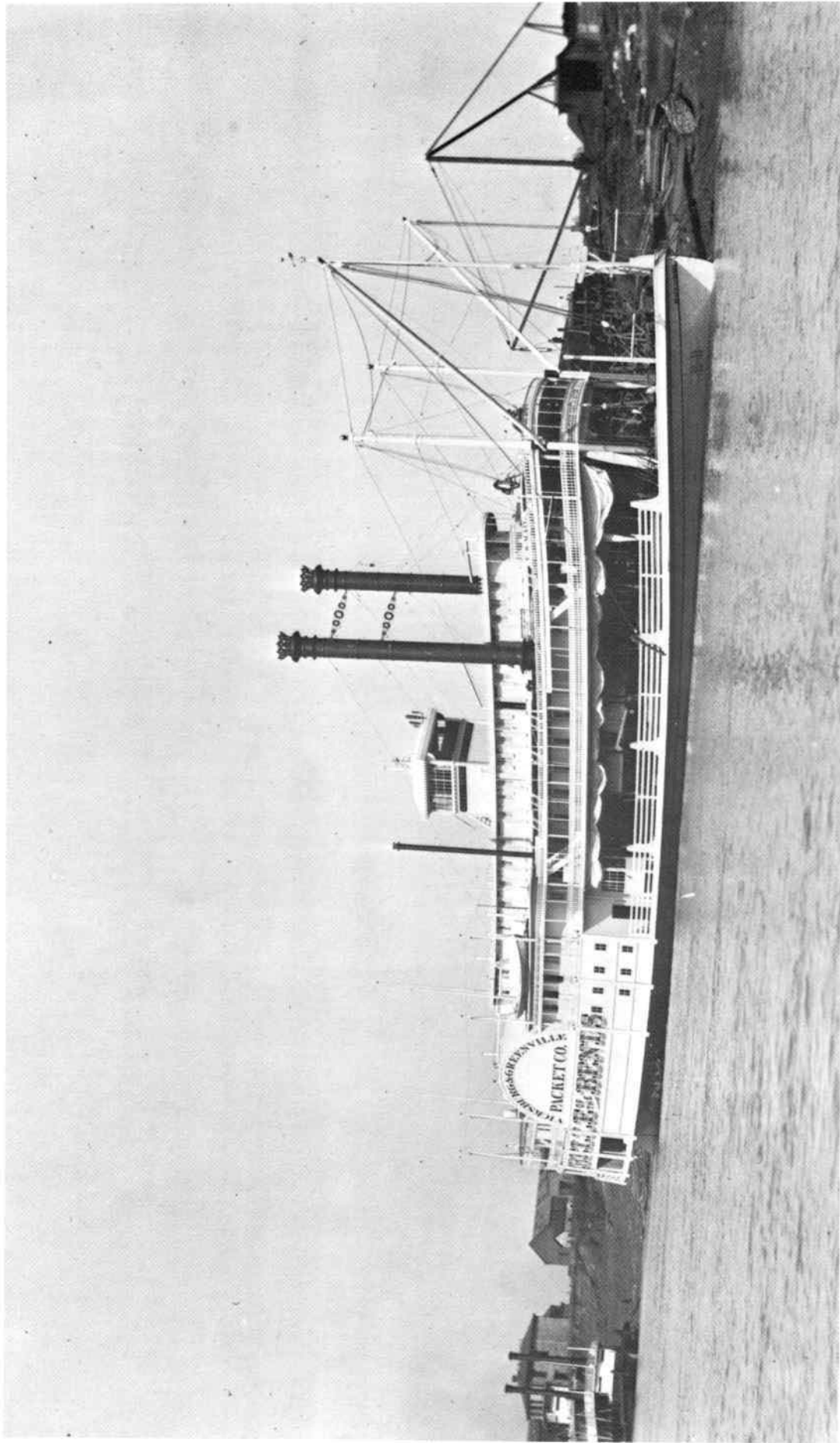
PUMPKIN PATCH

Sirs: Some years ago I found a plethora of references to the Combine's fabled coalboats at "Pumpkin Patch." I had no idea where Pumpkin Patch could have been. Well, one day while at the Tennessee State Library I mentioned Pumpkin Patch to Dr. Leland Johnson. Soon thereafter Leland phoned me one evening that he had located Pumpkin Patch marked on a map of the area between Arctic Springs and Utica, above Jeffersonville, Ind. Sandie Miller and I investigated. David Ferree, a Jeffboat machinist from Utica, showed us the stone entry gate posts to the landing from Utica Pike (still there, I might add). And there are three large houses in the vicinity which were owned by the Hoffmans, Duffys, and the Wathens, all very prominent names in the Louisville area coal baron hierarchy.

Jack E. Custer,
2316 Northwestern Park-
way,
Louisville, Ky. 40212



This one comes to us captioned, "Now, let's see, we must be about the middle of page 74." Photo taken by Carl Hatley, aboard the DELTA QUEEN, upbound for the Dravo marine ways forty-one years ago, fresh from California. The rag tied around the wheel spoke was put there by Jesse P. Hughes; when the rag was up-center she was on straight rudder. Recognize the pilot? His initials are C.W.S.



WHAT a way to celebrate the spring of 1898! Our front-cover selection, BELLE OF THE BENDS, in early April has received her last finishing touches at the Howard Yard. These captivating creations started as logs floated down the Ohio River from the Little Kanawha, Guyandotte and Big Sandy, then hauled up the hill to the Howard saw mill where they were cut and planed into pungent lumber; pine, hemlock, oak, walnut, maple, cherry, poplar--each with special

purposes--ricked, cured and stacked, to become hulls, decking, cabins and lathe-turned ornamentation. The railings and cabins had the sameness and the infinite variety of snowflakes. Yet each boat, big and small, side-wheel and sternwheel, bore the unmistakable Howard signature, which defied forgery, and was the hallmark of three generations. --This comes from Bill Tippitt's collection, the print thanks to Woody Rutter.

Sirs: Everything around Cincinnati is about the bi-centennial and the flying porkers on the smokestacks in Sawyer Point Park in the riverfront. It was dedicated last week-end (June 8th) with a lot of whoop-la. We were not among the estimated 300,000 people that attended during the two-day bash. I'm not convinced yet that the whole thing is any better than the scrap-metal yard that used to be there.

Larry Walker.

Sirs: I went to take a look-see at the pigs coming out of the smokestacks while in Cincinnati aboard the DELTA QUEEN. They are a sight to see! Anyway, I kinda liked the pigs. They're unique!

Dennis Brown,
422 West 22nd, #5,
New York, N.Y. 10011

OINK-OINK

Cincinnati in early June opened to the public the crown jewel of the city's current bicentennial celebration, a riverfront park at Sawyer Point. Charles Sawyer, U.S. secretary of commerce under President Truman, started the ball rolling in 1972 when he contributed \$1 million to purchase an old scrap yard above the bridges. It has been transformed into a 22-acre recreational complex \$15 million plus later.

The attention-getter is a pair of sculpted packet smokestacks from which emerge a pair of winged pigs, created by British sculptor Andrew Leicester. He hatched the idea inasmuch as Cincinnati once was dubbed "Porkopolis" in the days of high fancy-topped twin smokestacks adorning its river boats.

Leicester's original rendition was four roly-poly pink pigs, three feet high, with wings. They were to blast out of 30-foot high smokestacks at the Eggleston Avenue park entrance.

But the pigs are thinner, they are greenish, and they stand on their hind legs, leaping, rather than "blasting" to the sky.

The immediate result of the unveiling was a lot of hogwash and a lot of printer's ink spilled in the leading Cincinnati

newspapers, the Enquirer and Post.

If publicity is what the Park people wanted, they surely succeeded.

Sirs: Could you please give me the address of a riverboat picture service? I would like a good photograph of the towboat FAIRPLAY. Thanks for your help.

Mrs. Marjorie Burress,
3289 Triplecrown Drive,
North Bend OH 45052

Yes, write Ralph Dupae, 2222 Onalaska Ave., La Crosse, Wis. 54601. Or Capt. C. W. Stoll, 405 Mockingbird Valley Road, Louisville, Ky. 40207. Or Dan Owen, P.O. Box O, Maryville, Ill. 62062. -Ed.

A fire on board the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE during a cruise on Sunday afternoon, May 8th, required the orderly evacuation of about 570 passengers at Cox Park landing, Louisville. The Harrods Creek Volunteer Fire Department responded but found the minor blaze had been quenched by the boat's crew.

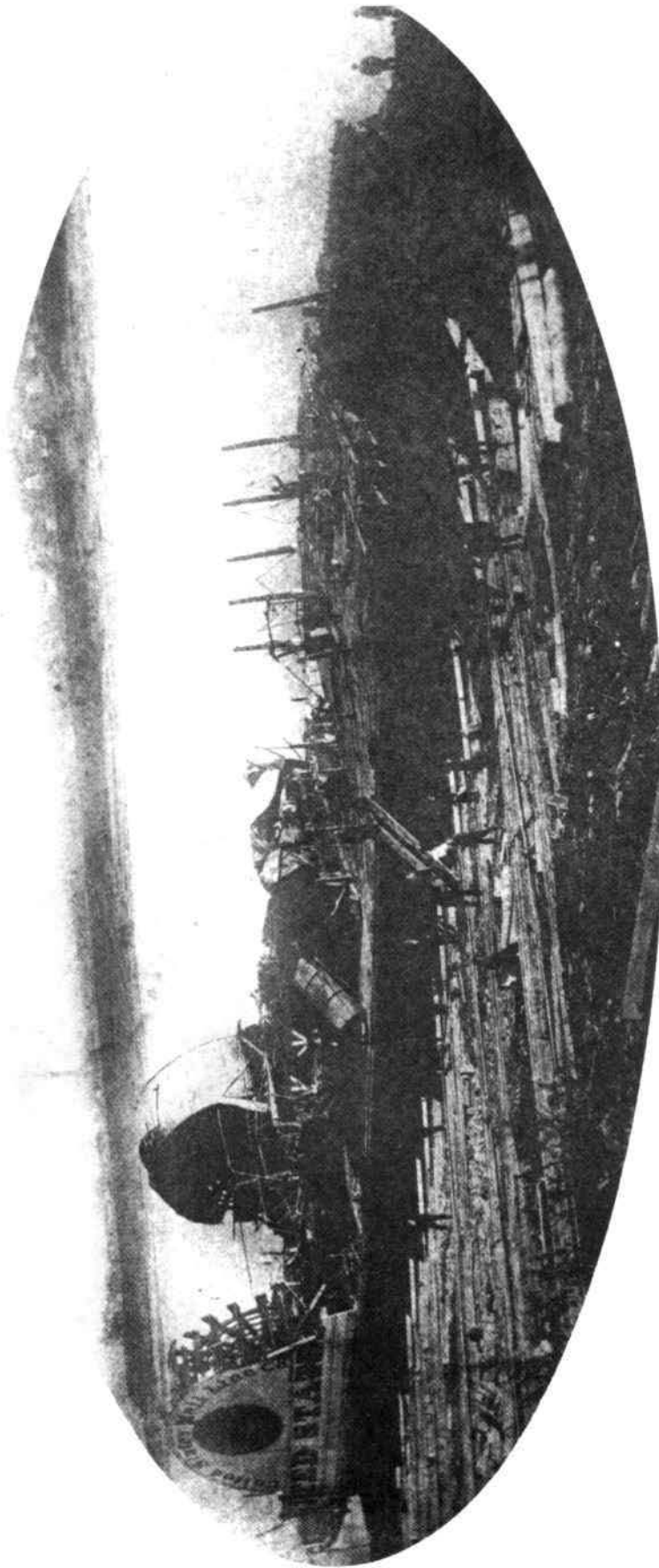
EISENBARTH SHOWBOAT COLLECTION

The Archives-Library division of the Ohio Historical Society recently acquired the Eisenbarth Family Showboat Collection, photographs and manuscript material depicting showboat life. Approximately two hundred documents and photographs provide a record of entertainment along the mid-America waterways from the 1880s through the 1960s. Items of particular interest include broadsides and handbills advertising shows and upcoming attractions, tickets, programs, and publicity folders. Other manuscript items include lists of river towns along the Ohio, Kanawha, Monongahela, Mississippi and Illinois rivers, correspondence and letters of introduction, performer's contracts, news reports on the deaths of family members; and financial records belonging to Capt. E. E. Eisenbarth. The photographs depict Eisenbarth family members, entertainers performing on stage, showboat crew members, and riverfront communities.

-Thanks to Marjorie Byrnside Burress, 3289 Triplecrown Drive, North Bend, O. 45052 for clippings.



Our thanks to Dennis Brown of the DELTA QUEEN for this glimpse of the ornamental stacks topped with winged pigs at the entrance to Sawyer Park in Cincinnati.



FIRST AND ONLY TIME we saw this picture, until now, was in the collection of Donald T. Wright at his home in Webster Groves, Mo. The one Donald had was about the same size as shown above, done on blue-print paper by exposing the original negative to sunlight. Inasmuch as the resulting picture was blue-and-white we did not ask to borrow it for the purpose of making a copy negative inasmuch as most, if not all, film those days was not sensitive to blue. Years later when Eastman marketed a special film for the purpose, we visited the Donald T. Wright collection housed in Tulane University, and sought the old blue-print but failed to locate it. A couple of weeks ago Ralph DuPae sent us the above print with the following comment: "This may be something new on UNITED STATES which hit AMERICA near Warsaw, Ky. Information on original

said built 1865 and burned Dec. 4, 1868, showing the 1106-ton boat taken at Cincinnati, Ohio. Credit anonymous donor." We'd sure give a pretty to know if the above is copied from a blue-print, perhaps the same one we remember seeing while at Webster Groves. Same fuzziness and lack of detail. The starboard wheelhouse did not burn, the lettering United States Mail Line Co. and UNITED STATES still visible, and the large black-looking circle is the Great Seal of the United States. The original double cabin, Texas and pilot-house were completely destroyed and in the rebuilding she emerged as shown on page 26 of last issue. Her partner double-cabin AMERICA is preserved in several good photographs, but somehow the double-cabin UNITED STATES eluded the shutter bugs of the day.

RODE FERRYBOAT BEVERLY

But Arrived in West
Virginia In a Rowboat.

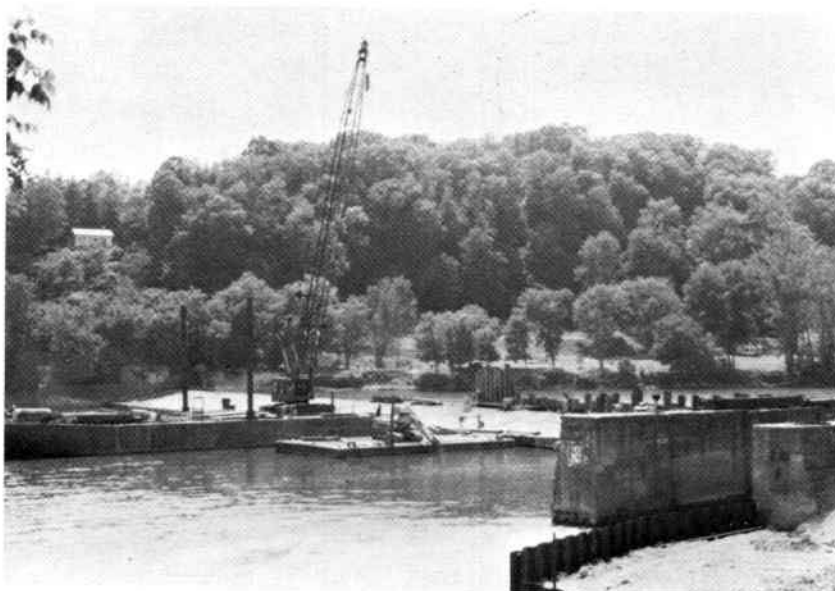
Sirs: The picture of the BEVERLY on page 46, last issue, brings back memories.

My family had many relatives in that part of the Ohio Valley served by the BEVERLY, on both sides of the river. We were vacationing with relatives in Middleport at the time the BEVERLY replaced the LITTLE BEN, ferrying between Middleport and Clifton. On the first day of the BEVERLY's operation my father, mother and I (I was but a youngster) boarded her at Middleport to call on West Virginia relatives. A large truck was driven aboard last of all, and the weight of it put the BEVERLY hard aground as she attempted to leave and had scraped bottom for a short distance. The truck couldn't be moved forward, nor could it be unloaded. Finally the pilot worked the BEVERLY free but, in so doing, disabled the machinery. She commenced to drift down the river. The LITTLE BEN, moored at the other side of the river, came to our rescue and tied in alongside. This was of some help, but not enough to get the BEVERLY across to the West Virginia ferry landing.

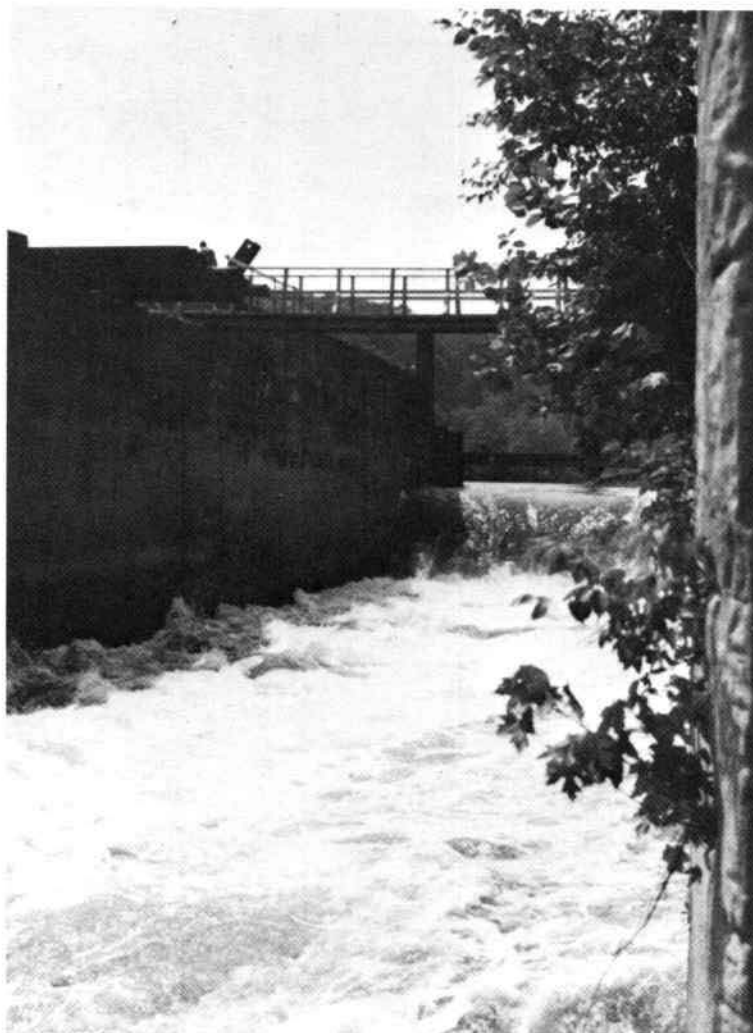
A rowboat was approaching, and my family recognized our relative we proposed to visit. He guided the rowboat alongside, and loaded the three of us into it. He had been waiting at Clifton for us, saw the difficulty, and went back to his riverside home to get his rowboat. I don't know how they got the BEVERLY repaired, but later that first day of her operation, she was out and going again.

William J. Dixon,
1629 Caribbean Drive,
Sarasota, Fla. 34231

=Mr. Dixon says his grandfather on his mother's side was Capt. William Juhling of Hartford, West Va. who owned in and operated the towboat GEORGE W. MOREDOCK, maybe others. One of Mr. Dixon's mother's cousins was John Douglass, purser and later master of the excursion steamer HOMER SMITH. -Ed.



The dry spring this year has facilitated the major repair work on Devols Dam, Muskingum River. Jeff Spear took these shots on June 7th. The lower scene shows how the entire river's flow is being passed through the lock chamber, resulting in about a 2-foot drop in the upper normal pool level. Woody and Bee Rutter live not so very far from the scene of this activity.



BIG SANDY RIVER
STEAMBOATS

Operating in 1880, compiled by
Jerry Sutphin.

JOE NEWMAN
FAVORITE
FLEETWING
SALLIE FREESE
J. F. HATTEN
JERRY ORBORNE NO. 2

Additional details on each
appear in Way's Packets.

Our thanks to Bob Miller for a new leaflet about the towboat GEORGE M. VERITY which is available to visitors in Victory Park, Keokuk, Iowa. Bob tells us that a mini-tornado struck the boat one day this spring. Sash and glass blew out of the pilothouse and had to be replaced with new materials. Fortunately there were no injuries.

Sirs: It pains me to think of all those years I wasted foolin' around in Dixie when I might have been "walking freight" on the BETSY ANN! (and I had thought that cat-fishing on the Yadkin was big time.) Thanks a million for clueing me in on the "Mon, the Al and the O." When I first laid eyes on them in 1952, it was love at first sight and the passion persists.

Peggy Rea,
212 Creek Drive,
Sewickley, Pa. 15143

=Peggy alludes to a one-hour TV aired on Pittsburgh's WQED on June 8th and repeated June 12th. Pittsburgh's three rivers, the Monongahela, Allegheny and Ohio were explored colorfully, interspersed with brief interviews with a towboat cook, a deckhand, a lockmaster, John Connelly and Capt. Jack Goessling of the Gateway Clipper fleet, and y.t. In BETSY ANN days we referred to cabin passengers as "walking freight."
-Ed.

Sirs: The "little white house" mentioned by O. O. McIntyre in the last issue is on Court Street, Gallipolis, and outside is a historical marker, pointing out it once was the home of McIntyre. Ten years ago shortly after my daughter Trish graduated from Slippery Rock College, she began her teaching career in Gallipolis where her second residence was in this McIntyre house, divided into upstairs-downstairs apartments.

Jack Hinkley,
403 Amherst Ave.,
Coraopolis, Pa. 15108

Sirs: I loved Tony Meldahl's photo of the HUDSON on page 41 of the last issue, it's a beauty. Also enjoyed Dick Rutter's drawing of the SAM CRAIG. Delighted to hear that Alice Tooker will be honored at S&D; she's a fine lady and a real trooper.

Dorothy Frye,
620 Probasco,
Cincinnati, Ohio 45220



The above is the new address of Keith E. Norrington. He and parents made the switch from their former New Albany home this past June.



LeRoy Thompson, Sr., chief executive officer of Steelite, Inc., 1010 Ohio River Boulevard, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15202, sends this photo of the Pennsylvania historical marker in front of his firm's office. It reads: DAVIS ISLAND LOCK AND DAM; Below this bridge was the first lock and dam built (1878-1885) on the Ohio River. This was the world's largest movable dam yet constructed and included the world's first rolling lock gate and widest lock chamber. Built and operated by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers; replaced by the nearby Emsworth Locks and Dam in 1922.

MODEL OF GRAND
REPUBLIC EXISTS

Former Owner of It
Tells Quite a Story.

Sirs: In the June issue, page 48, you wonder why no master of model-building techniques has never attempted the GREAT or GRAND REPUBLIC.

A very fine model was made a number of years ago, and was part of a collection of models which I acquired about twenty years ago.

The collection, consisting of eighty models, was put together by Harold C. Stiers, a resident of St. Louis. It is a history of boating from primitive boats to modern battleships and liners. The river boats include flatboats, a showboat, and several steamboats.

I used many of the models to decorate restaurants, especially the 16th and 17th century models. The military models were donated to the Swimming Hall of Fame in Fort Lauderdale. The river boat models are being sold since my company sold the restaurants where they were displayed.

I sold the GRAND REPUBLIC to a friend, and the sale included a framed photo of the steamboat's main salon.

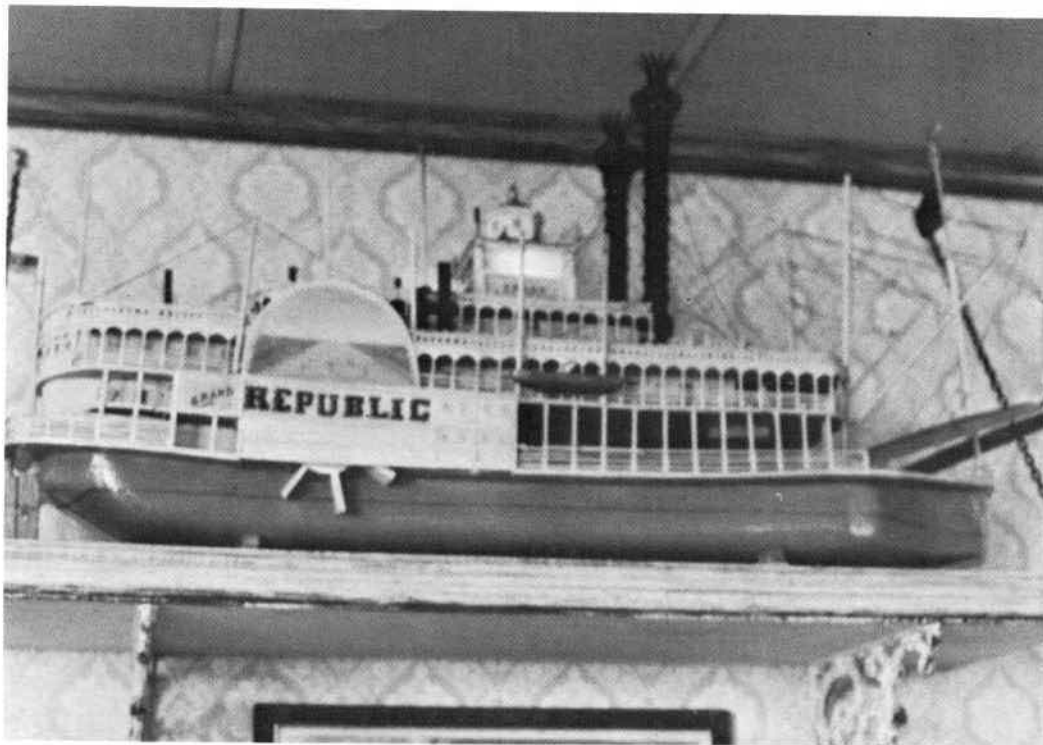
The accompanying photo shows how the model was originally displayed in one of my restaurants, resting on a shelf with the framed cabin interior showing below.

Incidentally, my company leased most of the space on the BECKY THATCHER and its wharfboat when Frank Pearson brought it to St. Louis. We spent a fortune restoring and improving the interior and exterior, in what I considered an appropriate fashion. Shortly after we started serving meals a severe storm caused the BECKY, the wharfboat, the SANTA MARIA replica, and another boat, to break away. It was a frightening experience but, fortunately, there was but little damage and no injuries.

When I was offered a good price for my lease, I did not hesitate to accept. It's hard enough to run a restaurant on dry land, without the many problems involved in being tied up at the levee.

I'm still enthusiastic about the river, but my activities are restricted to cruising on my yacht MERMAID.

Harry H. Pope,
7201 Delmar Blvd.,
St. Louis, Mo. 63130



Model of GRAND REPUBLIC.



Harry H. Pope's yacht MERMAID, anchored at a sand bar above Portage des Sioux, with the palisades of the Upper Mississippi in the background. MERMAID is a 1956 46-foot Constellation Chris Craft.

Among our new members are John C. and Barbara Hall, 3880 Main St., Akron, O. 44319. They were touring on the DELTA QUEEN and met up with Jim and Mary Eversman of Columbus, O. who told them about S&D. John Hall is no newcomer to the rivers, having ridden the GORDON C. GREENE in the late 1930s. His grandfather John

Emmett Hall was chief engineer on the U.S. snagboat E. A. WOODRUFF in the 1890-1900 period.

Betty Jean Weber, Mockingbird Hill, P.O. Box 7, Eva, Tenn. 38333 has joined S&D. Betty is a cook with M/G Transport. Welcome to the clan.

JACK SPOT

Ed. Note:- This yarn was concocted by Ye Ed in the spring of 1919. It first appeared in the "Red and Blue," the Sewickley High School student publication published at the Sewickley Printing Company. The press deadline was very due and Mr. Daniel E. Nevin, who ran the shop, served notice on Red and Blue's editor (me) that he lacked 3½ columns of text to fill up page 3. That night at home I pecked out this story on my Oliver typewriter and next morning handed it in to him. Mr. Nevin (one of the great tribe of Nevins residing in the Sewickley valley, all bright persons and including Ethelbert Nevin, the composer who produced "The Rosary," which brought him national attention) went back to one of the three linotypes and personally set "Jack Spot" in hot metal to fill the void. At noon I went back to the print shop, and Mr. Nevin said, "Yes, your story fitted nicely, and now please proof read it." I scanned it knowing full well it would be letter perfect, which it was, and then Mr. Nevin said to me, "Your 'Jack Spot' needs more meat on its bones--stretch it out with more details and I'll help you find a buyer for it."

So I padded it into its present form, and Mr. Nevin gave me the address of Methodist Publications in Cincinnati. It was accepted and a check was enclosed for \$35, the first pay check for any of my scribblings. They used it in a nationally circulated Methodist Sunday School weekly.

Next adventure of the story was its inclusion in a Nw York published volume titled "Twenty Best Short Stories for Children." The Waterways Journal included it in their Annual Holiday Issue, datelined December 29, 1934, with the illustration shown here. Woody Rutter found a copy of this WJ issue when gathering up river material from the home of our late J. Mack Gamble. Bee Rutter read it, and so by this route Woody loaned it to me for the present airing.

A TUFT of steam. Tousle-headed Elmer Biggs stood transfixed. The Ohio River packet JOE FOWLER had just answered a hail and was about to land at Westport, Oldham County, Kentucky. There was a breathless pause from the time the steam plumed from the FOWLER's whistle until the whistle made itself heard--a deep, short toot. That toot made Elmer Biggs feel odd inside, somehow, for it was the culmination of weeks of preparation. His family was moving, he was moving, his dog was moving. His father--that big man over there by the pile of moving--had stopped a monster river boat with an unostentatious wave of a huge red bandanna handkerchief. The magic thrill of the steamboat whistle was a call to adventure.

All was excitement and bustle as the prow of

the JOE FOWLER headed shoreward. Mrs. Biggs hustled down the bank with a load of window blinds she had almost forgotten. Mr. Biggs wiped his brow with the red flag which had lately served to attract the attention of the pilot on the steamboat. The day was hot and the sun beat down from a clear blue sky. Early autumn was in evidence with coloring leaves, rasping katydids and crickets. Corn was in the shock and the Biggs family was moving. East Liverpool bound--with their assortment of bedsteads, linoleum, chairs, pot and pans, and box upon box of jarred preserves, which represented a summer's work for Mrs. Biggs over a hot stove in the torrid kitchen they had lately deserted. Townsfolk hurried riverward to see the event. Dogs barked. Boys hopped into johnboats to ride the swells. It was a big day, all in all, and the Biggs family was the center of the show.

ELMER BIGGS stooped to pat his dog. "Look, Jack!" he cried. "Look'a there!" He aimed the pup's head in the direction of the approaching packet. Jack wagged his curly tail in acknowledgment but eyed the boat with suspicion. He growled a little and uttered low whines to himself. "We're movin', Jack. Gettin' out of this dump, we are. Goin' to East Liverpool, where Pop can work in the pottery. You'll like it up there, Jack. Lots of city dogs you can meet up with. Boy, oh boy!"

Jack didn't look properly enthusiastic. Perhaps, with canine sense, he suspected misfortune. Jack had had distemper about a year ago. Not his fault, of course. All dogs go through that sort of thing. Nor could he help it that he had several hangovers from the sickness.

Poor Jack! He wasn't a handsome dog. He looked for all the world like a Scotch terrier dressed up in airdale clothing. His mouth continually opened and shut from some sort of nervous disorder. Worse than that, though, his distemper experience had left him with other antics. He would doze off to sleep peacefully enough at night but all of a sudden would kick out with all four legs and go through a process of running an imaginary marathon without bothering to get up. This enterprise usually went off peacefully enough if Jack happened to be stretched out in the middle of a room and far away from any furniture. But Jack wasn't that way. He preferred getting under flimsy tables or chairs, and would send them crashing in the middle of the night. This was bad.

Jack always looked sorrowful after a catastrophe of this sort. He would put his tail between his legs and shake and shiver so distressingly that Mrs. Biggs would break down in her periodic resolves about "getting shet of the dog" and pat his head in sympathy.

But Mrs. Biggs had privately "calculated" this was the best time to break away from Jack and his fidgets once and for all. "We can get the boy a new dog up around East Liverpool. A better dog we'll get him," she said.

"Yes," Mr. Biggs had replied in a deep, gruff voice, "a better dog."

"We'll wait until the last minute. We'll wait until the moving's aboard the boat. Then'll be time enough to tell the boy. We'll tell him then to leave his dog."

"We'll do that," nodded Mr. Biggs. "We'll wait until the boat is ready to go."

THE NEWS had just been broken. Elmer Biggs had learned in one agonizing moment that his dog was not going aboard the JOE FOWLER to East Liverpool. His new blue overalls flapped in the breeze about his tanned legs. Four words from his father, "Jack's to stay behind," were ringing in his ears. It was a blow that left its victim numbed and speechless.

The big bell on the roof of the packet tolled. The moving was aboard. Roustabouts ambled back onto the boat in their shuffling way. The mate was bawling orders to "let go" the lines which moored the steamer. There was the general confusion which usually attends the departure of an Ohio River steamer.

The elder Biggs helped his wife toward the stageplank, making ready to board the boat. Elmer stood, pale and stricken, holding his dog. His eyes were filled with tears. The red lips which had so recently widened in joyous anticipation were drawn and quivering.

"Drop that dog!" ordered Mr. Biggs.

The big man of the red bandanna had been dulled with the knocks of life, perhaps; calloused with the passing of years. Otherwise he could not have watched, unmoved, when Elmer stood Jack on his own four stubby legs to face the world alone. Nothing stirred within his heart when he watched the slow, gentle way in which his yellow headed boy patted the pup as he turned to leave him on the landing.

Engineer bells tinkled their orders to the engineer. The JOE FOWLER's big stern-wheel rolled in the green waters of the Ohio River. The stageplank was hoisted in place. On the head of the boat a mortally wounded boy. On the shore a friendless and deserted pup.

Of course Jack barked, and ran along the bank in an effort to keep pace with the steamer, but it was a race that could turn out only one way. In a little while the yelping dog was but a speck on the shore line away back toward Westport landing.

When Jack finally disappeared amid the green of the willow-fringed landscape, young Elmer Biggs did a very natural thing. He cried. All the sorrow which had been pent up since the tragic departure from the landing barely fifteen minutes before seemed to break through barriers in a relentless torrent of tears.

"What in tarnation ails you, boy?" A deep booming voice sounded back of Elmer Biggs and somewhat above his head. Elmer felt the presence of a big hand on his shoulder and as he turned he beheld a man dressed in grimy overalls with a pointed nose and a huge oakum-like mustache which tweaked this way and that in the autumn breeze.

"I lost my dog," sobbed Elmer, rubbing red eyes and stilling his grief with little success.

"Well, now," said the big man, "that there is something."

Then he tapped a big monkey wrench on a nail protruding from a box of freight. Elmer noticed for the first time that there were gloves on the large hands of this man. Fine yellow gloves they were, with big red stars on the cuffs. A battered uniform cap captured a shaggy head of white streaked hair, and over its beak was the word "Engineer."

And that is how it happened that Elmer and the chief engineer of the JOE FOWLER became fast friends in a little while.

WHEN A BOY enters the engineroom of an Ohio River packet he has something fine to see. And especially a boy like Elmer, who had been raised in a country place and was not used to anything more mechanical than the workings of a Ford, or perhaps the cream separator over at Huddleston's store.

The shiny, long-stroke engines on either side of the big room strained and sizzled as they pushed huge wooden pitmans in and out to churn the stern-wheel around in the water. Levers clanked with a regular metallic sound. Pumps worked up and down, wheels turned, and the din was so loud that a person had to shout to be heard. The floor trembled under Elmer's feet. He could look out past the engines and see the river racing by with incredible speed.

But Elmer, even with his new-found friend, was not consoled.



Illustration by Charles C. Klinger

Elmer Biggs learned in one agonizing moment that his dog was not going aboard the JOE FOWLER to East Liverpool. This drawing appeared in The Waterways Journal's Dec, 29, 1934 issue. Artist Charles C. Klinger obviously used a picture of the TOM GREENE. The story as first written staged the scene at Pumpkin Patch landing, above Louisville, due to a misbelief on the author's part that Pumpkin Patch was on the Kentucky shore. In the present version we've used Westport, Ky. The date of the affair was in 1915 when the JOE FOWLER ran weekly round trips Louisville-Pittsburgh, and the CITY OF LOUISVILLE ran Louisville-Cincinnati. The "old engineer" is patterned from Clarence L. Cunningham, of Parkersburg, W. Va., who stood watches on the FOWLER, and who had a heart big as a squash.

"And now, son, we have to keep busy this afternoon!" The eyes of the old engineer seemed to dance with expectancy. "There's a race brewin'. You stand out there on the starboard fantail and look back down the river!"

Elmer held fast to the single bullrail which guarded the narrow gangway beside the engineroom bulkhead. He stayed close to the door, fearing to go back where the big stern-wheel was turning in steady revolutions, piling river water high in the air and throwing it against the stern of the boat.

Peering back down river, he was surprised to see another steamer. It was an immense side-wheeler, smoke pouring from its funnels, and cutting the water into white foam about her bow. The blue-topped paddle boxes shone against the afternoon sky and dark specks were running to and fro on the main deck. It was quite evident that the crew of the approaching steamer had only one intention in mind--and that was to pass the JOE FOWLER as quickly as possible.

"She's gaining on us," said a booming voice over Elmer's shoulder. The old engineer with the long nose had come out to keep tab on the activities of the rival to the rear. "That's the CITY OF LOUISVILLE, fastest boat between here and Cincinnati. She's got seven boilers compared to our four, and no boat has ever equalled her speed. Now watch our smoke! This JOE FOWLER is called 'the race horse of the upper Ohio River' and we're going to trim this side-wheel champion. See those golden elk horns mounted up above her roof bell? Well, if we lick that boat her captain will be obliged to hand them over to us. They're carried by the fastest boat on the river!"

Elmer forgot his late calamity for a moment as he anticipated the struggle ahead. "Do you really think we can lick her?" he asked.

"You stay there and watch us!" The old engineer disappeared into the engineroom again. In a moment the JOE FOWLER began to tremble with an added thrust of steam in her cylinders. The stern-wheel turned faster. Spray began to whisk past the guard where Elmer was standing to watch the race.

A COLUMN of black smoke mounted from one of the fancy-topped smokestacks of the CITY OF LOUISVILLE. Soon the other was smoking also. The white spray on her bow was mounting higher and higher. The waves which spread in angles from her sides began to overlap and make white breaks against the still green river water of the old Ohio.

"She's got a bone in her teeth!" The JOE FOWLER's engineer was out on the guard to look again. His oakum mustache seemed to rise like a barometer and was tickling his ears. No sooner had he taken a peek than he was back in the engineroom. Elmer could look at the steadily moving engines and see his engineer friend with a long spouted oil can, guiding its spout over various parts of the machinery.

A panic seemed to grip Elmer as he noted the tall black smokestacks on the CITY OF LOUISVILLE getting higher and higher. The rival boat was gaining. Her twin smokestacks, banded with white collars, were giving off a blue haze. Evidently they were hot. Awfully hot. Black columns of smoke rose against the sky and billowed like clouds overhead. And the

big side-wheeler seemed slowly to magnify as she approached the straining JOE FOWLER. Elmer, in his blue overalls, stood staring. He held tightly to the bullrail on the engineroom guard.

When the engineer came out on the guard the next time the nose of the CITY OF LOUISVILLE was about even with the stern of the JOE FOWLER. The long stageplank of the gaining boat seemed to hang aloft, poised like a javelin, watching its chance to spear the vitals of the trembling FOWLER. The irregular deep 'scapes of the side-wheeler were now loud and explosive.

Her paddles beat the water in a hollow rhythm, scattering spray out the end of her wheel boxes in avalanches of pearly white foam.

The JOE FOWLER was straining to the limit. Her steam gauge was hanging on the mark of 244 pounds. Big chunks of scale would leap from her stack-tops and dash into countless pieces of rust and grime on her decks. Her paddlewheel was fanning the water at twice the ordinary speed. The old engineer, with beads of sweat on the end of his long nose, was busy with his oil can. He kept chasing around amongst the machinery like a cat would try to keep watch on twenty mouse holes with alive prospects in every one of them.

"Ding bust me, we're holding our own!" cried the engineer, peering for a split second out the doorway. Elmer felt a strange elation as the CITY OF LOUISVILLE seemed to halt alongside and it looked momentarily as though the FOWLER was going to gain.

What he saw was strange enough, but the sounds were stranger. Coal shovels grating on sheet-iron decking as three firemen fed the hot, hungry furnaces; the beating paddles; the deep, vibrant 'scaping; shouts and cheers of passengers from one boat to the other; rival orchestras trying to outdo each other, and then--- What was the new noise?

THEN a dog barked over on the CITY OF LOUISVILLE. Elmer heard it. He knew at once. He found himself calling "Jack! Jack!" even before his eyes scanned the decks of the big side-wheeler and caught sight of the shaggy pup standing just aft of the wheelbox on the lower guard.

Jack could see his little master now, and with a wild yelp of glee he pranced over precariously near the edge of the boat and barked with such furor that his short legs sprang clear of the deck with each bark.

In a moment the excitement of the race was forgotten. Elmer's entire attention was centered on that bundle of canine energy which was somehow over on the other boat. Every moment it looked as though Jack were about to throw discretion to the four winds and make a wild leap into the river in a vain attempt to get over on the JOE FOWLER and into the arms of Elmer Biggs.

"It's Jack! It's Jack!" Elmer found himself in the midst of the pounding, clanking machinery of the JOE FOWLER's engineroom, hunting out his engineer friend. "My dog's over on the other boat and he's going to jump!"

"Well, I'm a blithering idiot!" exclaimed the big engineer as he took off his cap a moment and wiped the streaming perspiration from his forehead. He went out on the guard to see for himself. The rushing cool air felt good on his face after the atmosphere of the engineroom.

The old man squinted, as Elmer pointed, and saw a tan dog climbing under the guard rail on the CITY OF LOUISVILLE.

"Git back there, you!" he involuntarily cried. "Git back on that boat! Want to git drowned? Git back there!"

There was a crisis. Jack was bound and determined to leap in the river. Elmer felt his heart pounding, and for the second time in a day the seven-year-old boy had tears streaming down his cheeks.

Then an unexpected thing happened. There was a roar of steam through the JOE FOWLER's 'scape pipes and her engines came to a dead halt. Her wheel ceased its rhythmical thrashing as the buckets slapped slowly in the water. Elmer looked around and found his engineer friend gone back to the maze of sizzling machinery. He heard him calling into a speaking tube to someone. "Hail 'er over to us! Breakdown!"

The FOWLER's whistle tooted short, sharp blasts and in a moment the big CITY OF LOUISVILLE came to a dead halt as her wheels reversed with slow, ponderous motions.

A rope was thrown from the big side-wheeler over to the disabled JOE FOWLER and in a moment the sides of the two steamers gently touched each other.

"What's the trouble over there? the rival boat's captain was calling.

"Breakdown! Hold on to us for a few moments until we see how bad it is!"

Elmer didn't need a second invitation to desert his post on the engineroom guard and make for the bow of the JOE FOWLER. "Here, Jack! Here, Jack!" he yelled at the top of his voice.

A shaggy pup made a wild leap from the high deck of the CITY OF LOUISVILLE down onto the guards of the disabled steamboat. Jack nearly went wild as he licked the boy's face and capered around, whining, then barking, then chasing around in a circle.

"How'd you ever get over there?" Elmer finally gasped when he was holding Jack safely in his arms.

An old darky roustabout, grinning from ear to ear, answered for the dog. "Dat dorg suah knows his home! WHY we done picked him up back t' Westport. Wanted to ride dis boat so bad we done took 'im on heah. He knowed he'd find you all de time!"

IN ANOTHER ten minutes the JOE FOWLER was steaming along sgsein with the monotonous sigh of her 'scapes beathing in her twin funnels. Away up ahead, at least a mile, was the CITY OF LOUISVILLE. The air of combat was completely gone. The race was over for the day.

The old engineer was back in the JOE FOWLER's engineroom, tipped back in a chair with his feet hoisted on the throttle box. His oakum mustache was wagging this way and that as he watched a youngster play with a brown puppy. "What's his name again?" the engineer asked.

"Jack Spot," answered Elmer Biggs.

"How'd you get the Spot part?"

"The last time I saw him he was just a spot--along the willows above Westport," answered the boy readily.

"Oh, I see," smiled the engineer.

"Why don't we race some more?" inquired Elmer briskly.

"Bless me, little man--I'm about tuckered out after so much excitement in one day. Sometime again I'll lick that big hay-baler. Some day you'll hear about it!"

And the old engineer smiled. His eyes twinkled and his mustache wobbled as he shook up and down to the motion of the engineroom floor. He seemed unexplainably happy.

And it is quite likely that no one to this day suspects that the breakdown he had lately mended was not in the JOE FOWLER's machinery--but in the heart of Elmer Biggs.



The Howard Yard at Jeff following snowfall and frigid wave after wheel and machinery had been removed from the DACOTAH. Jim Howard took the picture, Bill Tippitt had the glass negative and Woody made the print. Compare this with another DACOTAH picture shown elsewhere in this issue, taken same location.

BIG SANDY RIVER
STEAMBOATS

The following are documented in the Chief of Engineers Reports, operating on that river from the first date listed below through the last date, consecutively. Compiled by Jerry Sutphin.

FRANK PRESTON 110 x 18 x 3. 60 tons. 1890-1895.
SANDY VALLEY 105 x 14 x 2.8. 40 tons. 1890-1899.
FAIRPLAY 125 x 19 x 3. 40 tons. 1891-1898.
ANDY HATCHER 117 x 18 x 3. 65 tons. 1890-1897.
MARY L. HATCHER 110.4 x 20 x 3. 55.05 tons. 1890-1894.
J. C. HOPKINS 102.5 x 16.4 x 2.4. 67 tons. 1890-1899.
BEULAH BROWN 118 x 15 x 2.5. 37.71 tons. 1891-1899.
SIP BAYES 110 x 14 x 1.8. 24.12 tons. 1890-1898.
IDA SMITH 100 x 16 x 3. 45 tons. 1890-1892.
VIRGIE RATCLIFF 110 x 15 x 2.6. 43 tons. 1890-1896.
FAVORITE 103 x 14.8 x 2.5. 43.64 tons (increased to 48.12 tons in 1892). 1891-1894.
LEXINGTON 120 x 22 x 3.5. 58.72 tons. 1890-1894.
SEA LION Towboat. 123 x 22 x 3.5. 127 tons. 1891-1899.
GATE CITY Towboat. 1891-1896.
BUCKEYE BOY Towboat. 137 x 20 x 3.5. 1891-1898.
TOM SPURLOCK Towboat. 117 x 22 x 3. 100 tons. 1890-1894.
D. B. BURNS 80 x 14 x 2.6. 1890.
S. R. VAN METRE 112 x 18.3 x 3.4. 93.5 tons. 1890-1892.
ED C. KIRKER 73 x 8 x 2. 7 tons. 1890-1891.
GUYANDOTTE 104.3 x 16.1 x 2.9. 1892-1899.
JENNIE GEORGE 90 x 14 x 2.3 (Length increased to 93 ft. in 1893). 19.05 tons. 1892-1899.
STELLA Towboat. 90 x 16 x 2. 25 tons. 1892-1896.
C. C. MARTIN 103 x 18.2 x 2.9. 76.78 tons. 1892-1894.
J. H. McCONNELL Towboat. 120 x 22 x 4. 137 tons. 1895-1899.
CHAMPION Saw mill boat. 113 x 21 x 3.2. 60.15 tons. 1893-1899.
J. C. HOPKINS NO. 2 120 x 18 x 2.8. 56.28 tons. 1894-1896.
NANCY 38 x 6.5 x 2.2. 1896-1898.
LEE H. BROOKS Towboat. 1895-1898.

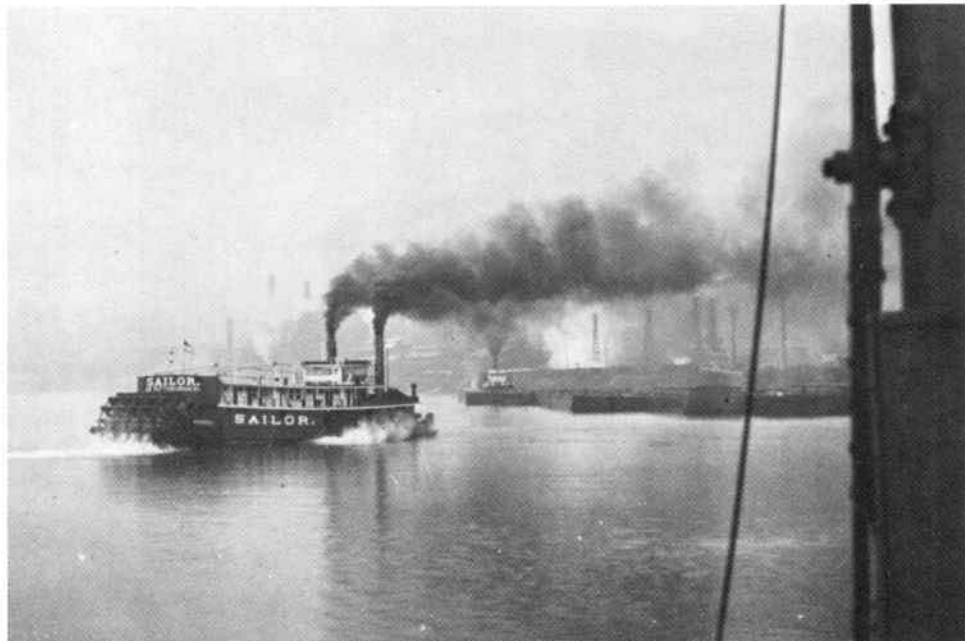
B. F. JOHNSON 103 x 10 x 2.5. 18.35 tons. 1895-1898.
ESTELLE 103 x 10 x 2.5. 18.35 tons. 1895-1898.
OMETA 38 x 6.5 x 2.2. 1895-1898.
ALEX YOST 120 x 18 56.28 tons. 1898.
LOUISA 90 x 9 x 2. 1898-1899.
MAXIE YOST 117.6 x 15.6. 47.12 tons. 1898-1899.
M. M. STAFFORD 1898-1899.
BELLEVUE Towboat. 1898-1899.
ARGAND 130 x 25 x 4.5. 96.25 tons. 1898-1899.
BIG SANDY 110 x 14 x 1.8. 24.12 tons. 1899.
CANDO 127.6 x 23.3 x 3.5. 1899.
B. A. JOHNSON 102.5 x 16.4 x 2.4. 67 tons. 1898.

THEALKA 116 x 19.2 x 3.2. 1898.
CRICKET 132.6 x 18.3 x 2.9. 1901-1904.
DONCA 109.5 x 18.4 x 3. 1901.

Also listed are others, mostly towboats, engaged in handling rafts from the Big Sandy and Guyandotte rivers to Ohio River destinations:

KATIE Mc, J. M. GRUBBS, VINCENNES, SEA GULL, JOHN C. FISHER, MARY STEWART, J. O. COLE, CROWN HILL, VENUS, M. B. GOBLE, F. A. GOEBEL, CATHARINE DAVIS, MILES H. and GERALDINE.

Note: Last packet operated on the Big Sandy was the J. P. DAVIS, early spring 1921.



THIS was taken by Edward H. Scheibler looking down the Monongahela River at the Rutherglen Street landing of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Co. Ed was in the pilothouse of the B. F. JONES, JR., guest of Capt. John B. (Snake) McVey. Ed was handy with a camera and took scads of boat pix in the 1940s. His thesis at Yale was a history of the "Combine" largely extracted from MRCC&C and Pittsburgh Coal annual reports on file in the Yale Library. A classmate of his was Dick Thornburg, later governor of Pennsylvania and presently much in the national news. Raised in Sewickley, Ed now is senior v.p., investments, with The Milwaukee Company, and he resides at 5614 N. Argyle Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53209. In a recent phone talk we asked Ed if he still has his river negatives, and the sad answer was no, he does not have them. The ray of sunshine is that y.t. made 5x7" copy negs of most of them.



MICHAEL F. BLASER, 203 Hillcrest Ave., Davenport, Iowa 52803 showed up in Louisville last May for the DQ-B/L race lugging along a painting he had not quite finished of the Cincinnati waterfront in the summer of 1935. In this scene, possible only to the wizardry of an artist, he had invited all of the passenger and freight boats to appear, all at his appointed day and hour. Most of them accepted. Quite a few remained across the Ohio at Cincinnati's lengthy paved wharf. The side-wheel J.S. which had been tramping the upper Ohio in 1935 is headed for Louisville, just about to pass under the suspension bridge. The AVALON, left foreground, seems to be emerging from the Licking River, 'scaping out on the roof using 'scape pipes neatly supplied by the artist who undoubtedly saw them in May this year on the BELLE

OF LOUISVILLE, so figured she always had 'em. The CARY-BIRD, upstaging the others at the right, has towing knees and no swinging stage; possibly she's looking for the barge she usually towed. Bill Pollock and y.t. are the pilots on the WASHINGTON, nosed in just above the Greene Line wharfboat.

Michael Blazer tells us that the Cincinnati Historical Society is handling 14½" by 32" (live area) prints in full color of the painting. Ample border creates frame size of about 23" x 39". Most of the 950 prints being marketed (#51-#950) are priced at \$125, signed by the artist. The first 50 carry a marquee of the ISLAND QUEEN in addition, priced \$275. Three more such Cincinnati scenes, covering earlier years, are projected.

DQ VIDEO PROJECT

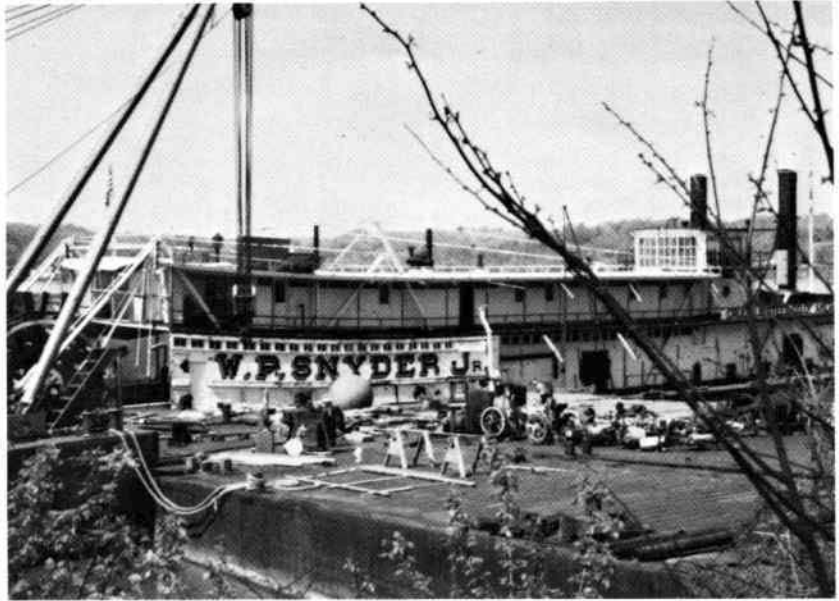
William (Bill) Muster, formerly with Delta Queen Steamboat Co. and now with California Communications, Inc., 6900 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90038 has launched himself into the considerable project of creating a video showing of the story of the DELTA QUEEN.

High in his priorities is to seek out and interview persons associated with this internationally famed steamboat since her transit of the high seas from California to the Mississippi River in 1947. Bill Muster knows he's a bit late, but better late than never.

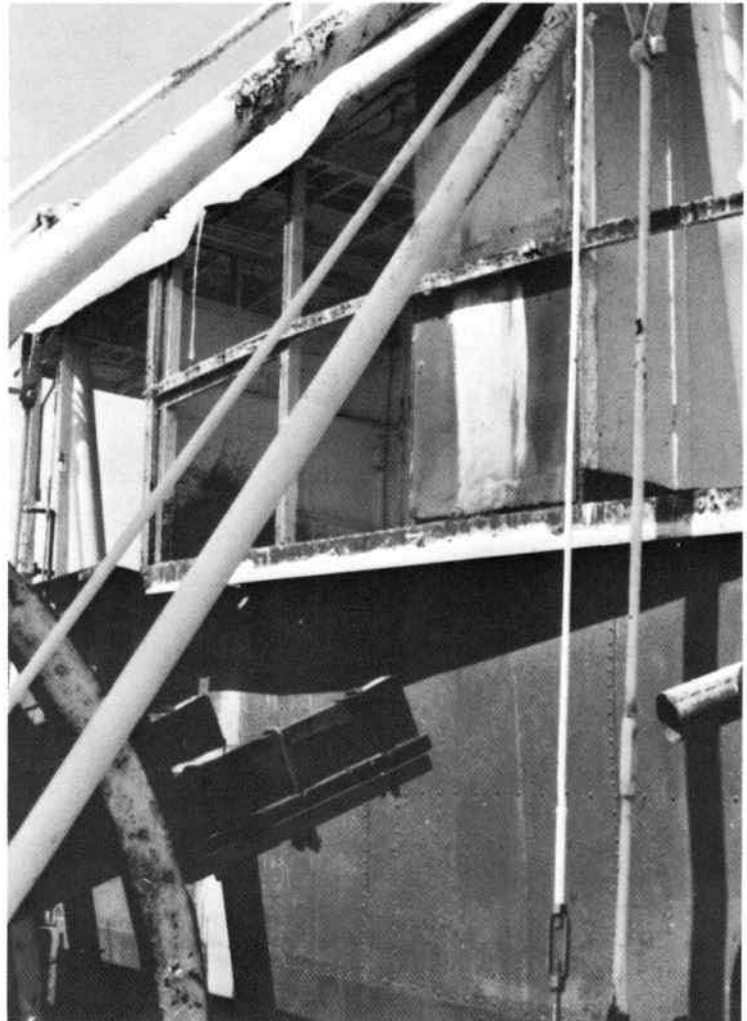
On the week-end of June 11th Bill's crew descended on 121 River in a stretch 23 ft. long shiny black Cadillac driven by Frank H. Mayfield III, college student of Cincinnati. Soon we were shaking hands (for the first time) with Frank's father, Frank H. Mayfield Jr. with Marsh & McLennan in Cincinnati, and contributor to S&D REFLECTOR. Frank introduced Craig Barnes, owner of Visionary Media in Hollywood, Calif. and who had flown in from L.A. with equipment beyond belief in scope and complexity. Also we met Jim DeLaney, owner of DeLaney Productions and special projects editor of the Cincinnati "Enquirer," and Tom DeLaney, with Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati. Fred Rutter, editor of MOR's "Riverview," was on deck, week-ending with his grandfather.

Some few of the neighbors, seeing the stretch Caddy on the premises, had fleeting thoughts that the good Captain was in the hands of the undertakers. Conrail's three tracks celebrated by passing by a constant parade of freight trains, and the control tower at the Greater Pittsburgh International Airport routed its arrivals and departures over the chimney-pots of 121 River. The recording sessions were hardly what you'd call dull.

Craig Barnes treated Fred Rutter and me to lunch Sunday noon, and Fred later poured Craig on a plane for his return to L.A. The Cincinnati contingent drove back to Cincinnati in that DELTA QUEEN of the highways (back seat equipped with a TV) while y.t. repaired to the front porch, alone, to peace and quiet. Long live the DELTA QUEEN.



The W. P. SNYDER JR. moored at John Beatty's repair yard at Warsaw, Ky., pictured by Jeff Spear on May 2nd last. Below is a close-up of the stern showing removal of the original frame splashboard on the boiler deck. Jeff, Catherine Remley and y.t. were on our initial visit to Warsaw, a Kentucky town loaded with fascinating old homes. Time did not permit a visit with Dr. Carl and Sue Bogardus, both active in S&D's MOR Chapter.



UPPER MISSOURI RIVER
PACKET ROSEBUD

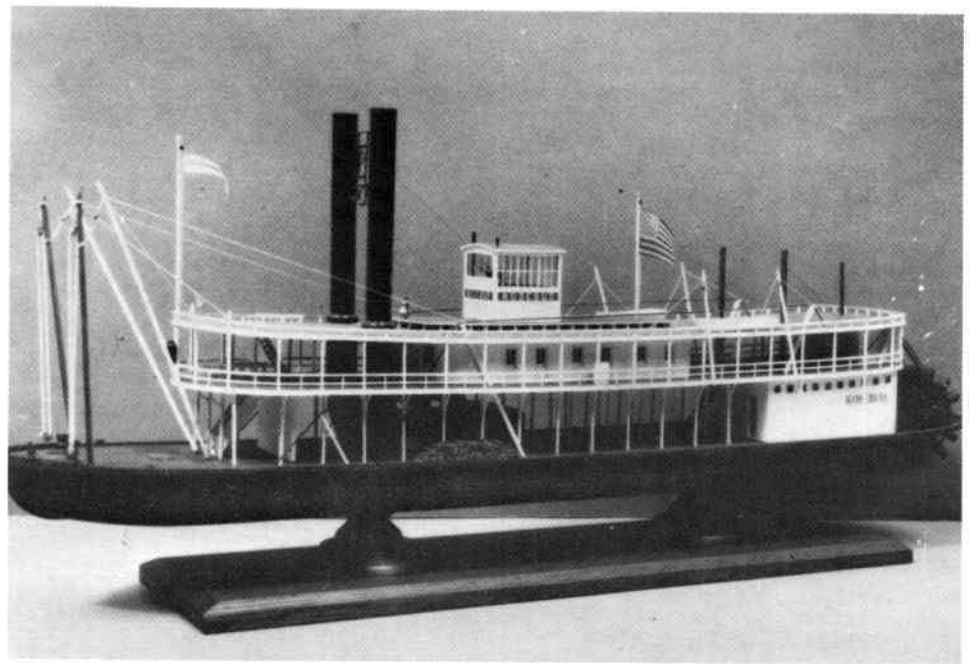
A Letter and Three
Pictures Recall
Famous Boat.

Maynard Stephens, living at Ronan, Montana, built his first steamboat model 56 years ago, in the winter of 1932, while snowed in at the old home ranch on Knife River. He "did" the ROSEBUD, and today the model is displayed at the State Historical Society's museum at Helena, Mont.

The building of the model led Mr. Stephens into employment at the State Museum where within four years he created models of Lewis and Clark's Fort Mandan, old Fort Union, and "many more," as he puts it.

While working at the Museum, one of the visitors who popped in was John Christenson, Heart River rancher and amateur photographer. Upon seeing the ROSEBUD model, he identified himself as the photographer who had taken the ROSEBUD's picture in 1895 at Fort Yates where she was loading three Army units, Companys A, F and H, transferring them down the Missouri to Fort Niobrara, Neb. This picture appears on an accompanying page. The girls appearing in the scene were from the Indian School at Fort Yates. "John Christenson was quite a photographer," writes Maynard Stephens. "Many of his pictures showed up in the Sunday editions of the old Denver Post, taken with a Graflex news camera."

The most widely reproduced photograph of the ROSEBUD is the one taken in midstream, upbound in the "upper river" at Deadman's Rapids. "The photographer was D. F. Barry." We are also devoting an accompanying page to this one. "Mr. Barry, in this effort, produced what has been acknowledged as the best ever taken of a loaded steamer under way on the upper reaches of the Missouri," says Mr. Stephens, adding that "I corresponded with Mr. Barry some years ago while I was searching for Missouri River steamboat pictures. He was unhappy that Frank Fisk of Fort Yates was marketing this ROSEBUD picture and others as his own, pictures taken while Frank Fisk was 'still in diapers.' As an aside, my father knew D. F. Barry quite well, having



Maynard Stephens' 56-year-old model of the ROSEBUD now on display in the State Historical Society's museum in Montana.

Painted his photo shop for him in the 1880s at Bismarck."

Our letter-writer Maynard Stephens is reminded to say "I've met Frank Fisk, and also recall his aged father who lived with him. The father had served under Custer, and had lived in various forts up and down the Missouri, a great story teller. Frank's mother was a fullblood Sioux."

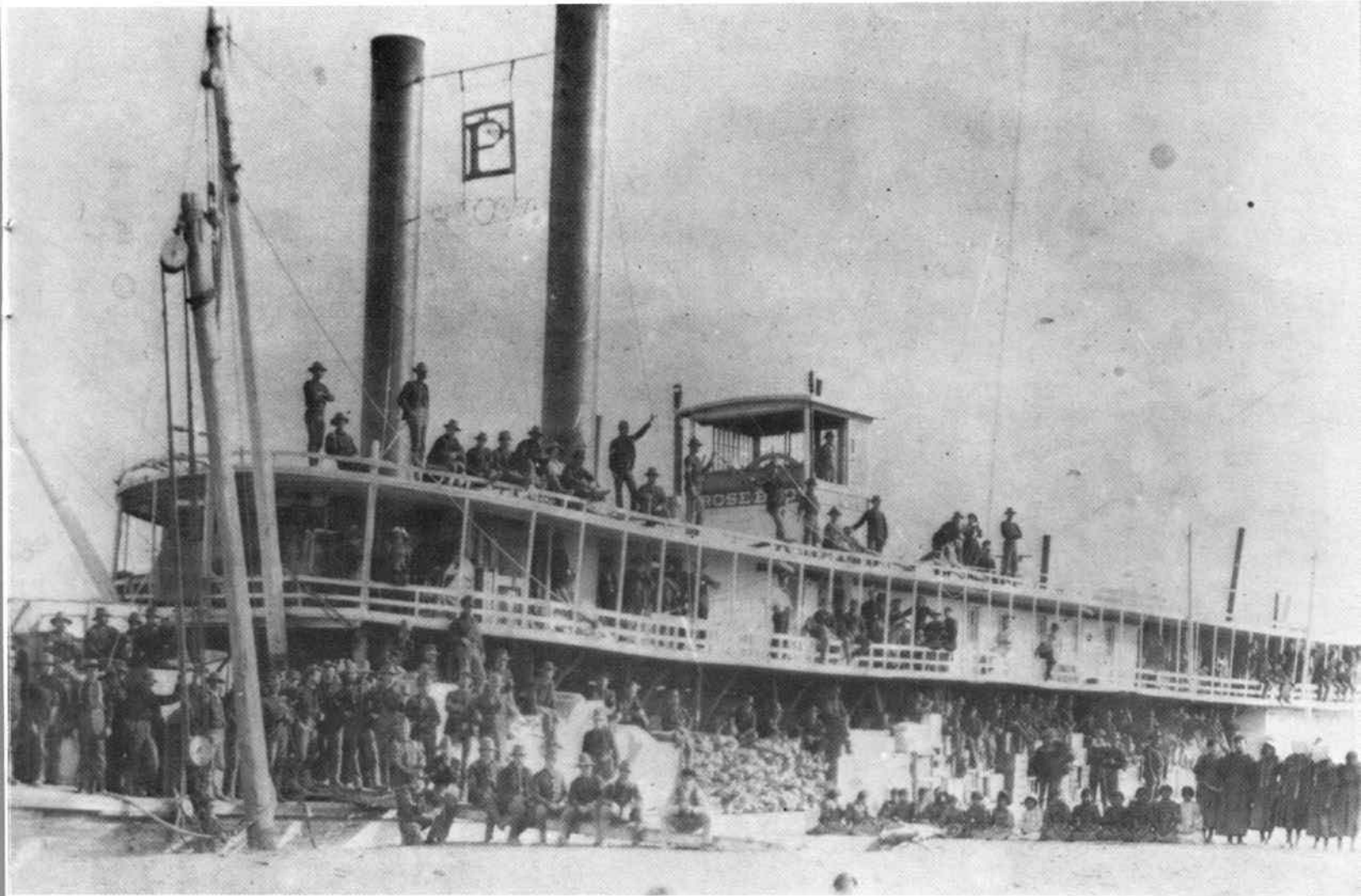
Maynard Stephens has been improving his time, building a model of the FAR WEST, complete with cordwood and canvas deck curtains. "I challenge anyone to rick up a better pile of cordwood than I," he writes. The model is soon to be delivered to the Custer Battlefield. "A friend has volunteered to drive me and model, a round trip of 1,000 miles; Montana is endless."

The ROSEBUD's name is spelled in Way's Packets as two words, ROSE BUD. The List of Merchant Vessels, 1885, spells it ROSEBUD, with hull dimensions given as 177.4 x 31.3 x 4. She had Rees engines, 13's- 5 ft. stroke, and two boilers. The wood hull was built at the Eberman & McFall yard, California, Pa. on the Monongahela River in 1877. The original owners were S. B. Coulson, William S. Evans, D. S. H. Gilmore, D. W. Maratta and

James C. McVay. Capt. Grant Marsh took charge of her when she got to St. Louis in 1877 and loaded out for Bismarck where she arrived early in July. Gen. W. T. Sherman boarded her at Bismarck, plus his staff, and proceeded to Fort Lincoln to pick up General Terry and others. They ascended the Yellowstone to the Big Horn, thence to the mouth of the Little Big Horn where the FAR WEST, commanded by Capt. Grant Marsh, had picked up the survivors of Major Reno's command following Custer's debacle of the year before. General Sherman, general of the U. S. Army, and entourage left the ROSEBUD at this point on an inspection tour. The ROSEBUD, under Army charter, spent the balance of the summer on the Yellowstone.

In all, ROSEBUD made 55 trips to Fort Benton, most of them from the railhead at Bismarck. She was outfitted with electric lights and a searchlight during this career, the first such illumination seen at Fort Benton. Local legend there is that in displaying this novelty the searchlight was spotted on the Chouteau House. A well known local citizen was illuminated on the balcony with a girl on his lap. The applause from the spectators was generous.

Existing records peg the



ROSEBUD as the first spring arrival at Fort Benton in 1880, 1883, 1886, and in 1887. On one of these occasions she arrived April 26th, earliest in the history of Fort Benton steamboating. This happened in 1877.

The Block P Line purchased the boat in 1885 and they made Fort Benton trips with her in 1888 and 1889 after the railroad had arrived.

At the time of her loss she was owned by the Benton Packet Co. She had landed at Bismarck during high water on a falling river. During the night she settled on some piling and sank. The date was May 16, 1896, according to Maynard Stephens, to whom we are vastly indebted not only for his letter and pictures, but also for portions of the ROSEBUD story just related.

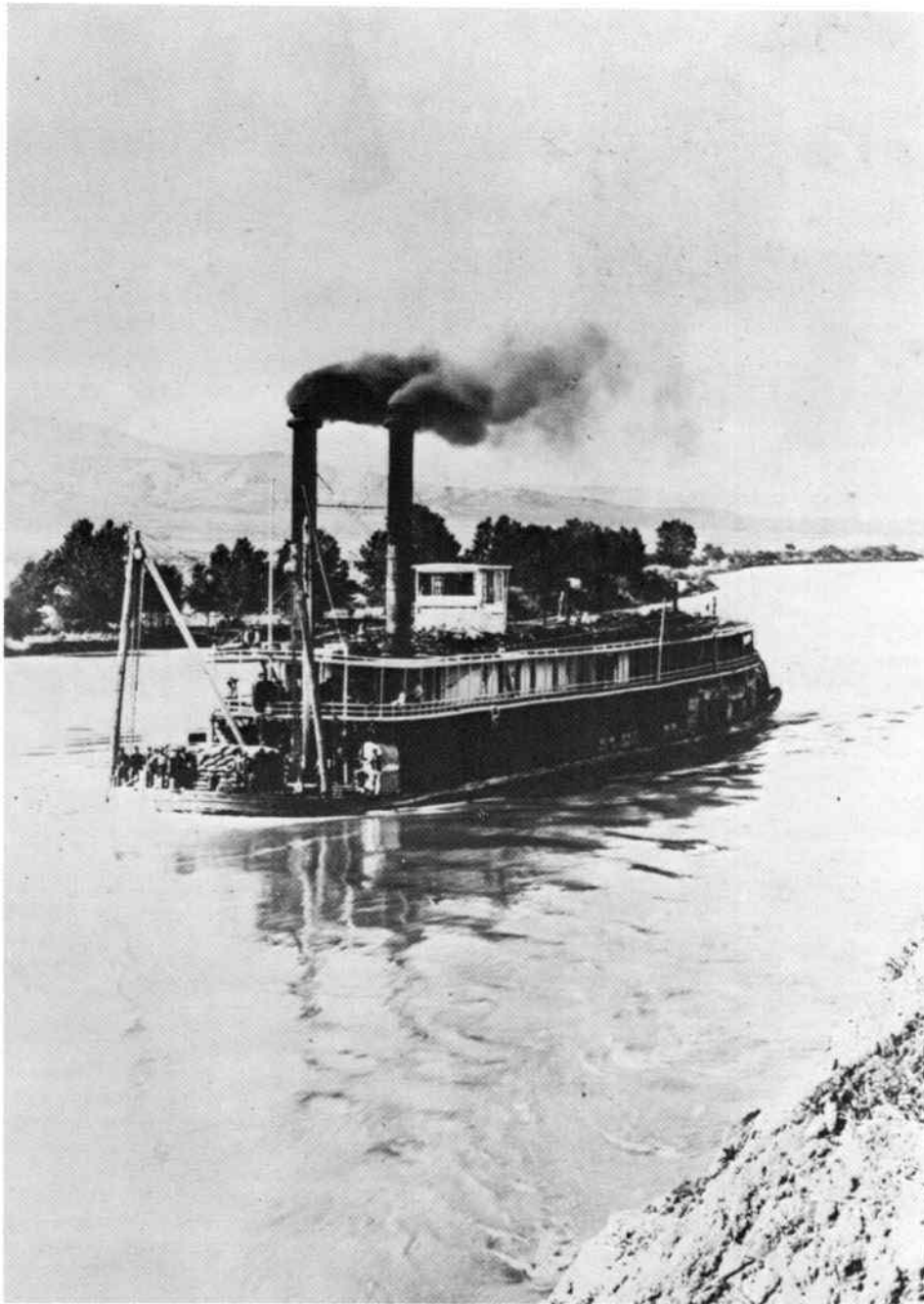
For additional ROSEBUD information and an excellent double-page photo of her, same

Maynard Stephens met and talked with John Christenson who took this picture in 1895 at Fort Yates on the Missouri River. The details appear in the accompanying story. The Block P Line insignia hangs between the ROSEBUD's stacks. T. C. Power masterminded the Benton Transportation Co. and went on to become a successful politician--he was elected to the United States Senate in 1890--and an even more successful financier, with an investment empire that included banks, flour mills, granaries, cattle and sheep companies, and mining concerns. As for Benton Transportation, it kept steamboats on the Missouri River for the rest of the 19th century and was the last refuge for a number of great steamboatmen, among them the fabled Grant Marsh.

as shown in this issue on page 36, find a copy of "The Rivermen" by the Editors of TIME-LIFE BOOKS with text by Paul O'Neil. Biographical sketches are presented of some of the original ROSEBUD stockholders.

Joel Overholser of Fort Benton has released a new book, "Fort Benton, World's Innermost Port," which has turned out to be an

encyclopedia of over 400 pages. Maynard Stephens says of it: "I have read much of Montana history, but this book tops most everything I've read." The dust jacket is adorned with a pleasing pen drawing of the "mountain boat" IDA REES, made from an actual photograph which shows up on page 214. The 24-page picture section is loaded with Fort Benton scenes up to and including a shot of the U.S.



The ROSEBUD climbing through Deadman's Rapids on the upper Missouri River, photographed by David F. Barry. Maynard Stephens says, "Mr. Barry, in this effort, produced what has been acknowledged as the best ever taken of a loaded steamer under way on the upper reaches of the Missouri."

Engineer's MANDAN, last steamboat at Fort Benton, June 20, 1921.

Copies may be procured direct from the author, Joel Overholser. The book is recommended. Priced \$27 and write him at Box 69, Fort

Benton MT 59442. Joel was associated with the Fort Benton "River Press" from 1926 until his retirement in 1981. He's great on details; takes a whole page to list the steamboat arrivals at Fort Benton in 1866, complete with dates.

Maynard Stephens' mailing address is 133 Franklin SW, Ronan, Montana 59864 and, as he says, "Montana is endless." We located Ronan in our Rand-McNally about two light miles NW of Whitehall, abode of y.t.'s first cousin Stewart Way.

LAST OF THE BREED
WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI

by Walt Wiley

GO DOWN to the riverfront in Old Sacramento some Sunday morning and look across the water to the landing on the Yolo County side.

Yes, that really is a steamboat swapping whistle blasts with the steam-train engines that ply the riverbank for tourist runs on week-ends.

It is the ELIZABETH LOUISE, the only commercial steamboat left in operation west of the Mississippi River. The real live river steamer is complete with boilers and steam engines that hiss and chug and turn a huge paddlewheel to whip the water to a froth as the boat parades up and down the Sacramento River.

Look closely. That burly, gray-haired fellow in the captain's hat who quietly growls orders as he beats a whirlwind path between wheelhouse and main deck is not Captain Andy from the musical "Showboat." Nor is he the skipper from "Gilligan's Island" television show.

He's Capt. Hal Wilmunder, owner, creator and licensed master of the ELIZABETH LOUISE, a man who knows how to make his own dreams come true.

"It all started out because I wanted to build myself an AFRICAN QUEEN, just something to play with," said Wilmunder, 63, a Sacramento crane contractor. He was referring to the little steam launch in the 1950s movie classic starring Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn.

Those first dreams came in 1974, after he sold his steam tourist railroad at Apple Hill near Placerville, Calif.

With a steam history that dates back to his days as a fireman on the Southern Pacific railroad, and even before to a boyhood of playing aboard the old River Line steamers along the Sacramento riverfront. Wilmunder was looking for a new steam-powered adventure.

"But by the time you build a little boat, then put a boiler and a steam engine in it, you don't have room for anything else," he said.

"I kept drawing it bigger, and by the time it got big enough to have any room in it, it was too big to own unless it could take passengers for hire, and so we went for this."

"This" is all of a sudden a

historic vessel, something that had it been launched 60 or 100 years ago would have fit right in with the other river steamers of those days--gracefully curved, swift and quiet except when the mellow, deep whistle is blasting away at full throat.

Wilmunder said that after he knew what he wanted, he hired a naval architect to design a vessel that would be legal for handling passengers, then set out with family and friends to weld the vessel up from steel in a vacant lot among wrecking yards.

To hear him tell it, it was just a backyard building project, but what a project: 140 feet long and 29 feet wide, 285 gross tons, licensed to carry 400 passengers. The keel rides some 4 feet underwater. The tips of the twin smokestacks are 52 feet above the water.

As it took on passengers for the two-hour, whistle-tooting, bridge-raising brunch cruise one recent Sunday, the vessel's 12-foot diameter paddlewheel slowly ticked backward to hold tension on the lines and keep the hull snug up against the landing float.

The whole boat vibrated lazily with the easy stroke of the engines. Then a cloud of steam obscured half the sky as a thundering hiss from the whistle slowly grew in volume in a full-bore blast that stopped all conversation.

Lines were cast off; the beat of the engines increased; the paddlewheel began to slap the water in earnest, and the ELIZABETH LOUISE swung into the current and made a U-turn to head downriver beneath the Tower Bridge, which already was opening to permit the passage.

As the passengers lined up for their buffet brunch, a gentle delta breeze blew upriver. The surface of the river was covered with tiny wavelets, which the ELIZABETH LOUISE disturbed not at all except in the wake of the 14-foot-wide paddlewheel where the water was turned to a whipped-cream froth.

Downriver a ways, the ELIZABETH LOUISE met Old Sacramento's official tour boat, the square, boxy, top-heavy-looking MATTHEW MCKINLEY. Wilmunder yanked the whistle lanyard for a single blast to indicate which side of the channel he would take to pass the fake paddlewheeler.

"Listen to the Charley McCarthy," Wilmunder said with a

grin, his blue eyes crinkling both at the derisive moniker he had given the rival boat and at the sound it was about to make. The MCKINLEY answered with a feeble croak. "I think they got that horn off a Volkswagon," Wilmunder said.

By contrast, he said, he built the ELIZABETH LOUISE's whistle himself after figuring out just the proper three notes for the boat: "It's a D-flat minor inversion: D-flat, E and A-flat. We originally had the whistle off the old steamer TAHOE, but it was just too shrill for a riverboat."

"This is just right. You've got to have steam if you're going to run a steamer."

-Thanks to Hal E. Wilmunder and Richard E. Brown for clippings.

Sirs: I was fit to be tied, seeing the ink drawing by Dick Rutter of the SAM CRAIG in the June issue. I believe I was the pilot aboard at the time--1942 is a long time ago, but at my age, 77, one collects lots of memories and I can recall most of them.

This is the year I hope to land in Marietta for S&D, probably by car. It would be nicer to come on a steam paddlewheel towboat, blowing the Union Barge Line's landing whistle, 2 longs and 2 shorts, drawing it out as long as the steam lasts.

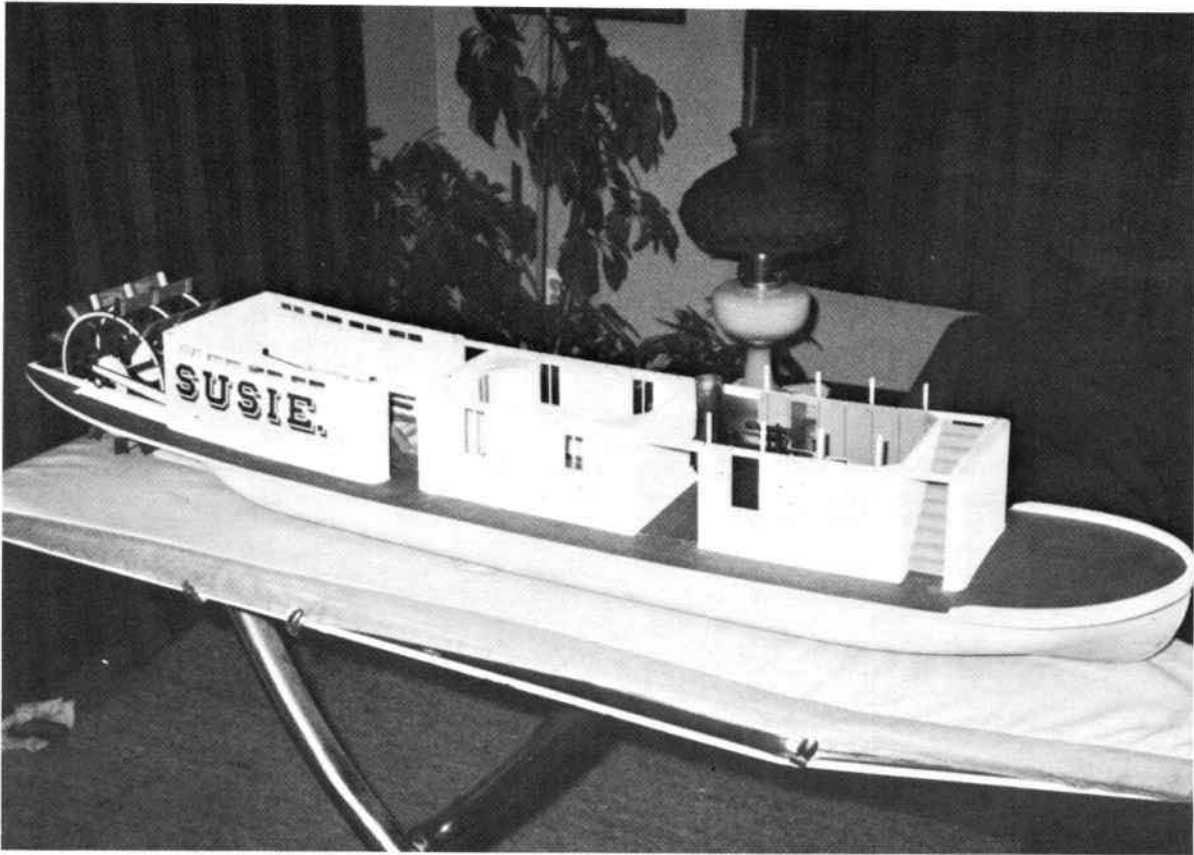
This year is special for my wife Margaret and I; our 50th wedding anniversary. I met her 54 years ago on the maiden voyage of the mv. PEACE, on the Paducah wharf. Her father was H. P. Ellis who had a machine shop near the landing and he brought his family down to see the new PEACE--we were holding open house.

Frank W. Springer,
185 Kinder Drive,
Quail Knoll,
Campobello, S.C. 29322

Sirs: Upon looking at the pictures of the ALICE BROWN in the March issue I would say from the looks of the hillside and the road alongside that those ice piers are at Coal Haven, across from Turkey Creek Light.

Capt. Jack W. Hamlin,
3135 Summer Ave.,
Huntington, W. Va. 25705

=Capt. Tom Kenny agrees (see June issue, page 46.) -Ed.



SIRS: Yours truly is creating a new sternwheeler albeit in model form. SUSIE is a reincarnation of the little advertising steamer ST. JACOBS OIL (later SUSIE B.) written up in the Sept. 1969 S&D REFLECTOR. Scaled at $\frac{1}{2}$ " to the foot, she is fully operating, and radio controlled. She's all electric, with an electronic speed control, smoke generator, whistle, and a simulated glowing firebox. SUSIE is exactly four feet long and I hope to have her in a state of near completion at S&D come September. Inasmuch as the model is not an exact replica of the prototype I have left off the B. from the name. The accompanying picture was taken this spring; much progress has been made since. Behind her please notice the oil lamp from my grandmother's farmhouse in Gallia County, O., an Alladin oil mantle lamp with radiance equal to that of a modern-day 40 watt bulb. See all of you in September at S&D. John L. Fryant.

The West Memphis (Ark.) Evening Times on July 21st reports an interview with Leslie Stewart-Abernathy, excavation leader with the Arkansas Archeological Survey.

The survey team thinks they have discovered the wreckage of about seven vessels, instead of five as previously thought.

"We have the 140 feet by 30 feet double ended barge, at least one and maybe more steamboats, a wooden rectangular barge, and parts of as many as four others--at this point we don't know what," he said.

These are located at Engineers Beach, just south of the Interstate 55 river bridge, in a usually submerged area of the river.

"Artifacts found in the wrecks have proven amazing," he said, citing a boiler gauge found intact and pieces of a steamboat smokestack.

"No museum in the country has a steamboat smokestack," he said. "I was surprised to find that out."

The team found undamaged artifacts which appear to have come from a galley--some utensils, china and metal dinnerware.

An oval ceramic serving bowl marked Greenwood China, Trenton, N.J. 1890, and plates marked Wyllie China Co., Huntington, W. Va., 1910-1920. were among them.

"The dates on the dishes are

helping us get closer to the date of the wrecks," he said.

A \$5,000 grant was awarded by the University of Arkansas to pay for further excavation work.

Orange flags and warning signs surround the site to dissuade trespassers. Security guards, paid by funds released from the Governor's Emergency Fund, are on duty constantly.

The Mississippi at Memphis reached a record low of minus 10.7--or 10.7 below a benchmark set in 1872--on July 10 and 11. On July 27 the forecast was promising a swell on the Memphis gauge to minus 3.5, its highest since June 4. A slow fall was expected to follow.

INTERVIEWS BEING
TAPED FOR VIDEO ON
OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI

Crew Aboard Yacht
DRIFTWOOD May Be Knock-
ing at Your Door.

The 60-foot yacht DRIFTWOOD visited Pittsburgh the week-end of May 21st, having come from Mobile via Tenn-Tom, the Tennessee and Ohio rivers. She left Chicago on July 2, 1986 and since then has prowled the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence Seaway and the Atlantic coast to Florida. The three-year odyssey will terminate this fall after she has explored the Ohio, and the Mississippi from St. Paul to New Orleans. A video team, headed by Scott Craig, an executive producer at WBBM-TV in Chicago who has produced numerous TV documentaries, including four instalments of the "Portrait of America" series on WBTS, Cable Channel 29. He tapes on board the DRIFTWOOD and also on frequent shore interviews arranged beforehand by Cathy Fisher. When Scott Craig and Cathy visited 121 River Ave. the camera crew was composed of two young men, Mark Hollensteiner and Bill Arnold.

The story of this DRIFTWOOD project is almost beyond belief. The yacht is owned by Paul Fischer (no relation to Cathy; note the difference in name-spelling), a prominent businessman of Fort Wayne, Ind. who owns the Dot Corp. which produces packaging materials for retail merchandise.

Paul Fischer and his 21-year-old son Martin were driving in Indianapolis on July 14, 1984 when struck by another car. Son Martin was killed instantly, and his father Paul was hospitalized for brain damage, suffering a concussion which had him knocked out for six months.

At the time of this tragedy the son was in John Hopkins U. and had been accepted for graduate work at the U. of California at Los Angeles. Film was his medium, and under his belt were 20 or more international awards at film festivals. High on his list of ambitions was this idea of circuiting the waterways of Eastern U.S., camera in hand.

Upon his recovery, Paul Fischer decided, in memory of his deceased son Martin, to pursue the project Martin had in mind. He needed a boat and a captain. He came to terms with Capt. Richard G. Bristol who recommended the 60-foot DeFever motor yacht SEA HORSE built 1961 in Chicago for pleasure cruises. The purchase was made, the boat refitted, and her name changed to DRIFTWOOD, a name that "kind of fits a lot the way we like to do things," Mr. Fischer said later.

Five major themes were decided upon for Project DRIFTWOOD:

1. Historical routes; how did the rivers and coastal waterways contribute to the settling of North America?
2. How have the waters and wildlife been affected by the communities that have sprung up along them?
3. People; Settlers from every continent have traveled

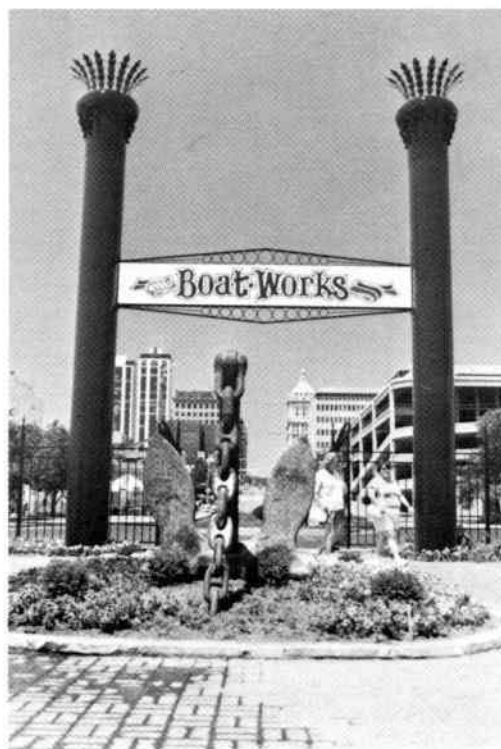
these waterways and built communities along them. Who were these people and what are their descendants like today?

4. Industry; How have the rivers and coastlines contributed to American business and manufacturing?

5. Recreation; How do North Americans use their rivers for fun?

Paul Fischer set up the Martin Fischer Memorial Foundation at Concordia (Ind.) High School from which Martin had graduated, which awards a \$5,000 annual scholarship to provide equipment and training for youngsters bent on film-making careers. The filming on the Project DRIFTWOOD is handled by graduate film students earning \$1,000 for one month served with the Project.

Eventually the resulting documentary will be used as a TV series and a classroom tool.



Looking into downtown Peoria, Ill. from the Illinois River entrance to Jumer's Boat Works, headquarters for the operation of the new excursion boat SPIRIT OF PEORIA. These decorative smokestacks tower above their surroundings. A large keel anchor and chain attract attention as the centerpiece of a flower garden. Fred Rutter took the picture on the Fourth of July, enroute home following a trip aboard the TWILIGHT.

THE KORT NOZZLE

The Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers at a meeting in Pittsburgh on June 10th included in its program an opportunity for the presentation of a posthumous award to Albert J. Dawson (1891-1961) for the part he played in the adoption of the Kort nozzle on propeller towboats of the Mississippi River System.

The National Rivers Hall of Fame, represented by director Jerome (Jerry) Enzler of Dubuque, made the award. On hand for the ceremonies were Robert L. (Bob) Gray, recently retired river marine superintendent of Ashland Oil, and Ian Douthwaite, former co-worker with Mr. Dawson at the Dravo shipyard, Neville Island, Pa. The award was presented to the late Albert Dawson's daughter, Dr. Elizabeth Dawson Carnes, who was accompanied by her husband Dr. Ray Carnes and the grandson of the award recipient, Albert Dawson Baker.

The adoption of the Kort nozzle on U.S. inland streams came in 1937. The late Ralph M. Dravo, touring Germany, became aware of the invention of Dr. Ludwig Kort of Hannover, Germany, and sent Albert Dawson and his assistant Clancy J. Horton to investigate. The upshot was an arrangement wherein Dravo procured exclusive rights to manufacture and install Kort nozzles in the U.S., the Pacific Coast excepted.

In 1937 Dravo hauled on its marine ways at Neville Island their single prop towboat PIONEER, gave her a redesigned stern including a Kort nozzle, and ran a trial trip with her on May 13, 1937. Also that year, at the suggestion of Mr. Dawson, Dravo's built two small single prop pushers of identical horsepower and dimension, naming them DRAVO 41 and DRAVO 42. DRAVO 42 was equipped with the new nozzle, and DRAVO 41 was not. This experiment provided opportunity to test the effectiveness of Mr. Kort's invention, an empirical approach which convinced the skeptics; DRAVO 42 with her nozzle-cased prop delivered 25% more thrust.

The successful application of the Kort nozzle required refinements and changes from Dr. Kort's specifications stipulated in his original U.S.

patent which he had procured in 1960. The late Clancy R. Horton related to Ye Ed in 1983 some of his experiences with Dr. Kort, a heel-clicking Nazi both before WW2 and after, and not easy to get along with. Much of this is recounted in our Sept. 1983 issue, page 30.

A news release from Jerry Enzler states that Albert Dawson graduated from Webb Institute and in 1914 was a draftsman and estimator at the Fore River plant of Bethlehem Shipbuilding. Later he came to Dravo as a naval architect. For a period he was chief engineer with the Charles Ward Engineering Works, Charleston, West Va. Here he thrived in an atmosphere where towboat construction was breaking away from sternwheelers in the development of the propeller-type. Ralph and Frank Dravo brought him back to their fold as chief engineer, the position from which he retired in 1956.

The universal acceptance of the Kort nozzle was almost immediate, and today "kort nozzle" is no longer spelled with a capital K, just as Diesel has dropped the capital D.

Jerry Enzler's unexpected lightning strike in Pittsburgh on June 10 hit a tall spire.

MARIETTA'S RAMADA INN RENAMED BY NEW OWNERS

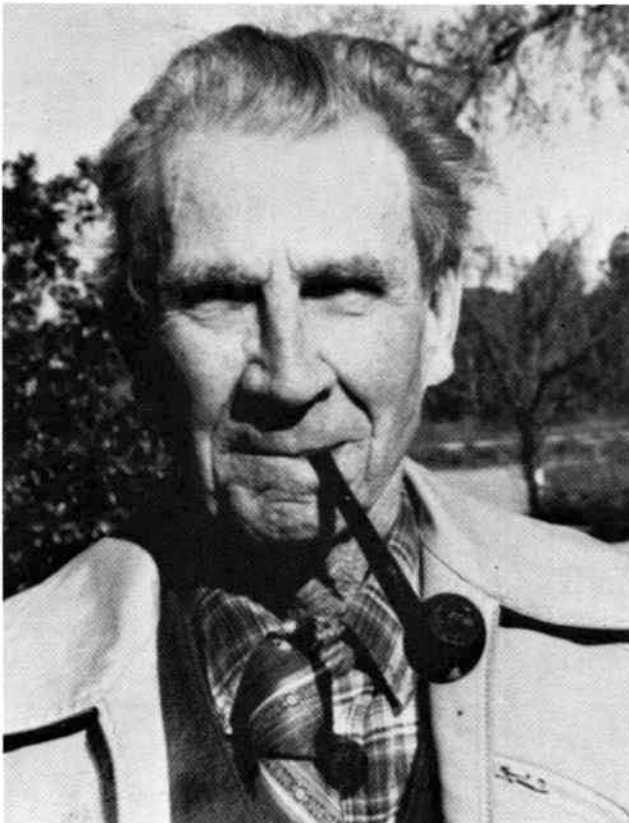
Announcement was made in the Marietta Times, July 7th, of the sale of the local Ramada Inn.

New owner is Holiday Lodge Inc., a Virginia-based firm owned by three brothers, John, Dennis and Thomas Dowdy, whose Holiday Lodge Inc. owns Travel Host Inn motels at Parkersburg and Bluefield, W. Va., Wytheville, Galax and Christiansburg, Va., and Edenton, N.C.

By the time S&D holds its Saturday evening banquet there on Sept. 17th the ex-Ramada Inn will be renamed Travel Host Inn.

According to writer Scott Solomon's account in the Times, the biggest change may be in the room rates, which will drop from \$43 to \$35 for a single and \$46 to \$40 for a double. Renovation is planned for a remodeled lobby and the addition of 30 king-sized beds, which don't exist in any of Ramada's 120 rooms.

Since 1982 Marietta's Ramada has been operated under franchise by Marietta accountant James B. Dunn and John W. Hammett. The franchise agreement ended May 23rd.



Captain William H. Tippitt was 88 on June 8th. See page 5 for story of transfer of Bill's lifetime collection of river history and pictures to the Inland Rivers Library.

EARLY STEAMBOATING

Capt. E. P. Chancellor
Recalls Early Boats
and a Visit With
Col. William Jenkins.

Among the relics displayed at the Ohio River Museum, Marietta, is a hand-painted nameboard from the cabin of the packet W. N. CHANCELLOR, which was built at Parkersburg in 1879, commanded by Capt. E. P. Chancellor of that city. Captain Chancellor came to Parkersburg at the age of five when his family moved there from Harrisville, Va. in 1837.

A letter has come to hand dated November 20, 1924 at Parkersburg, in which Captain Chancellor throws light on early steamboating in which he participated. We quote:

"In my youth I soon got familiar with the 'scape of the boats which you could hear for several miles distant at that time as they did not have heaters or mufflers. I often knew what boat was coming before I had her in sight. Water was supplied to the boilers by a supply pump bolted to the cylinder timber and was operated by a bracket from the crosshead with the same stroke as the engine. Doctors with heaters were invented later. The steam capstan (called the "nigger") had been patented by a Capt. McMillen of Pittsburgh who collected a royalty from all steamboats using it. This was in effect when I built the W. N. CHANCELLOR and he billed me about \$300. I consulted Capt. John L. Rhodes and Capt. Richard C. (Dick) Gray of the Iron Line. They urged me not to pay McMillen but I felt it might be cheaper to pay the \$300 rather than fight the matter in court. Capts. Rhodes and Gray were determined to break this monopoly so I contributed \$50 to assist with the legal fees and told Capt. McMillen I would not pay. Capts. Rhodes and Gray won the case and no royalties were paid to Capt. McMillen thereafter.

The boats in my early days were nearly all single engine side-wheelers with a big fly-wheel reaching up through the cabin floor, the housing of

which in the cabin was used for the dining table. The thwartship shafting was in four sections; the wheel-shaft was connected to the main shaft with a clutch which was thrown out of gear at landings bringing the paddlewheels to a halt, and allowing the engine to roll the flywheel and activate the boiler supply pump. Many steamboats were built narrow of hull, requiring the cabin bunks to be built on each side, placed fore and aft, on the style of Pullman's sleeping cars. The adoption of double engine side-wheelers coincided with increased hull widths, permitting staterooms to appear, their beds set thwartship, opening into the central main cabin and also to the outside guards. These rooms were frequently named for states, hence the term stateroom, and in the early 1840s a small cabin was often added aft of the pilothouse, called the "texas," named for the state of Texas. Larger boats mounted the pilothouse on top of the "texas" rooms.

"In October 1860 I traveled down through the Ohio valley from Parkersburg by horse and buggy, the steamboats having been laid up for low water. In returning I spent a night at the hospitable home of Col. William Jenkins who owned many acres on the Virginia side, known as Green Bottom, most of which lay above and opposite Crown City, Ohio. The Jenkins were friends of my wife's family, and Colonel Jenkins' son Albert G. Jenkins had recently returned from Germany where he had taken graduate work in four universities. Several years later this son Albert was to become a general in the Confederate army.

"During the evening Col. Jenkins related to me how he came in possession of this rich and vast bottom land, one of the largest privately held tracts bordering the Ohio, some eight miles in extent.

"Virginia's Governor Cabell, owner of the land, was seeking a purchaser and at Lynchburg, Va. suggested to Col. Jenkins that he go out and look it over. The Colonel did so, and during his investigations of available properties he went on down to Losantiville, now Cincinnati, and to Bear Grass, now Louisville, where at the foot of the Falls he boarded a keelboat lately arrived from New Orleans, bringing up coffee, tea, drugs, spices, and such cargo which

commanded high freights. The trip to Louisville had required three months of back-breaking labor. The Colonel went back east with the firm opinion that the vast distances to market farm goods and timber was unreal.

"Several years later Col. Jenkins happened to be in New York City where he found Robert Fulton about to make a trial trip with his first steamboat. One thing led to two other things, and Fulton invited the Colonel to go along for the ride. This chance opportunity changed the Colonel's opinion of the future possibilities of Western navigation, so he went to Governor Cabell, made the purchase of Green Bottom, and with about 40 Negroes Col. Jenkins went to his purchase and built a cabin and temporary quarters, cleared the farmland, and settled in. By 1860 he had lived to see his dream come true. Ohio River chart books in 1916 and later still listed "Jenkins Warehouse Landing" in Cabell County, West Virginia.

"Speaking of fine boats which appeared on the Ohio, one of the best ones I ever rode was the CITY OF WHEELING, built by Capt. John McLure, Jr. and others at Wheeling in 1853. She was a four-boiler side-wheeler 250 feet long running between Wheeling and Cincinnati. I traveled on her from Point Pleasant to Ravenswood and ate dinner at the finest-set table I ever had seen. The table reached virtually from one end of the cabin to the other, no short tables in those days. My boyhood friend Andy Marsilliott was cub pilot and became very proficient later. The charged only one dollar for my passage and that fine dinner. The Wheeling Union Line had just terminated when I made that trip.

"I guess I am about at the right age for writing up history. Few, if any, will be able to refute my mis-statements. My memory as to dates is very deficient, and any errors in composition or spelling I want you to charge to to senility."

Capt. E. P. Chancellor was 89 when he addressed this letter to John M. Sweeney residing in Hollywood, Calif. in 1924. Captain Chancellor died at his Parkersburg home on May 7, 1927, aged 94.

J. M. WHITE CHAIRS LOST
IN CABILDO FIRE

Fire apparently sparked by a renovation worker's soldering torch engulfed the top floor of the historic Cabildo on May 12th, heavily damaging one of New Orleans' most precious landmarks, the site of the 1803 signing of the Louisiana Purchase.

The 7-alarm blaze on Jackson Square raged for more than 90 minutes, bringing down the mansard roof and damaging a storehouse of historic furniture on the museum's third floor. The flames didn't reach the lower floors but water did, damaging the museum's collection of historic artifacts.

Some while back a number of river-related relics were removed from storage in the Cabildo for a temporary showing elsewhere, and fortunately had not been returned. Eight deck chairs from the J. M. WHITE were lost in the blaze, according to Capt. Doc Hawley. Contemporary photographs exist of these chairs with persons seated in them.

The Cabildo, named for the Spanish municipal governing body housed there in the 18th century, has been at the center of Louisiana history for two centuries. Two former buildings on the site were destroyed by fire. The first was in 1788 when most of the French Quarter burned. A new Cabildo burned Dec. 8, 1794. The replacement had its third story and mansard roof added in 1847. A major restoration was completed in 1969 following a three-year program.

It is being rebuilt again.

Sirs: Our two days on the ORCO were extremely productive. The daily and nightly activities of the crew were recorded on film and tape. We rode as far as New Cumberland, West Va. with Captains Boggs and Crawford, both of whom displayed extreme patience in explaining the operations of the tow.

John N. Stine,
National Museum of
American History,
Smithsonian Institution,
Washington, D.C. 20560

=Mr. Stine was in good hands, accompanied by Jerry Sutphin. They honored us with a visit at 121 River before boarding the ORCO. -Ed.



Chestnut Mountain Lodge overlooks the Upper Miss, high atop an Illinois bluff in the pool of Locks and Dam No. 12. A popular ski resort in winter months, it now in summer is populated with overnights delivered from Le Claire by river. This unusual shot shows the TWILIGHT far below and the ski lift in the foreground. It was taken on July 3rd by Fred Rutter during an MOR Chapter go-places-and-see-things trip. Other pictures on pages 10 and 18. MOR has become quite noted for such activities.



BELLE OF PEORIA
Complete Including Twin
Stages and Texas.

In our last issue, page 45, appears the thriller-diller account of the launching of the new BELLE OF PEORIA, staged on February 20th last. She entered service at Peoria on Memorial Day, in plenty of time for inclusion on page six of The Waterways Journal's "Excursion Boat Special," a 44-pager dated June 20th. Some issue. Some boat.

Jim Jumer of Jumer's Castle Lodge in the Quad Cities engaged the services of Alan L. Bates (professionally A. Lawrence Bates) as architect and she was built by the Walker Boat Yard at a site on the Tennessee River fernix Paducah.

Base for operations in Peoria is at Jumer's Boat Works (see photo of fancy entranceway on another page), augmented by three auxilliary Jumer owned craft described in the WJ story.

The KATIE HOOPER is a restaurant and lounge, built from the former diesel towboat LOUISIANA, purchased from Midland Enterprises, originally the ESSO LOUISIANA built by Dravo in 1947 for Esso Standard Oil Co. on a steel hull 166 x 36. There was an ancient sternwheel packet named KATIE HOOPER (Way #3246) which plied the Arkansas River, although no family tie with the present one is apparent to us at this writing.

The BELLE REYNOLDS, opened as a maritime and historical museum, was the 164 x 34 steel hull KATIE KINZELER formerly owned by Cincinnati Barge Co. of Paducah, originally built by

St. Louis Ship in 1955 then named WALTER C. BECKJORD, triple prop, of The Ohio River Company.

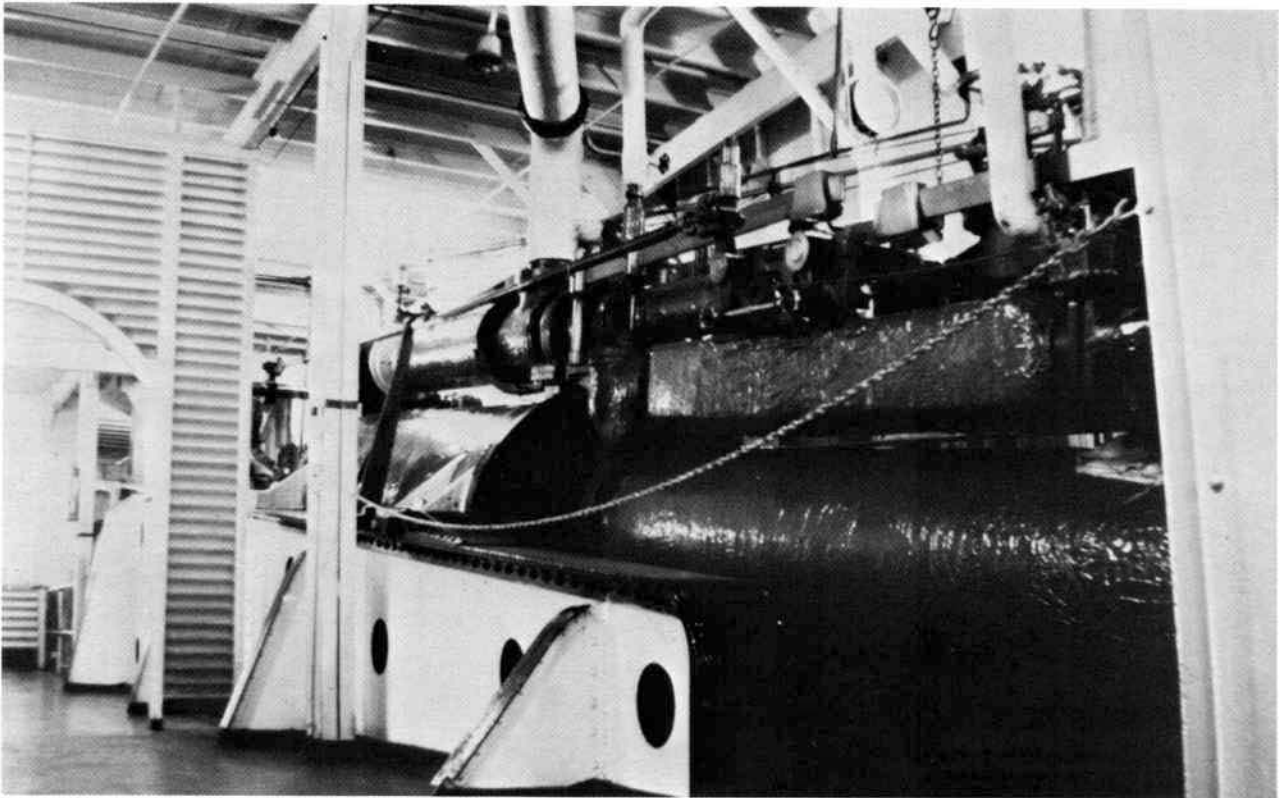
Tying these two boats together is a landing barge called THE GAZEBO which serves as a gift shop and ticket outlet.

The SPIRIT OF PEORIA is offering a variety of cruises, including sight-seeing, lunch, happy hour, dinner and moonlights. On Mondays she features an all-day trek with a catfish fry at Henry, Ill.

The sternwheel is a real McCoy, 17 21-ft. buckets, 20 ft. dia., driven by a Cat D3412.

PICTURES BELOW
Scene of Cabildo blaze from Jackson Square, mid-afternoon May 12th, and next morning. -Thanks to Judy Patsch.





PORT ENGINE of the ISLAND QUEEN (2nd), pictured by Donald Naish in 1939. She had 22's, 40's- 9 ft. stroke, powered by six Western-style boilers. The Charles Barnes Co., Cincinnati, built the engines and also at the same time, built a second set, same size, for the side-wheel CINCINNATI (now PRESIDENT). Don Naish's picture was taken looking aft with the high pressure engine in the right foreground, yoke connected to the low pressure cylinder and otherwise hanging free. The throttle and engineer's stand was on the outboard side of the high pressure engine, not visible here. In handling these side-wheel engines an engineer was required to handle each engine, two engineers on a watch. The worst crime was to let an engine stop on dead

center or, as engineers called it, get her lined up. Every engineer did it at least once in his career, but the trauma of the situation was the cure for any repeats. Signals from the pilothouse on both QUEEN and PRESIDENT were transmitted to manual indicators, one to each engine, accompanied by the clanging of a bell. When the engineer received such instruction he acknowledged back to the pilothouse, lining up the instrument's pointers to the tune of a couple more bell-jangles up there in the sky-parlor. Several such installations continue in use today, although on the vast majority of diesel towboats the pilot does all of the engine-handling direct from a control board with his own fingers.

THE MYSTERY OF WHO OR WHAT'S HOLDING THE BARREL

Sirs: I also noticed the barrel, apparently in levitation, aboard the FALLS CITY on page 38 in the March issue. Seems highly unlikely and so I took another look.

Have come to the conclusion that the barrel is on the shoulder of a man almost completely hidden by the man in the officer's cap, vest and white shirt. Part of his anatomy may be just visible over the left shoulder of the vested fellow.

As to what's transpiring on the stage:- The guy in the

light jacket and broad-brimmed hat is not happy about something that's going on on the head of the boat. The clerk on the stage is rarin' back to get clear of the fireworks. What's he squawking about? --The barrel, maybe? What a great picture!

Larry Walker,
10552 Breedshill Drive,
Cincinnati, Ohio 45231

Sirs: The gent in the light coat and the straw boater is the main character. Now, the levitated barrel. It's a new one and certainly seems empty. It's

being lifted by one of two people obscured by the dark in the recess just behind the barrel. A look through a good magnifier reveals two very dim faces in the dark. The blurry-looking object at the visible end of the barrel is the hand and arm of one of the lifters obscured in the darkness.

Jack Hinkley,
403 Amherst Ave.,
Coraopolis, Pa. 15108

=Case closed. -Ed.

Charles A. Danner, 108 Lauderdale, Montgomery, Ala. 36116 has our thanks for a news story going the rounds about the SULTANA disaster. Woody Baird, Associated Press writer, interviewed Memphis lawyer Jerry Potter, who plans to write a book examining the U.S. Army authorities who ordered 2,235 Union veterans and boat crew aboard a steamboat headed north from Vicksburg which exploded her boilers above Memphis on April 27, 1865, with a life loss of 1,547. (Death toll on the TITANIC was 1,503.)

The SULTANA was licensed to carry 376 passengers. She carried two lifeboats, and 76 life jackets.

This summer's extreme low water in the Memphis area will not uncover the SULTANA wreck which, due to course changes in the Mississippi, has covered the wreck site under 30 feet of black delta soil near Marion, Ark., far removed from the present channel. Jerry Potter and Samuel Oliver, the latter an Arkansas farmer, pinpointed the wreck site in 1982 but have done nothing about digging. Profitable crops of soy beans now grow on the SULTANA's grave.

Sirs: A few years ago I read that the remains of a steamboat sunk around the middle of the 19th century was excavated along the Missouri River. It seems that river archeology is a neglected field. We hear about exploring ocean ship remains. I would appreciate any information along that line--if there is some such activity going on along the inland rivers.

You may not recall me but one summer afternoon some years back I visited you and accompanied you and your black dog Wrecks on a jaunt to a park nearby.

Dr. Richard O. Davis,
305 Hillcrest Drive,
Edinboro, Pa. 16412

=The Mississippi River's extremely low stages this summer have brought to light many old wrecks above and below Memphis. River historical buffs are swarming over exposed sand bars. Dr. Davis visited at 121 River on Aug. 20, 1984, then teaching at Edinboro University, and raised at Freedom, Pa. -Ed.



Judy Patsch, 1113 Chartres, New Orleans, La. 70116 writes us under date of May 26th: At 9:47 a.m., Tuesday May 24, Capt. Bill Wilson (see above) let go the last line and the PRESIDENT headed for St. Louis. Capt. Bill Wilson, Connie Frommelt and Capt. Verne Streckfus watched as I took these pictures. The immense PRESIDENT was ending a 55-year association with New Orleans should reports prove true that her owner, John Connelly of Pittsburgh, does not plan to return her here. Ed Note:- Her first trip when new as the CINCINNATI was a Mardi Gras cruise, Cincinnati-New Orleans, continuing such cruises through 1930, so she's had N.O. associations starting in 1924, total of 64 years. Only passenger carrier which came within gunshot of such a record at New Orleans was probably the railroad side-wheel transfer steamer GOULDSBORO.



COAL RUN IN 1870

Following an extended period of low water, Pittsburgh coal shippers called back their towboat crews on July 29, 1870 and within two days started a total of 3,417,000 bushels (all records were reported in bushels those days) of coal down the Ohio for Cincinnati and Louisville, including 5 coke boats in the tow of the WILD CAT. Said the Pittsburgh "Gazette" on July 30: "The river continues to rise steadily with 9 feet on the Monongahela pier marks. This is an unusual stage of the water for this season of the year."

The following towboats departed with loaded coalboats and barges for Cincinnati:

COAL CITY, COAL VALLEY, NIAGARA, ARROW, TIGER, CLIPPER, FEARLESS, DIAMOND, LEOPARD, TIGRESS NO. 2, SAMPSON NO. 2, J. F. DRAVO, RESOLUTE, BLUE LODGE, W. H. BROWN, A. J. BAKER, HERCULES, MARY ANN FITA, WILD DUCK and WILD CAT.

For Louisville:

TOM REES, V. F. WILSON, PANTHER, FRED WILSON NO. 2, DART, ARROW, STELLA, HAWK, GREYHOUND, EAGLE and LION.

-We are indebted to Russell Lintner of Bellevue, Pa. for the above.

Sirs: In a few weeks we will have all new pilothouse sash for the GEORGE M. VERITY, plus all new canvas awnings around the pilothouse. Visitors are handing us many complimentary remarks about the VERITY and her good condition.

Robert (Bob) Miller,
Curator,
Victory Park,
Keokuk, Iowa 52632

=A freak mini-tornado roughed up the VERITY earlier this past spring. -Ed.

Business editor John Hall of the New Orleans Times-Picayune recently wrote for his paper an in-depth story of the Delta Queen Steamboat Company, in which he reveals that Franklin E. Fried, the president and chief executive, retired Sept. 1st, turning the reins over to Patrick Fahey, who had been executive v.p.

"A third steamboat (for D.Q. Steamboat) isn't on the drawing board yet," reports writer Hall.



Rabbit Hash, Ky. General Store, facing the Ohio River opposite Rising Sun, Ind. The population of Rabbit Hash in 1916 was 24. Fred Rutter took this exterior and the two interior shots of the store on April 10, 1988 following a MOR meeting at Vevay, Ind. Fred didn't elaborate about the automobile in the foreground. Capt. Harry Louden, lately retired as trip pilot on the DELTA QUEEN, was a native of Rabbit Hash and his present address is 6770 River Road, Cincinnati, O. 45233.



BACK COVER PICTURE

Taken at the Howard Ship Yard in 1900, raising steam on the brand new INDIANA. The original glass plate from which Woody Rutter made this print comes from the collection of Capt. Bill Tippitt, and was taken by Jim Howard. As you examine this superb shot please take notice (maybe we've said this before) that the lettering artist placed a period (.) after her name on the paddlebox. Where this custom started we know not, but as you look at pictures of other boats, both side and sternwheel, keep an eye open for that period, almost a universal "must" which also was followed on the pilothouse nameboards.

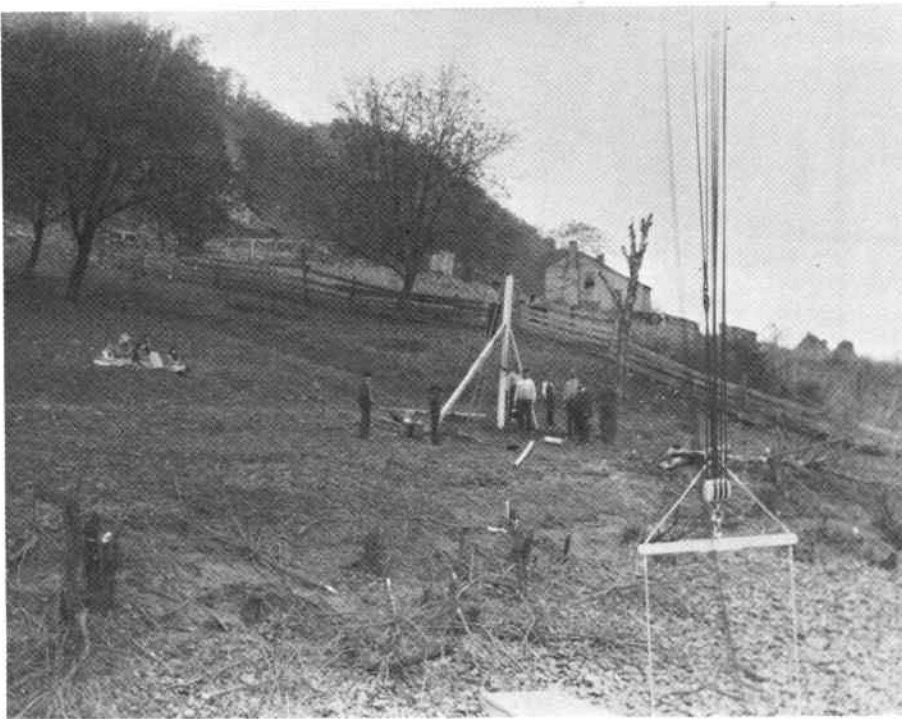
Our gaze now focuses on the scape pipes, and we notice they each are adorned with a single white collar which don't show up very plainly. These were taken from the BOSTONA, 'scape pipes, collars and all, and haven't yet been repainted.

And we are continually surprised that ONE rudder, wagging along behind, and a single-blade one at that, could and did steer this 285-foot-long steamboat. Does there breathe today a marine architect who knows how this was done? Please include a drawing or two.

This grand creature was built as a part-time assistant to the larger CITY OF LOUISVILLE and CITY OF CINCINNATI, principally for low water conditions. Can you imagine the DQ and MQ having available such a craft for emergencies?

Sirs: That could very well be a steam tractor on the foredeck of the JO GALES on page 28 of the June issue. A ferry was the only way of getting such a 'rig' across in those days of but few bridges. Could be a Case, Reemley, or one of many other makes of that period. I grew up a few hundred miles east of Lake Pepin and worked as water boy, blower tender and such jobs around these threshing rigs. Racine, Wis. was the home of the Case tractor and auto, and Minneapolis was the home of the Minneapolis steam tractor.

Walt Thayer,
Box 2175,
Wenatchee, Wash. 98801



The above photograph was taken by Capt. Tony Meldahl in the 1890s when he was riding around on the U.S. Lighthouse tender GOLDENROD. The crew is setting up a new light in somebody's yard along the Ohio River, presumably along the Ohio shore. Over to the left is a group of ladies taking in the show. This is made from one of the glass plates recently added to the Inland Rivers Library collection at Eighth and Vine, Cincinnati.

Sirs: My grandfather, Lawrence McKernon Gale (1866-1903), of Letart Falls, O. died in Cairo, Ill. in a river accident. He was working on the U.S. snagboat HORATIO G. WRIGHT.

His father-in-law, my great grandfather, Capt. George Burns McClintock (1846-1890) died of pneumonia after lengthy exposure in a storm. He is listed in Way's Packets as being associated with the packets LIZZIE BAY, HENRIETTA, HIBERNIA, MINNIE BAY and OLIVETTE. He lived in Meigs County, O. also.

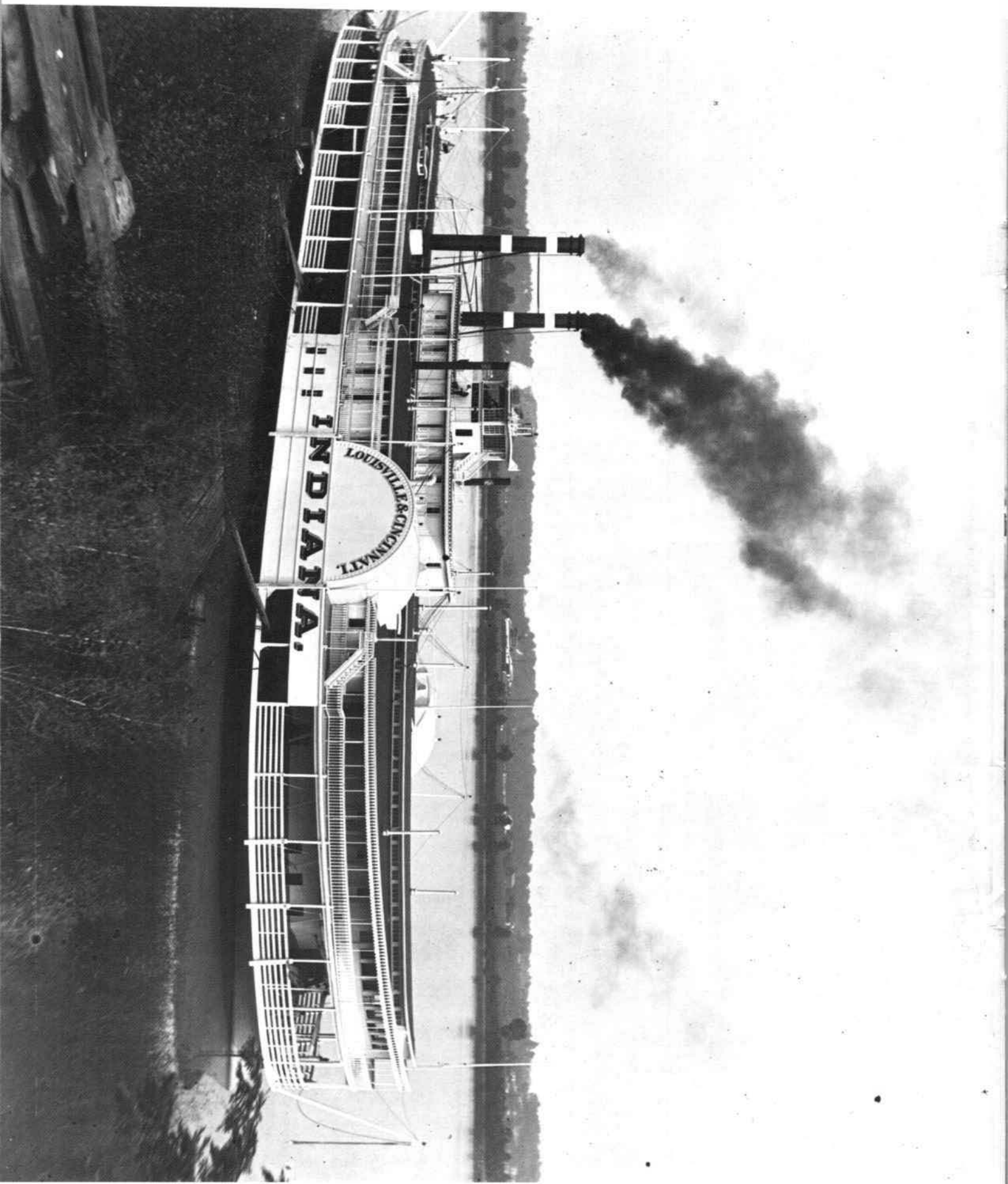
Jack L. Gale,
P.O. Box 156,
Maitland, Fla. 32751

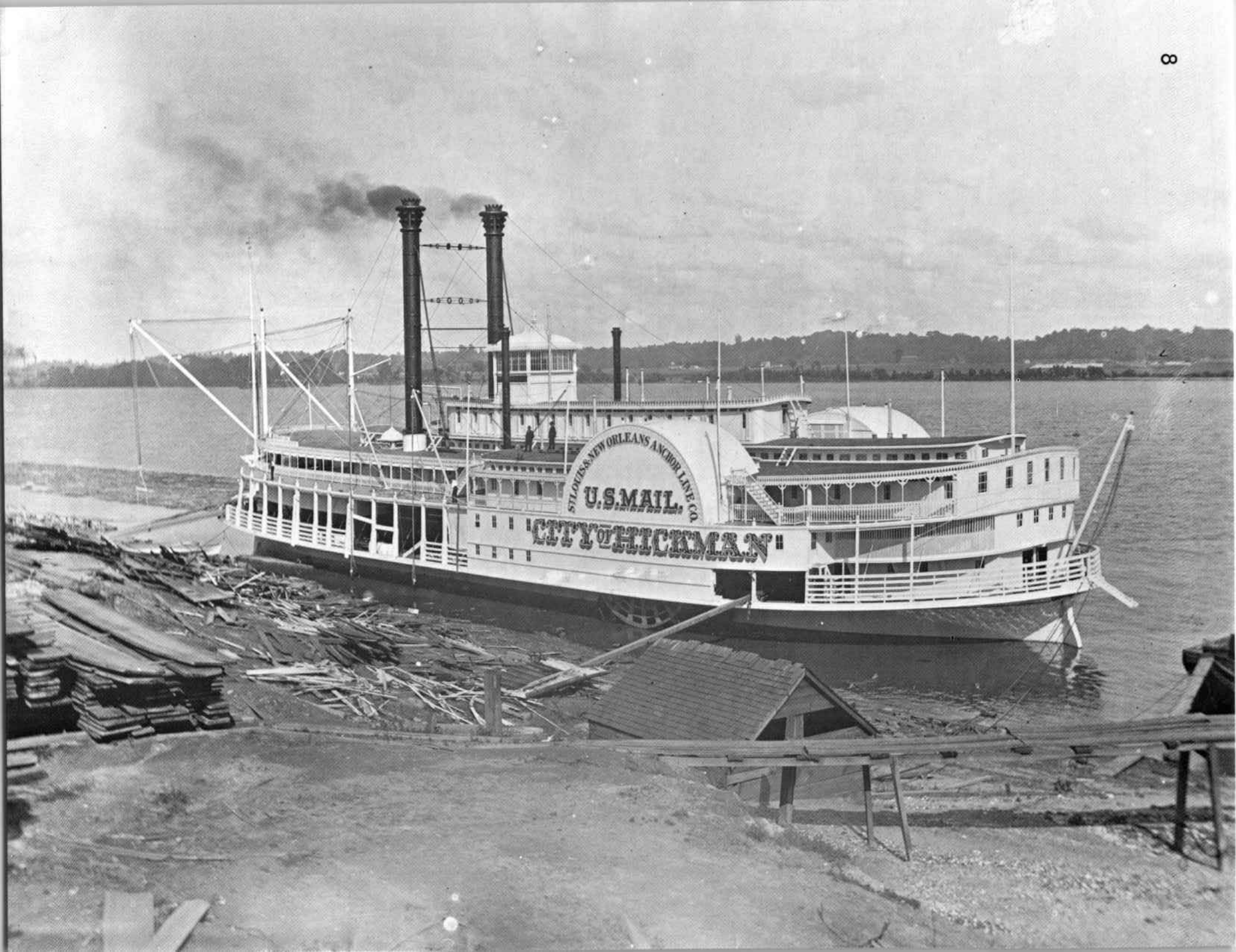
The towboat GEORGE M. VERITY, now displayed at Keokuk, ran 33 years in all, first named S. S. THORPE. She has been a successful exhibit and museum at Keokuk since 1961.

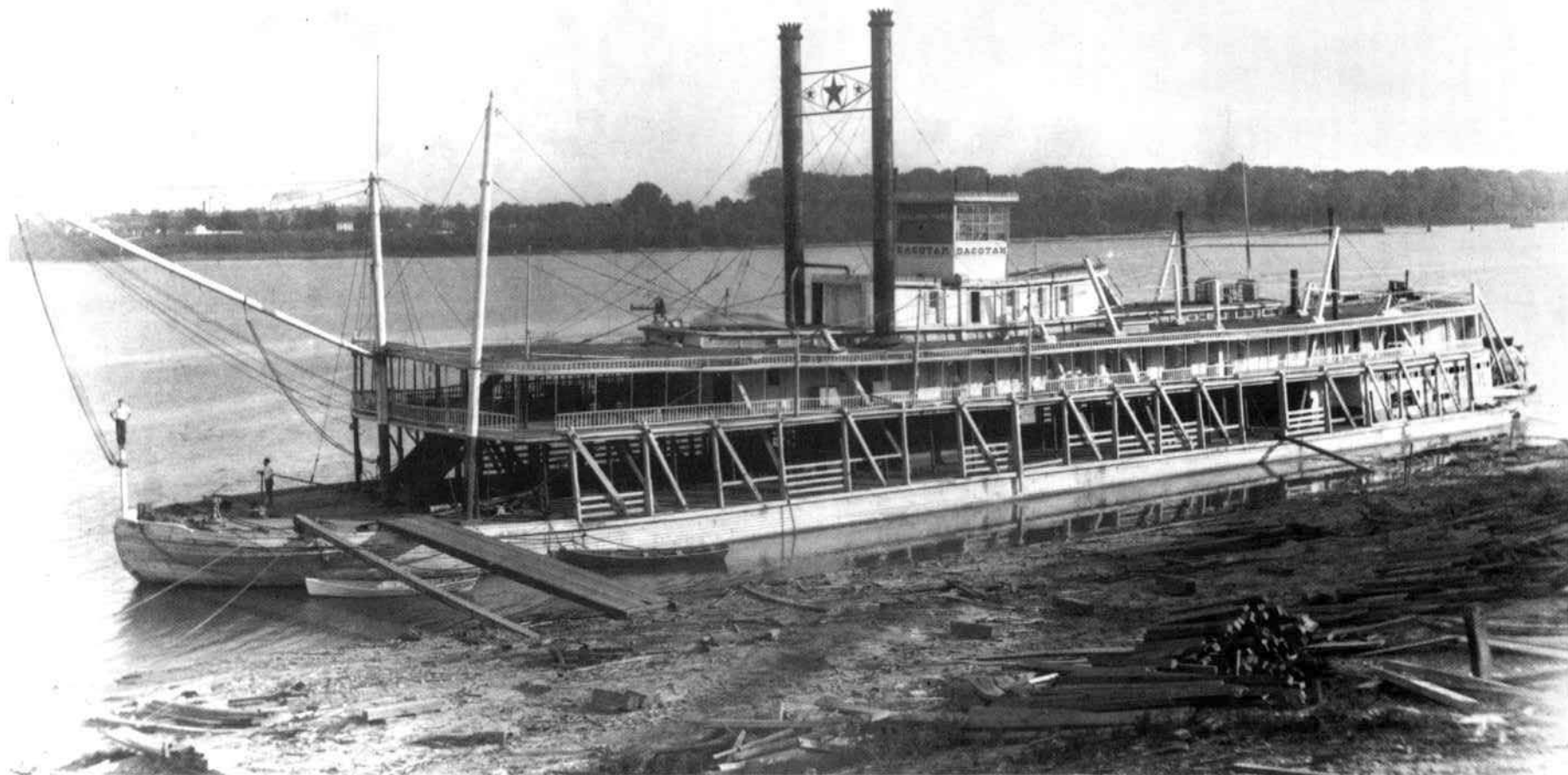


On this issue's page 22 is an item headed "Oink, Oink." Now Dennis Brown of New York has sent us the above, clipped from the New York Times. It's no barn burner picture, but just may be one of the very few close-ups presently available.

The Times ran this winged porky popping from a feathered steamboat smokestack 2-columns wide and followed with a 2-column story titled "Debating the Fitness Of Enshrining Swine" written by Lydia Chavez.

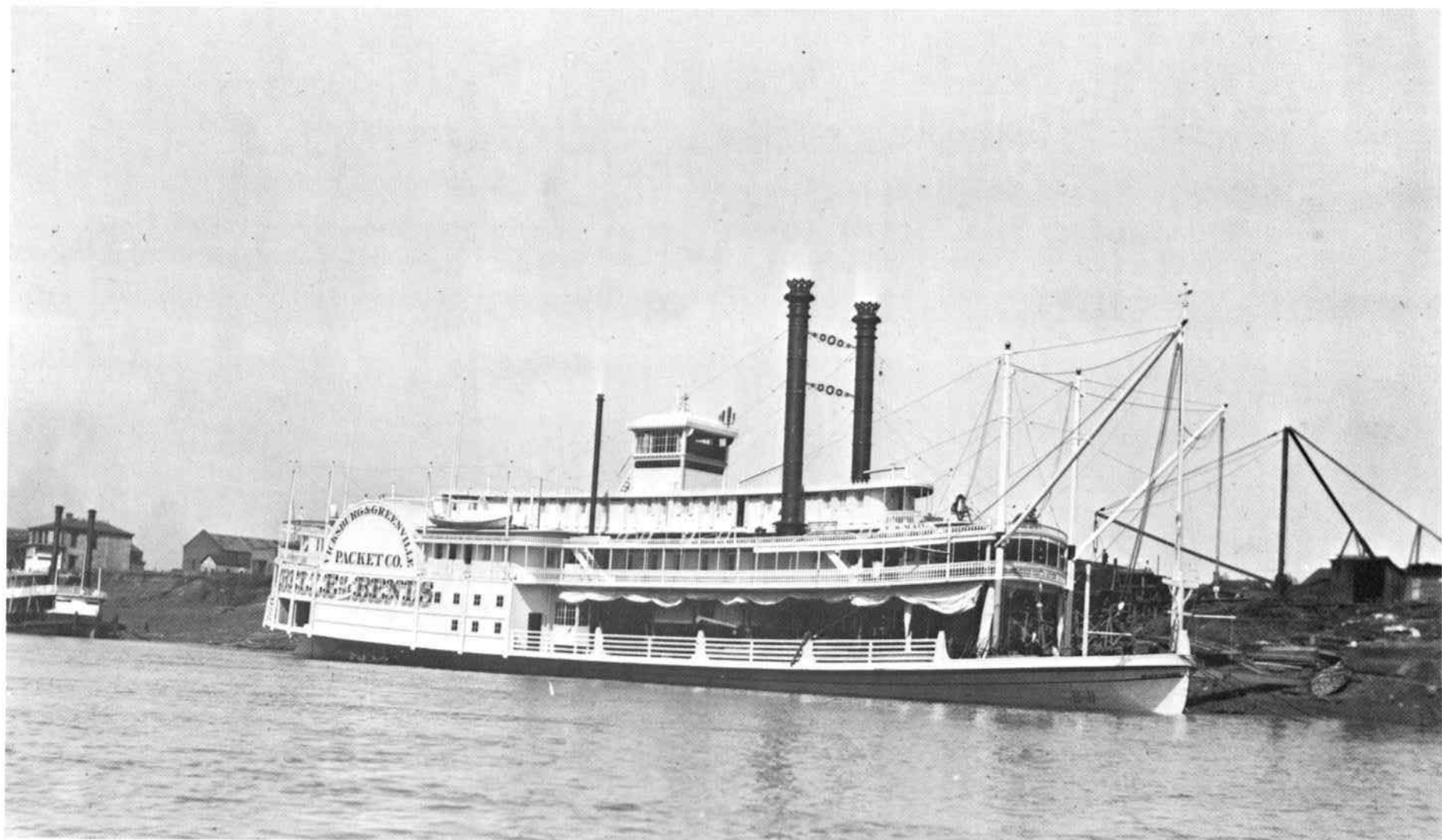






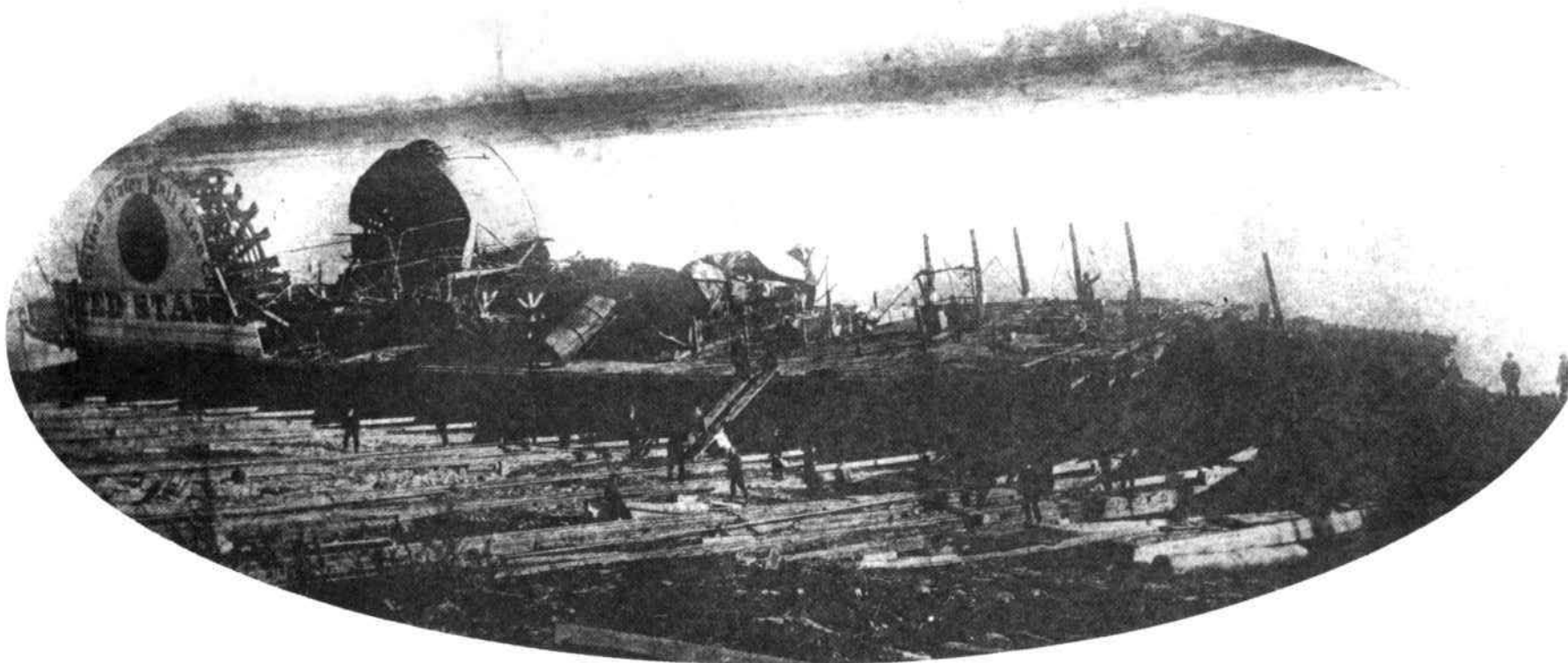
THREE ENORMOUS packets were built in 1879 for the 3,000-mile St. Louis-Fort Benton run, DAKOTAH, MONTANA and WYOMING, and the owners tacked the final H on the DAKOTAH to make a seven-letter name of it like the other two. We acquired a print of this picture forty years ago, so it's nothing new under the shining sun, but only yesterday did we learn that it was not taken away up the Muddy Mo as we had assumed. The photographer was James E. Howard and the location is

Jeffersonville, Ind. in 1893. She's at the Howard Yard for dismantling. The original glass 8x10" plate from which Woody Rutter made this print was transferred lately as part and parcel of Capt. Bill Tippitt's collection. No other photographers to our knowledge ever took pictures of the DAKOTAH, so this one is pretty special. About the first thing Howards did was take out the engines and put them over on the cotton packet IMPERIAL they were building at the time.



WHAT a way to celebrate the spring of 1898! Our front-cover selection, BELLE OF THE BENDS, in early April has received her last finishing touches at the Howard Yard. These captivating creations started as logs floated down the Ohio River from the Little Kanawha, Guyandotte and Big Sandy, then hauled up the hill to the Howard saw mill where they were cut and planed into pungent lumber; pine, hemlock, oak, walnut, maple, cherry, poplar--each with special

purposes--ricked, cured and stacked, to become hulls, decking, cabins and lathe-turned ornamentation. The railings and cabins had the sameness and the infinite variety of snowflakes. Yet each boat, big and small, side-wheel and sternwheel, bore the unmistakable Howard signature, which defied forgery, and was the hallmark of three generations. --This comes from Bill Tippitt's collection, the print thanks to Woody Rutter.



FIRST AND ONLY TIME we saw this picture, until now, was in the collection of Donald T. Wright at his home in Webster Groves, Mo. The one Donald had was about the same size as shown above, done on blue-print paper by exposing the original negative to sunlight. Inasmuch as the resulting picture was blue-and-white we did not ask to borrow it for the purpose of making a copy negative inasmuch as most, if not all, film those days was not sensitive to blue. Years later when Eastman marketed a special film for the purpose, we visited the Donald T. Wright collection housed in Tulane University, and sought the old blue-print but failed to locate it. A couple of weeks ago Ralph DuPae sent us the above print with the following comment: "This may be something new on UNITED STATES which hit AMERICA near Warsaw, Ky. Information on original

said built 1865 and burned Dec. 4, 1868, showing the 1106-ton boat taken at Cincinnati, Ohio. Credit anonymous donor." We'd sure give a pretty to know if the above is copied from a blue-print, perhaps the same one we remember seeing while at Webster Groves. Same fuzziness and lack of detail. The starboard wheelhouse did not burn, the lettering United States Mail Line Co. and UNITED STATES still visible, and the large black-looking circle is the Great Seal of the United States. The original double cabin, texas and pilot-house were completely destroyed and in the rebuilding she emerged as shown on page 26 of last issue. Her partner double-cabin AMERICA is preserved in several good photographs, but somehow the double-cabin UNITED STATES eluded the shutter bugs of the day.



MICHAEL F. BLASER, 203 Hillcrest Ave., Davenport, Iowa 52803 showed up in Louisville last May for the DQ-B/L race lugging along a painting he had not quite finished of the Cincinnati waterfront in the summer of 1935. In this scene, possible only to the wizardry of an artist, he had invited all of the passenger and freight boats to appear, all at his appointed day and hour. Most of them accepted. Quite a few remained across the Ohio at Cincinnati's lengthy paved wharf. The side-wheeler J.S. which had been tramping the upper Ohio in 1935 is headed for Louisville, just about to pass under the suspension bridge. The AVALON, left foreground, seems to be emerging from the Licking River, 'scaping out on the roof using 'scape pipes neatly supplied by the artist who undoubtedly saw them in May this year on the BELLE

OF LOUISVILLE, so figured she always had 'em. The CARY-BIRD, upstaging the others at the right, has towing knees and no swinging stage; possibly she's looking for the barge she usually towed. Bill Pollock and y.t. are the pilots on the WASHINGTON, nosed in just above the Greene Line wharfboat.

Michael Blaser tells us that the Cincinnati Historical Society is handling 14½" by 32" (live area) prints in full color of the painting. Ample border creates frame size of about 23" x 39". Most of the 950 prints being marketed (#51-#950) are priced at \$125, signed by the artist. The first 50 carry a remarque of the ISLAND QUEEN in addition, priced \$275. Three more such Cincinnati scenes, covering earlier years, are projected.

