

S&D

REFLECTOR

Publ



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Fifty 50 Years

Published by Sons and Daughters
of Pioneer Rivermen



Front Cover

Capt. Fred Way Jr., founder and first editor of the S&D REFLECTOR, strikes a familiar pose in the basement office, archives, library, composing room, editing room, and photographic lab of his home at 121 River Avenue, Sewickley, PA. "Ye Ed," as Capt. Way always spoke of himself in print, appears in this 1981 snapshot during his eighteenth year at the helm of the magazine. Cap's special touch created a journal that was respected and treasured by countless readers and contributors alike, the gold standard for river magazines ever since. *Photo courtesy of Woody Rutter.*



Reflections from Our Readers

Jeff Spear writes: "Really enjoyed photo story on building the ALBATROSS. A question about the steering screws. Were they on the bow or stern, and if on the stern, did she have a single typical rudder? And if forward, was it a type of bowthruster?"

🔦 Your editor fesses up to putting those "steering screws" on the wrong end of the hull in the article! Yes, they were indeed an early bow thruster unit. Only as ADMIRAL did she carry a special steering "mule" on her stern. ALBATROSS's two typical rudders show in this 1920 view at Keokuk prior to drydocking that winter. Our thanks also to Mike Herschler of Quincy for tracking down local newspaper accounts of her brief stop there on July 12.

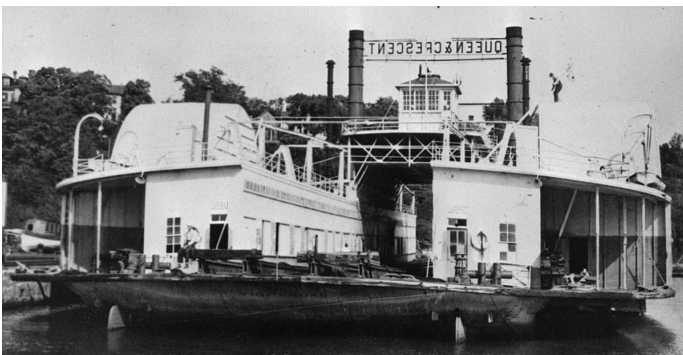


Photo courtesy of Murphy Library, Univ. of Wisc. - LaCrosse

John M. Tallent writes: "Vol. 49, No. 4 of the REFLECTOR is as appreciated and thoroughly read as is every other issue. I do however wish to point out an oversight in the excellent article on the ALBATROSS on page 38. It is stated that the ALBATROSS - at 1600 tons - held the tonnage record for inland river construction until the advent of the MQ and AQ. This statement may well hold true for vessels constructed and subsequently operated on Western Rivers, but totally overlooks the construction of a total of 723 WW II LST's (Landing Ship Tank) at five Western Rivers yards (Ambridge, PA., Seneca, IL., Pittsburgh, PA., Jeffersonville, IN and Evansville, IN).

These ships were 328' x 50' x 10.5' (unladen) and 1,650 tons displacement (dry). The story of the mobilization of our inland marine ship building capability during WW II is worthy of its own spread in the REFLECTOR. I would also note that USS LST-325 is currently an operational museum ship home ported at Evansville. She's one of the last remaining examples of the type and she cruises the Western Rivers annually to bring living history to the midwest."

🔦 John, an LST-325 crew member, is right on the mark with his comments, as we penned these words only as regards inland river vessels built for Western Rivers service. The complete story of the outstanding contribution of this nation's inland boatyards to the War effort would surely make fascinating reading. These pages have made occasional mention of these vessels and their delivery crew (Capt. C. W. Stoll comes to mind), but we extend an earnest invitation to any of our readers who might help us tell their full story.

Dutton Foster writes: "Have just completed a 36"x18" acrylic painting of the HUDSON, based on a photo by Thornton Barrette in *Mississippi Sternwheelers* (Kalmbach, I think). Yes, I know the HUDSON is not a Mississippi River boat, but I agree with the editors that it was an extremely graceful boat. I have no idea whether you might have any use for this image in the REFLECTOR, but what the heck - I thought you'd enjoy seeing it anyway. The photo is not as true to the palette of the painting as I'd like, and of course, the painting

changes dramatically from incandescent to outdoor light anyway. I've tried to capture the sense of the boat emerging from a morning ground fog into sunlight ... and yes, I've transposed it to the Upper Mississippi so I could include a bluff or two."

‡ We most certainly have found good use for Dutton's painting, and thank him for his kindness in sharing it with us. We assume Dick Rutter will be pleased as punch at this work of art (see Dick's article on page 27.)



Bill Reynolds writes: "Cold weather has seemed to slow progress on the shantyboat. At this time she sits on her new foundation anchored against - God forbid - any high water. We have a new roof on her and have rebuilt all the window sashes. Fair weather should bring on the reinstallation of the floor and the stern bulkhead as well as finishing the interior. Lots to do yet, but she is being saved board by board. I am also working on an interpretive plan to be used by the guides at the River Museum and Jeff and I are working on a furnishing plan. We were just given a brand new 1900's Sears wood stove by one of the contributors to the shantyboat restoration - George Hausser. It has more chrome than a 1950 Buick and will look great.

The images are from the move just before S&D, but I thought some of the folks who weren't here might enjoy them. It's not everyday you see a shantyboat going down the road. The last picture is of Barb and Bea Ritts in front of the New Years card taken of them as children and now part of the Ritts collection in the hands of S&D.

I read the latest REFLECTOR from cover to cover and thought it quite fitting to do so near a body of water.

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Thinking about submitting to the REFLECTOR?

Please follow these guidelines:

Articles

- » 500 words or less
- » .rtf or .doc format (no PDFs)

Features

- » 750 words or more
- » .rtf or .doc format (no PDFs)

Images

- » at least 300 dpi
- » .jpg, .tif, .png, or .bmp format
- » minimal compression

Send to the Editor as an e-mail attachment

“Lighting Up the Past, Present, and Future of the Mississippi River System”



S&D REFLECTOR

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of Pioneer Rivermen

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Post Office Permit #73, Marietta, OH

The name of this publication comes from the *Fleetwood Reflector* published in 1869 aboard the packet FLEETWOOD. This quarterly was originated by Capt. Frederick Way, Jr. in 1964.

Correspondence is invited and serious papers on river related history from our readers are always welcomed. Please check with the Editor before sending any material on a “loan” basis.

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in S&D is an interest in river history!



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Copies of the current or prior years are available at \$8 each, postpaid for members, and \$10 for non-members.

Indices for five year increments of the quarterly, 1964 through 2003, are available for \$5 per volume.

Orders should be sent to PO Box 352, Marietta, OH, 45750 for these items.

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There are two classes of membership - full and family. Full membership includes the quarterly S&D REFLECTOR, admission to the Ohio River Museum and towboat W. P. SNYDER, JR. at Marietta, and voting rights at the Annual Meeting. Family members enjoy all privileges except the REFLECTOR.

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Remit to:

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Getting Posted Up

A Family Celebration

Your March issue begins the fiftieth year of publication of the S&D REFLECTOR, and we look back with gratitude and no small sense of amazement at what these pages have borne witness to over five decades. Of course it is fitting to dedicate this special anniversary issue to Capt. Fred Way, whose child this magazine was and remains even today. It was fashioned in the good captain's own likeness, and it is indelibly stamped with his imprint.

Yet, to a still larger degree, this anniversary edition is an unabashed celebration of the richness which is the heart and soul of S&D — you, its faithful members and readers. For in the pages that follow, you will discover an amazing variety of stories, memories and individual interests and gifts of our S&D family. Our shared passion for this nation's inland river heritage is a treasure that shines through every word, and it is what gives this magazine its life, purpose, and its future.

One of my own treasures is from a DQ Cincinnati-Pittsburgh round trip in late June 1969. Capt. Way was pilot on the forward watch, and this 21-year old was perched on the lazy bench to witness the landing at Marietta. Imagine it . . . Capt. Way at the sticks, blowing that soulful whistle for the landing. It just doesn't get any better! 🗨



Capt. Way blows DQ's landing whistle at Marietta on the morning of June 29, 1969. Photo from editor's collection.

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Blennerhassett Museum, Parkersburg, WV
137 Juliana St • (304) 420-4800

Weblinks available at www.s-and-d.org

2004-08 REFLECTOR Index

We are very pleased to announce that the Index for Volumes 41-45 of the REFLECTOR for the years 2004-08 is now available. The Board of Governors has decided to release this latest index on CD only for \$11.00 postage paid. Orders with payment should be directed to S&D at **PO Box 352, Marietta, OH 45750.**

Streckfus/ADMIRAL Book Offered in New Venues

Annie Amantea Blum's *The Steamer ADMIRAL and Streckfus Steamers - A Personal View* (reviewed in December 2012 issue) is now available at Herman T. Pott National Inland Waterways Library in St. Louis, at the Howard Steamboat Museum gift shop in Jeffersonville, and online at amazon.com.

Interested in becoming an S&D member? Go to

www.s-and-d.org

for your membership form and more info.

Capt. Tom Dunn

The Sons & Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen, as an organization, has had within its membership the most knowledgeable people on the subject of steamboats in America. Once a year they would descend upon the Ohio River town of Marietta to share and enlighten one another on their new-found discoveries. All one has to do is read the Acknowledgements in Captain Fred Way's *Packet Directory* to get a glimpse of those who made up this body of knowledge, many with firsthand experience. The steamboat was a product of the Industrial Revolution and there were at that time hundreds of these boats, but now, sadly, just a few. So too, as time passes, are the numbers of those who operated them.

I attend the annual meeting in Marietta, not only to enjoy the fine displays and presentations, but mostly to spend time with such interesting characters. When I look back over the years, my most memorable and enjoyable times were spent in the Lafayette Hotel bar listening to all the stories and experiences of those who truly worked on the rivers. It was like sitting in the pilot house on the lazy bench as each personality would recall some strange river episode or event. Boy, they were great story tellers!

Like the old boats, many of the old timers are now gone, but there is always someone new to shed light on some aspect of river history. Simply said, it is the people and their common interest in river history and the mutual enjoyment of river life that always makes the trip to Marietta memorable for me. 🕒

Capt. Jim Blum

The Spring of 1968 brought the beginning of a new and glorious experience – a job on the Str. DELTA QUEEN. One of my first stops was a late Spring-early June trip to Chattanooga, TN. The shore stop at Pittsburg Landing, TN at the stunningly beautiful Shiloh National Cemetery/Shiloh National Military Park brought silent memorial testimony to the lives lost in the War

Between the States. The Shiloh battlefield was site of the bloodiest battle in the land up to 6-7 April 1862.

Another landing with the Str. DELTA QUEEN at Pittsburg Landing a couple of years later in the wee hours of a Spring morning is etched as one of my most poignant memories. A soft breeze carried the aroma of rustling pines over the silent testimony of the tombstones in the National Cemetery adjacent to the landing. Filled that early morn with graves from both sides in the Civil War and a fresh grave from Vietnam, one could only stand in awe and ponder.

The 1968 season settled into alternating weekly trips to Pittsburgh and Kentucky Lake. The DQ still carried an *Official Guide*. The Bible of US, Canadian and Mexican train schedules, steamship schedules and barge line listings contained entries for Wisconsin and Michigan Steamship Company's S.S. MILWAUKEE CLIPPER, Grace Line's SANTA ROSA and SANTA PAULA, and United Fruit Co. freight ship cruises from New York and New Orleans.

With the able assistance of Roddy Hammett, I concluded that one could board the eastbound Broadway Limited (No. 48) at Pittsburgh, PA at 1:20 a.m. nonstop to Altoona, PA, arriving at 3:49 a.m., and then board the westbound Pennsylvania Limited (No. 55) at 4:02 a.m., returning to Pittsburgh at 7:00 a.m with four stops enroute. The lure of riding the Broadway down Horseshoe Curve was overpowering.

The ride was perfect. Riding a dutch-door, taking in the smell, sparks and sounds of metal brake shoes on steel wheels was ethereal. The trip went like clockwork.

Not satisfied with just one such adventure, I attempted a repeat on the next trip to Pittsburgh. The eastbound Broadway Limited was behind schedule, while the Pennsylvania Limited was On Time. Altoona was a very lonely place at 4 a.m.!

The one-way car rental was very expensive, I was dead tired and broke, and the Big E was not amused. Never repeated, never forgotten. 🕒



DELTA QUEEN makes shore stop at Pittsburg Landing, Shiloh National Military Park. Photo from editor's collection.

John White

My New Best Friend: The Steamer AVALON

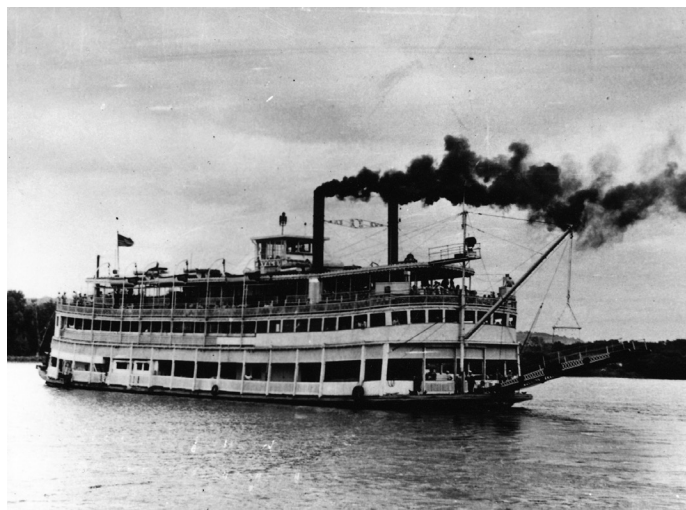
My first year in college was almost over and I was back home in Cincinnati for a week. It was spring break in 1954. I noticed a newspaper advertisement that the AVALON was offering daily cruises from the Public Landing. She was a party boat that tramped from one river town to the next. I already had an interest in riverboats because of trips to Coney Island on the ISLAND QUEEN, as well as random sightings on the Ohio River of towboats and Greene Line steamers. The discovery of Louis Hunter's remarkable book *Steamboats on the Western Rivers* at the school library added greatly to my understanding of inland river history.

Heading downtown, I hoped to find the AVALON somewhere along the riverfront. It was, as I recall, a cool, overcast day with a light rain falling. As I drove along, my mind pictured a magnificent floating palace with tall stacks and a cabin embellished in lacy Gothic details. And then there she was dead ahead – nothing like my vision – but rather a small, run-down sternwheeler, shaped like a shoe box but even less decorative. However, she was a coal burner and a sizable pile of fuel was being wheeled on board in half a dozen wheel barrows.

I went on board to look around – no one seemed to mind – so I continued a short distance to the boiler

room. There was a single fireman lazily stoking one of the furnaces just enough to keep her hot. At the rear of the main deck was the engine room, home to a pair of antique poppet valve engines likely made a generation before the AVALON. In the same space was a fine assembly of pumps and generators, as well as a steam steering engine. It felt as if I had discovered a little piece of heaven in downtown Cincinnati. I rode the boat several times over the next few days, spending most of my time in the engine room.

Several years later the AVALON returned to Cincinnati when I happened to be home. She was now an oil burner. Gone was the pungent smell of soft coal, but her old engines were still in place and so riding this relic remained a joyful experience. She survives today as the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE, more than a half century since my first ride. 🕒



Billows of coal smoke from the AVALON evoked sights and smells of long-ago days of steamboating for Jack White. Photo from editor's collection.

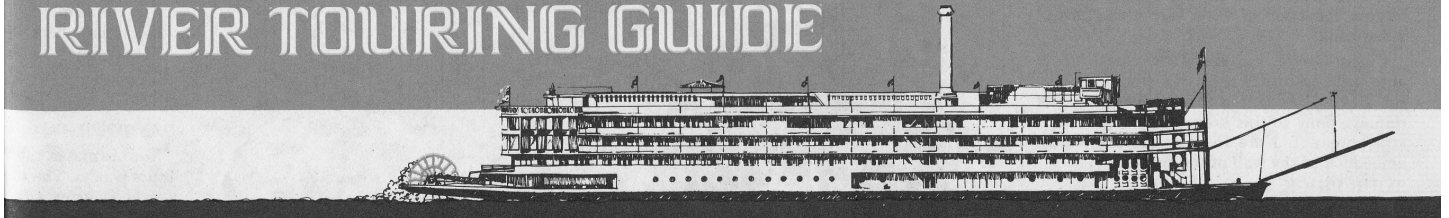
Dale Flick

Memories of the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN, 1976.

While looking through my 'dusty boxes' on the design, building, christening and shakedown cruise for the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN, I asked myself if it had all really happened. Was it all as I had remembered? And in digging through those invitations, letters, menus and photos, I discovered that yes, it was all of that and more. A carefully preserved issue of *Steamboat Times* for July 20-22, 1976 brought back those special days: "WELCOME

Welcome
Aboard

PASSENGER BOARDING INFORMATION RIVER TOURING GUIDE



ABOARD! Well, they said it couldn't be done... but we did it! The biggest steamboat ever made to cruise the inland waters. And we couldn't have done it without your help. That's why we're as pleased as pie to have you on board for the next few days. We've got a bunch of surprises in store for you this cruise...then again, things are going to happen that not even WE're expecting. So, unpack your bags, roll up your sleeves, and get yourselves ready for a rip-roaring, history making, 'take her as she comes' cruise aboard the newest, biggest, and most beautiful steamboat ever built...the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN!" And what an adventure it was that hot, humid, sunny July week in 1976, now thirty-seven years ago.

Betty Blake's effusive text found in our cabins said it all with her carefully couched 'take her as she comes' disclaimer. Little did we know as invited Guinea pigs what the invitation would prove. After the design, construction, and fitting out of any boat or ship, it takes time to finally work everything out—often six months or more—with hundreds of suppliers in the project. As Alan Bates so often said, "There's many a glitch between the pen and the ship." 'Glitches' with the new MQ, though expected, later proved costly for the Delta Queen Steamboat Co.

The invitation list that trip included many no longer with us: Capt. Fred and Grace Way, John Hartford and Michelle Kingsley, Capt. C.W. and Lucy Stoll, Capt. Ernie Wagner, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Simonton, and 'Delly' Robertson. And then there are those whose company we still share: Capt.

Doc Hawley, 'Corky' Bickel, Kenny and Ginger Howe, Betty's secretary Arlene Bridges, Larry Walker, Capt. Don Sanders, and Betty's friend and advisor Pope Coleman, to name just a few.

The MQ boarded in Louisville across from Jeffboat where she had been built and outfitted over a period of three years. Upon boarding I was greeted by Betty Blake, frantically rushing around with hair flying, note pad in her hand, checking on last minute details. "I just don' know what I'm gonna do," she mumbled. This was followed by the arrival of a local Louisville ambulance to carry off a young man who'd suffered a fall. "That boat a man killer!" he shouted from his gurney. He was back aboard and working by sailing time. It was hard on Betty, working from early morning to late each night in her usual PR mode, yet up early each morning fresh as a daisy. "Remember, in Public Relations work you often have to use people with grace—but do so with their knowledge," she said.

And off we steamed at 6:00 PM with great ceremony, past Louisville and through the Portland Canal with many well-wishers and familiar faces waving, snapping photos. First seating for dinner was at 7:00 with second seating at 9:00. Dinner the first night featured: Rumaki, Chilled Melon; Consomme, Soup du Jour; Mixed Greens/Wilted Spinach; Stuffed Hen with White Grape Sauce, Roast Leg of Spring Lamb; Peas, Harvard Beets, Browned Potato, Whipped Potato; Ice Creams, Sherbet, Rum Bavarian Pie. Several young waiters had succumbed to a summer 'bug' with the staff having to double up. One New York Coke Bottling

Co. executive at our table grimaced, “Why do people ‘out here’ put pepper on their food before tasting?” “Because it kills the germs,” I quipped. We had no further conversations with him the remainder of the trip as he desired to move to another table with a group of like-minded executives. “So much for him,” Betty mumbled at the head of our table. “What’s your opinion on the furniture and décor?” I was asked. “About the same as on the QE2,” I answered. The white cage with little birds in the boat’s forward Purser Square was a sweet touch as they flapped and cheeped during the day, carefully covered over each evening.

Next morning the ‘fun’ began. Coming out of my cabin, I noticed water flowing down from the ceiling over the carpeting with maids and cabin help trying to clean it all up. Any vessel with an intricate house water system is prone to leaks demanding constant early attention to fittings. Then there was no fresh water at all as a valve had been opened by mistake, sending all the potable water over the side. Unfortunately, a complimentary open bar only goes so far when you want a cup of hot coffee. And there’s the problem of no water to flush all the toilets. That late afternoon a number of us daring men furtively hit the swimming pool above with swim suits and bars of soap to bathe quickly before dinner – necessity is always the mother of invention. In time water supplies were restored. Mrs. Letha Greene later said to me, “This boat will totally depend on water stops along the way like a thirsty whale. They’ll learn soon enough.”

The pilothouse was open for visitors where Capt. Harry Loudon was manning the sticks. Loudon, with an invited U.S. Coast Guard officer standing behind him, turned, winked and said out loud, “Hey, anybody know what all these buttons and switches are for?”

With the old Greene Line Steamers wharfboat gone, loading vital supplies and equipment over the bow at this and other local ports was tough on the fine new carpeting. Long rolls of heavy brown paper were taped down but offered minimal protection for the decks.

The first calliope concert was a disaster when the keys were pressed, only to be answered by a jet

of steam shooting up from a nearby bar service sink like Old Faithful. The Coke Bottling executive was not amused as he sipped his drink.

The fine contemporary bar mid-ship, adorned in glistening chrome, glass, and tiny twinkle lights, didn’t last long. Many still smoked then with all these fixtures becoming fogged and demanding constant intense cleaning.

Certain ‘mumblings’ about the MQ’s engines making odd sounds circulated by the afternoon of July 21st. Those concerns would mount in the coming weeks and months. We disembarked the boat on July 22nd with the MQ steaming on to Cincinnati for a grand welcome on July 25th. Boarding for the traditional old ‘steamboat open house’ ceremony began here by invitation. What a sight as she steamed slowly under the Roebling Suspension Bridge with flags, banners, whistle, confetti, thousands of colored balloons released from a barge, sky rockets booming, calliope playing, and Vic Tooker and his group holding forth on that miserably hot day.

Several months later, at the height of the MQ’s engine and boiler problems, my cousin David Flick, then a writer for the *Cincinnati Post*, interviewed Betty Blake. ‘Down a Lazy River without a Paddle—Almost’ was his lead after I cautioned him in advance to “go easy...understand what these people are facing.” David, now with the *Dallas Daily News*, declared his interview with Betty Blake the most interesting one to date. “What does this all mean for you?” he asked, closing his note pad. Betty puffed her usual cigarette, lowered her voice, looked over her desk, and observed, “Well, it certainly hasn’t been easy.”

Betty Blake didn’t do it alone. Her work built on the abiding dedication and hard-won efforts of Capt. Tom R. and Letha Greene through thick and thin. My hat goes off to them and to the Greene family for their many kindnesses over the years. River people all, and grand originals in their own right.

On April 15, 1982 I wrote an editorial piece for the *Cincinnati Post* following Betty’s death. “Who could ever forget her remarks to the people of

Cincinnati that sweltering July day in 1976: “Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN!” Earlier she’d hinted at her own epitaph. “It’s going to say, ‘Hi, there, Betty,’ cause that’s all I hear all day.”

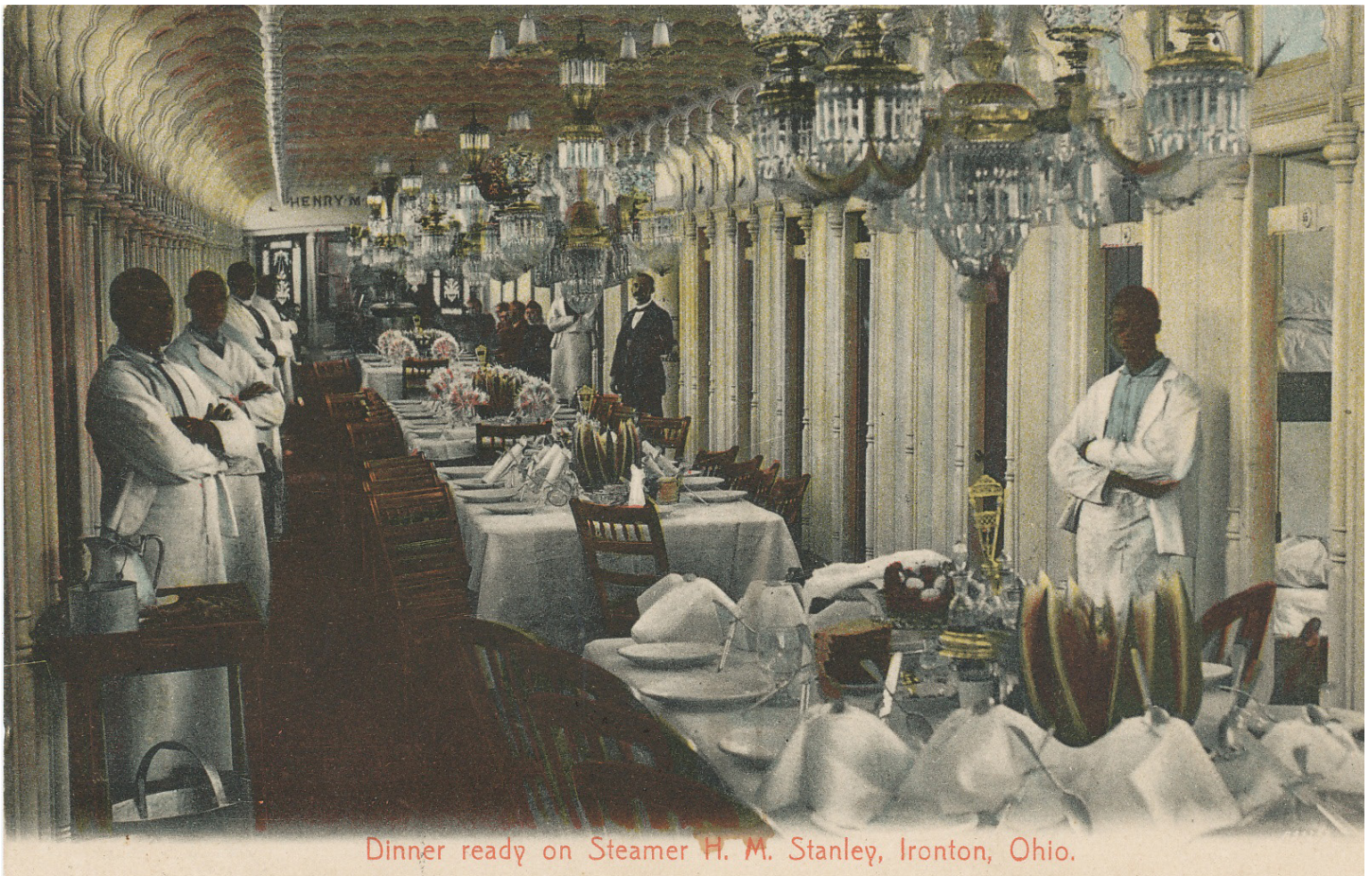
Boats and ships, like people, have a birth, profitable life, and sometimes a gentle old age with one group of passengers after another often indifferent to the vessel itself. In spite of the penetrating criticism of the MQ, I admit to having loved her. She was touted as “the first grand steamboat in nearly 50 years,” being something not attempted here before. In my mind I will always recall those days with nostalgia. Farewell old girl, it wasn’t your fault. 🕒

Jeff Spear

Here is perhaps my favorite post card, showing a color view of the cabin of the HENRY M. STANLEY. I thought it was a Detroit Publishing Co. card, but it is not. The reverse of the card is imprinted with “Ironton Ohio News. No. 130. Made in Germany.” The Germans were actually

better at color than we were, a little more subtle. Tommy Greene has one of those chandeliers in his barn. I do not know if he has the prisms and shades. The shades are by Hobbs in Wheeling, some kind of opalescent hobnail, not hobnail for Hobb’s glass because they looked like hobnail boots.

The linen, stacked silverware, castor sets, bread, watermelons cut on end, waiters and chief steward in suit halfway through the cabin and the open stateroom door showing made-up bunks, all add to what Capt. Way said upon seeing this view. I first saw this image in the late 80s when Ralph Dupae brought a box of cabin scenes to S&D. Cap was going through that box and many cabin interior scenes he’d seen before. I was dumbfounded, for he knew insides as well as outsides! When he came to the black and white of this one, he said, “Looks like something’s fixin’ to commence.” I’ve never forgotten that line. Boy, was he right! She was prettier inside than out. I think J. Frank Ellison designed her too – H. M. STANLEY, HUDSON, VIRGINIA and QUEEN CITY. The two boats I would love to have ridden are the HENRY M. STANLEY and the SENATOR CORDILL. 🕒



Dinner ready on Steamer H. M. Stanley, Ironton, Ohio.

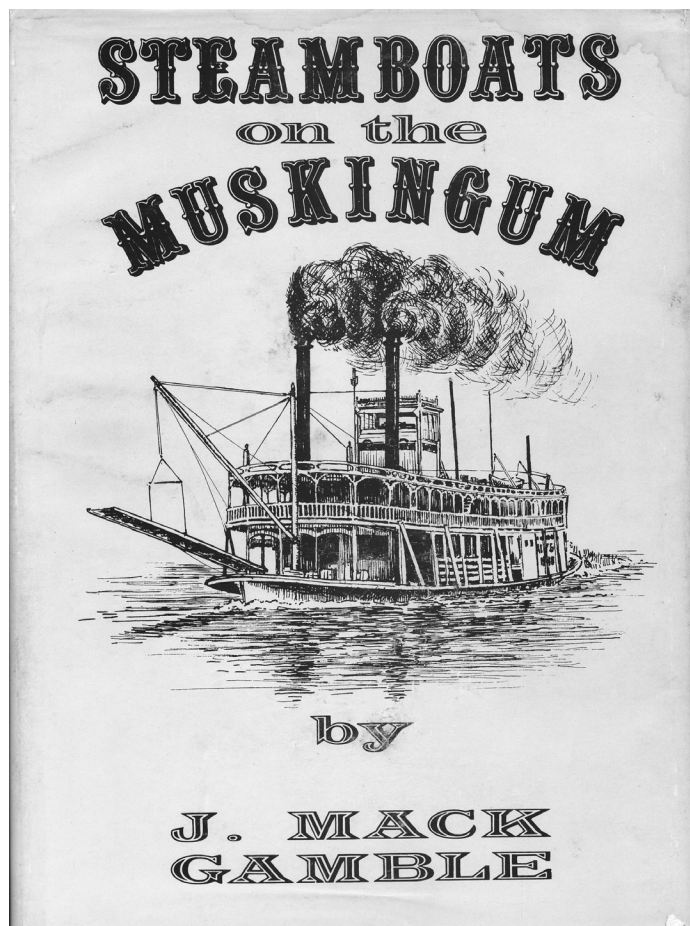
Ed Mueller

How Steamboats on the Muskingum Came into Being

In the late 1960s, John Fryant and Ed Mueller were going to the Annual S&D meeting in September. John and Ed lived in suburban Washington, D. C., were friends and members of a Washington Ship Model Society.

They decided to go together by car and when in Clarington, OH, stopped to visit with J. Mack Gamble, a friend of John's. While John was with Mack, Ed leafed through some materials and discovered a typed copy of a steamboat work, "Steamboats on the Muskingum." Ed thought it was interesting and discovered that it had been Mack's graduate thesis.

Asking if it had ever been published and finding out that it had not, he suggested it should be printed. He would bring it up at the S&D Directors meeting the next day at Marietta, having obtained Mack's permission to do so.



At the S&D meeting, in proposing that the organization consider publishing the work, the idea was met by opposition from one of the Board members, a former pilot on the Ohio River. Ed dropped the matter then, intending to bring it up at a subsequent Steamship Historical Society meeting. Ed at that time was Editor in Chief of the SSHSA Quarterly *Steamboat Bill*.

SSHSA had just completed publication of *The Stateliest Ship*, a pictorial history of the QUEEN MARY, along with a book about Lake Winnepesaukee steamboats. Ed urged the Society to publish Mack's book, which they agreed to do.

It was now 1970 and Ed had left his home in the District of Columbia and moved to Florida, with plans to get the book printed there.

Capt. Fred Way, Jr. was asked to provide the photos and captions for the new book and to write the preface, to which he happily consented. The book was printed in Thomasville, GA in 1971 and was a success, mostly due to Fred Way selling many of the copies. In a few years it was out of print. 🕒

Lee and Kathy Havlik

For a couple who are land-locked in central Iowa, we were fortunate to be able to come to understand the term "river rat" on the JULIA BELLE SWAIN. As passengers we fell in love with the JULIA BELLE and jumped at the chance to crew her for her last 11 years of cruising. The experiences we had enriched our lives. And the people we met gave us one of our most cherished possessions, a "steamboat family."

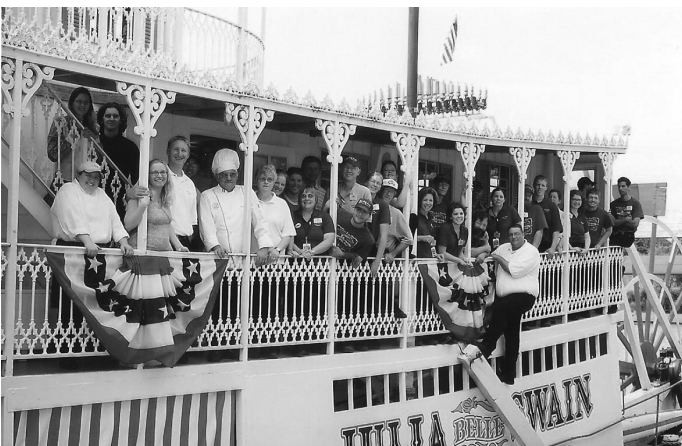
Our duties began in East Dubuque, IL for start up. Lee Havlik and Neil Conklin were off doing their engineering duties. Rich Suleski and I were to paint the hull above the water line. One of us would paint the hull while the other would hold the boat under the deck and bail water, since the boat had developed a slight leak. To pass the time even though neither of us could carry a tune, we started singing — LOUDLY. This noise brought Neil and Lee to come and check on us. Neil had us get out of the boat and come up on deck. He calmly explained to us that we had to get fresh air because the paint



JULIA BELLE SWAIN at Lansing, IA in June 2008. Both photos courtesy of Lee and Kathy Havlik.

fumes were somewhat dangerous. So now we knew why we were so happy. Rich's face suddenly became very serious as he said, "This is not funny. We could be permanently dain bramaged!" A short silence fell as we all realized the dyslexic statement Rich had just made. Rich and I lay on the deck laughing and lamenting the loss of brain cells while clearing our heads. Neil and Lee just shook their heads and went back to work. I knew at that time our adventure of working on the river was going to be a very interesting one. Light off, warm up, throw off lines, let's head up the river and begin ...

This is one of many memories we have of our time working on the JULIA BELLE. Sadly she sits idle on the Black River in LaCrosse. We can only hope that someday she will return to cruising and stir the souls of others like she did for us. ☺



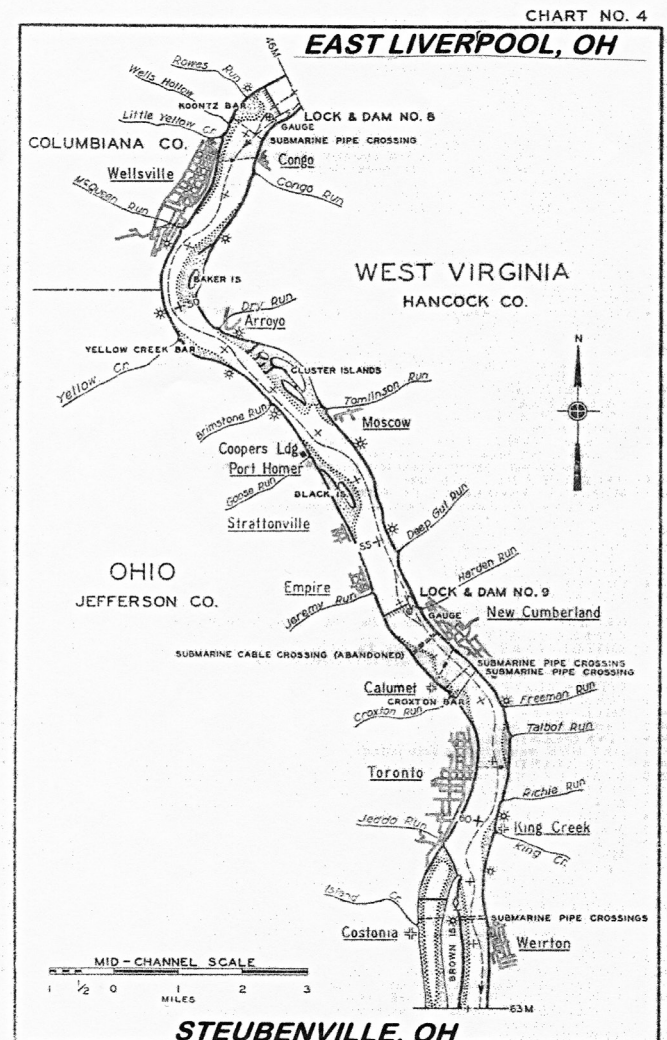
Crew of JULIA BELLE in St. Paul at conclusion of Grand Excursion in 2004. Kathy and Lee are in center of photo.

Woody Rutter

The SENATOR's Long Night

The SENATOR first appeared in the Pittsburgh excursion trade for Streckfus Steamers under the original name SAINT PAUL (4965) in May 1937 when she replaced the WASHINGTON as the Pittsburgh Streckfus boat. She had been refurbished and renamed SENATOR (5079) at Paducah, KY during the winter of 1939-40 as detailed in Way's *Packet Directory*, and came out for the season on May 1, 1940 with Tom Posey and Fred Way, pilots, and Edgar Mabrey, Master.

The SENATOR was popular in the excursion trade and was back again for the 1941 season. Cpts. Tom Posey and Fred Way were again in the pilothouse. The season concluded when the SENATOR went back to Paducah and she laid-up on September 21, 1941. This was the end of the boat's excursion days as WW II began.



Fred was undoubtedly aboard the SENATOR during the 17-hour overnight trip from East Liverpool, OH on August 17-18, but I have no recollection of the event or recall any discussion afterwards – just another “delayed by fog” in the river business before radar! It is probable that the SENATOR was working her way back to winter quarters when the Liverpool-Steubenville trip occurred; Mack Gamble visited the boat the following week when she took out a moonlite trip from New Martinsville, WV.

East Liverpool Daily Tribune

Monday, August 18, 1941

**EXCURSION CROWD MAROONED
OVERNIGHT ON RIVER STEAMER**

SENATOR Forced to Tie Up Off Wellsville

When Heavy Fog Blankets River

Last of Passengers Reach City at 7:30 A.M. after
17½ Hour ‘Trip’

What started out as a quiet Sunday excursion became an odyssey for the 795 passengers aboard the big steamer SENATOR, which ended its summer season here – at 7:30 a.m. today!

Marooned in fog, a wobbling walk across the gangplank, and an alpine-like scramble up a perpendicular river bank and a cautious trek across a railroad yard – all accomplished in the early hours of the morning amidst a thick blanket of fog . . .

Shades of the Ancient Mariner, what an awful lot of excitement for a 75-cent ticket!

Everything was commonplace as usual on the first leg of the trip from East Liverpool to Steubenville. But, the return trip soon turned gray (that was the fog) and still grayer (that was more fog).

The Fog Grows Thicker

From full speed, the engines soon were slowed more and more, as the big five-deck “floating palace” barely crept through the fog. Near the Jefferson-McCullough Children’s Home at Yellow Creek the steamer cautiously shunted to the bank, the captain apparently deciding to wait out the fog.

But things got no better fast what with the fog getting thicker every moment, so the vessel pulled away again, this time more cautiously than ever.

Near 22nd Street, Wellsville, the boat tied up

again and this time, the crew explained, it was for the duration of the pea-soup visibility. The passengers’ future course was optional: they could stay aboard or climb off and head for home – every man for himself. And it was now 2 a.m. The gangplank was stretched to shore, the far end nearly obscured in the fog.

100 Decide to Go Home

Nearly 100 passengers, most of them from East Liverpool, elected to go home the best way they could.

It wasn’t too hard to get on shore, but there the trouble began.

To get back to civilization, one had to climb a 40-yard hillside – a trek virtually straight up in the air through trees and briars and a tangle of underbrush. Members of the crew with axes cleared a make-shift path.

The passengers were boosted up in a sort of relay. Members of the crew stationed themselves on the hillside at intervals stretching from the bottom to the top. One elderly woman fainted from the strain and had to be carried ashore.

Some Walked Six Miles

Then, after groping their way across the Wellsville train yards, the passengers found themselves on the highway. Quite a few managed to catch rides home in taxis. Others elected to hitch-hike – and quite a few walked the six miles home for lack of busses and other rides. The boat stopped briefly at 7 a.m. at Third Street in Wellsville to let off a group of Wellsville and Steubenville people, before it proceeded to East Liverpool. About 20 caught a bus at Wellsville for the trip back to Steubenville.

Some pulled into town as late as 4:30 a.m. Some persons left the boat immediately after it tied up, others braved the chilly air on the decks for several hours before they decided to move. The ship’s orchestra continued playing through most of the night, but most of the passengers were too busy keeping warm to dance. Some of the younger passengers drove off the chill by stretching out on the lower deck near the boilers.

Illegal to Sell Coffee

A legal technicality added to the discomfort. Many passengers tried to buy hot coffee, but the

crew said it could not be sold because the steamer has a West Virginia sales license. As long as it was tied to the bank, it was on Ohio ground, they said, and the sale would be illegal. So there was no coffee.

Nearly 125 persons on the [boat] had boarded it about 7:00 p.m. Sunday night at Steubenville. About 20 clambered off at Wellsville early this morning, but most elected to stay aboard. The steamer brought about 250 persons to East Liverpool this morning at 7:30 and then returned to Steubenville. The 100-odd passengers remaining reached their homes in Steubenville about 11:35 a.m.

It's a 17 Hour Boat Ride

The cruise began Sunday afternoon at 2:00 when the boat pulled away from the Broadway wharf here. It was due back at 9 p.m. here, then was to return to Steubenville. It was a 17-hour ride for the East Liverpool district excursionists. Ⓞ



SENATOR poses at New Martinsville, WV landing in 1940. Photo by J. Mack Gamble, courtesy of Woody Rutter.

Jerry Sutphin

After returning from the U. S. Army in 1964, I went to work in the Real Estate Division of the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers in Huntington, WV. Jack C. Burdett was Chief of the Real Estate Division and had grown up at Point Pleasant, WV. Jack's Grandfather, J. F. Burdett, owned and operated The Kanawha Dock Company and his father, Capt. T. T. Burdett, held a pilot license from Pittsburgh to Cairo.

When Jack learned that I had a developing interest in steamboats and river history, he

introduced me to the Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen and also paid my first year's dues. Jack gave me my first copy of the S&D REFLECTOR and, of course, I was hooked! I began looking for any old copies of the REFLECTOR that I could find and bought them, if available.

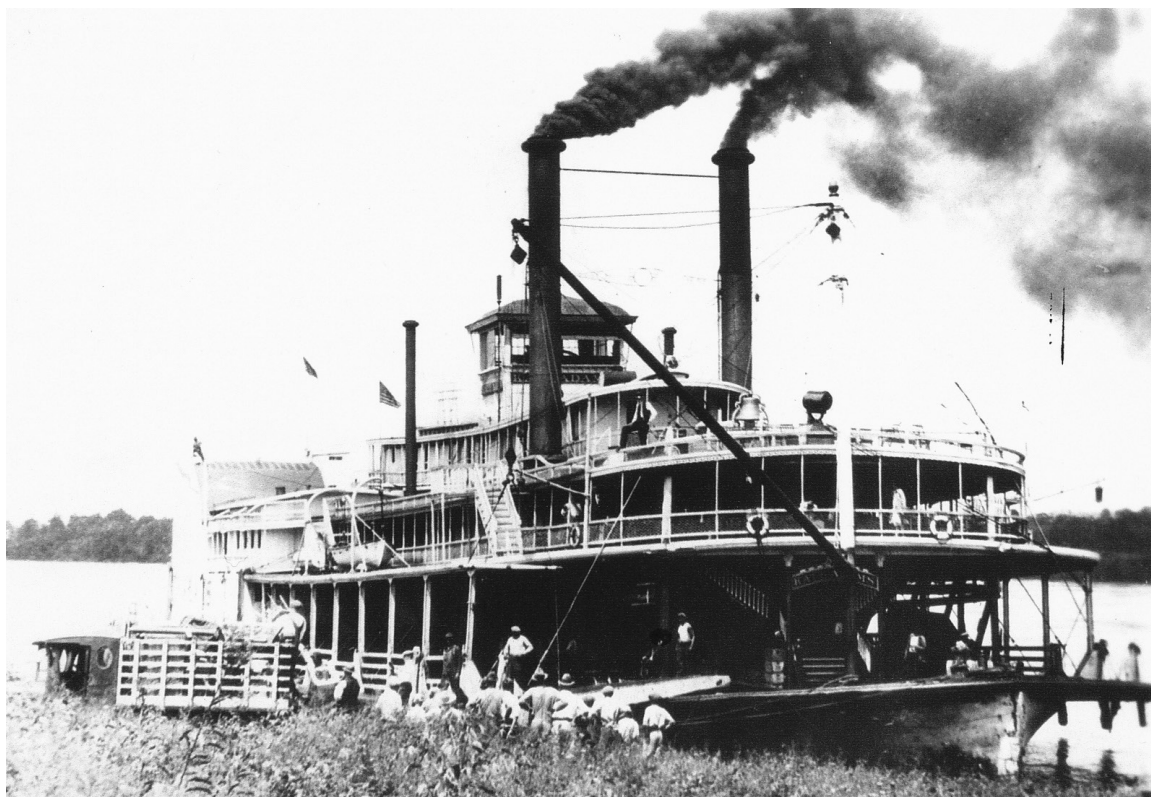
A move in 1966 to the Public Affairs Office with the Huntington District Corps of Engineers provided me a wide assortment of duties, including design and development of exhibits and displays. In the June 1968 issue of the REFLECTOR, editor Captain Fred Way, Jr. wrote an article about Capt. Horatio Nelson Crooks and Belleville, WV, where the new Ohio River Belleville Locks and Dam was nearing completion. Captain Way completed this article with: "The new Belleville Locks and Dam's office or visitor's area, hopefully will have wall space sufficient to hang, suitably inscribed, a portrait of Capt. Horatio Nelson Crooks." My response to Capt. Way's request in the September 1968 REFLECTOR was that should a photograph with appropriate text be provided, I would see to its installation in the Belleville Locks and Dam Visitor's area.

Now this is not all of the story.

Upon completion of the Belleville Locks and Dam Project, an official dedication program was planned. As part of the Sunday, October 5, 1969 dedication, I was to prepare a series of exhibit panels telling and illustrating the history of navigation improvements by the Corps of Engineers on the Ohio River.

Wanting to include some photographs of steamboats landed at either Reedsville, OH or Belleville, WV, and preferably both, I called my new friend Captain Fred Way and boldly asked him if he had any photographs of packet boats landed at either place that might be acquired for the dedication exhibit...and of course, he did.

He mailed two photos: one each of the SENATORCORDILL and the GENERALWOOD taking on freight at the old Belleville landing (see page 46, December 1969 S&D REFLECTOR). These became part of one of my exhibit panels and must have been extremely well received, because both of these Captain William S. Pollock photographs



Above: KATE ADAMS landed at Belleville, WV, 1926. Below: SENATOR CORDILL at same landing. Both photos from collection of G. W. "Jerry" Sutphin.



disappeared from the boards, never to be seen again after the dedication program.

These two incidents were the beginning of my friendship with Captain Way, one that would last for the rest of his life. It was also the beginning

of a friendly challenge between the two of us to find a steamboat or river photo that he had not seen or for which he could not relate the history. Over the next twenty-four years, I would hunt photographs to challenge him and he would publish them in the REFLECTOR.

The pleasure of working with Captain Way on other projects included the reprinting of the James Rees & Sons Company Illustrated Catalog of July 1913 and also having him act as my advisor when, upon his recommendation, I was contracted to conduct the training classes for docents at the newly opened Children's Museum of Pittsburgh.

The profound impact on my life from these encounters with

the S&D REFLECTOR and with Captain Frederick Way, Jr. cannot be measured. Even today, whether writing for a book, preparing an exhibit, or studying steamboat photographs, I find myself wishing I could call Captain Way for the answer to my questions. ❁

Cynthia Davidson Bend and Caroline Davidson Foster

Life or Death in High Water

Heavy snows promise a white-water spring! Our nineteenth century great grandfather, Commodore Davidson, presumably dreaded high water risks to his packets. But this is 1948 and my sister and I are cheering. Now it's the free-running Ontonagon that beckons us to northern Michigan: a new river for us to conquer on a four-day canoeing adventure with our lean, long-legged father — “the old settler” to his camping friends.

After the long drive from St. Paul, we shove into the Ontonagon, ready for the thrill of shooting the rapids in our “tin can,” affectionate nickname for the Grumman aluminum canoe that replaced our wood and canvas Old Town after WW II. As an experienced seventh grader, I get to be my cousin Walter's “bow man.” Fourth grader Caroline paddles the lead canoe with my father. High water gushes, submerging the dangerous rocks; a perfect spring day to share high spirits with the birds.

As we sweep around a bend, riding the current in joyful trust, a warning shout from Dad dashes our flying spirits. Blocking us a fallen Norway pine, victim of spring flooding, bridges the entire span of the river. As Walter and I watch, Dad's canoe is swept broadside. We see him plunge free of the canoe, but Caroline, still on her seat, is rolled down among the branches.

Walter and I paddle hard for shore and grasp an anchoring willow branch. Above the foaming water, Dad's is the only head we see. Swept free of the trapping branches, then on downstream, he faces a daunting fight to return to my lost sister. With his powerful crawl he battles the current to gain the shore. He climbs the 4-foot bank, pauses to look for Caroline, then scrambles up river through the saplings that line the shore. Walter and I search the river in vain for a sign of Caroline as Dad works his way around the roots of the felled tree to the upriver side of the trunk. Back in the river he swims and pulls himself through the branches to the canoe. He dives. We hold our breath along with his. Only one head comes up. Again he is swept downstream,



White water rapids on the Ontonagon River dangerously obstructed by a fallen tree bring back memories of adventure for the great granddaughters of Commodore William Davidson. Photo courtesy of Richard Lund from www.dlund.zom.com

then swims back to shore. Our fear mounts as we watch Dad repeat his effort, diving, searching the branches, struggling to shore and back through the branches and the current. Such a long time!

Caroline recalls, “Dad shouted to me to—‘Jump free!’ But I froze. I was caught at the waist and wedged between the tree and the canoe. I was under the river—a long time—between the boat and the tree trunk. Where was Dad? I wiggled myself to where the boat caught me at the neck. What if I died? Would my parents miss me? He had to come! I put my hand up, and Dad saw me. With a big kick he freed me and the boat. He carried me to shore, then pushed me against the bank to get the water out of my lungs. I must have found an air pocket because no water came out. There I stood on the shore, shivering, cold and scared. Walter and Cynthia came across. All four of us were quiet, knowing that the river was the only way home.”

When we get home Dad tells his story to Mother with tears sliding through the four-day stubble of his face. “I almost killed my little girl!” 🕒

Michael Jones

At last September's S&D meeting, Michael Jones brought along three of his favorite photos to share with the REFLECTOR for this 50th anniversary issue. He especially called our attention to the stern shot of the July 16, 1929



Photos courtesy of Michael Jones, from the collection of Gary Rolih. Photographer was C. A. Buehler of Hamilton, OH.

race between the TOM GREENE and BETSY ANN, commenting that it was an image not usually reproduced when stories of the contest are illustrated. In tribute to that event and to these two iconic Ohio River steamboats,

we also share with you Capt. Fred Way's words penned about that bittersweet celebration in The Log of the Betsy Ann, published 80 years ago. It somehow seems fitting to include Capt. Way's recollections in these pages.

“The weather was perfect, the crowds exceeded the prior combat [with the CHRIS GREENE in 1928] and a radio hookup broadcast the event to an eager audience in many parts of the United States.

The *Cincinnati Enquirer* carried an editorial on July 18 which sums up the affair in these words: ‘The contest between the TOM GREENE and the BETSY ANN on Tuesday was something more than a race between river rivals. As a race it was all that could be desired. The twenty-mile course was negotiated in a manner that provided a sufficiency of thrills. It is not great speed which contributes to the joy and excitement of racing, of whatever kind, but the near quality of the contestants in the struggle. In this respect the rival boats left nothing much of choice. Both of them are fine river vessels, both of them exemplified their excellent qualities. They evoked stirring recollections of the romance of the river. Even though the victory was awarded officially to the TOM GREENE, the BETSY ANN will have the consolation of technical satisfaction, for to the casual looker-on it was neck and neck from start to finish.

‘But it was more than a mere race. The shores of the Ohio, on both sides, were lined by cheering well-wishers of one or the other of the boats. There was music. There were flags. There were dreams and memories. No one who saw the contest between these two worthy rivals but hoped he might again witness and be part of such a spectacle and indulged the further hope that river traffic and river games might become common experience on the Beautiful River.’

“The BETSY ANN lost this race, officially, by a bare foot or so, although this verdict is still argued in pilothouse conversation.

It seems odd, but the thousands and thousands of words written for newspapers that day — of the various and sundry syllables hurled over microphones — not one soul breathed a word of the stark tragedy which confronted the BETSY ANN as she plodded on up the Ohio River after the race was over and the flags hauled down. Her career as a regular Pittsburgh and Cincinnati packet — an honor which she had now relentlessly held for five or six years — was over. The BETSY ANN was headed toward Pittsburgh to lay up. Her crew was to be paid off and her smokestacks doomed to rustiness in a period of decay.”

Forty years later, Capt. Way reflected back on the critical events detailed in that chapter of his book: “That chapter reports a lot of dismal business — the loss of a race to the TOM GREENE, and the loss of the Pittsburgh and Cincinnati packet trade to both the BETSY ANN and GENERAL WOOD, our two boats. I felt pretty bad about all of this in 1929, and so did my partner Bill Pollock. What we did not know, and could not know, was that we had been done a great favor. The year 1929 was — most of it was — the peak of national financial inflation, the zenith of the “flapper era.” The fun ended on October 29 with the stock market crash leading into the Great Depression. Our two boats operating as they did could not have survived it. Nor could any other boats. The “new” company which wrested away our trade and business fell into the trough of hard times. After a brief and somewhat meteoric career that company went into debt and failed miserably.”

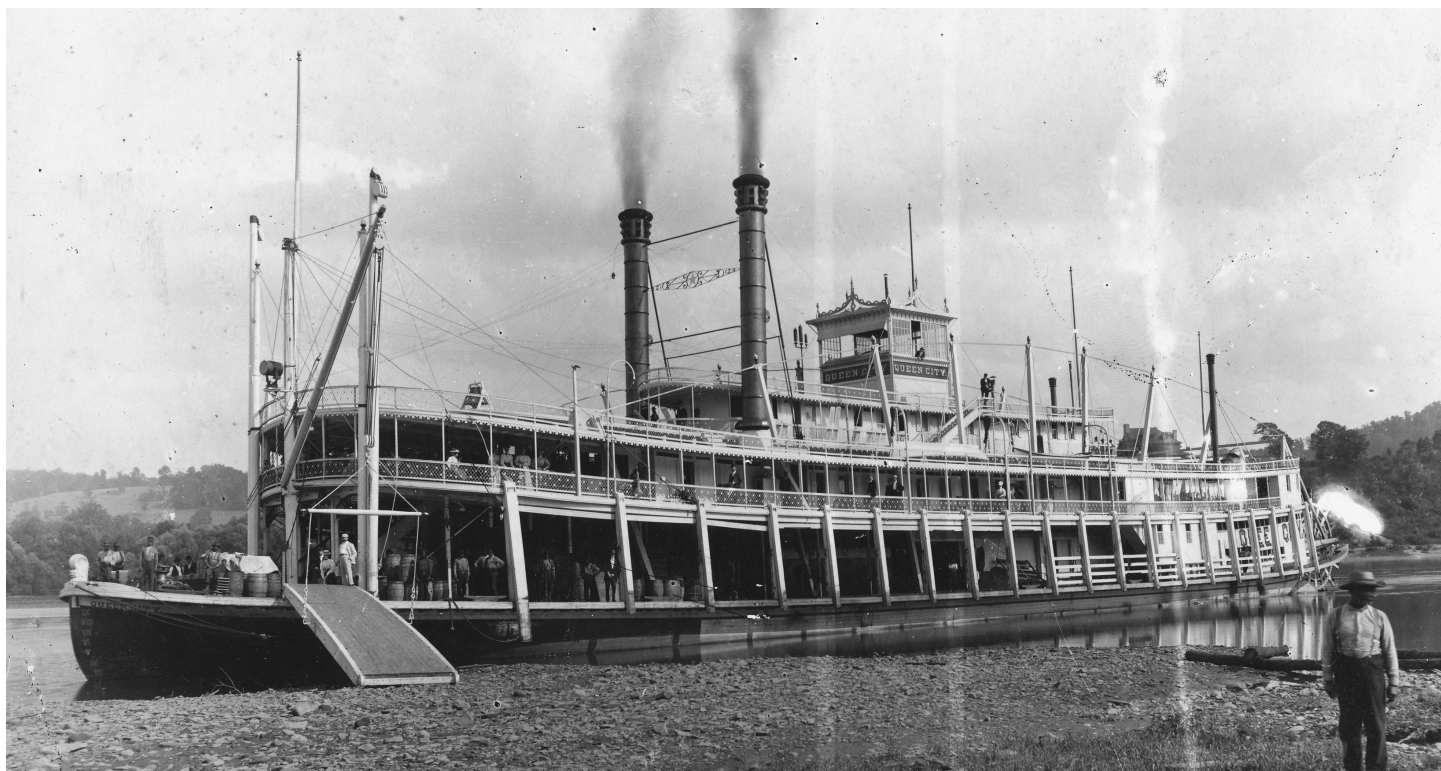
Capt. Way ends his saga from the riverside in Memphis, where he has come to say goodbye to the BETSY. “From December 23, 1925 until yesterday, I helped guide the destiny of the BETSY ANN. It was because of her that I got a master’s license — that I became a pilot. It was because of her that I lost sleep, money, time and patience.

It doesn’t seem possible that the boat is sold — not even with the papers signed and sealed. Only this evening did the truth of the matter dawn in some definite shape. I discovered myself sitting in the park at Memphis. Sitting there looking out over the bar at the mouth of Wolf River and watching smoke curl from the fancy-topped stacks of my boat. The whistle blew — first time I had heard it for about four months. It was then evident that she was going away and that I had nothing to do with the matter. Nobody had come and asked the familiar “Are you ready, Cap?”

I know now how it must feel for a man to part with a racehorse — or a boy from a pet dog.

It was getting evening; the sun had gone down. I looked up into the sky and saw the planet Jupiter gleaming in the chrysolite-tinged sky which once characterized the mountains of Kaf.

There was a thunderstorm brewing. Soon it commenced to rain; a gentle, warm spring rain. I found myself wondering if any of the rooms were leaking on the BETSY; whether the Texas windows were shut.”



The third of Michael Jones' photos is this study in the exquisite beauty of the QUEEN CITY, taken perhaps early in her career. Deferring once more to Capt. Way, we share the impression she made on him, recorded in the pages of Way's Packet Directory. "Your scribe fell for the wiles of the QC in 1911 standing in the forward end of the main cabin gazing aft at her multitude of repetitions; repetition of doors, of shining brass oil lamps in their swinging brackets, of overhead lights coming from twined oak leaves of metal, of chairs soldiered in parade, and her dining tables the same way — all of these things as trim as West Point cadets, sweeping in a dip downward to the midship gangways, then up again to the immense mirror in the distance — an unbelievable distance — twice as wonderful as anything military; a person could wear out his eyes looking for a single straight line; there wasn't one anywhere; all was cadence and curve, an immense arc. I was 10 years old when this indelible tattoo creased my imagination. The QC did this to adults as well beholding this man-made art — art in fluidity. From shore the QC was completely photogenic; you could attack her with a camera from any angle with pleasing contours.

Charles Bogart

In 1966 I was working for the Kentucky Department of Commerce in Paintsville, KY, located on the Levisa Fork of the Big Sandy River. In the office next me were headquarters for Southeast Coal Company. President of the company was Harry LaViers Sr. I spent many an afternoon in his office listening to tales of the Big Sandy Valley during the period 1920 to 1960. Unfortunately, I have forgotten almost all the stories he told, but there is one I have always remembered. It concerns Paul Blazer, President of Ashland Refinery Company. The company's principal refinery was located at Catlettsburg, KY, on the Big Sandy River.

Mr. LaViers recalled that every year from 1937 until 1950 Mr. Blazer attended the annual meeting of the Big Sandy Coal Operators. At each of these

meetings, Mr. Blazer gave a pitch to the attendees to petition Congress for authorizing the Corps of Engineers to upgrade the three existing locks and dams on the Big Sandy River so that they could handle commercial coal barge traffic. Mr. Blazer also proposed that the coal operators request that Congress direct the Corps to study extending the lock and dam system up the Tug Fork to Williamston, WV, and the Levisa Fork to Pikeville, KY. Mr. LaViers stated that they, the coal operators, were uninterested in Mr. Blazer's proposal as the Norfolk & Western Railroad (N&W) ran along the east bank of the Tug and the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway (C&O) along the west bank of the Levisa, both of these railroads providing excellent service in moving Big Sandy coal to outside customers. In addition, both of these railroad companies were major buyers of coal from the local coal mines to power their steam locomotives.

However, in the early 1950s, both N&W and C&O began to switch from steam-powered locomotives to diesel locomotives. In 1955, Mr. LaViers said that the coal operators decided that since they were losing both the N&W and C&O as customers, perhaps they should, as Mr. Blazer had been suggesting, investigate canalizing the Big Sandy and the Tug and Levisa Forks. Therefore, the coal operators requested a meeting with Mr. Blazer. In response, he invited the coal operators to meet with him at his office in Ashland, KY.

Mr. LaViers recalled that the meeting started with Mr. Blazer greeting each of them and then asking what he could do for them. Mr. LaViers, as spokesperson for the coal operators, told Mr. Blazer that, "We, the Big Sandy Coal Operators, have decided that it is time to approach Congress and the Corps to start a study on building modern locks and dams on the Big Sandy and its two forks." He continued, "You can count on the coal operators' full support when Ashland Refinery presents this proposal to Congress." When he had no more than said this, Mr. Blazer looked him straight in the eye and responded, "That is the dumbest idea I have ever heard. Why would anyone want to canalize the Big Sandy when there is such great rail service available?" Mr. LaViers remembered that he was taken aback when he heard this but replied, "If what I just said is such a dumb idea, why have you been advocating such an action over the past ten years?" Mr. LaViers was dumbfounded at Blazer's response as he looked directly at him and without blinking, explained, "I have never advocated canalizing the Big Sandy River." After making this amazing statement, Blazer excused himself, claiming he had another meeting to attend.

Mr. LaViers said it was only after the coal operators had adjourned to the Henry Clay Hotel for some coffee that they were able to comprehend what was going on. Mr. Blazer's business was selling various refined petroleum products that included diesel fuel. He had promoted canalizing the Big Sandy during the period 1937 to 1950 because the new towboats coming on line had diesel engines. Now in 1955, the railroads had diesel locomotives and he was selling diesel fuel to the railroads. Thus, he had no interest in causing this new railroad market to lose business to river traffic. 🕒

Tom Schiffer

Our steamboating experience is extremely limited compared to some of you. Thanks to Frank Prudent, we have been on the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN and AMERICAN QUEEN on short cruises and have stayed over-night on the DELTA QUEEN as a hotel. However, my love of steamboats goes back to the ISLAND QUEEN (No.2) mebbe as early as 1940 or so. I was on the DELTA QUEEN around 1954 but never while under way. I only met Fred Way by phone in his later years. Carol and I always wanted to do the DQ Derby Cruise, but after being on the waiting list for over ten years, gave up. When quite small, I lived on Upland Avenue, a hilltop south of Covington where we could clearly hear boat whistles and the calliope on the ISLAND QUEEN.

We have been members of S&D for a quarter century or so. When working as Manager of Plant Service — one of which was a coal-fired 500,000 pounds of steam per hour boiler house — I was required to obtain a Steam Plant Engineer's license (License No. 7415R) in Ohio. Other than overall responsibility for administration, purchasing and personnel, I did not have hands-on experience with steam engines or boilers. But upon my retirement in 2000, I heard of and bought a propane-fueled 22 foot steam-powered launch called MISSIE. She was about thirty years old and had a fore-and-aft compound engine, operated condensing, with a



MISS BLUE during Rabbit Hash Caper at 3:55 PM, September 5, 2009. MISS BLUE featured a crew of S&Ders, Travis Vasconselous, pilot; and John Fryant (with camera), navigator. The Roof Captain was either Cap'n Alan Bates or Jimmy Reising on other side; Tom Schiffer, striker engineer; and Chief Engineer Kenny Howe in the stern seat.

water tube boiler holding all of 2 ½ gallons! She'd run all day at 5.2 mph and drink about 5 gallons of propane!

One fine day in 2003 at Vevay, IN, while attending Small Stacks (BELLE OF LOUISVILLE and BARBARA H were there) I met Captains Steve and Barb Huffman along with Chief Kenny Howe and Jimmy Reising, and our world has not been quite the same since. Through them, our river friends soon included Captains Alan Bates, Don Sanders, Bill Ray, Charlie Decker and Kevin Mullen. They were joined by Dale Flick and Chuck Parrish and many of the crew of the BELLE, including aft gang Chief Jim McCoy, Tom Corson and Steve Mattingly. I served on a task force giving the BELLE an "EKG" with Bruce Babcock and Keith Baylor.

Carol and I became members supporting the Howard Museum, meeting Perfessor (now director) Keith Norrington, Cookie Lady Judy Patsch and then-director Yvonne Knight. This was at Marietta when Carol and I made our only sojourn at S&D with Sharon Cunningham. Sharon had introduced us to steamboats.org and we met Franz, Carmen and Leonie from Germany. Memorable trips were made up the Licking, Ohio (Rabbit Hash Capers) and Kentucky Rivers in my steamers with Capt. Don, Chief Kenny, Perfessor Travis Vasconselos, Small Stacks specialist John Fryant, Keith Baylor, brother John Schiffer, Frank Prudent, Jimmy



That's John Fryant aboard MISS DEMEANOR with one of the absolutely last photos of DQ moored at Ragtown, 4:01 PM October 20, 2008. Photos courtesy of Tom Schiffer.

Reising, Captains Alan Bates, Pete O'Connell, the Coast Guard's own Jim Blum, Bruno Krause and wife, JoAnn Schoen, Dave Morecraft, REFLECTOR editor Dave Tschiggfrie and many others.

We now have another steamer, MISS BLUE aka MISSIE II. She is a wood-fired 22 footer built in 1910. With Miss Carol as my First Mate, in every important sense of that word, captain and pilot, we have steamed 2,839.2 logged miles on eight rivers and untold creeks in 235 cruises. While no substitute for the social aspects of the AQ, DQ, MQ et al, if you love the river, you are up-close and personal... only inches away...in MISSIEs I & II. If you love wildlife, you are one of them! After a lifetime in the shooting sports (myself with rifle and Carol with pistol) we find boating a nice adjunct. In addition, my gunsmithing mill and lathe come in handy in maintaining and rebuilding the steamers. If you love steam as we do ... 🕒

Edward Shearer

I really enjoyed Capt. Reynolds' article about Nashville Bridge in the September 2012 REFLECTOR. I sat down and started thinking about my four years with the company and decided to put "pen to paper" (well, the electronic version). Here are some memories of my time there. I had to limit my thoughts as one memory reminded me of another (like the time Capt. Dyer left the Ingrams on the bank doing river trials on the BRUCE BROWN because they didn't show up on time).

I had the privilege of working at "The Bridge Company" for four years in the early seventies. I was in charge of the engineering section developing designs for both towboats and liquid and dry cargo barges. The article by Capt. Robert Reynolds in the September issue of the S&D REFLECTOR brought back a lot of memories.

We prided ourselves on building the "Cadillacs" of river equipment and, to this day, one can recognize a NABRICO towboat with the hull sheer and pilot houses with the sloped sides. Boats such as the "Lady Boats" built for Inland Oil set and maintained speed records on the rivers. The Nashville Bridge "spoonbill" bows on tank barges

gave those unit tows a little edge over conventional scow bows.

We did a lot of model testing in the Netherlands at (now) Marin model basin. They had a model basin large enough for us to test entire large tows of hopper barges as well as unit tank barge tows, without the models being so small as to cause problems with scale factors. We tested various hull shapes, nozzles, rudders, barge shapes and such but could never get one client to build an entire boat and tow with the configuration we had tested. Clients would use the spoon bow and immersed headlog trail barges but with someone else's boat, or vice versa.

Marine Transport Co. out of St. Louis came to us for a new towboat and unit tow and specified performance. We built the LOUIS FRANK (now the TONY LIPPMAN) and a four-barge unit tow for them that exceeded all expectations. The boat was 4200 HP, twin screw, 144' X 35' with nozzles and a retractable pilot house. The double skin barges (the new trend in the industry) consisted of a lead unit with the NABRICO "spoonbill" bow, a long box, a short box and a stern unit with a large headlog (sternlog) to decrease resistance. First trip north-bound, loaded to a nine-foot draft, we did over fourteen miles per hour through the water on the lower Mississippi.

The Bridge Company had built several large (8400 HP, 180' X 50') triple screw towboats for Mid-South Towing and Chotin. This design was modified slightly for Upper Mississippi Towing Corp. with the hull lengthened to 198' and this



m/v ELEANOR GORDON, 195 x 54. Triple prop, 8400 hp.

was the HARRIET ANN. These boats are still performing well for their owners.

Capt. Noble Gordon of Mid-South Towing came to us about a new design that could carry more fuel at a lesser draft than his other 8400 HP boats. This evolved into the ELEANOR GORDON, 195' X 54.' Capt. Gordon also asked if we could install the nozzles "backwards" as he said his boats backed more than shoved coming down the river with loaded tows. This, with the help of the model basin, evolved into the "Backing Nozzle" now incorporated into some larger towboats.

Wisconsin Barge Line saw and liked the ELEANOR GORDON and that hull size and configuration with a larger deck house was used to produce the RAY A. ECKSTEIN (now the CRIMSON DUKE) and the VINCE TRANCHITA (now the CRIMSON GLORY) both owned by American River Transportation.

With Dravo and St. Louis Ship getting into "mega-boat" production, The Bridge Company



m/v LADY MIGNON, 144 x 35, twin prop. Built 1974.



m/v RAY A. ECKSTEIN, 195 x 50, triple prop. Built 1973.

joined the fun and designed and produced the JIM BERNHARDT (now the AMERICAN HERITAGE) and the JAMES E. SNYDER (now the AMERICAN PILLAR) for Wisconsin Barge Line. The boats were 195' X 54' with a slightly deeper hull and larger wheels than the ELEANOR GORDON and were 10,500 HP with three EMD twenty-cylinder engines. Wisconsin Barge Line supposedly had an option for a third 10,500 HP boat and, far-thinking as we were and with the long-lead time for EMD engines, we "jumped the gun" and built the MISS KAY-D. She bounced around with several owners and is now the JEFFREY K. STOVER owned by AEP.

Capt. Reynolds also mentioned the last boats built by Nashville Bridge Company. Ingram had a long-term contract to move heating oil from the Gulf Coast to Chicago. We did the initial economics and planning with Ingram and Capt. Louis DeLong formerly with Inland Oil. After many calculations and forecasts, (and after I had departed and went back to Michigan to graduate school), they decided to build twelve four-barge unit tows (double skin

barges, but with scow bows on the lead barges while incorporating the large transom on the trail units) and four large (6600 HP, triple screw, 150' X 50') towboats, the ALICE I. HOOKER, the EILEEN BIGELOW, the HORTENSE B. INGRAM and the PATRICIA I. HART. They also built three 4200 HP twin screw towboats with retractable pilot houses similar to the LOUIS FRANK. These were the SAM M. FLEMING, the ANDREW W. BENEDICT and the MARGE McFARLIN. At that time, this was supposedly the largest contract ever awarded to an inland yard. The concept was to have the four large boats work with double-string unit tows on the lower Mississippi and the smaller boats would take single string tows to Chicago. Capt. Reynolds was correct that these were the last towboats built by "The Bridge Company."

Like Capt. Reynolds said, if you go to Nashville, look at the six-story building adjacent to the Shelby Street bridge close to the new football stadium. That used to be the main offices with the parking lot built on grating on the fourth floor of the office building with access off the bridge. The crane ways for off-loading steel are still there extending out from the bank close to the stadium. Even the river bank next to the stadium is sloped from the old launch ways. All drawings produced by the engineering department often had small "bumps" in the straight lines, for when trucks would hit the expansion joints on the bridge, they would shake the building.

Now Trinity Marine Products has carried on the tradition of building liquid and dry cargo barges in Nashville (actually Ashland City) but, in my opinion, not to the level of design innovation of Capts. Arthur and Harry Dyer and the craftsmen of "The Bridge Company." ⓘ

Capt. Bob Reynolds

How I Got This Way

For many years, Memphis held the Cotton Carnival, a week-long celebration of King Cotton and its benefits to the economy of Memphis and the Mid-South. It was an affair similar in many ways to Mardi Gras, with parties and balls, parades, Carnival Royalty, etc. The kick-off for Cotton Carnival week



m/v LOUIS FRANK, 144 x 35, twin prop, 4200 hp. Built 1971.



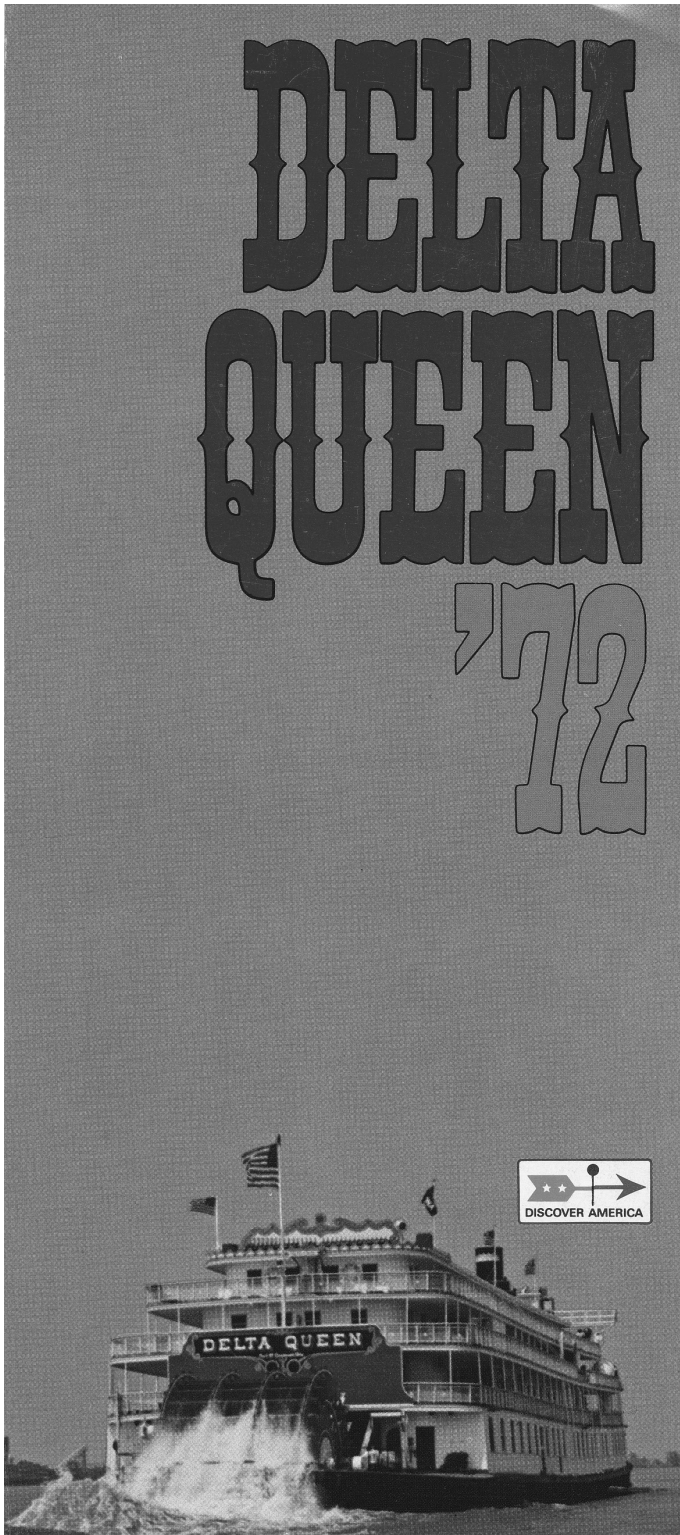
m/v LUKE BURTON, 144 x 35, twin prop. Built 1973.

was the arrival of the King and Queen of Carnival and their courts on the Royal Barge, a grand affair decorated with neon lights and a grand stage. The Carnival Royalty arrived at the Memphis city front via the Royal Barge amid much fanfare and music. There was a grand fireworks display and a parade up to the Peabody Hotel, where the royalty and Memphis upper-crust society continued their party long into the night. It was a tradition in our family

to go watch the landing of the Royal Barge and the fireworks display, and in May of 1971, my father and I were there for the festivities. It just so happened that the Steamer DELTA QUEEN was laying at Waterways Marine at the foot of Beale Street for the evening that year, blowing her whistle and playing the calliope. That was when the steamboat bug bit me, and bit me hard.

This 14-year-old was familiar with the DELTA QUEEN, having been aboard her a few years previously for a look around during one of the boat's shore stops at Memphis. In 1971, I was aware that the boat was due to be laid up permanently due to the Safety of Life at Sea Law, and I knew that 1972 was to be her last season. Already having a love for history and an interest in boats and the river in general, I told my father that I wanted to ride that boat before she was gone forever. We sent to Greene Line Steamers for the 1972 brochure, and lo and behold, they offered a "Memphis Weekend" trip in 1972. A trip in a "C" stateroom (the smallest available - really no more than a closet!) was \$68 for what really amounted to 24 hours on board with a short cruise up the river and back. "Sixty-eight dollars?!? Well, you can forget that!" was all my parents had to say when I eagerly showed them the brochure. Fortunately, my parents had instilled a policy of saving in me, and I had some money of my own in the bank. I told them I would spend my own money for the trip, and they said, "Well if you want to spend your money on that (heh, heh), you go ahead!" I did precisely that and took that Memphis Weekend cruise in March of 1972. Rita Doerflein of the Cincinnati office handled my reservation. Harry Louden was Captain that trip, "handsome Harry" Hamilton was one of the pilots, Gabe Chengery was one of the Pursers, and Miriam Edgar and Vic Tooker were in charge of the entertainment. After that trip, my fate was sealed.

Even before my cruise, I was (as we say in the South) "eat up" with steamboat fever. I got every publication Greene Line had on the boat, and began receiving the "Calliope" newspaper, a periodic publication of the Greene Line. How I knew just where to look and what to request is long forgotten to me now, but get information I did. I had built a very rough small-scale model of the boat, and learned a tune on the piano at home so I could play



the calliope at “Calliope Fun Time.” My friends could not understand why I was so enthralled with that old steamboat, but it literally became my passion.


In 1973, there were no overnight trips I could take, but the boat did go to Little Rock that year, and I went with some friends I had made on the boat the previous year to ride during the race with the BORDER STAR in Little Rock, a two-hour affair that included a nice buffet lunch. This simply reinforced my love for the boat. In 1974, there was a 2-night Memphis Weekend, from Memphis to Helena, AR and return. I took that weekend trip as passenger. Capt. Miles F. “Fred” Palmer was Master, Howard Tate and C.S. “Rip” Ware were the pilots, Gabe Chengery was Mate, and Jim Bryeans was one of the Engineers. Bert Peck and Eddie Bayard were on the entertainment staff, with Charley Booty as guest pianist.

Also in 1974, I happened across a real find at a rummage sale – a copy of a magazine titled S&D REFLECTOR. On the cover was a steamboat belching huge clouds of black smoke (this was the RENOWN, and this copy contained Alan Bates’ article entitled “Dept. of Fuller Explanation”). I bought the magazine and devoured the thing at home, and was thrilled to see that “...one need not be a son or daughter of river pioneers to join S&D.” I sent in my dues the next day and have been a member of S&D ever since.

Having reached the old age of 18 by the spring of the next year, I began to pester the Delta Queen Steamboat Company for a job on the boat. I was hired in June 1975, and worked during that summer between my junior and senior years of high school. I was hired as a dishwasher, worked 30 days and took off seven, and came back with promotion to deckhand. During that stint as deckhand on the Upper Mississippi River, I was chosen to fill in for the Watchman for one week while he took some time off. If there had been any doubt about me continuing to work on the DELTA QUEEN (there was not), it would have been laid to rest with this trip. That first summer on the boat, I met many people who would become life-long friends: David Tschiggfrie, Lexie Palmore, Dick Weber, Captains Ernest E. Wagner, Gabe Chengery, “Rip” Ware,

Harry Loudon, and Ted Davisson. Passengers who would become my friends that I met that summer were Ann Zeiger, Mary Bill Bauer and her husband Bill, Pat Sullivan and the list goes on.

One passenger that summer of 1975 was a 16-year-old young lady by the name of Sharon Shrake, who was travelling with her grandparents Irvin M. and Elsie Shrake, longtime friends of Capt. Ernie Wagner. Sharon and I began writing letters to one another, and were soon romantically involved. She got a job with the Delta Queen Steamboat Co. in 1977.

I returned to Memphis to complete high school in the fall of ’75, and after graduation went back full-time in 1976 as Watchman on the DELTA QUEEN, with every intention of making my career on passenger steamboats. I sat for my Mate’s license on my 21st birthday in 1978, and got my first issue of First Class Pilot license in 1979. Sharon and I were married in May of 1979, and we both worked on the DQ until June of 1980. I had drawn enough river by that time to have a long enough license to begin working as pilot in the winter months between New Orleans and Natchez, and asked the company to allow me to do that. Of course, they were not about to let a 22-year-old novice pilot the DELTA QUEEN in the New Orleans harbor, but when you’re 22 years old you don’t realize that. I left the DELTA QUEEN in a bit of a huff in 1980 to work on towboats to pursue my dream of becoming a pilot, and achieved that goal in the fall of 1981. 

John Fryant

In 1973 I was a civilian employee of the US Navy Recruiting Command designing travelling exhibits used in support of recruiting and public information. We had a trip to New Orleans scheduled in the spring of 1974 and I had made sure to include some extra time for an attempt to visit the Bergeron Shipyard where the NATCHEZ was under construction. Capt. Clarke Hawley and Alan Bates had both kindly allowed me to do some “name dropping” to help gain access to individuals in charge of the shipyard. So it was that fellow employee Dick Warren and I headed for the shipyard on a sunny afternoon in April 1974. After

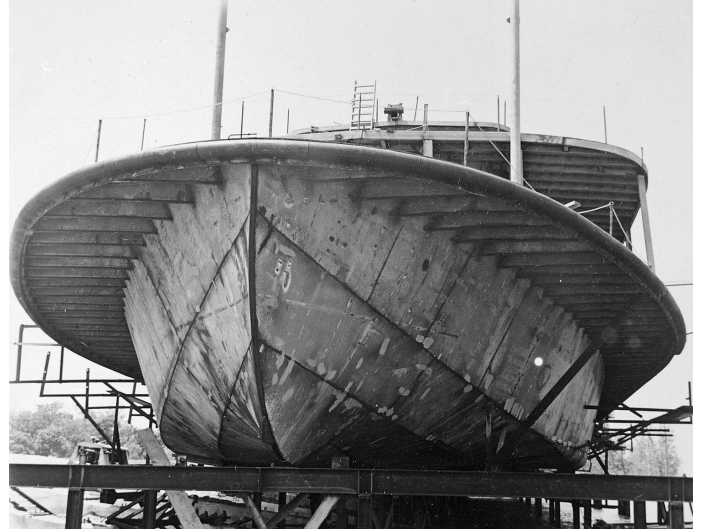
getting lost three times we arrived and introduced ourselves to the construction superintendent Dexter Denton, who made us feel right at home. The results of this excursion appeared in the June 1974 REFLECTOR under Editor Fred Way's title "Making Your Cruise Come True." These photos were the first look that most S & D members had of the new NATCHEZ and I'm glad to have had a part in bringing it about. We also got a look at the "new" diesel sternwheeler COTTON BLOSSOM, originally the old Ward-built TECUMSEH which was in the same shipyard getting a rebuild as a running mate for the NATCHEZ.

That same New Orleans trip provided an opportunity to ride on the Steamer PRESIDENT which at that time was still operating with her original steam plant. I shot 8mm movies of the engines running which unfortunately came out a bit dark due to lack of good lighting. A bonus was meeting Capts. Verne and Roy Streckfus and the pilot, one T. Joe Decareaux who treated me to a ride in the pilothouse. They all seemed to agree that the new NATCHEZ "wouldn't make it" in the New Orleans excursion trade. "Not enough business

here for another boat," they all said. (Well, what would one expect them to say?)

Postscript:

On a short trip on the DELTA QUEEN many years later in August 2008, one of the pilots was young Lisa Streckfus. I was introduced to her and asked what her relation was to Capt. Roy. "He was my Grandfather," she replied. Talk about making a guy feel old! ☺



Photos courtesy of John Fryant



Dick Rutter

One of my vivid memories is when I got to steer the W.P. SNYDER, JR. as she came down the Ohio in 1955. Grandad said, "Blow the whistle," but I didn't weigh enough, standing on the whistle treadle with all my weight, to make it go to the floor. Grandad just stepped on both my feet, and I and the whistle treadle went to the floor and the whistle blew.

I was afforded the opportunity to work on the BELLE of LOUISVILLE in 1966, and the DELTA QUEEN in 1968, and turned both jobs down! Finishing college and service in the U.S. Navy got in the way. I became an architect and got married, and have never looked back. I've lived in Alameda, CA for some 41 years at this point, have been fixing up old buildings, and restoring old Navy jets in recent years. Lots of fun.

Here is my favorite photo of my favorite cotton packet, the AMERICA. Note prisoners aboard. Capt. Cooley obviously had a deal with the warden

of Angola Prison, because there are quite a few photos of Angola inmates being used as roustabouts on AMERICA. Might make a good story in the REFLECTOR. I believe this photo was likely taken circa 1906, by a photographer in the employ of the famed Detroit Publishing Co. This is their quality level — but I've never run across a postcard by them showing this view.

A year ago, I had eldest son Robert Way Rutter — now in his 30s — go to Metairie, LA Cemetery, and photograph Capt. Cooley's grave. I knew it had the AMERICA's bell on it. By the way, Bob worked at Avondale until its recent demise. Avondale is where they towed the DQ after her trip from the West Coast in 1947. Her paddlewheel was reinstalled, and she ran up to Dravo (Pittsburgh) from Avondale for her extensive remodel into a "Midwest boat" from a "California boat."

The HUDSON, in my view, was the best looking sternwheeler ever built. While I like Capt. Cooley's AMERICA, the HUDSON had her beat in the looks department. She looked good from



every angle — which can't be said for the vast majority of boats built.

Grandad Way and I liked a fair, natural, true, and well-turned line. A line which was incorporated for a valid technical reason, but which also had a “fillip” or artistry in its execution. That line could be found in a Bell Yawl, a tug, a kevel, or other lowly thing, as well as in a creation as majestic as the J. M. WHITE. There's sometimes remarkable beauty wrought into the most pedestrian of things. Regarding the BETSY ANN drawing, I took as high complement indeed remarks from my mom and Uncle Fred Way:

Mom: “I like that you made her all dirty and gray. The boats really did look like that. They worked hard for a living, and went to smoky, dirty cities, which is why they never stayed fresh looking for very long.”

Uncle Fred Way: “I like the green water. It really does look that way on the Upper Ohio. Very few people have been able to accurately capture that color.”

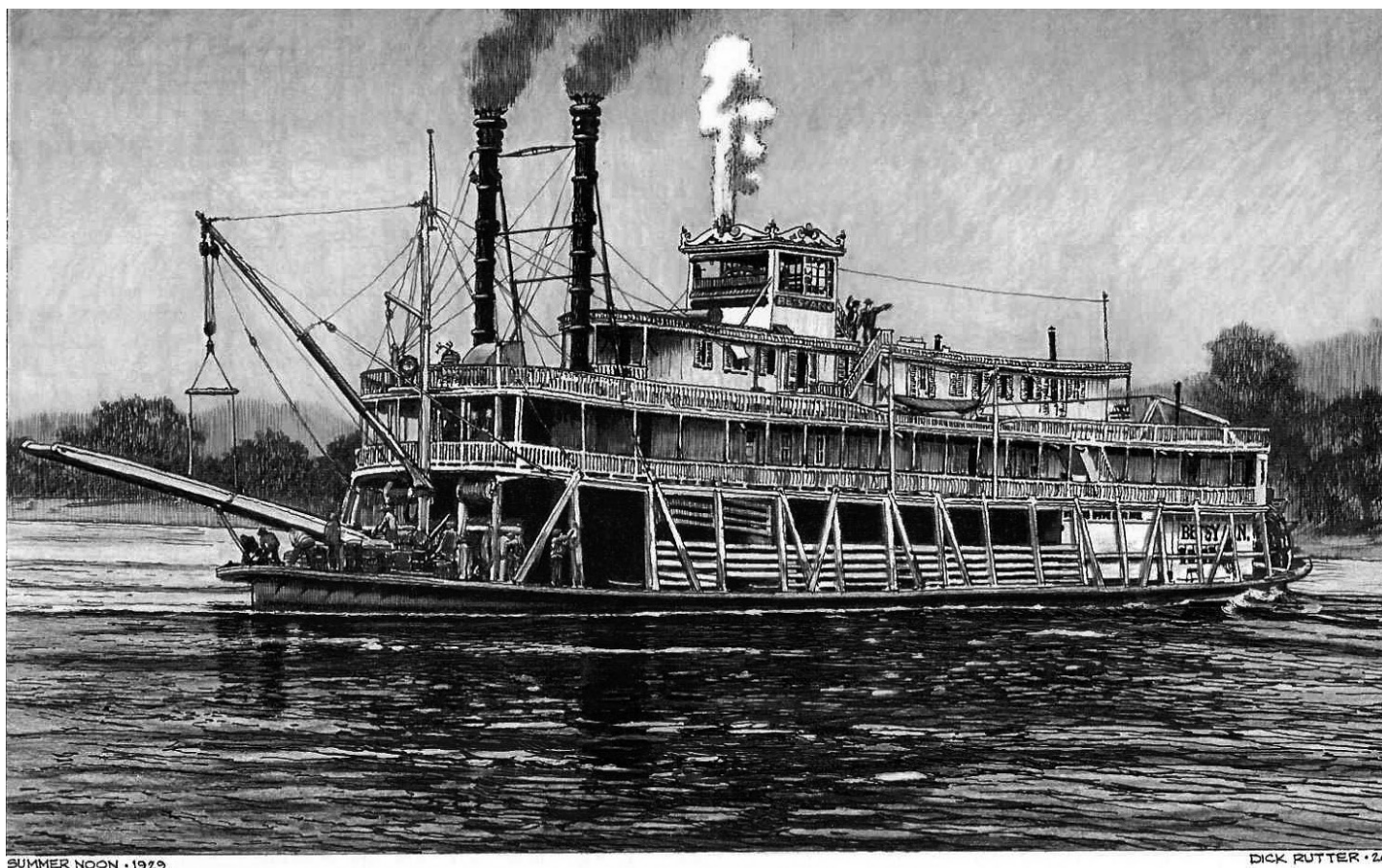
Photo of AMERICA on page 27 and drawing of BETSY ANN below courtesy of Dick Rutter.

Nori Muster

What's Online at Steamboats.com

I started Steamboats.com in 1998, when the Internet was new to most of us, and when the best domain names were still available. Discovering that the URL Steamboats.com was not taken, my first thought was to notify the Delta Queen Steamboat Co., thinking they might want to use it. However, they already had a website at Deltaqueen.com, so I took Steamboats.com. At the time, everything I knew about steamboat history, I learned on the DELTA QUEEN.

My father worked for the DELTA QUEEN from 1966-1976. His job was to manage the company and protect the boat from unreasonable federal safety at sea laws. The DELTA QUEEN never went to sea, remaining always close to shore on the rivers. My father and Greene Line Steamers Vice President Betty Blake fought a courageous battle to save the boat in 1970, against an aggressive Congressman Garmatz who tried to block the boat's exemption. Americans joined together that year to save the



boat and she continued in the cruise business for an additional thirty-eight years until 2008. Although currently serving as a hotel in Chattanooga, the DELTA QUEEN is in good mechanical condition, fit to travel again one day.

Before my father died in 1989, we compiled his Save the DELTA QUEEN papers for the Cincinnati Historical Society. Besides about thirty boxes of documentation, his collection included oil paintings, model boats, ship bells, and steam whistles. When the time came, Cincinnati Historical sent a full-size moving van to Los Angeles to pick everything up. The first thing I posted on Steamboats.com was the index to my father's collection, along with select documents. Now, through a grant from the Bill Muster Foundation, the Cincinnati Historical Society is scanning my father's photographs to put online.

As soon as I posted my site, I started to receive requests for steamboat information. Almost everybody who contacted me had a steamboat ancestor, and wanted me to provide information about their ancestors' boat(s). Armed with a copy of Capt. Fred Way's directory, I could answer a few questions, but usually all I could do was thank people for their letters, apologize for not knowing much outside of DELTA QUEEN history, and offer to post their questions at the site. Thus, the site has a blog archive that dates back to 1998. In the 2000's, my primitive guestbook was inundated by robo spam, and thus I had to find more sophisticated software. What I use now is still fairly rudimentary, but I build the whole site by hand, using BBEdit coding software, Photoshop, and a MacBook laptop computer. Since I do not plan to learn more complicated computer languages at this time, my motto at the site is keep it simple.

When Steamboats.com started, not many steamboat hobbyists were on the Internet, but I received emails and guestbook postings from those who were: Keith Norrington, Jerry Canavit, John Weise, and Travis Vasconcelos. I have corresponded with many former DELTA QUEEN employees and people who remember my father. I met Craig Stichtenoth, son of the late Cincinnati artist Warren Stichtenoth, who designed DELTA QUEEN logos and artwork for many years. Craig

gave me permission to use one of his father's logos as the Steamboats.com logo. I also heard from Ella Engelkes, the great-granddaughter of the great Capt. Fred Way, and Shelby Loudon, son of the late DELTA QUEEN pilot Capt. Harry Loudon.

I have also meet artists, musicians, and people who asked for links to their creative projects. For example, in 2002 John Fryant, the renowned model builder, contacted me to advertise his model boat builder plans. I also post ads for steamboat calendars every holiday season. Most recently I have connected with the steamboat community through Facebook.com, including people I met as a child on the DELTA QUEEN like Gordon Greene and Captain Gabe Chengery. To me, the Internet is an ongoing DELTA QUEEN reunion.

Since 1998, Steamboats.com has grown to include thousands of steamboat photos. Dozens of collectors have donated jpgs for the site, but Dave Thomson of Sun Valley, CA, has donated the most. He has a vast collection of posters, illustrations, movie stills, postcards, black and white photos, and way bills. He also collects artifacts, such as models, and pieces of old pilot houses.

I still add an average of about fifteen items a month from Dave Thomson and other visitors to the site. One of the latest issues I have covered is the reappearance of the calliope mermaids from the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN. Artisan George Burch bought the mermaids from a Louisiana oil man who found them after the boat was dismantled. Now the mermaids will stand on a hilltop overlooking the Ohio River at Mile 600.5. George Burch went on Facebook and posted multiple photos of the mermaids as the restoration was in process, then gave permission to post his photos at Steamboats.com.

The site has three main sections. The museum wing is the largest, with DELTA QUEEN materials, the Dave Thomson Collection, and about fifty other exhibits. The research library offers resources for people to trace their steamboat ancestry; and the hobby center is a place for model boat builders, as well as other fun steamboat hobbies. One of the hobbies Steamboats.com promotes is online steamboat racing. My site has staged an online

race every year since 2001. Yes, a roll of the dice determines the winner, but it is great fun.


The main competition is between Steamboats.org and Steamboats.com. I met the people behind Steamboats.org, Franz Neumeier and Carmen Winkler, back in 1998. As soon as my site was up and running, I wrote to them through their site to introduce myself as a virtual neighbor. Over the years, we have stayed in contact, and I even met Carmen and had a great tour of Munich on a trip to Germany in 2010. Their daughter Leonie enjoys the competition of the online steamboat races.

One of the attractions that gets the most traffic is the Steamboats of the Fifty States page. It is my attempt to list every existing paddle wheel boat, Twain-like boat, or paddlwheel maritime museum in America. I made the page so people could find the boats closest to them, or plan road trips to hunt for boats. I have approximately 160 listings. Some boats operate tours, while others are private or closed down. I have everything from historic steam-powered vessels in museum centers, to boats that are only for show. For example, I include the Disney Frontierland boats, which are replicas of long departed historic vessels.

I receive letters from travelers who tell me about vacations they have taken to look for paddle wheelers, even sending me the names of additional boats that they found. I also hear from libraries, universities, reporters, alumni groups, children's camps and others who want to use photos or logos from my site. My policy is that most things can be used with a link or credit. A couple times, Dave Thomson and I have apprehended pirates selling his images on eBay or otherwise using them without permission. We have resolved these situations as they come up with a simple courtesy phone call to the pirate.

Steamboats.com is a journal of my travels in the Internet steamboat world. Meeting people who play a role in steamboat history and in the preservation of that history has been my greatest reward for building the site. In my lifetime, mostly thanks to my father, I have traveled on the DELTA QUEEN seven times (1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1992, 1996, and 2007). In 2007, I won a bottle of champagne — not

for my number of cruises, because others had taken many more cruises than me, but for having taken the earliest first cruise.

The year 1967 is a long time ago, and although only eleven at the time, I still remember the first time I saw the boat. Our family flew into St. Louis and Betty Blake met our plane. We all piled into the Greene Line Steamers company station wagon, and she dropped us off at a museum to wait. After looking at all the exhibits, our mother took my little brother and me to an outside terrace to see the river views. Far off in the distance, beyond the Gateway Arch, we heard the DELTA QUEEN coming up the river. First we saw the boat, then the steam from the whistle, and then moments later, we heard the sound of the whistle. It was the difference between the speed of light and the speed of sound, just as with lightning and thunder. As the boat slowly approached, I realized she was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen in my life. My original vision of the DELTA QUEEN remains with me after all these years. I continue to have faith that she will get the exemption and run on the rivers again. 

Dave Thomson

I was very pleased and proud that my photo of the GOLD SHIELD appeared on the cover of the December 2012 edition of the REFLECTOR. It's nice to get encouragement for my mania which baffles some family members who just sniff impatiently when I show some recent acquisition, whether it's an old photograph, an original lithograph or a painting.

The vintage photo attached to this article was received in November 2012, and it pictures the last KATE ADAMS in the fall of 1926. She bears her own name and the fictional name LA BELLE RIVIERE that she was given from Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel *Uncle Tom's Cabin* when it was filmed on the Ouachita and Black rivers.

The KATE ADAMS may have provided quarters and dining facilities for the movie crew. The tents on the barge lashed to the port side could have been where make-up was applied to the actors and "extras" and where the wardrobe department

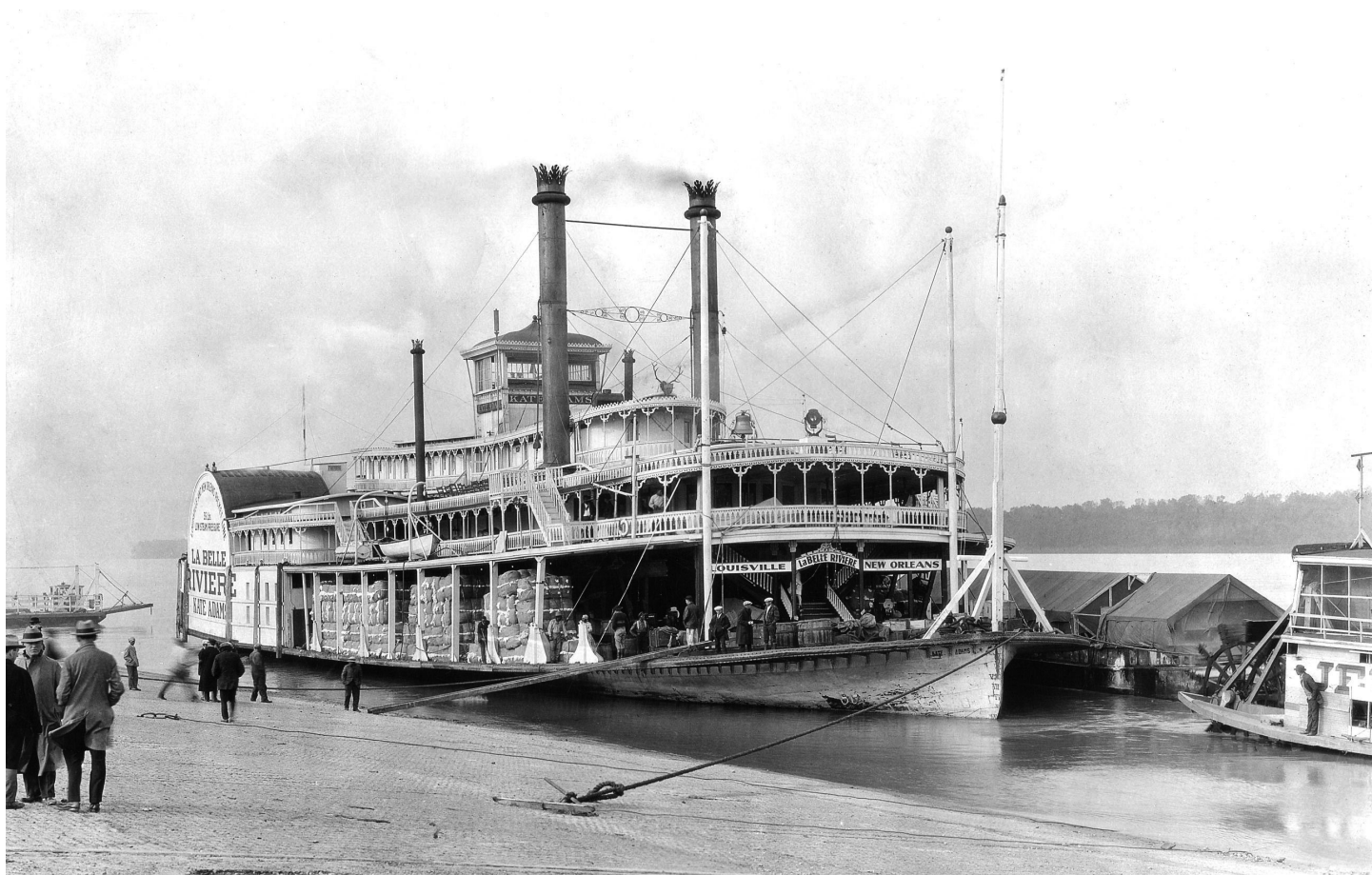


Photo courtesy of Dave Thomson

dressed the performers in costumes. It also could have provided a dark room where the camera magazines were loaded and unloaded with film.

The photo was most likely taken during production in September, October or November of '26. Filming probably wrapped by the end of November or beginning of December. The boat burned at Memphis in January 1927. I have determined that the sternwheeler on the far right was almost certainly the towboat JEWEL (1902 - 1934).

Jim Hale, my Alabama steamboat model maker friend commented: "This is a very fine picture of the KATE ADAMS/LA BELLE RIVIERE. The movie company sure went to a lot of expense to make her look like a wooden boat. I think she looks much better with the wood railing than she did with the wire railing she was built with. They were wise to take her into smaller streams (Ouachita and Black Rivers) to shoot their river scenes. The Mississippi River is so wide it makes even a large boat look small when she is out in the stream." 📍

Virgil Reynolds

When American history is the topic of discussion, my thoughts go back to December 7, 1941 when Japan bombed Pearl Harbor. A little more than 2000 wounded service personnel were to be loaded on a hospital ship to be taken to hospitals in San Francisco. The one problem was that the bay was not deep enough for this to happen. The DELTA QUEEN and DELTA KING were sent to Treasure Island and the wounded were loaded on these boats and brought to hospitals in San Francisco. Part of American history? You bet it is! "SAVE THE DELTA QUEEN." 📍



DELTA QUEEN as YFB-56 (Yard Ferry Boat) in World War II. Murphy Library photo, U. of Wisconsin-La Crosse



Virgil Renolds poses with his model of DELTA QUEEN.

Keith Norrington

Following in the Footsteps of Ruth Ferris

It hardly seems possible that 45 years have passed since my introduction to the S&D REFLECTOR. In the summer of 1967, Miss Ruth Ferris, beloved St. Louis teacher, river historian, museum curator and my mentor and patron saint of steamboating, heartily encouraged a 13 year old boy, hopelessly infected with “steamboat fever” to join the Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen. The fare for membership at the time was a mere five dollars per year, but it virtually opened a treasure chest of riches.

Ruth aptly described the quarterly magazine as being “like catnip” to river people. I well recall when the first issue arrived, containing a special pictorial feature on the steamer QUEEN CITY, which I could hardly put down — ignoring school homework! And along with that mesmerizing magazine came a personal post card from Capt. Fred Way welcoming me, in his words, as a new member of the clan. Wow! I was walking on a cloud, as I had already checked out and voraciously read (several times) all of Capt. Fred’s wonderful books from the New Albany Public Library. Little did I realize then that joining S&D was opening the gate to a fascinating new pathway for my young life.

I immediately learned that “river people are happy to give” and was extremely lucky in having two golden steamboating opportunities in my backyard. Within a matter of months I was working as a volunteer guide at the Howard Steamboat



Keith and Ruth Ferris at St. Louis riverfront June 24, 1968.

Museum under the tutelage of Mrs. Loretta Howard as well as making frequent trips aboard the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE. There I became friends with her crew, who permitted me to visit the pilothouse and play the calliope. I also fervently collected river relics and photographs, filling my bedroom with anything and everything that remotely related to steamboating.

As time has rolled rapidly on like the river itself, I have been truly blessed with numerous adventures and fabulous friendships, resulting as a steamboat passenger, crew member and my rewarding museum work. When leafing through back volumes of the REFLECTOR, it often saddens me to note the images of many dear friends who have made their final crossings, but at the same time I am thankful for their influence and kindness in sharing their memories and memorabilia, which I know were graciously passed along to me as a sacred trust to be shared. Ruth remarked to me many years ago that I probably was unaware of it at the time, but that all of my collecting, researching, experiences and relationships with river people and riverboats were setting the stage for something great in later life and that I would be entrusted in some way with playing a major role in the preservation and promotion of our rich river heritage. I am reminded of Ruth’s words with each new day that I serve as curator of the Howard Steamboat Museum, and as I strive to follow in her footsteps. 🕒

Bill Woodall

This poem, "Kanawha" is a nostalgic piece of remembrance about summers spent near the river when I was a kid. As a teenager I worked briefly at the Marietta Manufacturing Co. Plant at Point Pleasant, WV. They built steamboats in peacetime, but were building "mine planters" for the U.S. Army during the Second World War.

Kanawha

The river shimmers dully in this summer's
August glare,
Not even a breath of breeze – one hears the
insects blare.
Then, from downriver comes a most distinctive
sound,
It's the panting of a steamboat that has yet a
bend to round.

A string of mundane barges emerges into sight,
And then the shoving towboat whistles out – to
signal "right."
Its size expanding slowly as the tow moves up
the stream,
"Breathing" sounds now louder as the valves
exhaust their steam.

Trailing from the blunt bows are streaks of
whitish foam.
They disturb the quiet waters – seek the
shorelines for their home.
And now this apparition is fully into view,
Fills the volume of the river and passes right
on through.

The beauty and the power of this majestic
"Queen,"
Is the way it flaunts its action – makes it easy
to be seen.
The pistons drive the pitmans, and the pitmans
turn the crank.
And the crank, it spins the paddle that is
mounted on the flank.

Twin stacks spew out coal smoke and the dome
emits some steam,
And the whistle moans a greeting as she hastens
up the stream.

The water that is rolling in the spinning
paddle's wake,
Leaves the river somewhat troubled by the
waves these paddles make.

But these waves are like the steamboat – they
will not tarry long,
Soon become just ripples – once again the
insect's song.
And I fear that all this beauty that I drank in
with my eye,
Is passing more than riverbanks – since time,
for all must fly.

The age of steam is dying, diesel's coming with
a rush,
Bigger rivers lying downstream already use its
push.
Can't argue 'bout efficiency and much, much
smaller crew,
Still, I hate to see the paddle overtaken by the
screw.

For it seems there's something noble in
watching steam at "play",
Like a mighty locomotive (seen up close) can
makes one's day.
How drab and dull the diesel, since its parts
cannot be shown.
It dully does its daily work – and all romance
has flown! ❗

Jerry Canavit

The Great Upper Mississippi Steamboat Race

In 1858 the Atlantic Cable had just been completed between the United States and England. This remarkable feat provided an instantaneous communication link between the two countries and was a most celebrated event. To officially commemorate this occasion, Queen Victoria sent a message of congratulations over the completed cable to President Buchanan, which quickly reached many parts of the U. S. west of the Mississippi River that were already linked by telegraph to the Atlantic seaboard. This news arrived at a number of points between St. Louis, MO and Dubuque, IA along the Mississippi, as every important town

as far north as Prairie du Chien, WI could boast telegraph connections with the East.

However, St. Paul and the river towns in Minnesota still had to rely on the steamboat for information from this part of the country. The news of the completion of the Atlantic telegraph, together with Queen Victoria's congratulatory message, reached Dubuque on the evening of August 16 and was printed in a special edition of the local newspaper. The news was also received at the same time in Prairie du Chien, where it too was published that evening. This news would provide occasion for one of the most remarkable steamboat races ever to occur on the Upper Mississippi.

While the city of Dubuque was rejoicing over this great event, Capt. Daniel Smith Harris of Galena, IL, master of the fast steamer GREY EAGLE and a fierce competitor, was busy planning how to be the first to deliver this news to St. Paul. In order to accomplish this task he would have to arrive there ahead of Capt. David Whitten and his steamer ITASCA, who would also be carrying the news. Accomplishing this feat would not be easy as the ITASCA was a fast vessel that had been setting records. In addition, the ITASCA would be departing from Prairie du Chien, 65 miles upriver

from Dubuque. However, the sidewheel packet GREY EAGLE was the pride of Capt. Harris and was probably the fastest post-bellum steamer on the Upper Mississippi.

In preparation for the trip to St. Paul, Capt. Harris brought on board every bit of combustible material, pitch, butter and grease that could be found. At 8:30 on the morning of August 17, she started her 265-mile dash from Dunleith (across the river from Dubuque). The big sidewheeler responded with great spirit to the exotic fuel and sped swiftly up Maquoketa Chute above Eagle Point, passed Cassville, Guttenberg, Prairie du Chien, LaCrosse, and reached Winona, 150 miles above Dubuque, at around 9:30 that evening. The ITASCA, having left Prairie du Chien at 9:00 a.m., was making good speed on her normal schedule and, still unaware the GREY EAGLE was in hot pursuit, passed Winona just three and a half hours before Capt. Harris. Her nine hour lead had been reduced by almost two-thirds.

After a brief twenty minute stop at Winona, the GREY EAGLE continued upstream at a phenomenal pace. She was so far ahead of her regular schedule that Capt. Harris placed a deck hand on the stage to heave the mail over to the bank at each landing



Capt. Daniel Smith Harris' GREY EAGLE landed at Galena, IL City Front on Fever River. Photo courtesy of Murphy Library



Capt. David Whitten's ITASCA at Galena with steamer's yawl in foreground. Photo courtesy of Murphy Library.

as the steamer passed at about half-speed. So intent was Harris' desire to beat the ITASCA to St. Paul that he offered passengers free meals and berth to remain on board, and freight was discharged only when absolutely necessary.

At 4:00 a.m. on the 18th, the GREY EAGLE came snorting up to the landing at Red Wing, some 65 miles above Winona and only 50 miles from St. Paul. The ITASCA had not stopped at Red Wing, cutting into the GREY EAGLE's charge temporarily. Fire and glowing cinders belched from the chimneys of the GREY EAGLE as she continued blazing a path upstream, past Cannon River mouth, Vermilion Slough, Sturgeon Lake, Diamond Bluff, and Prescott at the mouth of the St. Croix. As the GREY EAGLE arrived at the landing at Prescott, the ITASCA was blowing for Hastings, just two-and-a-half miles upstream. Mail and freight were quickly dumped on the Prescott levee and the GREY EAGLE sped by Point Douglas and over to Hastings just in time to see the smoke of the ITASCA disappearing around the bend of the river ahead.

When Capt. Whitten on the ITASCA noticed the smoke of an approaching steamer downstream, it didn't take him long to figure out that something

was amiss. He quickly ordered his engineer to get every pound of steam possible from his boilers as the ITASCA began racing for St. Paul.

Just before reaching Pine Bend, a surprised master on the ITASCA saw the GREY EAGLE rounding a bend downstream less than a mile distant, about ten hours ahead of schedule. At Merrimac Island, the GREY EAGLE had gained another quarter mile on the ITASCA. At Newport the difference was down to one-half mile, and at Red Rock the GREY EAGLE had gained another 100 yards. Racing past Kaposia, Pig's Eye and Dayton Bluff, the ITASCA's lead was down to only a boat length, with one mile remaining to St. Paul. Passengers on the GREY EAGLE cheered in a frenzy as the distance between the two steamers continued to close and the bow of their boat drew abreast of the ITASCA's stern. Even though the GREY EAGLE continued to gain slowly, it became clear to Capt. Harris that he could not reach the St. Paul levee first as the ITASCA had the inside line closer to shore. With both boats almost neck and neck, whistles blowing and cannons booming, the ITASCA edged into the landing first. While her crew was busy extending her stage, the GREY EAGLE glided alongside with a deckhand clinging to her swinging stage with newspapers in hand. With a quick toss the papers were in the arms of Harris' agent on shore before ITASCA's stage could reach land.

The GREY EAGLE made the 265 mile run in twenty four hours and forty minutes. Twenty-three landings were made and thirty-five cords of wood were burned on her trip. Her average speed, counting all stops, was 10.75 mph against the current, but she undoubtedly ran several miles an hour faster than this while underway. The GREY EAGLE's record time was over three hours faster than the record-setting run of the DIE VERNON, and the fastest trips of other Upper Mississippi speedsters like the WAR EAGLE and WEST NEWTON paled in comparison. For excitement and drama, it closely rivals the famed 1870 contest between the NATCHEZ and the ROBT. E. LEE. It remains a tribute to the planning and daring of Capt. Daniel Smith Harris and to his swift steamer GREY EAGLE in bringing this challenge to such a victorious conclusion. 🕒

Michael Blaser

The River Became a Work of Art with a Steamboat Ride

It was a summer day way back in the 1950's. I was maybe 7 or 8 years old. We were driving across the Mississippi River on what was known as the Bettendorf Bridge, and I don't think I noticed the river before that moment. Then, there she was – the big blue river brightly shining in the sun and stretched out to the horizon in both directions. All things about it seemed fresh and good. From then on I belonged to the waterfront, like the boats, buildings and that far away spot where the bank disappears around the bend. I knew that my life was somehow connected to this part of the world. In our town the Kahlke boatyards at the West End of Rock Island hosted the weathered hulk of the old Steamer W.J. QUINLAN. Occasionally our family would make a pilgrimage to the front gate to sit and stare at this monolith of a bygone era. Dad promised us that we could ride a real steamboat later that summer when the Steamer AVALON passed through town.

It was a hot and windy Sunday when we drove down to the old brick levee and I first saw the AVALON nosed in to the water's edge with her stage lined with passengers waiting to board. We found a parking place just downriver. At the time I couldn't understand why the paddlewheel kept turning ahead slow. Steam rose from her scape pipes

and from around the waterline at the waist while black smoke was rolling from the stacks. This boat was alive. It almost seemed dangerous. Although the high wind whipped up waves that occasionally ran up over the guards and washed little wavelets over the foredeck, the crew and passengers didn't seem to notice. There was a crowd of young men on the upper deck laughing, shouting and drinking beer. They were throwing the empty bottles far out into the river. In the shade of the deck below, sweating couples were dancing to live band music. Of course it was hot but the summer breeze blew in through the open windows, and up forward there were vendors selling hotdogs and pop. As the boat got underway, the drumbeat of her paddlewheel striking the water made the deck seem to vibrate up through my knees. Of course I didn't know him at the time, but Doc Hawley was probably playing that steam calliope out in the sun on the top deck.

So here was a wild, crazy, noisy circus on the river and for an afternoon I was a part of that magic boat. I wanted her to keep going all the way to New Orleans. A New York reporter once stood and gazed in awe at a great sailing ship riding on her lines along South Street. He later wrote a line in a poem, "And I, her millionth, millionth lover." Boys can safely become lovers of inanimate objects and like young Frederick Way and the Steamer QUEEN CITY in 1911, I fell for the AVALON. Read his wondrous description of QC in *Way's Packet Directory* (or on page 19 in this issue). That night I sat down with a



Michael and son Noah in Bettendorf, IA studio.



Michael at work aboard the Steamer NATCHEZ.

pencil and a lined piece of paper. “To me, the lines on a piece of paper were my horizon.” My clumsy steamboat drawing with a pencil-smudged smoky sky didn’t really look much like what I had seen and felt that afternoon, but by drawing it, I was reliving the event. To this day that joy lives in my hours at the easel, and the events of that momentous cruise play back like a movie in my memory. Years later when “riverboat gambling” became part of the popular lexicon, I actually believed that we would be witness to those glories of another day. For a while we were. The gambling boats DIAMOND and EMERALD LADY were built with all the character of a creation from the Howard Yards in 1890. The once fading Str. PRESIDENT breathed new life as a gaming boat. Today the only floating witness to that fleeting era is the lovely BELLE OF CINCINNATI, no longer a gambling boat but a well maintained beauty doing harbor cruises in Cincinnati.

The arts are famous for keeping their practitioners poor. I am no exception. Between not having the money and raising children, I never got the chance to ride the DELTA QUEEN. Now that she no longer cruises, I wish I had gone along for the ride at least once. When the Steamer NATCHEZ left Cincinnati after Tall Stacks in 2006, I was invited to ride aboard her with the crew back to New Orleans. Like a parish priest being invited to visit the Holy Land, this was a pilgrimage I could not pass. Of course there is a wonder about her.



“Misty Morning” AVALON and GORDON C. GREENE at Rock Island. All photos courtesy of Michael Blaser.

She is the real deal. While aboard I soon learned the difference between a genuine steam whistle and the squeak of an air horn. My dream of 50 years ago (thanks to Mr. Gordon Stevens of New Orleans Steamboat Co.) came true and I finally got to ride all the way to New Orleans.

Today I am doing a project in cooperation with the AMERICAN QUEEN Steamboat Company. My body of 65+ marine paintings has been turned into large computer-generated prints called giclees (pronounced she-clays.) Each of these framed pieces are formidable, about the same size or bigger than my original works. The color achieved in this process is true and vibrant like the original, and together they represent a lifetime of painting and research. They line the public areas and companionways of the boat. These images have also been reduced to note card size and are being made available in the gift shop. In addition, the company is commissioning at least 3 large originals for the J. M. White Dining Salon. The new owners have seen my life’s work as an artistic tribute to the river to be displayed in the boat’s public areas, and they are placing a plaque by each of the images explaining the story behind each painting.

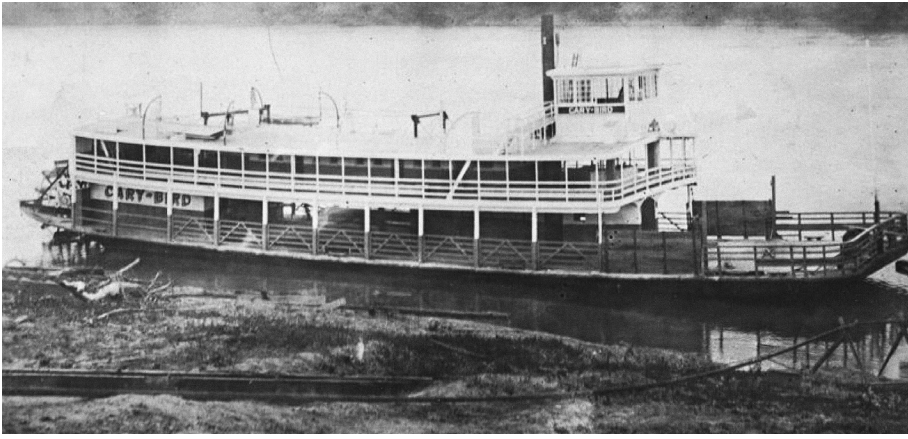
As the steam era on the Western Rivers sinks further into the gloom of history, it is up to boats like the AMERICAN QUEEN, BELLE OF LOUISVILLE, BELLE OF CINCINNATI and NATCHEZ to keep reminding generations of today and tomorrow about the long history of steamboats woven into the rich fabric of American history. 🌐

Please take the time to view my work at
www.michaelblaser.com

Sharon Cunningham

The Cairo City Ferry Company

The CARY-BIRD Ferry was intended to be the primary focus of this article. While digging into her history, however, her first owner, Cairo City Ferry Company, was found to be an interesting story in itself. Especially since there has been practically nothing heretofore published about this Mississippi/Ohio River company.



CARY-BIRD ferry when new in 1925. Photo from Murphy Library, LaCrosse.

The company was begun in 1908 by Doctor Samuel Benjamin Cary (1850-1927) with \$75 subscriptions solicited from Cairo citizens. While Dr. Cary practiced his medical profession, the ferry service was operated by his general business manager, J. S. Hacker. Dr. Cary's first wife, Lula Campbell, died childless in a fire in 1877.

His second wife was Sallie "Ingabo" (sometimes seen as Ingabo "Sallie") Bird of Bird's Point, Mississippi County, MO, whom he married in 1889 – hence the name CARY-BIRD for this 139x30x5.2 steel-hulled sternwheel ferry-packet. The boat was built in 1925 by Marietta Manufacturing Company in Point Pleasant, WV, and served Cairo to Bird's Point beginning in May 1925. She ran this service until 1929 when the Cairo-to-Missouri bridge over the Mississippi River was opened.

The following news item appeared on February 12, 1931: "TRI-CITY COMPANY CUTS PRICE OF FERRY SERVICE. The Cairo City Ferry Co. will withdraw the CARY-BIRD from ferry service between Cairo and Wickliffe (Kentucky) Saturday



Upbound with Ford trucks. Photo courtesy of Murphy Library.

night of this week, it was announced today. However, this will not change the ferry accommodations across the [Ohio] river, as the PILGRIM, of the Tri-City Ferry Co., will take the place of the CARY-BIRD."

The CARY-BIRD ferry-packet was then sold, ca. 1931, to the Ohio River Transit Company (ORTC – expanded by this time to include Louisville, KY) and ran Louisville-Cincinnati until the company was

sold to Greene Line Steamers, Inc., Cincinnati, in November 1936. The CARY-BIRD, under Captain Lannes McMurtry, had been running the automobile trade out of Louisville, bringing Ford vehicles to Cincinnati, first for the ORTC, then for Greene Line Steamers. The latter decommissioned the CARY-BIRD in 1942.

In 1946 the old ferry's hull was used for a Cincinnati boat club. Captain Bill Judd states: "The CARY-BIRD was the old head boat for Queen City Yacht Club. Mr. Kaylor stripped her down and remodeled the main deck into clubrooms. Fred Heitzman then acquired her and placed concrete in the hull. Jack Carnes later owned the former ferry [when she was last in Cincinnati]. I arranged the sale [from Carnes] to Capt. Lloyd Poore and she went to the foot of Spring Street in Jeffersonville, IN." While there, "... she served as a gift shop/restaurant for the excursion boats BONNIE BELLE and the towboat LORETTA HOWARD."

Lastly the CARY-BIRD was Wharf Restaurant at the Madison, IN city front on the Ohio River. Her seaworthiness was becoming iffy and in January 2005, the boat was hauled out near Mile 2, Kentucky River (two miles south of Carrollton/Prestonville on KY55), for overhaul and refurbishing as a newer restaurant at this site. Those plans never came to fruition and she was still resting along the south bank of Kentucky River in September 2012.

The CARY-BIRD was one of five boats owned by Cairo City Ferry Company; the remaining were three ferries identically-named THREE STATES (they served the three states of Illinois, Missouri and Kentucky), plus the KIWANIS.

The first **THREE STATES** was delivered in 1873. She was a sternwheel ferry, wood hull 148x35x4, 150 tons. Fred Way stated she was still in operation in 1896. It is assumed Dr. Cary purchased this boat from the original – unknown – owner.

In 1904 Howard Shipyards built the second of the **THREE STATES** for the Cairo City Ferry Company. She was a sternwheel ferry with wood hull and two stacks, 150x32x4.8. This boat burned at Cairo on May 30, 1913.



Second *THREE STATES* ferry at Howard Shipyard, 1904. Photo courtesy of Howard Steamboat Museum Collection, Special Collections, University of Louisville.

Third of these **THREE STATES** ferries was a wood hulled sternwheeler, also built for Cairo City Ferry Company by Howard's in 1914. She was 118x26x4 with a single stack, and was still in operation in 1929.



Third *THREE STATES* at Howards, 1914. Photo courtesy of Howard Steamboat Museum Collection, Special Collections, University of Louisville, Louisville, KY

Cairo City Ferry Company's **KIWANIS** was a steel-hulled sternwheel ferry as well – 140x29x4.9,

engines 105-6ft. stroke with two boilers, built at Dubuque, IA by the Dubuque Boat & Boiler Company in 1923. She operated the same cross-river route as **CARY-BIRD** from Cairo to Bird's Point, MO, until the Mississippi River Bridge was built in 1929. [Interestingly, the veteran steamer **IDLEWILD** had also been chartered for a short time in November 1925 for the Cairo-Bird's Point ferry service when based at Memphis. - Ed.]

Greene Line Steamers of Cincinnati bought the **KIWANIS** in 1930 and used her as the Maysville-Aberdeen Ferry until 1931 when a bridge was built over the Ohio at Maysville, KY, connecting this town to Aberdeen, OH.

The **KIWANIS** ran irregularly Cincinnati-Huntington, WV until 1936. At this point, Greene Line had the **KIWANIS** rebuilt as a packet by Dravo Marine Ways, Neville Island, PA and renamed her **EVERGREENE**.

This boat ran Cincinnati-Huntington from June 1933 until February 1943. Captain Arch Edgington was **EVERGREENE**'s first master; Captain Wilson "Wilsie" Miller was her last. In June 1948 this packet was sold to Captain John L. Beatty, who later sold the **EVERGREENE** to Merchant Paving Company. At this point she was converted to a dredge.



***KIWANIS*, last of the five boats in Cairo City Ferry Co.'s Cairo-Bird's Point service. Photo courtesy of Murphy Library.**

And so ends the story of the Cairo City Ferry Company. Dr. Samuel Benjamin Cary continued his medical practice in Cairo until his death at age 76 on February 24, 1927. He is buried in Mounds, IL. Sallie "Ingabo" Bird Cary died at age 51 on July 12, 1921. She also is buried in the Beech River Cemetery, Mounds, IL. 🕒

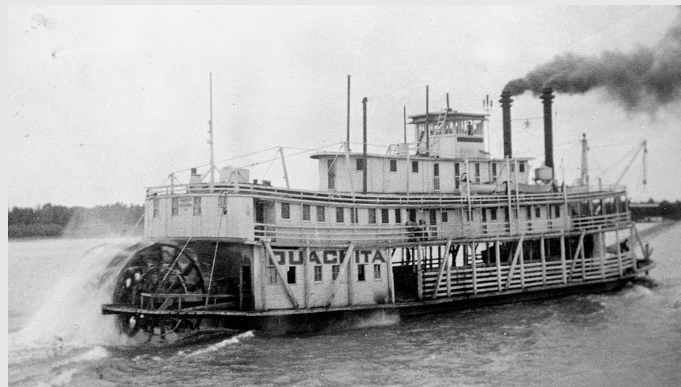
History of the Ohio River Transit Company

Following is the thus-far-found story of this Ohio River company. In the early 20th century it was founded, owned and operated by the Freibergs and Workums, prominent Cincinnati families – to transport the families' whiskey production located at Petersburg, Boone County, KY. Later fragments of information in several publications and period newspapers reveal that Freiberg-Workum expanded their riverboat operations to include several steamboats and ferries and a move to Louisville. The exact date this expansion took place is yet unknown, but seems to have happened ca. 1933. Hopefully, someone reading this disjointed sidebar will know more about the Ohio River Transit Company and will share that knowledge with readers of the REFLECTOR.

In 1905-1906, the Ohio River Transit Company's general office was located at 216-220 East Front Street, Cincinnati, OH. The officers were: President Julius Freiberg; Vice-President & General Manager M. J. Freiberg; Secretary & Treasurer J. W. Freiberg; General Freight Agent J. C. Workum."

"... A. F. Hupfer was appointed general agent for the Ohio River Transit Company of Cincinnati at Evansville. This will permit Pittsburgh packets to accept freight for that point..." *The Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* – November 21, 1933

In 1934, "Besides the Greene Line Steamers at the foot of Main Street ... the larger river transit concerns are: Mississippi Valley Barge Line Company, Front and Harriet Streets; Ohio River Transit Company, foot of Sycamore Street." *They Built a City: 150 Years*



OUACHITA, courtesy of Murphy Library, UW, LaCrosse

of Industrial Cincinnati, Federal Writers Project. Published by Cincinnati Post, 1938

"Leo Greenwell, manager of the Ohio River Transit Co. of Louisville, completed arrangements to have the steamer REVONAH make three trips each week between Louisville and Owensboro, with reshipments to Cincinnati and Pittsburgh." *The Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* – July 9, 1934

THE OHIO RIVER TRANSIT CO.

JULIUS FREIBERG, President.
M. J. FREIBERG, Vice-President and General Manager.
J. W. FREIBERG, Secretary and Treasurer.
J. C. WORKUM, General Freight Agent.

General Offices—216-220 East Front Street, Cincinnati, O.

TRI-WEEKLY STEAMERS

— BETWEEN —

Cincinnati, Petersburg, Ky., and Carrollton, Ky., and Aurora, Vevay and Madison, Ind.

LANDINGS.

Cincinnati, O.	North's Landing, Ind.	Vevay, Ind.
Taylorport, Ky.	Hamilton, Ky.	Ghent, Ky.
Lawrenceburg, Ind.	Patriot, Ind.	Carrollton, Ky.
Petersburg, Ky.	Sugar Creek, Ky.	Frestonville, Ky.
Aurora, Ind.	Warsaw, Ky.	Brooksbury, Ind.
Bellevue, Ky.	Florence, Ind.	Milton, Ky.
Rising Sun, Ind.	Marshland, Ind.	Madison, Ind.

Connections.—At Aurora—With the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis Ry. and Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern R.R. At Cincinnati—With the Pennsylvania Co., Baltimore & Ohio R.R. and Chesapeake & Ohio Ry. for the East and South; Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis Ry., Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern R.R. and Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Ry. for points North and West; Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific Ry. and Louisville & Nashville R.R. for points South. October, 1905.

Courtesy of S. Durward Hoag
in S&D REFLECTOR, June 1976

Webster and his Boats," S&D REFLECTOR, December 1995.

"... [By 1936] The Ohio River Transit Company was woefully undercapitalized and became unable to meet its obligations. In that year all of its assets, which included the CARY-BIRD, FROMAN M. COOTS, OUACHITA, VIXEN and RAMONA, were sold to Greene Line Steamers, Inc. The OUACHITA was tied off at the foot of First Street

in Louisville. The CARY-BIRD remained in the automobile trade along with the CHRIS GREENE and TOM GREENE, which had been converted to that use in 1936 when their staterooms were removed to make room for the cars." Alan Bates. *The Waterways Journal*, August 2, 2004.

Kadie Engstrom

How I Joined the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE, August 16, 1972

I don't know exactly how I got into being hired on the BELLE – more like being in the right place at the right time, even if I didn't know it then. I worked for six summers at Girl Scout Camp Shantituck for the local Louisville Girl Scout council, and worked for a few summer seasons with Mary Lou Brasher, daughter of Captain Charles Brasher. I met and got to know her father as a houseguest during that time, as I was a “transplant” from Colorado, and during off-weekends, local staff would often generously invite out-of-town people like me to their homes between sessions at camp. Captain Brasher was a wonderful experience for me: a Buster Keaton-type who rarely smiled with his mouth, but got a shining twinkle in his eyes when he thought he could pull your leg. I caught on right away, returned as well as I got, and we became friends almost immediately. At the end of my last season at camp, Captain Brasher, in his inimitable style, asked me if I wanted a job, and I said, “Sure. I'll work for you for a month before I start my 'real' job,” and that was the beginning of what is now a more than 40-year companionship with the BELLE. I was scheduled to begin a career job with the Girl Scouts a month later, but by then I was hooked. I worked both jobs for nearly 33 years, before leaving the Girl Scouts in the summer of 2005.

My First Day

Admittedly, I was naïve and a landlubber at my core when I hired on the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE



BELLE OF LOUISVILLE on morning of Aug. 17, 1972, the day after Kadie was hired on. Photo from editor's collection.

as a concessionaire. My first cruise was a Saturday afternoon in August, hotter than all get-out, with more than 1000 passengers on the boat. I was a newbie – no concession experience under my belt, and no idea of what a thousand hot, hungry, and thirsty passengers meant to a concession stand. My second cruise was that night, and it was a very different experience from the first one. The BELLE had been chartered by a large social club, and with almost 800 people on board, they were ready to party. Those were the '70s, long after the days of having a bar on board and long before we installed another one, and passengers were allowed to bring on their own libations. We could have opened a liquor store with all the bottles that came on board that night! We sold mixers, ice, and snacks, and it was a wild night – and a long one. By the time we finally closed up and went home, I had been on the boat more than 14 hours. I was scheduled for both cruises the next day; and when I came back, the experienced people I had worked with the day before exclaimed, “You came back!” Though they never said so, I figured they had been placing bets on whether they would ever see “the new kid” again after my first grueling day. Little did they know I had been working at some sort of job since I was eleven, many of them with very long, hard, hot days along the way. Even with how things unfolded, my first day on the BELLE was pretty much a piece of cake for me. Now, with 41 seasons and around 2000 cruises under my belt, I'm no longer “the new kid,” and I come to work with a sense of accomplishment. I never did find out if someone won that bet.

First Tall Stacks Celebration

In 1988, when Cincinnati organized their first Tall Stacks event to celebrate the steamboat era, the BELLE OF LOUISVILLE was one of the first to sign up to participate. I was Chief Purser at that time, and like all the rest of the crew I had no real idea how to prepare for the event. We had a general understanding of our cruising schedule and how things would work during the event, but the rest? A shot in the dark at best. Nothing could have prepared my two Pursers and me for the feeling we had coming into the landing at Cincinnati in the dead of night. After having traveled two days putting in long hours helping passengers, we were greeted by waiting spectators spread out along the cobblestone wharf, yelling, whistling, and

applauding as we came 'round the bend and headed in. In preparation for landing, the three of us had gone up to sit on the starboard wing bridge, and cold as it was, no crowbar would have pried us loose. The rest of the event was an incredible experience. Though we were unbelievably short-handed and all worked 16-hour days, it's an indelible memory and just the beginning of a reef of memories of the six Tall Stacks celebrations that Cincinnati sponsored through 2006. I wouldn't have wanted to miss any one of them — and I didn't. 🍷

Judy Patsch

Rock Island Levee Memories

The Rock Island levee meant one thing to me: boats. From the tramp excursion steamer AVALON, to the overnight steamer DELTA QUEEN, to the little diesel ferry TRANSIT, and finally to the PRESIDENT Casino, the Rock Island levee was the place to experience these vessels.

The AVALON played a 3-day stand here in July or August through 1961. She ran two trips daily: 2:30 to 5 and 8:30 to 11 PM. The calliope was played from 1-2 and 7-8 to help draw a crowd and to entertain the people waiting to board. My whole family, including my 90+ year old greatgrandmother, would sit on our campstools by the old 'ferry' sign and listen to the calliope concert every night.

The calliope player was then a young high school boy who doubled as the popcorn maker. He never left that calliope job, except that he later doubled as Captain: one Clarke C. 'Doc' Hawley. He has special memories of his Rock Island levee concerts, as we honked our car horns in appreciation after each tune. Rock Island and Muscatine were the only towns on the AVALON's entire route where this happened.

The DELTA QUEEN began her Rock Island levee appearances in a very inauspicious way. On her very first Upper Mississippi trip in 1954 she ran through herself and was laid up here for eight days while repairs were made, which involved replacing the damaged parts with those from the DELTA KING. Once again, my entire family went down to the levee every night and sat on our campstools to look at a disabled steamboat. We talked with several DQ passengers, and most likely talked with Letha Greene as she walked along the levee meeting the townfolk. Every year after this, we'd rush down to the levee to watch the DQ's annual arrival, until the flood wall kept her from stopping in Rock Island.

During the 1950s and early 1960s my father, sister and I would go down to the levee once a week to take a ride on the little diesel ferryboat TRANSIT. We'd get off in Davenport to get a drink at the root beer stand and then catch the TRANSIT back to Rock Island on her next round trip.



Concerts at the Ferry landing. Photo courtesy of Judy Patsch.



Quad Cities Ferry TRANSIT. Photo by Judy Patsch.

And finally, the levee was the place to come and view the awesome sight of the famous PRESIDENT docked across the river in Davenport, and to watch her dramatic departures during her first years as a casino boat. While she no longer was a steam excursion boat, she still was the PRESIDENT,



PRESIDENT in her casino boat days at Davenport. Photo by Judy Patsch.

a National Historic Landmark and the last of the former Streckfus Steamers steamboats in operation. It was a joy to watch her in my backyard for nine years. Unfortunately her arrival came a year after my dad died, so he never got the thrill of revisiting one of the steamboats of his youth in his hometown.

The Rock Island levee was truly my gateway to the river and to the steamboating world, in which I am now so deeply and gratefully involved. 🕒

Capt. Clarke Hawley

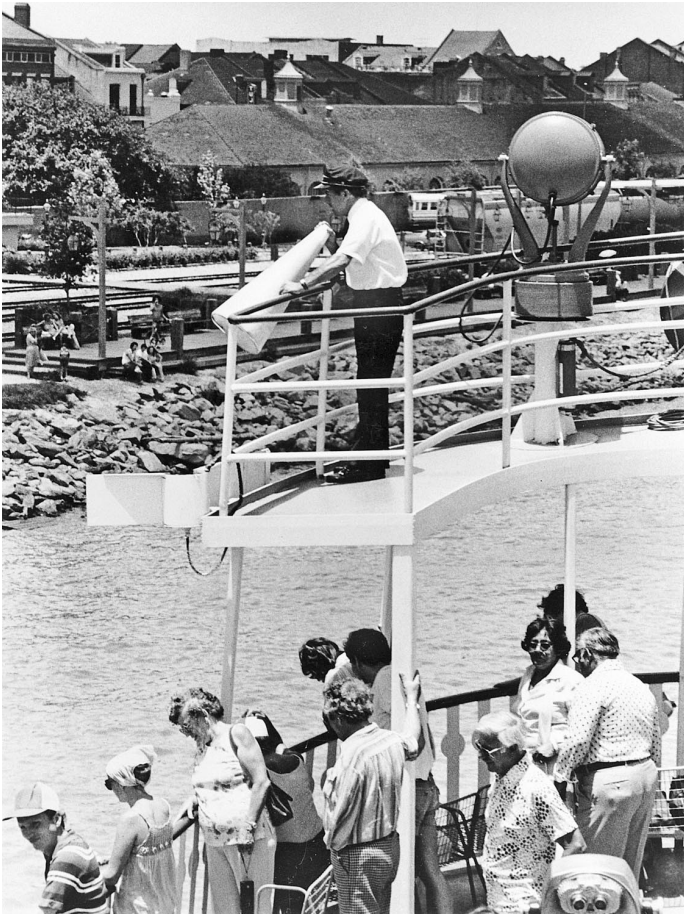
It was always a big deal to sponsor or charter an excursion boat, and we had some unbelievable charters. One of the charters that I remember most happened in New Orleans on the NATCHEZ. We chartered the boat out to the National Association for the Blind. The office people came down to the boat one day and said, “Captain, what do you think? We’ve been approached by the National Association for the Blind and we’re going to have a charter for them during their convention in New Orleans.” The first thing I said was, “Well, how many?” And they said, “Over 800.” I thought, “Oh my goodness! 800 sightless people on a boat with raised door sills, slanted decks, railings up the middle of stairways.” All excursion boats had to have three railings – one on each side and then one up the center of the stairway – and the only thing I could think of was all these obstructions.

So I went to the local Coast Guard office and asked, “Commander, is there any precedent for

anything like this? Has any boat ever run an excursion for 800 blind people?” He said, “No, but you’ve got to take them, you can’t turn them down,” and then he suggested, “I would cover myself with a whole lot of watchmen.” So I got everybody in the office, and then I went out into town after I told the office, “We’ve got to have a lot of help here.” We had a special badge made for Boy Scout and Girl Scout uniforms, and we got two Boy Scout troops and two Girl Scout troops and put them on all the door sills and in the Men’s and Ladies’ Rooms where the stall doors were. We thought of every eventuality, everything. We even had a Technicolor narration for these people: “The ship on the left with the black hull and the red smokestack and white superstructure, is loading brown bags of coffee beans . . .” Things like this; we thought we had everything figured out.

But you know what we forgot about and what the people at the National Association for the Blind didn’t even tell me, and what I never thought about – the 650 seeing-eye dogs. I had no idea. So here come the buses with the people, and they started coming on the boat with their dogs. Well, you know these dogs are beautifully-trained animals to deal with almost any situation. They were used to anything – until we blew the first steam whistle. When we went to pull away from the dock, the law is that if you’re going to pull away head on, you blow one long blast. If you’re going to back out from the dock, you blow one long blast and follow it with three short ones.

That day we backed away from the dock. I was up on the little wing bridge above the bow, and looking back at the pilothouse, I told the pilot, “All gone, Cap. Back ‘er full.” As usual, he reached up and blew one long stentorian blast, and followed up with three short blasts. With that, ears went UP – and so did tails! As I watched in shock, 600 of those 650 seeing-eye dogs lost their bladder and bowel control. I had to right quickly take the Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts and make them Pooper Scooper patrolers, and make an announcement, “Nobody move! Please, ladies and gentlemen, stay seated.” Then I had to have the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts and the crew and deckhands go around to clean up dog doo-doo, for fear that people would walk through it, you see, and track it all over the



Doc on NATCHEZ wing bridge, from which he first spotted the traumatic results of blowing the boat's departure whistle. Photo courtesy of Murphy Library, Univ. of Wisc. - LaCrosse

carpeting and . . . oh my, I don't even want to think about it.

That charter had to be a first in the annals of excursion boating. Afterwards we got a very nice letter from the National Association for the Blind thanking us profusely for such a wonderful and memorable trip. We had all kinds of excursions, but this one might be one of the most unusual ones I can remember.

Our final contributions for this Anniversary issue come from two S&Ders who are no longer with us, but who have providentially entrusted to us some of their memories on audio tape. In the good company of Capt. Way's commentaries from his Log of the Betsy Ann and Packet Directory, we share with you stories from Capt. Dennis Trone recorded on August 19, 2005 aboard the TWILIGHT, and from Capt. Ernest Wagner, interviewed at his Florida home by John Bickel in the spring of 1978, a year before he passed away. We trust that you will appreciate these as much as your editor has.

Capt. Dennis Trone

Dubuque Boat and Boiler Company's first boat was the CLYDE which was a riveted iron hull. It was a sidewheeler at first and then it was lengthened and actually made into a sternwheeler some twenty years after it was built. By the way, that boat ran right on into the 1940s. Built in 1870 and ran right on into the 1940s on the Tennessee River. It was owned at that time by Colonel Wilson who owned the Arrow Transportation Company. Colonel Wilson was a retired Engineer Corps officer. He had built locks and dams, and he continued on operating a barge towing company. The Arrow Transportation Co. was still running on the Tennessee River right up until the late 1970s. They owned the CLYDE - the sternwheel CLYDE.

There was an old man who came on the JULIA BELLE SWAIN. His name was Capt. Brashears - Quincy Brashears was his name - and he'd been working on the river since 1909 as a pilot. I once asked him, "What was the nicest boat you ever steered?" and he told me, "Well, without a doubt it was the sternwheel CLYDE." And he said it would push barges and steer - course, in those days they pushed two or three barges, that was a tow - and he said it'd just steer as nice as a yacht and he said it was very fast too. She had a narrow hull. It was only 19 feet wide, I believe, as I recall. See, boats like that rarely ever ran without a barge, without being faced up to a barge, because they did turn over.

In fact, the CLYDE turned over twice. Once it turned over at the wharf at Paducah. Paul Walker, whose family ran a dry dock at Paducah, in the late 1930s was sitting out, eating his lunch on the wharf at Paducah and somebody said, "Well, what's wrong with the CLYDE?" It was tied up there, and he looked up and it just turned over, right in front of their eyes. Of course they raised it again, but I know it turned over at least twice. A lot of these towboats, they would only run them faced up to a barge, otherwise they were pretty tippy.

Anyway, I know he told me once that he was pushing with the CLYDE on the Tennessee River and he heard something hit the paddlewheel. He said they thought they had hit a log. But he looked back and could see like blood in the water behind

them, and he said there was a huge fish back there. It was a big spoonbill that had come up close to the surface for some reason and they hit it with their paddlewheel. He said they put a small boat, put a yawl in the water to go back and get it. They brought it on board. It weighed about 60 or 70 pounds. And he said they tried to cook it and eat it, but it wasn't fit to eat. Well, anyway, that was the CLYDE. This guy's name was Quincy Brashears.

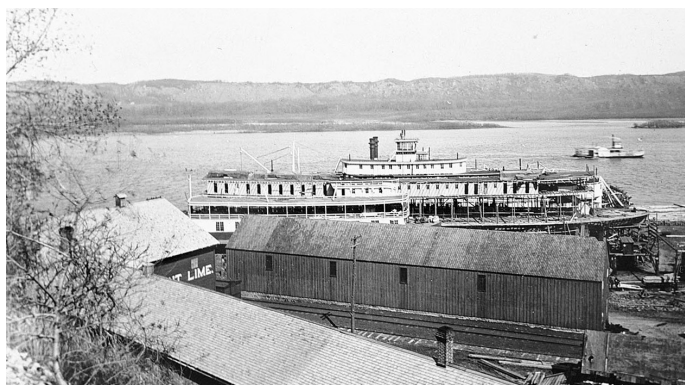
I asked him, "Where is the CLYDE now?" and he said, "During the war it was finally pretty nearly worn out – World War 2 – and sometime in the 40's they took it behind McKee's Island, a well-known island there on the Tennessee River, they just took it back there and they abandoned it, and it sunk behind McKee's Island. After they abandoned it, for a while he said there was a moonshiner making whiskey on it. But anyway, it was abandoned and finally sunk behind McKee's Island. I ran that pass behind McKee's Island. It's deep and we run the JULIA BELLE SWAIN through there several times, just to see if we could see any sign of it, but it's so deep there since the dams were built on the Tennessee, and it must be pretty far down. I'm sure it's still there because with an iron hull, they hardly ever rust. [McKee's Island is just upstream from the Highway Bridge at Guntersville, AL. – Ed.]

Clarence Mackert told me – he had worked since 1914 at Dubuque Boat and Boiler Company – he started work there when he was 14 years old, and he told me that they only built two wooden hulls there and it was during the Depression. There weren't any boats being built and the whole crew was laid off, the whole labor force was laid off at Dubuque Boat and Boiler, and he said Ira Davenport had a chance to bid on two construction barges for the Army Corps of Engineers. They wanted them made out of wood cause it was cheaper. But he said they'd never built any barges out of wood before, and Ira Davenport bid on them just to get some work for the men in the yard. And he told the men that they could split whatever they made on it. Ira Davenport, the owner of Dubuque Boat and Boiler Company at that time, would back them so they could buy the material, and whatever they made on it they could split among themselves. And I guess they came out on it all right. They made a little money. At least they had some work to do.

But he said they had to go up and see some of those old guys that used to work at the Diamond Jo yard. The Diamond Jo yard and the ways for the Diamond Jo Line were up there by Eagle Point. There was a boatyard up there that Diamond Jo used. Anyway, they got some of those old boatwrights, shipwrights that had worked for Diamond Jo, cause they were all wood. And they got their caulking tools and they learned how to caulk a wood hull, and he said they built those two barges. But outside of that, every boat they ever built there at the Ice Harbor was riveted iron at first, and by the turn of the century, more and more of them were being built of steel. ⓪



Iron-hulled CLYDE in her sternwheeler days. Built in 1870 by the DBBCo's predecessor, Rouse & Dean. Murphy Library.



Diamond Jo boatyard and ways at Eagle Point in Dubuque. The big sidewheeler QUINCY is under construction in this 1896 view. Landed alongside the marine ways is the DUBUQUE, probably after her reconstruction following the tornado at St. Louis that spring. The ferry EAGLE POINT heads downstream in background. Photo from editor's collection.

Capt. Ernest Wagner

In 1947 the season was over, the Coney Island season which operated about 100 days. Then the boat always took a tramp trip. So we went to Pittsburgh. We was going to Pittsburgh, and after

we come back from Pittsburgh we went on down as far as Memphis and turned around and come back. They usually didn't go no further than Memphis on account of they didn't do no good at New Orleans no more. They used to go to New Orleans, but the PRESIDENT was down there and they just couldn't buck the PRESIDENT, because the PRESIDENT tried to come up there and buck them in their area and it didn't do no good.

But anyway, we went to Pittsburgh in 1947, and September the ninth, about 1:15 in the afternoon, is when the ISLAND QUEEN blew up. The Chief Engineer was doing some welding. The little four-inch stanchions on the bow of the boat had broke loose, the rivets had broke loose – it had originally been riveted – and he had a little Lincoln portable welder on there. He pulled it out there and was going to weld that stanchion back. Well, when he brought the welder out, I thought “I believe I'll go to a show,” and Capt. Butler, who was one of the pilots up to Syracuse, OH, then from there on he didn't have no license, so Capt. Hall kindly made him my assistant until we got back in his territory and he could go back to piloting again. But he was sitting there, talking to me, and I said, “Believe I'll go to a show.” “Nah,” he said, “you better go up and get you a nap.” He said, “Margie might want to go somewhere.” Margie Johnson was one of the cashiers on there, and I'd been kindly trying to date her a little bit. But anyway, I said, “Well, maybe that's right,” so I went upstairs and went to bed. I didn't want to get the flashes from that welding torch. So just about the time I laid down, she blew. Well, I thought there'd been an airplane that hit it, cause there'd been a seaplane going up under the one bridge and over the next one. And I thought sure he'd got out of control and crashed into the ISLAND QUEEN.

I jumped up, run to the front door of the texas – all the officers slept in one big area up there in the roof garden on the after end – and the flames, the boat was already that quick, almost an inferno. Jim Butler come out and I handed Jim a life preserver and I said, “Cap, you better take this life preserver.” I had two life preservers in my room, cause sometimes when they had an extry person on board or something, they'd sleep in with me. Had two bunks in the room. But at this time didn't have

nobody in there with me. So I gave Butler one life jacket and I took the other one, and he beat it to the back end and jumped overboard. Well, I got back there and I started . . . when I happened to think of my pants with my billfold in it. No, I'm ahead of my story. I happened to think of my billfold laying on the dresser because I did take time to put my pants on. But I didn't have no belt in them and my billfold was laying on the little dresser I had in there. So I run back to get this billfold and put it in my pocket.

Well, when I got to the back of the texas, the flames was coming up over the back end. So I kicked the door down and went through one of the musician's rooms and kicked the window out, the shutter and the window, for I knew we only had six foot of guard to get from the room into the river. And Joe Baum, who was a concessionaire on there, he followed me out. And of course after we got in the hospital, he wrote to Ed Schott and told him “You oughta sue Wagner for tearing your boat up before it burnt up.” Course he was kidding, you know what I mean. But Joe Baum got burnt most the same as I did, only I got burnt on my left side pretty bad. My hand, I thought, was going to be deformed. Joe's hand is deformed. He still can't use his hand normally like he did before he got burnt. That was a pretty bad disaster. There was 19 crew members killed and I was lucky to get out of there.

Well, I told you I run back to get my pants. I had \$275 in my billfold and when I got in the river, my pants floated down around my ankles and I couldn't swim, so I had to push them off and I pushed my pants off with my billfold in it, so I lost my billfold anyway. But after I come out of the hospital – I stayed in the hospital 36 days – well, I'm ahead of my story a little bit. When I was swimming to shore, right there at the foot of Smithfield Street, a yawl from the CHARLES T. CAMPBELL come up and wanted me to get in. I said, “No, I'm all right. I'm not that far from shore. Get some of them other ones.” I could see three or four more people in the water, and it looked like they was having a pretty rough time. Cause I was a pretty good swimmer back in them days. And I swim to the shore and there was an old colored guy held his cane down there to help pull me up over that esplanade and it all had moss on it, and I wasn't having much luck

getting up over that. There was a policeman not too far away. He put three guys in a police wagon to take them to a hospital, and he come over and looked at me. I just had on a pair of undershorts is all I had on. He said, "You better come on and get in and go to the hospital." I said, "Well, no, I don't think I'm hurt." He said, "Look at your arm." I looked at my arm and hand, and big blisters started popping up there. I said, "Well, I better go."

We went out to Mercy Hospital, and me being the last one in the wagon, I was the first one out. And I just, I don't know what made me automatically turn to the right. Well, when I turned to the right there, I went into a laundry room, just across from the emergency entrance. So I went in there and the women in there started screaming, hollering. Like I said, I've only got on a pair of undershorts, and my hair all had been, you know, all wet and bushy, and an old colored lady come over and said, "You're in the wrong room. You want to go in the other side." So I just went back out and went across the driveway there and somebody met me with a sheet, wrapped me up in a sheet, tucked me in and set me down, and give me a big shot of whiskey. That was the first thing they give me while I was in the hospital - a big shot of whiskey. Like I said, I was burnt pretty bad. I was lucky. I had one of the best doctors on burns that anybody could have had in Pittsburgh. And the guy that was burnt most the same as me went in at the same time I did and had a different doctor, he was on a different floor on the hospital. His hand is deformed today.

But one thing I can say. I got out of the service when I was 35 years old, cause a lot of the boys had more points than I did. 35, 36, I was about 37 years old. And I can truthfully say that the only thing I owned in this world when I went in that hospital was an old cameo ring, a 10 or 12 dollar ring. I did have a good wristwatch, a Longines wristwatch, and a pair of undershorts. I didn't own a pair of shoes, a pair of socks, or nothing. Now, I mean, that's pretty - when you're 37 years old and that's all you got - that's pretty low, and now look at the junk I got! I don't know how I accumulated so many things. Sometimes I feel like I'd be better off to do like I did in 1947. Just get rid of all of it and start over again. Make you appreciate it, I reckon. But I mean, the only things that I owned in this world! 🕒



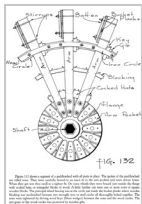
Forward end of ISLAND QUEEN collapses after fumes in fuel bunkers ignite and explode Sept. 9, 1947. Capt. Wagner was likely in the water by this time after helping others escape. Public Library of Cincinnati and Hamilton County photo.



Charred skeleton of ISLAND QUEEN after the inferno which claimed 19 lives. The hulk sank, but was raised and salvaged. On Christmas Eve Day 1947 her remains were towed to a nearby scrapyards. Photo from Public Library of Cincinnati and Hamilton County.



Mate Ernest Wagner and Capt. Charles Napoleon Hall at Pittsburgh during 1949 season on AVALON - the final year they worked together. Capt. Hall had been uptown at the dentist when he heard the riverfront explosion. Photo courtesy of Capt. Clarke Hawley.



Small Stacks

Foam Hulls and Feathering Wheels: Part Two

by John Fryant

In the last installment I finished the hull, motor and radio installation. This part details the superstructure construction, trial runs and a couple of modifications. The boat was planned as a small dinner cruise vessel with dining area in the enclosed main deck and a second deck with a smaller private dining area forward and snack bar in the midships area. An enclosed stairway at the aft end of the snack bar would lead to the roof and pilothouse, areas where no passengers would be allowed.

The entire superstructure was built as a single lift-off unit (Photo 1). All of the decks were made from 1/16" or 1/32" ply while the bulkheads were built up with two layers of sheet plastic. Each bulkhead was first cut from clear 1/32" non-glare acrylic sheet commonly used for picture framing. This had a slightly frosted surface, which hid the lack of interior detail. Duplicate pieces were then cut from .010 white styrene sheet and the appropriate window openings were cut into them. Then the two pieces were cemented together, being careful not to get the liquid cement onto the window areas. This technique gave a nice representation of modern metal bulkhead construction. If you want white bulkheads there is no need to paint them. The only drawback is that this method is a bit heavier than using plywood bulkheads.

The pilothouse with its curved front was built up from a three layer "sandwich" of styrene; the middle layer being clear to represent the window "glass" (Photo 2). The inner and outer layers were both cut from .010 white sheet. This proved a challenge with the curved front windows and took several attempts involving the alignment of all three plastic layers. Persistence and determination finally won out, and the whole sandwich of parts were cemented together to my satisfaction. The pilothouse interior was detailed with only a steering wheel, console and radar screen, as additional detail wouldn't be visible through the windows. A seated

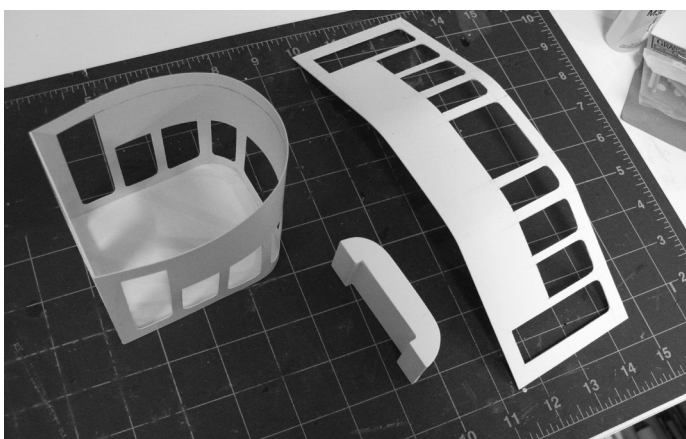
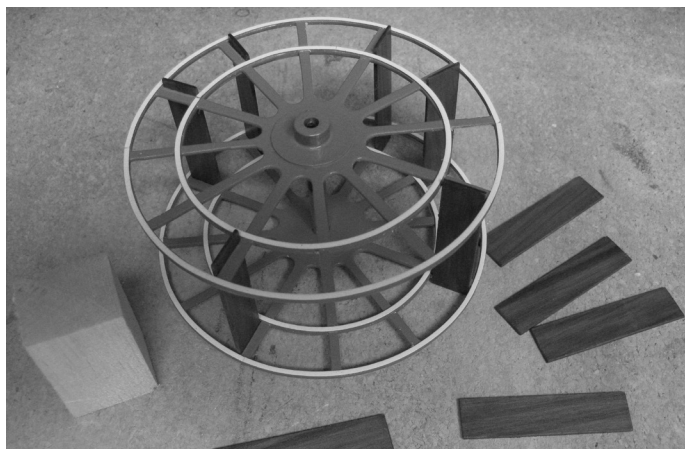
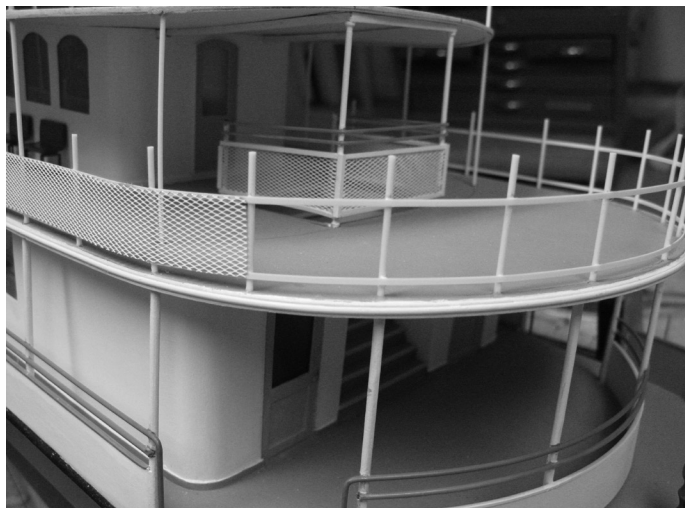
pilot was included to keep the model on course, and an operating radar scanner installed on the roof, driven by a wire rod that ran down to a point under the pilothouse where a small gear motor turned it. The scanner and navigation lights were manually switched on and off by switches located beneath working hatches on the foredeck.

All of the vertical stanchions around both decks were made from white styrene rod and were built in place, a rather delicate operation. However, once completed they were quite sturdy. The wire mesh used in the railings was liberated from frying pan splatter shields sold in most supermarkets. I have described this process in detail in a previous column on modifying the Dumas CREOLE QUEEN model. The little curved decorative trim around the stanchion tops were laser-cut from 1/16" plywood. These were also left-overs from the same CREOLE QUEEN project (Photo 3).

The air calliope on the roof at the stern was made from several sizes of styrene tube mounted on a wood base. The "air line" ran across the roof where it disappeared into the superstructure. Photos of this will appear in part three. Getting the model balanced in the water proved to be a challenge. Bathtub tests showed her to be a bit stern heavy, so I had to move weight as far forward as possible. By hollowing out the foam under the fore deck, some lead weights were added in that area and all of the batteries and RC equipment were moved far forward. After moving and adjusting weights and batteries, the model finally was ready for trial runs.

When the time for in-the-water tests came, both the speed and steering were not up to expectations. As for the steering qualities, I had thought those two big rudders would have no problem turning the boat, but such wasn't the case. The turning radius was very wide – completely unsatisfactory. I finally concluded that the design of the stern was wrong in that the sides should have been more rounded where they joined the bottom. The squared off joints were not allowing enough water flow into the rudders. Rather than chopping up the hull, re-shaping and re-fiberglassing it, I chose to install monkey rudders behind the wheel. Monkey rudders is the name applied to these types of rudders when they were first used on old-time sternwheelers to

improve steering qualities. As I heard the story, rivermen so named them because “they let the boat swing by her tail.” Installing these on the model involved drilling a hole in the center wheel support and routing a flex cable through it from the tillers up to the steering servo arm. This solved the steering problem and the model now maneuvered very well both ahead and astern. The feathering paddlewheels worked as advertised, but the speed was a bit slower than expected. At full speed the wheels turned at approximately 120 rpm out of the water, and slowed down to probably about 100 rpm when the model was immersed. I didn’t want them to turn faster as they would have looked unrealistic. Model paddlewheels already have to turn at much higher rpms than their full-size counterparts. So I decided to try an experiment and built a set of conventional radial paddlewheels of the same overall dimensions (Photo 4). These had twelve buckets (paddles) each $5/8$ ” deep as opposed to the eight 1” deep buckets on the feathering wheels. They were also a bit closer to the outer ring than those on the feathering wheels. This gave them a tad more speed through the water. Surprisingly, the results with the radial wheel were much improved, so I left them in place. The feathering wheels were put away for some future project (Photos 5 – 6).



December Cover's Mystery Boat Identified

Within minutes of the December issue's arrival in mailboxes, two of our sharp-eyed readers ID-ed the towboat pictured on the front cover. Jerry Canavit and Keith Norrington both nailed the GOLD SHIELD (T0957), built in 1899 at Dubuque as WYNOKA, along with four others for Mississippi River Commission and soon transferred to the St. Louis Army Engineers. Her 171.6x36x5.6 hull carried engines 22's with 8-foot stroke. Sold in 1933 to Commercial Solvents for towing molasses to Illinois River as BISSO, she was renamed GOLD SHIELD in 1935. Sank at Algiers in April 1939. Capt. Way notes she was hard on paddlewheel shafts, breaking two of them within seven months. 🕒

Ohio River Museum Announces Spring Programs

Welcome Back Carp - March 30, 2013

FREE Carp Egg Hunt - 10 AM

1/2 off Admission Price to the Ohio River Museum - programs and speakers included. Join us as we celebrate the opening of the Ohio River Museum for the 2013 season!

Brown Baggin' Thru History - April 5, 2013

Where: Ohio River Museum

Time: Noon - 1 PM

Cost: Free Program. Discounted admission for tour of museum

Guest Speaker: Jeff Spear, President of Sons & Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen

Topic: The Ritts' W.P. SNYDER, JR. Legacy

Talk and walk-through of "The Ritts' W.P. SNYDER JR. Legacy" exhibit, covering the lives of Capt. Charles E. Ritts, transportation manager for Crucible Steel Company of America and his son Charles E. Ritts, Jr.

Also discussed will be Capt. Cumberland W. Posey from Belpre, OH. Capt. Posey, a black man, became one of Pittsburgh's success stories, owning and running several towboats, a bank, and one of the first black baseball teams.

Reflections from Our Readers continued from page 3

After traveling from cover to cover, I found myself looking similar to a fine grape turned into a well aged raisin. Next time I will read the REFLECTOR somewhere besides the bathtub."

🕒 We appreciate Bill's update on the shantyboat and his fine photos. He also has our fervent wish that he has been restored to full vigor and has plumped up nicely since drying out.



Now here's something you don't see everyday — a shantyboat on wheels enroute to ORM. Below, Barb and Bea Ritts pose with a New Year's Day photo from their youth on display at ORM's "The Ritts' SNYDER Legacy" Exhibit.



Jazzin' Up the Museums - May 31, 2012

Where: VALLEY GEM Sternwheeler

Time: 6 PM - 9 PM

Cost: \$45 Per Person / \$75 Per Couple

Reservations required by May 24, 2013

A Benefit for Friends of the Museums! Join us for a buffet style dinner with prime rib and chicken marsala. An evening filled with music with plenty of room for dancing. Call for more details. 🕒



Final Crossings

Joseph B. Cook

Joseph B. Cook, 89, of Charleston, WV passed away November 20, 2012, at Hubbard Hospice House. Mr. Cook retired as president of Pfaff and Smith Builders Supply Company which had been in business since 1902.

He was a lifelong resident of Charleston and was a member of Sacred Heart Co-Cathedral. He served during World War II in the Armored Division No. 714 Tank Battalion in Europe.

Mr. Cook was a member of Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen and past president of the Builders Supply Association of West Virginia. Joe also served as past president of the Greater Kanawha River Navy.

He is survived by his two sons, Joseph B. Cook Jr. and his friend and companion, Sharon Lunsford, of Charleston and by Thomas S. Cook and wife, Lakin Ray, of Dunbar.

Funeral services were held November 24, 2012 at Barlow-Bonsall Funeral Home with burial in Mount Olivet Cemetery in Charleston.

Mrs. Jean Stone

Jean (Roush) Stone, 90, of Point Pleasant, WV went home to be with her Lord on November 11, 2012, at Pleasant Valley Hospital. She was born October 3, 1922, in Gallipolis, OH, a daughter of the late Harry DeCamp Roush and Emilie (Steinbach) Roush.

Jean was a homemaker, and member of Trinity United Methodist Church in Point Pleasant where she was active in the church Choir, Womens Circle, and past Pianist and Organist. She was a member of Point Pleasant Womens Club, Order of Eastern Star, Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Rivermen,

and the Point Pleasant River Museum. She enjoyed playing Bridge, dancing, and taking care of her family and home.

She was preceded in death by her beloved husband of 66 years, Captain Charles Henry Stone. Jean is survived by daughters and sons-in-law, Jennifer and Sam Bates of Point Pleasant, and Bebe and Rick Wilker of Cincinnati, OH; and by two grandchildren and six great grandchildren.

Funeral services were held on November 17, 2012, at Wilcoxon Funeral Home in Point Pleasant with burial at New Lone Oak Cemetery.

Our thanks to Jim Bupp for forwarding obituary information for Mr. Cook and Mrs. Stone.

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Back Cover

Occasionally a photo comes along that captures the imagination and triggers memories that make the heart glad. This nighttime view of the AMERICAN QUEEN passing beneath the lighted arches of the Centennial Bridge linking Rock Island and Davenport is such a picture for your editor. But then, he's always been a sucker for night shots of a steamboat aglow with pinpoints of light outlining her decks. Judy Patsch captured this scene on November 9 as the AQ bid farewell to the UMR for her 2012 season.

