Telescope

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GREAT LAKES
MARITIME
INSTITUTE

DOSSIN GREAT LAKES MUSEUM
Belle Isle, Detroit, Michigan 48207

MEMBERSHIP NOTES ●

Last spring we promised that the *WCF* pilothouse would finally be installed at the museum by fall. Unfortunately, all the work was done on blueprints these past few months and we can't show the changes that have been proposed for the foundation. The questions lie with how deep to drive the pilings, sixty or ninety feet, so that the foundation will not shift *ever*. Older members will remember how close the water was to DeRoy Hall before the thirty-foot seawall was built. This fall another soil sample was taken to determine the depth for the pilings (rock bottom is 100 feet down) and to insure that construction of the foundation will not shift in the future.

Members will be interested in the following new books for Christmas. We will try to have them available at the museum in December, however, you may wish to order directly from the publisher in insure delivery for Christmas. *Railway Steamships of Ontario* by Dana Ashdown examines the relationship between the railroads and steamship companies to better serve passengers travelling from 1850-1950. By combining services, new territories were opened and vessels provided the necessary tonnage to move supplies to build the railroads and later connect them across lakes and rivers. This book sells for $29.95 in Canada or can be ordered from Boston Mills Press, 132 Main St., Erin, Ontario, N0B 1T0. *Fireboats* by Paul Ditzel covers the history of these unique vessels from their early origins in London to the modern boats. The majority of boats covered are those that serve the ports of New York, Los Angeles and Tacoma, but the Great Lakes are represented by boats in Chicago and Buffalo. There are over 200 illustrations and photos depicting the architect's mind in designing these boats and excellent photos of them operating in tight quarters. This book sell for $24.95 and can be ordered from Fire Buff House Publishers, P.O. Drawer 709, 4115 Profit Ct., N. Albany Industrial Park, N. Albany, N.Y. 47150.

MEETING NOTICES ●

On Friday, November 17th at 8:00 p.m. at the museum, Capt. John Leonard will show slides of some of the unique vessels that he has served on. Visitors to the Welland Canal will remember him on the dredge *Charles Dick* and the pulp carrier *Chicago Tribune*. On Friday, January 19th, Don Dube will show slides of the favorite vessels that have transited the Welland Canal through the years.

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OUR COVER PICTURE . . . After the recession in the early 1980's, the shipping season has been extended into January to accommodate orders placed by customers as the economy improved. Columbia's *Reserve* was built in 1953 at GLEW, lengthened 120 feet in 1975 and converted to a self-unloader in 1983. This photo was taken on January 6, 1989 by Dale Pohto. □

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FRESHWATER CRUISE OF THE USS MACON

by
CAPT. J.C. WYLIE, USN
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The USS Macon (CA 132) was a heavy cruiser of the U.S. Navy. She was built at Camden, N.J. on an order placed on August 7, 1942 and commissioned into the U.S. Navy on August 26, 1945. In 1961 she was placed in the Atlantic Reserve Fleet and has since been scrapped. Capt. J.C. Wylie was a graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy Class of 1932and was the Commanding Officer of the Macon during Operation Inland Seas. At the end of Part I the Macon arrived in Montreal and was preparing to enter the Seaway Locks.

Fully into freshwater now, we stood up the channel to St. Lambert, the first of the Seaway Locks. The approach channel from Montreal harbor is clearly marked still water, quite a change from the four or five knots of the river itself as it emerges from the Lachine Rapids into Montreal harbor.

The locks take a bit of explanation since they are so different from those at Panama with which most of us are familiar. They are eighty

The USS MACON *in the Detroit River on June 30, 1959.*

feet wide and vary (in the Seaway and in the Welland Canal) from 766 feet to 715 feet long. Since *Macon* was only 675 feet long, the lock length was never a problem. At each end of the locks the concrete approach walls were angled out about fifteen or twenty degrees. One of those angled approaches is short, perhaps 100 to 150 feet, and the other leads into a waiting wall, usually parallel to the line on the dock, from 700 to 1,200 feet long and about four feet high above the water.

Our introduction to St. Lambert was a rough one. We stood up the channel and, since the lock was closed, made the waiting wall. We purposely sat at its outer end in order to get a fair shot at the lock entrance without trying to "walk" up the wall and around its two sharp corners.

A destroyer came up about twenty minutes after we arrived and we asked him to go to the wall ahead of us so we could square after leaving the wall and before entering the lock.

Then another destroyer stood up the channel and asked to moor alongside us. We told him we were moving shortly and asked him to hold in the channel, but the destroyer ahead invited him alongside and we found ourselves faced with a nest instead of a single destroyer to work around. About this we were called up and given the green traffic light by the lock gate. We sprung ourselves out, carefully working around the destroyer nest ahead of us, and when we got abreast the destroyers, the surprises came. The light turned red, the railroad bridge was lowered a hundred yards ahead of the jackstaff, and the first freight train started across.

Fortunately there was not much wind. We hovered for an hour and five minutes while five long freight trains ambled across ahead of us. The slight current from the spillway on the port quarter made for some difficulty, but a touch on the engines every now and then kept us fairly steady.

We had drifted almost to the shoal water on the port hand when finally the bridge went up and the light turned green again. We twisted the bow to starboard and moved ahead toward the lock, then backed the port engines to swing the bow to the left. So far, so good. To stop the swing, we went ahead a little on the port engines and backed a little on the starboard and, much to our amazement, swung sharply to port and ended up with the bow resting against the short left-hand approach wall.

It took a few moments to figure that one out. The wash from the backing starboard screws had gone up along the starboard wall, bounced off the angled right-hand approach and, having no place else to go, had pushed the bow to port. All perfectly normal, hindsight being better than our foresight at that moment, but it left us in a fix. We could not twist back to the right with the engines. We either had to back off and scratch our cherished paint or swallow our pride and call a tug.

And, bless their stout little hearts, one of the *YTBs* was there. He squeezed in between *Macon* and the nested destroyers, took a line from the starboard bow, gave just enough of a pull to start the bow to starboard and skittered back out of the way again.

We eased into this first lock without further incident and, during the process, found out that the lift bridges were in fact 120 feet above the water line. We had eight feet to spare overhead.

Here at St. Lambert Lock we also found out that the big foot-thick wooden fenders were not necessary. Small wooden 4x4s, light enough for one man to handle, were ample to protect the bulwarks around the high 3-inch guns in the waist of the ship and the other section around the main deck where we came close to the lock walls.

The ship was conned all the way into the lock, using both rudder and engines, and no lines were put over until we backed down and stopped in place, inside the lock.

We had, before leaving Boston, installed some outside propeller guards below the regular propeller guards. These new ones were lower, so they would not ride over the low approach walls or the tops of the lock walls when the locks were filled. They were also wider, coming out to width of the beam amidships on the starboard side and a foot more than that on the port side to protect our Regulus missile ramp which projected out from the port quarter. The idea behind extending these propeller guards so far out was to give us virtual straight lines from the widest points of the ship at her waist to these two extended guards at the propeller positions aft. This way, we figured, we could take the locks in much the same way that the straight-sided ore boats do.

When the ore boats get the full width of the ship inside the lock, much farther forward of course, than the fine-lined *Macon*, they have the problem licked.

Our first look at a lock gate dispelled this happy notion. The wooden rubbing rails on the gates were widely spaced and at varied heights from lock to lock, and if we had ever put pressure on them by dragging the narrow facing edge of our propeller guards across them, we might have done the gates considerable and notorious damage.

Against a concrete surface the guards were usable, but the hardest part of entering and leaving the locks was to conn the stern past the gates without letting the propeller guards touch. It was a busy telephone line from aft to the bridge.

Actually, in entering and leaving the locks, the Commanding Officer used four sources of information. One was this critically important telephone from the stern of the ship. Two were from the bridge wings, the navigator on one side and our Norfolk docking pilot on the other, each calling a constant report on distance from the ship to the wall, and the fourth was the Commanding Officer's own visual sighting from the centerline on the bridge over the jackstaff to check heading and drift. The synthesis of these four data sources worked out very well. We always felt we had full knowledge and full control of the ship's movement in these amazing squeeze-throughs. "Amazing" because we managed to lock through with no damage and no paint scratched, except for one propeller guard. We will take that one up when we come to it.

Above St. Lambert, with one locking behind us and twenty-nine to go (there are seven locks in the river and eight in the Welland Canal), we stood on up the protected channel past the river boiling down through the Lachine Rapids on the other side of the embankment.

A dozen miles farther up is the next lock, Cote St. Catharine, and by the time we got there, the Captain was beginning to catch his breath. During the hour long transit up the canal from St. Lambert, he had recovered from the preposterous business of waiting in midstream for five long and leisurely freight trains.

We took Cote St. Catharine Lock on a dead run, so to speak, slowed to four knots, drew a bead on the center of the far gate, sailed in without touching and backed two-thirds after we were inside. It was a good entry, but much too fast to try a second time. Four knots isn't much speed in open water, but it is a pretty fair clip with high concrete walls only three feet away on each side and a solid concrete lock sill dead ahead.

Another few miles of the new canal that bypasses the Lachine Rapids, and we were in Lake St. Louis. Here, off the town of Beauharnois, we anchored for a few days before the official opening of the Seaway.

After the ceremonies at the St. Lambert Lock which officially opened the St. Lawrence Seaway, Queen Elizabeth and President Eisenhower embarked in *Britannia* and sailed past the sixteen RCN and USN ships anchored in a long line down the channel in Lake St. Louis. With the ships full dressed and the rails manned, it was a thrilling sight as *Britannia* steamed close aboard. Knowing perfectly well that the bluejackets manning the rail on the off side would be twisting their heads around to see, no matter what we told them, we solved that problem in advance. We faced them inboard so they could see across the ship. Unorthodox, to be sure, but it did keep all hands steady and as an unexpected dividend, it just about doubled the volume of the cheers as the Royal Yacht steamed past.

At morning light on Saturday, the 27th, we were to resume our passage of the river. The day dawned dull and foggy. Light rain fell intermittently. Fragments of schedule changes trickled in through noisy radio circuits. And every now and then a destroyer got underway and groped through the mist toward the lower of the two Beauharnois Locks. By mid-day we had started and, with two locks already behind us, we were old hands and took the lower and upper Beauharnois Locks on the fly, but a little more sedately than we had taken Cote St. Catharine on the first day. It was here, entering the lower lock and steaming from the lower into the upper lock that we had our first good try at steaming at very low speed. *Macon*, with four propellers, makes roughly ten rpm per knot. Our rudder stops permit a maximum of thirty degrees right and left rudder. The engineers apparently had no difficulty in steaming at ten, fifteen or twenty rpm, and once we got the knack of using lots of rudder for short periods of time rather that a little bit of rudder held constantly, the ship could be put precisely where we wanted her. With most of her superstructure abaft the pivot point (just about at the foremast), a crosswind has effect on the stern more than on the bow and *Macon* tends to turn upwind. At very slow even light breezes were a factor, and we had to keep

the wind always in mind and take it into account.

This slow speed steaming is a real workout for helmsmen. "Right thirty"; "midships"; "right thirty"; "midships"; "Steady as you go" and "Two-one-nine-a quarter, Sir." A half hour of this kind of work and the helmsman is wringing wet. We had two of them whom we used in all narrow channels and lockings. Before we left the Mediterranean in the spring, we had culled our helmsmen very carefully, looking for half a dozen who had that rare intuitive "feel" of the ship. By the time we arrived in Quebec, we had settled on two who were outstandingly good. They could hold a course within a quarter of a degree and could sense, as soon or sooner than we could on the bridge, when wind or current was taking effect on the ship. They could also sense and compensate for one other factor that we had not encountered before. This was bank suction. In narrow channels the stern tends to drag toward which ever is the nearer bank; if we were to the right of the channel center, for instance, the stern would tend to swing to starboard, and it sometimes took 25 degrees of right rudder in these cases to hold a steady course. Actually this is a relatively safe phenomenon because it makes the bow always head back toward the center of the channel.

The lakers employ a most startling procedure to pass each other in these narrow channels. The two ships, heading in opposite directions, each hold to the channel center until they are about two lengths apart. Then each heads just enough to the right (port to port passings are the almost invariable rule) so that the bows pass with about one ship-width between them. Then, as the bows pass, the two ships straighten out and let the sterns go each toward its own right bank. The effect of this is to pass parallel with each ship heading back toward the channel center by the time sterns clear each other. It is a good, and probably the only way to manage, but the first two or three times that a salt water sailor tries it, it looks awfully close.

Above the two Beauharnois Locks, the long Beauharnois Canal leads about twelve miles upstream to Lake St. Francis. This lake, which is a wide and quiet section of the river like Lake St. Louis and Lake St. Peter farther downstream, is traversed by a well marked channel. Out toward the middle of the lake, the channel widens to provide some good anchorage ground between Beauharnois and the U.S. locks twenty miles farther upstream.

Above Lake St. Francis the river narrows and the current increases again until Cornwall Island is reached. Here there is a sharp left turn through a stiff current, then right, then left, then right again around Cornwall Island and under a suspension bridge. At this point comes the awkward current at Polly Gut. Here, the main stream of the river comes in from the north side to join the ship channel almost from a right-angled approach. A cleverly designed rock "training wall" redirects the current more nearly down the ship channel as the two converge. but inspite of this, it is still turbulent water. Currents at the point of juncture vary from an estimated four to eight knots, but they aren't constant. They move in large circular swirls from one side of the ship channel to the other. When we had made the look-see passage earlier in *Kleinsmith*, we had seen that the much smaller ship twisted almost twenty degrees off course for a moment, and had also seen an oceangoing freighter grounded on the south bank of the channel. We were quite wary of Polly Gut as we approached in *Macon*. Luck was with us, though, and we passed through the confluence at an apparently quiet moment without difficulty.

Here, at dusk and in a hazy drizzle that gave us less than a mile of visibility, we sighted the welcome lights of Snell Lock up ahead. Of the seven St. Lawrence Locks, five are Canadian and two are American. Snell Lock and Eisenhower Lock connected by the three miles Wiley-Dondero Ship Channel, are the U.S. contribution. The St. Lambert, the Cote St. Catharine and the two Beauharnois Locks downstream and the Iroquois Lock upstream from the U.S. pair are Canadian, as well as much of the special channeling, such as the canal around Lachine Rapids and the Beauharnois Canal.

We slid into Snell Lock, shifted pilots again and eased along the welcome quiet water of the Wiley-Dondero Ship Channel to Eisenhower Lock. By this time it was fully dark and the fog had settled down quite heavily. After ensuring that no ships were moving in the upper river, the lockmaster gave us permission to moor at the upstream waiting wall at Eisenhower Lock for the rest of the night.

The fog thinned out a little in the early

morning and we were off again before six. From Eisenhower Lock upstream to Lake Ontario, the channels were increasingly narrow, a little more tortuous and marked by a greater frequency of cross-currents. The natural channel of the river in many places snakes back and forth from one side to the other and the artificial channels for shipping are dug generally along the natural channel but with frequent short cuts across its many bends.

Iroquois Lock some twenty miles above Eisenhower Lock, is the seventh and last of the St. Lawrence Locks. It is the only one which is not a high lift lock. The first six lift the ship from twenty to forty-nine feet each. Iroquois Lock, with a maximum lift of six feet, serves as the control lock to regulate the river water in accordance with the height of the water in Lake Ontario. The Iroquois Control Dam and the lock are adjacent, and the entire flow of the river over the dam comes into the wide portion through which the ship must pass in making the lock entrance. Our pilot told us that some ships had difficulty here, but again, we were lucky and the cross-current was not unmanageable.

The upstream approach to (or exit from) the Iroquois Lock is more of a problem. A strong current crosses the ship channel at about a forty degree angle just at the end of the upstream waiting wall. Here we actually watched a ship go aground. There was a merchantman downbound above Iroquois Lock and we were not cleared to depart until she had made the waiting wall. Radio control of ship movements in the more difficult portions of the river is quite effective. In no case did we meet a ship unexpectedly on a bend.

The lock gate had opened, but the exit light remained red and we lay in Iroquois Lock, waiting for the merchantman to round the bend upstream. She came down wide on the turn, and the Canadian shipmaster with us (he was onboard as an invaluable, but unofficial and unpaid advisor) remarked casually, "That fellow is in trouble. He is either going to ram the wall head on or is going to go aground".

Sure enough, the cross current caught the merchantman, a saltwater cargo ship, and he tried too late to work back up to the center of the channel. Finally, with (it seemed to us) an anchor underfoot, he was steaming nearly cross-wise in the channel when the strength of the current took hold and eased him backwards into the shoal with the after third of the ship hard aground. He didn't ram the wall, but he certainly did go aground.

Preserver, the submarine rescue ship, had been waiting well upstream from Iroquois Lock to make the Thousand Islands passage with us. We left *Preserver* and one of the ubiquitous *YTBs* to help the grounded ship and eased on out of the lock, around the merchantman and stood upstream.

But in "easing" out of the lock, we had our first mishap with the propeller guard. The only sensible way to leave one of these locks under power (and there is no other way to get out) is to get up enough headway to gain good steering control as soon as the stern clears the lock. In this case, headed upstream, the cross-current would begin to push our bow to port before we would reach the end of the waiting wall on the righthand side. The shorter wall on the lefthand side offered no protection and just beyond that, also on the left, there was the length of the grounded merchantman reaching out to the middle of the channel. We saw no chance but to claw up to the right as soon as we could and pass the merchantman on the upstream side of the cross-current. And we didn't have much more than one and one-half ship's lengths to do this after the stern cleared the lock.

If we could emerge from the lock already headed a few degrees to the right, we would be that much better off. So we started out of the lock on the port engines with right rudder, backing every now and then with starboard engines to keep the bow up, and using the port propeller guard as the pressure point rubbing against the lock wall. The engines were stopped and a little left rudder used to get the guard off the wall as we passed the upstream gates, and as we cleared past the gates, an errant gust of wind from the starboard set the stern back on the port wall. The weight and moment were too much. The wood and metal facing of the port propeller guard crumpled. We didn't know the extent of damage until some time afterward because, on the bridge, we were exceedingly busy trying to get the ship up past the merchantman before the cross-current set us down on her bow. As soon as the stern cleared the lock, we had rung up fifteen knots and asked for double acceleration, both to get the best possible steering control and to clear past

the cross-current as quickly as possible. We made it, breathed easier, slowed to ten knots as we came back to the center of the channel in the bend around Thousand Islands.

The shipfitters took a look at the battered guard and decided they could fix it. Later on, while *Macon* was crossing Lake Ontario at twenty knots, four of them put on safety lines, went over the side with cutting and welding torches. They got it fixed before we reached the Welland Canal. We were not through with that port propeller guard yet, but more of that later.

Upstream from Iroquois Lock we came into the full beauty of the upper river. Except for one ten mile stretch above Ogdensburg where the entire width of the river was straight and deep, the next fifty-odd miles above Iroquois Lock were all in channels whose usable width varied between 300 and 600 feet. There were wider places here and there, to be sure, but this stretch upstream is generally a buoy hopping affair.

As we neared the Thousand Islands the weather turned clear and lovely and the motorboats and outboards came out in increasing numbers. All of the boaters were genuinely interested and the vast majority were well mannered and sensible boat handlers. These we were delighted to see and wave to, but the small lunatic fringe did add a few gray hairs until we learned to ignore them. One officer on the bridge summed it up very nicely when he commented that he did not care what happened to one particularly offensive outboarder (who was weaving back and forth close to the stern) but he dreaded the chore of the letters we would have to write if that young fool should drown.

There were lots of dredges still working various sections of the upper channel and all of them gave forth with a cheery whistle salute that served as our greeting all through the upper river and the Great Lakes. We answered most of them when it did not conflict with passing signals and later, in the Detroit and St. Clair Rivers, we even exchanged these inland whistle salutes with railroad trains. The oddest exchange of salutes came two nights later at 3:00 a.m. in the Welland Canal, when we were greeted at one point by a battery of co-ordinated auto horns. Since everyone in the Ontario penninsula seemed to be along the canal banks that night, we figured there was no one left at home to be waked up and so we answered that one too.

The Thousand Islands make an unbelievably lovely waterway. This writer would like nothing better than to go back some time amd make the passage in a thirty footer so that he could enjoy the full beauty of it. The narrow six mile reach past Wellesley Island and under the Thousand Islands Bridge was probably the most intriguing of the entire passage. The channel is right up to the shore on both sides, and the summer cottagers waved from their lawns or called to us from second story windows. The cottages are close aboard as one passes in a ship and the greetings are cheerful and neighborly.

Later that afternoon about 4:00 p.m., we dropped our local pilot at Cape Vincent and moved out into Lake Ontario. The shipfitters went over the side to repair damaged propeller guard and cranked on first twenty, then twenty-five knots in order to be off Port Weller and the Welland Canal by the following morning.

The Seaway opening and the influx of men-of-war had raised the traffic load and there was some congestion in the Welland Canal. The authorities there were most considerate and our delay was not long. We entered the canal before mid-day and started on through toward Port Colborne on the shore of Lake Erie.

The statistics of the canal are interesting. Completed thirty years ago, it is a little over twenty-four miles long (27.6 statute miles. All distances in this description are in nautical miles even though the common usage in the lakes and upper river is in land, or statute miles.) The canal has eight locks, seven high lift locks with lifts of forty four to forty eight feet and one control lock whose lift is two to eleven feet, depending on the water level in Lake Erie. The total lift is 327 feet and the channel is 310 feet wide on the surface and 200 feet wide at the bottom. The controlled depth is twenty seven feet and the permissible maximum draft is twenty feet. We just made the draft. There are seven rolling-lift bridges, eleven vertical lift bridges, two swing bridges, and a guard gate above Lock No. 7. The locks are all eighty feet wide, as are the bridges at the locks. Most of the other bridges are 200 feet wide except for one double swing bridge that has openings of 102 feet on one side and 92 feet on the other. This particular bridge is a turn in

the canal and is truly a hair raiser for salt water sailors who weren't used to this sort of thing.

The first three locks on the upbound passage were not much different from the Seaway Locks in the river. Each of them has a spillway on the east side (the "up" transit is to the southward), but the sets from these currents are not bad. The canal authorities were very kind and gave us clear passage from lock to lock, so that we did not have to make any of the waiting walls. Locks 4, 5 and 6 are the famous "flight of locks" up the side of the same escarpment that forms Niagara Falls. These three locks are paired, with three upbound locks and three downbound locks, side by side. In the "flight" there is no open canal between the locks; ships steam out of one lock into another. By having separate locks for upbound and downbound ships, the flow of traffic is greatly increased.

The last of the high lift locks is No. 7, about a third of a mile beyond the "flight" and clearing this, the novice begins to breathe more easily. This is a mistake. Three quarters of a mile above Lock 7 is the Guard Gate. This is a safety device, so arranged (we understood) that the gates of the Guard Gate are closed whenever the upper gates of Lock 7 are open.

We had gotten fairly used to taking our 74-foot wide ship into eighty-foot locks, even reaching the point where we could relax and enjoy it as soon as we got the full beam of the ship inside the throat of the entrance. The Guard gate is a different situation. Not only must the ship steam into this eighty-foot target, it must keep going and steam right out again without touching. One bluejacket watched this process with a critical eye and we had passed safely through, summed it up quite succinctly. "Real squeezy, ain't it, Captain?" was all he said.

But to backtrack a little and return to our Bete-Noir, the port propeller guard. When we were leaving Lock No. 1, there was a light breeze from the starboard quarter. Because of this we were again emerging from a lock heading up a little to the right to be windward of the center of the channel and using the port propeller guard (newly repaired) as our pressure point along the concrete facing of the lock.

None of us saw it. We think is was a small stairwell cut into the side of the lock. Whatever it was, it was an unexpected break in the smooth wall, just big enough to let the propeller guard slide in and be sheared off. This time we really ruined it, and it was not only unusable, but a hazard to the lock gates if we scraped the loose ends of steel across them. In addition, of course, both the outboard propeller and the missile ramp were unprotected if the port quarter kissed the wall.

We had done all our thinking in terms of taking the locks as straight as possible. Now we found we had to make the next seven locks canted enough to the left, while entering, while flooding, and while leaving, so that the port quarter would never touch. And, since there was no choice, this is what we did. We went throught seven more locks, the guard gate, and the narrow swing bridge, conning the stern every inch of the way to keep that miserably vulnerable port quarter well clear of the concrete. We didn't touch, but we felt like a man with bunions on a crowded platform at rush hour. We moved very gingerly.

Apart from that we had no difficulty. Our guest Canadian shipmaster (a superb mariner if ever we saw one) and our excellent Canadian canal pilot, talked us through the rough spots. After it got dark (a big ore boat makes the canal transit in about fifteen hours and we took seventeen, favoring our "bunion" in the locks), the lights reflected on the water made some of the canal turns a little confusing and our Canadian guest actually conned the ship to take us through the last eight or ten miles of the canal to the water level control lock at Port Colborne.

Here we met the last of our Welland Canal problems. We got into this eighth lock without difficulty and, since it is very long (1,148 feet), one of our submarines, *Sablefish*, and one of the *YTB*s came astern of us and we were lifted the two or three feet needed to match the level of Lake Erie.

The waiting wall on the upbound side of Lock 8 is a straight continuation of the line of the left side of the lock. There is not angling off, as in the other locks, so that the waiting ships are directly in the path of progress. About 1,000 feet, not quite 1½ ship's lengths away from the lock exit, a large, fat, salt water merchantman was moored. Normally, by twisting a little to the right as we emerged, we could have cleared her easily. But we did not dare let our

port quarter touch and we could not twist to the right, even a little, without touching. So we planned to run a long spring line from the starboard bow, out along the righthand wall and bring the bow over clear of the merchantman after the stern cleared the lock.

The submarine astern lent us some linehandlers (we had no way to retrieve our own linehandlers once we had left the last lock) and we started out. As we moved forward, the linehandlers walked the long spring line up the dock and started around the angle to the righthand waiting wall. We had not seen in the dark, but a high wire fence blocked them from going any farther. Even if they had climbed the fence, it hung over the water enough so they could not pass the heavy line around it. There was no time for debate; we were moving. So we thanked them, waved them off, retrieved the spring line, and crossed our fingers.

When the stern was clear of the lock, we had about a half a length to dead ahead. So slowly, with the engines we twisted the stern to starboard and got that half of the ship over on the clear side of the exit channel. Then we applied the lesson we had learned so painfully back at St. Lambert Lock. We gave the port engines a short, but strong backing bell, to send a big slug of water down between the bow and the lefthand wall. It worked. The bow started to swing to starboard and as it did, we went ahead on all engines. We had called up one of the *YTBs*, but there was not room enough for him to work alongside, either pushing or pulling. So our docking pilot spotted him between the merchantman (only after we were out of the lock did we see that there was a second ship moored to the wall behind the first one) to put his stern to the wall and stick his nose out to give us a push to the right as we went past. This he did and it kept our bow clear to the right. But when the bow came right, the stern closed toward the merchantman we were then squeezing past. And every one of us knew what the results would be if those jagged pieces of steel that used to be our port propeller gurad were to come in contact with the merchantman hull. We would have to cut into her with a king-size can opener. So, as we passed, we gave two or three quick backing bells and the water cushion between *Macon* and the ship did the trick.

Then we scrambled around the bend, past the second merchantman, through the last two bridges, and out into the welcome open waters of Lake Erie at morning light.

It was not a very dignified or stately exit for a heavy cruiser, but it was dark and the enthusiastic spectators along the banks seemed to find no fault. There probably was an easier way to have gotten out of there; the best we can say for the method we used is that it worked. At any rate, it had been a long night and except the propeller guard, built for that purpose, we were still undamaged.

We were late for the scheduled passage up the Detroit River, which had been set to commence that forenoon, so we rang up twenty-seven knots across Lake Erie. Sometimes we were making twenty-seven and sometimes the best we could do was about twenty-two. Lake Erie is the most shallow of the five Great Lakes and has an average depth of about ten fathoms. At that depth or more, we could get our speed; in those places where the depth was less that ten fathoms, the stern settled and our energy was partially wasted in shoal-water wash.

We entered the channel below Detroit in the early afternoon and the Coast Guard had very considerately kept open the downbound channel for us. There are two channel portions of this strait between Lake Erie and Lake Huron, and only the downbound channel had water deep enough to take a ship of our draft. The lakers, of course, normally go up light and come down loaded with ore or grain.

It was quite a thrill to steam up the Detroit River past Detroit, under the Ambassador Bridge, and out into Lake St. Clair. Then we entered the St. Clair River, past the St. Clair Flats with the attractive homes and the boat clubs close by the channel, around the long "southeast bend" which is a big "S" curve with a goodly current, and on up to the northward toward Lake Huron.

The last two miles of the St. Clair River is another "S" curve, this time with a current of as much as eight or nine knots. It had grown dark by the time we got there, and it was an odd sensation to be making twelve knots through the water, with city lights close on each side, and hardly be moving. At the upper end, where Lake Huron empties into the St. Clair River, the current is the

stiffest, running at what appeared to be a good nine knots. The passage under the bridge and out into the lake entrance channel as it bends off to the left is a proper workout for any stranger to these waters.

In Lake Huron and Lake Michigan we carefully followed the tracks as laid out on the charts for "upbound" and "downbound" traffic and discovered it to be a most effective method of controlling the heavy lake traffic. We had no difficulty whatever with other ships in open water anywhere in the lakes. And we did learn that some of the newly arriving saltwater cargo ships were not following the laker's customs and were causing some confusion.

One could use thousands of words in telling of *Macon's* visits to Chicago, to Milwaukee, to Cleveland and Buffalo. Each was a magnificent experience. The kindness and the genuine, eager interest of everyone whom we met can't adequately be described. It made us all, every one onboard, doubly proud to serve.

After we had left Chicago and Milwaukee and steamed back up Lake Michigan and down Lake Huron, we came again to the "rapids", the informal local description of the upper end of the St. Clair River. With eight or nine knots of current behind us and ten to twelve knots of speed through the water to ensure crisp steering, we were not anxious to meet any traffic in the two-mile "S" curve from the river entrance down past Sarnia. The Coast Guard was most obliging and we met upbound traffic only after we had traversed these first two miles and rounded the second bend.

The channel is only 500 feet wide as it goes under the Bluewater Bridge at Port Huron, and whizzing down under the bridge at a combined current and ship's speed of about twenty knots is not unlike the first slope on a roller coaster.

It was here in the St. Clair and Detroit Rivers on our downbound passage that we were recipients of a new and startling type of courtesy. The first time it happened was typical of the others.

We sighted an ore boat well out ahead, coming around a bend toward us. Then, on his port quarter, we sighted another ore boat, also upbound, making a knot or so more speed in the slow process of passing the first one.

We dutifully sounded one blast for a port-to-port passing and eased over to the right. Neither answered. The first ore boat eased a little to his right and that was no problem. The second one, instead of dropping back astern of the first, inched over to his left side of the channel. We blew another one blast, and this time our lake pilot, a delightful and very capable retired Lake shipmaster, said: "Captain, they are giving you the middle. They know you are new up here and they don't want to squeeze you against the bank".

We inquired politely if our pilot had suddenly gone off his rocker, tried one more futile whistle signal, and succumbed. We took the middle. The two ore carriers tooled up past us, one on each side with a very scant 100 feet of clearance, the skippers and their wives waved cheerfully from their respective bridges as they passed. We waved back our very-not-blase, but fervent thanks and on we went downstream.

It was in the southeast bend of the St. Clair River that we made our greatest speed-to-ratio. We were holding to ten knots on the engines to keep the steering lively in a following current, and the navigator was dutifully plotting and checking as we went. We had a telephone direct from the fathometer to the upper open bridge and the soundings came up steadily. Somehow the technicians had tuned that instrument so it would read right down almost to zero. Readings of eight and ten feet under the keel we had become used to. Six feet made us perk up our ears and look twice at the chart. This time, at one point, the readings kept getting lower: five, four, three and finally two feet under the keel.

We had four knots behind us, giving a total of fourteen knots over the ground, and backing down would only make the stern settle lower. Stop, and we would lost steering control. So we all spoke in whispers and hoped this evil prospect would go away. And pretty soon it did: three, four, five and finally six or more feet. Then we relaxed and called for coffee all around.

In Cleveland the authorities had worked strenuously to dredge out room for us alongside the dock. They made it on time. We sent our motorboat (fitted with a small yacht fathometer) in to reconnoiter, put the shipfitter over the side to get a good close look at the draft marks, whistled up our two *YTBs* (they were always on hand the few times we wanted them) and went in.

After we were moored, the lead lines confirmed the fathometer. We had a little over a foot more than our maximum draft. But it was worth the effort. We had on board about 140,000 visitors in six days. None of us had ever seen anything like it. Sometimes the waiting line was almost a mile long, bending back out of sight of the huge Cleveland Stadium.

Visiting hours were stretched from 9:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. and we had most of the visitors off by 11:00 p.m. and the crew loved it. The many spontaneous letters of thanks that came in after these visits are priceless mementos for the whole ship's company.

It was in Cleveland that the shipfitters finished rebuilding the propeller guards. We had started in Milwaukee, with commercial help, to double the strength of the bracings and face the guards more strongly. Wood facing, no matter how heavy, wouldn't take the strain and someone, somehow, managed to procure a couple of lengths of railroad track. The Milwaukee concern bent these to shape for us and started the installation. The ship's force finished the job in Cleveland, and we ended up with a piece of railroad track as the outboard facing on each propeller guard.

The St. Lawrence River, when we started back downstream, looked a little (but not much) wider than it had coming up and we sailed on down without incident, except for the hair curling episode at the Grass Island anchorage. This was the most difficult decision of the entire trip. The downbound schedule had been carefully planned so that there would be no need to anchor in the narrow reaches of the river where the bow would be headed upstream when the time came to resume the downstream passage. Then there developed a traffic jam at Beauharnois Locks with two dozen ships, totalling eighteen lockages, filling all the available anchoring space in Lake St. Francis. The Beauharnois authorities could not assign *Macon* a lock sequence number until she had cleared Snell Lock downbound. The problem was whether to make the mooring cells in the quite water of the Wiley Dondero Channel between the Eisenhower and Snell Locks and wait until traffic cleared, or try the Grass Island anchorage just below Cornwall Island. Ships native to the river use a stern anchor here, but we had no stern anchor. Since we had left over thirty downbound ships waiting behind us at the Welland Canal, the traffic could have taken a week or more to clear. So we locked through Snell and anchored below Grass Island where the usuable water is about 1,200 feet wide for 2,000 feet and the current is about three or four knots. The arithmetic on this shows that when we got underway we had about six minutes to spin the ship 180° from a standing start. The very fine work of the two *YTBs*, in addition to the engines, managed to get our bow between the downstream channel buoys after weighing anchor, but the Commanding Officer can still vividly see in his mind the spectacle of this ship with her bow grounded on one side of the channel and her stern on the other with a strong current holding there until every photographer in the country got a good picture of it.

Clear of Grass Island and headed downstream again, we passed through the two locks at Beauharnois, crossed Lake St. Louis, and were lowered through Cote St. Catharine and St. Lambert Locks without incident.

With one night alongside the dock in Montreal, (where we cut off the special propeller guards because they would be below the waterline when we were fueled and down to normal draft again) and another alongside at Quebec, we worked our way downstream like the veterans we fondly thought we were.

And then one blessed day we found ourselves in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. There was no land in sight all around the horizon, and the depth sounder was reading fathoms instead of feet and inches. A great big beautiful Navy oiler showed up on schedule and we settled comfortably alongside her at an easy ten knots to drink our fill of fuel. Deep again at our proper draft, and stable in any sea, we set our course to round the eastern tip of Nova Scotia and then reach back westerly toward Boston to retrieve our topmast radars before starting out again across the Atlantic.

We had steamed over 3,000 miles up the river, into the Lakes and back again in freshwater. And while we were up in the Lakes, we had been the highest cruiser in the world, 582 feet someone figured out, and this was high enough for any MAN-OF-WAR. □

A SIGHTING AT DAWN

THE FIRST NAVAL BATTLE ON THE GREAT LAKES

by
JAMES C. SAND

A morning in June, first light, beneath your feet the deck of a beamy forty-three foot cutter, gently heeled to starboard as she reaches south toward home through the cold waters beneath her keel. Home from eight days of fair weather and empty seas. It sounds idyllic.

But give yourself bulwarks and a deck crowded with a thirty-five man crew gathered at battle stations about the squat iron four pounders which have been man-handled two-hundred miles into a wilderness to arm a green timbered ship on a wild frontier. Give her a jutting angled bowsprit and a square tops'l. Give yourself a blue frock coat with red facings. Put yourself in command of a naval squadron at war. The image has suffered a substantial change.

You are Captain Housman Broadley, R.N., up from the North American station at New York with a seed crew of regulars and a pack of colonials to try to create a presence on Lake Ontario, forest bounded waters which for sixty years or more have been the sole domain of New France. The date is June 27, 1756. Your flagship, *Oswego* and her sister, *Ontario* just off to leeward are making their second patrol of the season. With them is the very small schooner, *George*, virtually an open boat carrying a crew of fourteen men and armed with but six swivels. The larger ships have four fours and one three apiece in lieu of the dozen sixes they had been promised by the army. Even with your intelligence reporting that there are only two aging French cargo schooners on the lakes - schooners plying between Frontenac and Niagara which you cannot seem to find - your armament is pitifully small.

Back at Oswego, the New York ship carpenters are rushing completion of a third cutter based on the standard Ackerly design, and are

well along on an eighty foot snow which should give you a real weight of metal if the cannons ever arrive up the tenous river route from Albany. One more small schooner like the *George* has been left at base.

Meeting the dawn at quarters is something learned on salt water. But, even here, on this vast empty lake, a place almost eerie in its silence, it is a precaution a wise officer will take. "Sail Ho!"

The lookout had taken advantage of the searchlight beam of the rising sun, 0400 on this day just past the summer solstice, to pick out a pink smudge of lighted canvas against the dull background of the northwestern sky. A moment later he reported a second. There were no other English ships at sea. It could only be the French. Broadley did the only thing a British officer could do in the circumstances, he immediately made the signal for his little squadron to wear, harden up on the larboard tack and crack full sail.

A few minutes later, a man at the masthead found two more contacts to the northwest of the first pair. All were on an easterly course before the wind. Broadley knew at once that his Mohawk intelligence had let him down. But the leading schooners were still too far away to meaningfully assess.

With the light wind, the rate of closure was slow. At 0430, still 1,200 yards distant, the leading French vessel hauled her wind, came up to the south and tried the range with a broadside, the first shots ever fired in anger on any of the Great Lakes.

They fell short by several hundred yards. Even so, Broadley could immediatley see he was in trouble. The schooner *La Marquise* carried a battery of twenty six pounders and a crew of eighty men. She was the larger of two new vessels built at Frontenac over the preceding winter to protect French control of the lake. Sieur de la Force, the French commodore, flew his flag on this monarch of the lake. A long glass would now tell

This French map was drawn in the 1740's. Ft. Niagara is on the Sault de Niagara and Ft. Frontenac is on Lac Ontario at the mouth of the Fleuve S. Laurent. Oswego would be located at the southeastern corner of Lac Ontario.

Broadley that the second ship, *La Huraute*, was nearly as large. This seventy-five footer carried fourteen guns and another large crew. At this range, Broadley could not tell, though he may have guessed, that the lagging pair of Frenchmen were the smaller *St. Victor* and *La Louise*, the ships which had been in service since at least 1741. Between them they carried but four cannons and a few swivels. It did not matter, the combatants were more than enough for Broadley's small force.

Upon seeing the fall of shot, Broadley ordered his squadron hove to and called *Ontario's* Captain LaForey on board for a conference which included the flag captain, Deane. Three full captains for so miniscule a fleet seems a little strange to students of a later day, but may give evidence of how important the British considered this aspect of a complex campaign in a war which so far had gone very badly. The conference required only moments to provide necessary support for the only possible course of action. Broadley could not put at risk the entire nucleus of a soon to be more powerful British squadron on the lake. LaForey returned to his ship and the signal was given to wear once more, this time to the southeast, directly away from the oncoming French.

Sieur de la Force responded by signalling general chase and breaking out full sail in pursuit. The light British cutters with their shoal draft were designed for speed and did well off the wind. They were able to hold their own against the larger French schooners. The little schooner, *George*, however, found herself no match for the pursuit.

Acting Lieutenant Jasper Farmer, the only colonial officer in command, veered off to the east when he found himself losing ground. His plan was to take advantage of the likelihood that the French would hold on after the larger ships. Awhile later, he wore and headed off to the north when it looked like he was not getting far enough out of the way. The smaller French schooners, now trailing more than ever, altered course to intercept.

La Marquise and her consort kept up the stern chase for more than three hours before recognizing that it was hopeless. At 0800, her captain tried a few more ranging shots, but met with only jeers from the Britons in return. Next, he wore ship and loosed off one last frustrated broadside, which went wild, before strapping in to go in chase of poor Lieutenant Farmer off to the north. *Oswego* and *Ontario* stood on, helpless to aid their junior. *George* succeeded in outsailing the northerly pair of Frenchmen, but could not hold off *La Marquise* until dark, and in early evening was obliged to strike. So ended the first day of war on the Lakes, a day in which no blood was spilled.

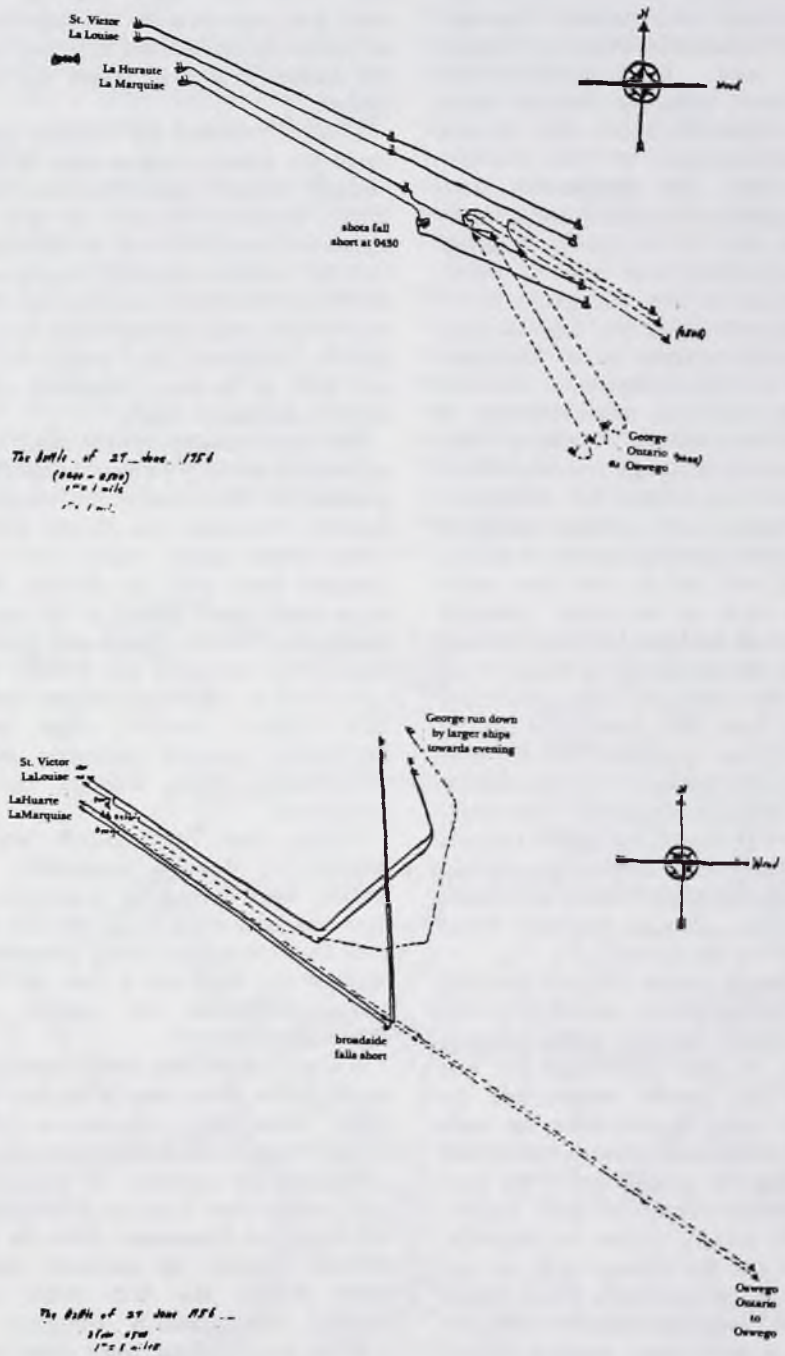
George, renamed *La Frequer*, she was so small the French reports refer to her as an "esquif" of skiff, was soon active once more. While Broadley pressed to get a larger squadron ready for war at Oswego despite General Louden's niggardly supply effort from below; the new French commander, Montcalm, was busy moving two regiments of regulars up the St. Lawrence and along the shore of the lake in bateaux, regiment at a time, due to a shortage of boats.

The three smaller French ships moved the regimental artillery forward while de la Force patrolled in the vicinity of Oswego with his heavies. Somehow, the British Mohawks let them down again, there was a strong Iroquois force with the French. Broadley's ships might have played a real part had he caught the French divided and on the water, but it was not until the French camp was assembled a scant mile from Oswego that little *Vigilant*, *George's* sister, brought in the news, narrowly escaping the French cruisers by sailing through the shallows alongshore.

Within days, the French had made defense of Oswego impossible, and the British were forced to surrender, turning over five more ships intact. By the end of the year the French had strong garrisons at both ends of the lake and a fleet of thirteen or fourteen vessels to assure continued superiority as sea.

It would be two long years before the British would return to the lake. In the late summer of 1758, after the disasterous defeat at Crown Point, Colonel Bradstreet nevertheless persuaded his superiors to give hime 3,000 men, mostly New York and Connecticut troops for a raid on Frontenac. After an incredibly difficult journey, he somehow managed to arrive before the fifty years old stone fortress with virtually complete surprise.

Here, he found the truth about how thinly the French were spread over their long circling perimeter. Only a handful of people were in the essentially defenseless fort. The fleet, which might have destroyed Bradstreet's force on the lake had been



Top: When the shots from the French ships fell short, Broadley ordered his fleet to the southeast, directly away from the French. Bottom: When the chase proved futile, the French headed north to intercept the smaller GEORGE *by nighfall.*

reduced to nine usable ships, but fifteen station keepers. These fled downstream in a longboat at his approach. Bradstreet burned all but two of the vessels. He used those to carry his plunder back to Oswego, then torched even those before continuing his retreat. Thus, the lake was left without a single sail for the first time that century.

The following spring saw fevered rebuilding efforts on both sides. Three French ships were in the water first, but narrowly missed catching a British boat brigade moving west to take Niagara. Later that summer, General Amherst swept down the St. Lawrence with 11,000 men, preceded by ships and gunboats. The French vessels were burned or sunk after gallant defenses in amongst the Thousand Islands. The British fleet then had a chance to show its metal in duels with the French forts Levis and Presentation. But there was no way the French could ultimately have prevailed. When the British converged on Montreal that autumn with 60,000 troops in three columns, the entire French army in Canada assembled for its defense numbered but 3,346 men!

The French and Indian War on Lake Ontario was just a footnote to history, a dress rehearsal for the outlandish building race which would characterize those waters once populated half a century later for the War of 1812. But there was that one fateful dawn when men in small boats on an empty sea at least felt like the fate of the empire was in their hands.

Research note: This article was based on a term paper prepared some years ago at the U.S. Naval Academy by the author. The original research drew heavily on microfilmed records in the archives of the Canadian National Archives, including both Admiralty records and French documents such as the journal of Montcalm. A history of the war by the French officer commanding at Niagara, and later at Fort Levis was also a valuable reference. One of the few remaining copies was referred to in the rare books section of the Library of Congress. Virtually no current histories provided any accurate picture of the subject, though George Cuthbertson's *Freshwater* was the best account found. *A Documentary History of the State of New York* was also a valuable secondary source. □

HMS OWSEGO *and her consorts beat toward the French squadron as the French flagship* LA MARQUISE *hauls her course to fire a broadside in the first engagement in Great Lakes history. (Author's painting).*

GREAT LAKES & SEAWAY NEWS

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Correction: On page 104 in the July issue of *Telescope,* I stated that the Coast Guard vessel *Westwind* was Canadian registered. There was no excuse for this error as it could have been verified easily in the museum files. I do regret waiting until the November issue to inform you. Had the July issue been mailed in July, the error would have been caught by August 1st when the September issue went to press.

Several of you wrote to rectify the error and luckily no one asked the I be keel-hauled in Lake Superior. The *USCG Westwind* was built as a polar icebreaker and was loaned along with the *Northwind* to Russia and both were returned. Institute member Arthur Harris was kind enough to provide a short history of the other vessel in the picture, *1210,* which was the *Labrador,* commissioned into the Royal Canadian Navy in 1954. Her design was based on the USCG's *Wind* class, with changes to incorporate the experience gained with the *Wind's* plus Canadian requirements. Two of these changes were: the elimination of the propeller in the forefoot (bow propellers aren't useful in polar ice: the *Winds* had theirs removed for polar work; a cap covered the exposed shaft), and the addition of stabilizers (icebreakers are notorious rollers because of the soft bilges (round bottoms) which result from the icebreaking hull form. *Labrador* served under the White Ensign until 1957 when she was turned over to the Canadian Department of Transport, which operated the icebreaker fleet. The DoT operation became the Canadian Coast Guard in 1962.

Kathy McGraw

May 22. . . The U.S.A.C.E. survey vessel *PAJ* and her support tug *Tawas Bay*, departed their dock in Detroit on a hydrographic survey mission to sound Poe Reef, Round Island Passage, a section of the St. Marys River, Grays Reef Passage, Lansing Shoals, St. James harbor on Beaver Island and the entrance to Green Bay, Wisconsin.

Jun. 11 . . . Sorel Tug-Boats Inc. newest acquistion was the British flag *Diligent.* She will be renamed *Omni-Saint Laurent.* She was built in 1957 as Appledore, England and saw service in the North Sea and in the English Channel.

Jun. 14. . . *Kinsman Enterprise* was moved out of the Fraser Shipyard by the tugs *North Dakota* and *Minnesota* to the Peavey Elevator where she loaded 534,000 bushels of

wheat. After loading, the tugs towed her to the Duluth Port Terminal for completion of her fit-out and repairs to her engines, generators, ballast pump and aft port ballast tank. She finally cleared for Cleveland and Buffalo on the 18th.

Jun. 17 . . . Last winter Socanav Inc. purchased the British flag bitumen carrier *New Orleans* from the Orleans Shipping Company Ltd. (Cayman Island). She underwent repairs at Tyne and then sailed for Quebec City, arriving on May 31. She was renamed *Nancy Orr Gaucher* and registered Canadian. She made her first trip under her new name arriving in Montreal on June 17. She made her first trip into the Seaway on the 21st, bound for Hamilton.

Jun. 23. . . A strike by eastern coal miners has prompted eastern coal consumers to look for new sources of coal. Several have contacted Mid-west Energy Terminal in Superior to fill their needs with western coal. The terminal has had to turn down their requests because there is not enough U.S. flagged freighters available to handle new contracts. There are Canadian freighters available, but the Jones Act prevents them from carrying cargoes between U.S. ports and the Act also prohibits U.S. firms from buying foreign vessels for use in the U.S. The Lake Carrier's Association reported that sixty-five of the sixty-nine U.S. vessels are now in service.

Jun. 25. . . *Nicolet* made a rare visit to Drummond Island to load stone.

Jun. 27. . . The U.S. Coast Guard announced today that the Group Duluth branch will close on August 1, 1989. Radio broadcasts will be handled by Group Soo. Other branches including the icebreaker *Sundew* will remain in Duluth.

. . . *Seaway Queen* made her once-a-year trip to the Twin Ports to load wheat at the Harvest States Elevator. After loading 822,000 bushels, she cleared on the 29th for Three Rivers, Quebec.

Jun. 30. . . The American Iron Ore Association reported that iron ore shipments are running 1.2 million tons ahead of last years pace. Shipments through May totaled 13.9 million tons compared to 12.7 million tons last year.

. . . Cyprus Minerals is the successful bidder for Reserve Mining Company and will operate as Cyprus Northshore Mining Corp.

Jul. 3. . . *Capt. Edward V. Smith*, ex-*Adam E. Cornelius* arrived in Rimouski with a load of salt. This was her first trip as a barge with the tug *Irving Miami.*

Jul. 4. . . The U.S. Coast Guard buoy tender *Bramble* was undergoing repairs at Merce Shipyard in Toledo. Repairs included replacement of her forty-five year old diesel engines, new generators and two new boilers (heating). She was expected to return to her regular base at Port Huron in November.

Jul. 7. . . MIL Group announced they will close their MIL Vickrers Shipyard in Montreal on December 31st.

. . . *Nipigon Bay* cleared Toronto under tow of *Lac Como, Glenevis, Glenbrook* and *Stormont* for Sorel. She has been sold to Turkish shipbreakers.

Jul. 8. . . Cleveland Tanker's *Saturn* entered the drydock at Merce Shipyard in Toledo and departed on the 14th.

● GREAT LAKES & SEAWAY NEWS

. . . *Canadian Explorer*, a British flag (Hong Kong registry) container ship, ran aground in the St. Lawrence off Vercheres. She was refloated four hours later by the tug *Cathy McAllister* and continued on her voyage to Europe.

. . . *Roger Blough* arrived at Bay Shipbuilding for her 5-year inspection. She will receive a new propeller which is intended to reduce vibration.

Jul. 9. . . There is a fear that the opening of Cyprus Northshore will created an over-supply of iron ore pellets. One of the problems is that Armco Inc. buys pellets on the "spot market" from other mines in Minnesota and Michigan and the company is now committed to purchasing pellets from Cyprus Northshore. Another problem is that experts feel that the iron ore boom has peaked and that there will be a reduced demand next year.

Jul. 12. . . The tugs *Avenger IV* and *Anglican Lady* towed the *Georgian Bay* out of Thunder Bay for Hamilton, Sorel and eventual scrapping overseas.

Jul. 14. . . *Soodoc* arrived in Montreal for the first time since she was registered in the Bahamas last fall. She is to load supplies for the Arctic. While in Montreal, she was re-registered Canadian with Thunder Bay has her homeport. Like to Jones Act, Canadian law forbids foreign-registered vessels from carrying cargoes between Canadian ports.

. . . .The tanker *LeFrene No. 1* cleared Sorel for Quebec. She had been laid up at Sorel since late last winter for engine repairs. Less than a week later she was seen in the Seaway, upbound for Sarnia.

Jul. 15. . . Socanav's Inc. *Eastern Shell* transitted the Seaway for the first time this year. It's also her first rip into the Seaway with her hull painted red. She was bound for Sorel and returned to Montreal to load gasoline for the Arctic.

. . . *Argue Martin* arrived at Port Colborne with *Fort Chambly*. The tow was assisted through the Welland Canal by *Glenbrook*. She has been declared a total loss in a fire while laid up in Windsor, Ontario last fall.

. . . *J.L. Mauthe* arrived in Duluth and temporary lay-up at Fraser Shipyard. She will return to service when grain cargoes have been secured.

. . . General Mills will lease the former Archer-Daniels-Midland grain elevator in Superior for at least a year to store oats. Another elevator in Superior is being readied to store oats. ConAgra which owns Elevator M said that it will be used for storage only. Canadian lakers have been calling regularly at the Twin Ports to unload oats from Canada. All of this activity is being caused by the craze over oat bran which may lower cholesterol levels.

Jul. 16. . . Tug *Stormont* cleared Port Colborne with *Fort Chambly* for Sorel. The tow was assisted through the Seaway by *Glenbrook*. They arrived in Sorel on the 19th.

. . . *Georgian Bay* passed down the Welland Canal under tow of *Glenevis* and *Avenger IV*. They arrived in Hamilton the next day.

Jul. 18. . . Inland Steel has secured rights to develope a new mine to replace their Minorca Mine which will be exhausted in 1992. The new mine will be named

GREAT LAKES & SEAWAY NEWS ●

Laurentian Mine. The press article doesn't give the location of the new mine, but Inland has a processing plant at Virginia, MN.

Jul. 19. . . *Cason J. Callaway* unloaded a cargo of coal at Marquette and then then shifted to the ore dock to load pellets for Ashtabula.

Jul 20. . . *Georgian Bay* cleared Hamilton under tow of *Glenevis* for Sorel. The tow will be assisted through the Seaway by the *Stormont, Glenbrook* and possibly *Lac Como*. The tow arrived in Sorel on the 24th, but *Lac Como* wasn't listed in the tow.

Jul. 22 . . .Shipments of iron ore, coal and grain through the Twin Ports rose nine percent in June over last year. More than 12.6 million tons of cargo was shipped through the Twin Ports since the opening of the navigation season in March through July 1st.

Jul. 23. . . C.S.L.'s *Stadacona* laid up in Windsor at Morterm dock and returned to service on August 20th.

Jul. 25. . . .The Lake Carriers Association reported that iron ore shipments in June totaled 8.4 million tons. This is a 10.3 percent increase over shipments in June last year. Coal shipments fell in June because of the strike by eastern coal miners, but they are still above last year's shipments in June. Stone shipments in June were about the same as last year, but for the season, there has been an increase of 3.4 percent over 1988.

Photo by Skip Gillham

The GEORGIAN BAY *at Hamilton on July 20, 1989.*

● GREAT LAKES & SEAWAY NEWS

Jul. 26. . . *Algomarine* made her first trip into the Seaway as a self-unloader. She unloaded at Montreal and then cleared for Pointe Noire to load iron ore for Indiana Harbor.

. . . The Singapore flag, Norwegian-owned chemical tanker *Lake Anne* struck the Snell Lock and ruptured a tank. About 3,000 gallons of highly flamable xylene was spilled into the lock. It took emergency crews nearly eleven hours to clean up the spill.

. . . It has been decided that the eighty-year old steamer *G.A. Boeckling* is beyond repair. As you remember, she was destroyed in a fire of suspicious origin on June 21st while at the Hocking Valley Dock in Toledo. According to hull inspection reports, it will take about ninety tons of new steel to replace damaged plates. It has been determined that it will be too expensive to repair her.

. . . Divers have located the wreck of the wooden barge *Cornwall* which sank on October 30, 1913 in Bergin Lake near Cornwall, Ontario. The *Cornwall* was a converted wooden schooner and while being towed through the old Cornwall Canal, the lines parted and swung sideways in the canal. After being freed she was towed into Bergin Lake, 2¼ miles below the western entrance of the canal, where she sank. She was loaded with 40,000 bushels of wheat. She was located in sixty feet of water and divers said that her hull is in great shape.

. . . Cyprus Minerals has cleared the environmental hurdles necessary to reopen the former Reserve Mining Company. The Minnesota Pollution Control Agency has approved the transfer of permits from Reserve to Cyprus Northshore Mining Corp.

Jul. 28. . . Maid of the Mist service at Niagara Falls will build a new 600 passenger boat. The one million dollar vessel is scheduled to be launched next spring.

Jul. 30. . .The Canadian sailing vessel *Bounty* entered the Seaway enroute to Toronto and other Great Lakes ports. She is a replica of the original *HMS Bounty* and was built in 1960 by Smith & Rhuland at Lunenburg, Nova Scotia for the movie "Mutiny on the Bounty".

. . . At Sorel the tugs *Duga* and *Omni-Richelieu* moved the *Nipigon Bay* and *Fort Chambly* to the loading section of the grain elevators. During the shift, the tug *Fairplay IX* arrived.

Aug. 1. . . The *J.L. Mauthe* resumed service when she shifted to the Harvest States Elevator on the 3rd to load wheat for Buffalo and cleared on the 4th.

. . . The Seaway Port Authority's commodities bagging plant in Duluth filled its 1,000,000 bag of wheat today. The plant is bagging 13,000 tons of spring wheat for Ethiopia under the Food for Peace program.

Aug. 3. . .Port Weller Drydock is seeking the contract to build a $15 million carferry to serve Pelee Island.

Aug. 4. . . Distinctive blue and white signs have been erected on the new Welland Canal scenic drive. The drive is a two hour trip from Port Dalhousie to Port Colborne.

Aug. 5. . .*Henry Steinbrenner* loaded a cargo of natural iron ore at Marquette for delivery to C&P dock in Cleveland.

Photo by Mike Nicholls

Lake Shipping's SAMUEL MATHER, *ex*-HENRY FORD II *at the Hocking Valley dock in Toledo on August 19, 1989.*

. . . *Agawa Canyon* drydocked at Merce Shipyard in Toledo. She was taken off the drydock on the 15th and moved to the Interlake dock. She cleared Toledo on September 3rd to resume service.

. . . *John B. Aird* loaded a cargo of grain at the Harvest States Elevator. This is her first cargo of grain to be loaded in the Twin Ports.

Aug. 6. . . *Beechglen* was downbound in the Seaway with a load of grain for Sorel. This was the first time that a P&H vessel had been seen in the Seaway this year, except for the *T.R. McLagan* which is chartered from C.S.L.

Aug. 7. . . Fire destroyed the former east coast trawler *Clarenville*, which was being used as a waterfront restaurant in Owen Sound, Ontario.

Aug. 8. . . The Russian freighter *Ivan Derbenyev* brushed against the buffer plate on the Carlton Street Bridge in the Welland Canal. The bridge was closed until repairs could be completed.

Aug. 9. . . The ocean tug *Fairplay IX* cleared Sorel with *Nipigon Bay* and *Fort Chambly* for scrapping in Turkey.

. . . While unloading a cargo of liquid ashphalt at Hamilton, Ontario, *Nancy Orr Gaucher* was damaged by an explosion which injured one crewman. The explosion covered her deck with

● GREAT LAKES & SEAWAY NEWS

ashphalt and caused some pollution in the harbor. The cause of the accident was blamed on water which entered a cargo tank containing the hot ashphalt.

Aug. 10. . . .*Sir James Dunn* passed down the Seaway under tow of *Lac Como, Stormont, Glenbrook* and *Glenevis*, bound for Sorel. She had been used as a storage hull at Toronto this last winter. She was towed out of Toronto on August 3rd for Hamilton where bunker fuel was removed. The tow arrived at Sorel eight days later.

Aug. 11. . .*Black Bay* went aground in the lower St. Marys River at Buoy 20 while downbound with ore. She was lightered and refloated on the 12th by tugs *Avenger IV* and *Anglican Lady*. She had some hull damage, but was permitted to proceed to Hamilton.

Aug. 13. . . While loading a cargo of liquid ashphalt at the Ultramar refinery at St. Romuald near Quebec City, the *Enerchem Ashphalt* suffered an engineroom fire which caused extensive damage.

Aug. 15. . . The U.S. Coast Guard annual buoy tender conference began in Duluth with the arrival of *Mesquite, Mariposa* and *Acacia*. The cutters were open to tours by the public. This is an annual training session and it is the first time that it was held in Duluth.

Aug. 16. . . Algoma Central's *Sauniere* arrived in Grand Haven to unload a partial cargo of salt. This was her first trip to this port.

Aug. 18. . . The Pelee Island Council reversed an earlier decision to withdraw Leamington as a port of call for the m/v *Pelee Island*. The vessel operated between Sandusky, Pelee Island and Leamington. The original decision to withdraw Leamington stemmed from safety conditions on the municipal dock.

Aug. 19. . . *Eastern Shell* was at the Soconav yard at Sorel undergoing repairs to her propeller which apparently was damaged by ice during her recent trip to the Arctic.

Aug. 21. . . *Enerchem Ashphalt* cleared Quebec City under tow of *Salvage Monarch* and *Cathy McAllister* for Montreal. She was to be repaired at the Mount Royal Walsh Ship Repairs.

Aug. 21. . . .The *American Mariner* arrived in Duluth to load two holds of coal for delivery at Marquette and loaded three holds of soy beans for delivery to Windsor.

. . . Inland Steel's *Edward L. Ryerson* arrived at Great Lakes Steel in Detroit to load mill scale for Inland's Indiana Harbor Works. Loading was done by conveyor and front end loader and it apparently went slowly as she didn't clear until the 26th. This was her first trip to the Detroit area and rumors are that she may return for several more this fall.

. . . The Bahama flag *Norstar*, ex-*Kingdoc* made her first trip into the Seaway since being renamed in April, 1988. She was bound for Sorel.

Aug. 25. . . There have been forty-two toxic hot spots indentified throughout the Great Lakes. A study by the Northeast-Midwest Institute indicates that it will cost billions of dollors to clean up. Clean up of the Rouge River at Dearborn will cost an estimated $1.8 billion, Ohio's Black River was estimated at $1.5 million and the Fox River at Green Bay, an estimated $68 million to $640 million. Other

estimates run as high as $422 million for Milwaukee harbor and $134 million to $139 million for the Saginaw River-Saginaw Bay.

. . . Researchers on the vessel *Grayling* used a small submersible robot to photograph the wreck of the *Edmund Fitzgerald* in Whitefish Bay. Reports indicated that the video is sharp and clear. Researchers will also photograph other wrecks in the area. The wrecks are being photographed for the National Geographic Society's Explorer television series.

Aug. 26. . . .The *Kinsman Enterprise (i)* cleared Port Huron under tow of the tug *Malcolm* for Port Colborne. It was reported that she will be scrapped overseas. She was launched in 1906 by the Chicago Shipbuilding Company as the *Norman B. Ream.* She sailed for Pittsburgh Steamship until 1960 when she was laid-up. Purchased by the Kinsman Marine Transit Company and renamed *Kinsman Enterprise*, she sailed until 1978 when she was laid-up in Toledo. The following year she was purchased by the Port Huron Terminal Company and was used for storage of sugarbeet pellets, sunflower seeds and corn.

. . . *Sir James Dunn* and *Georgian Bay* cleared Sorel under tow of *McThunder* for scrapping overseas. The tow was assisted by *Daniel McAllister* and *Cathy McAllister. McThunder* arrived in Sorel on the 14th, but she underwent repairs while docked there. It's interesting to note that Lloyd's spells the Panamanian-registered tug *M.C. Thunder.*

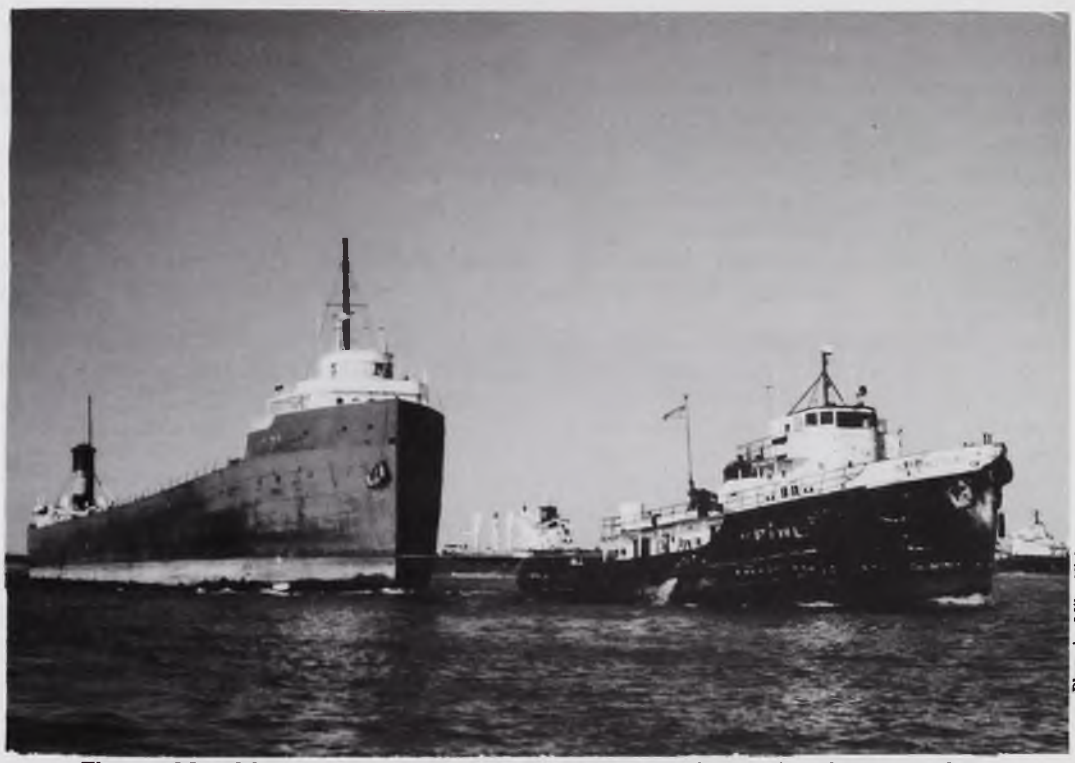


Photo by Mike Nicholls

The tug MALCOLM *towing the* KINSMAN ENTERPRISE (i) *downbound in the Detroit River off Nicholson's on August 26, 1989.*

● GREAT LAKES & SEAWAY NEWS

. . . .At the Torco Dock in Toledo the *St. Clair* offloaded coal into the *American Republic*. The *St. Clair* proceeded to Monroe Edison to discharge the remainder of her cargo while the *American Republic* proceeded to Trenton Edison to discharge her coal.

Aug. 29. . . *Black Bay* arrived at Fraser Shipyard to repair damage when she grounded on the 11th. She was assisted into the drydock by tugs *Minnesota* and *New Jersey*.

Aug. 29. . . *Kinsman Enterprise (i)* passed down the Welland Canal with tugs *Salvage Monarch* and *Elmor M. Misner*. She cleared St. Zotique anchorage on the 31st under tow of tugs *Salvage Monarch* and *Helen McAllister* and arrived in Sorel on September 1st.

Aug. 30. . . The tug *Wm. Dugan* was towing the Dunbar dredge *Niagara* off Grand Island in Lake Superior when a crewman noticed the dredge listing. The line was cut and the *Niagara* sank within minutes.

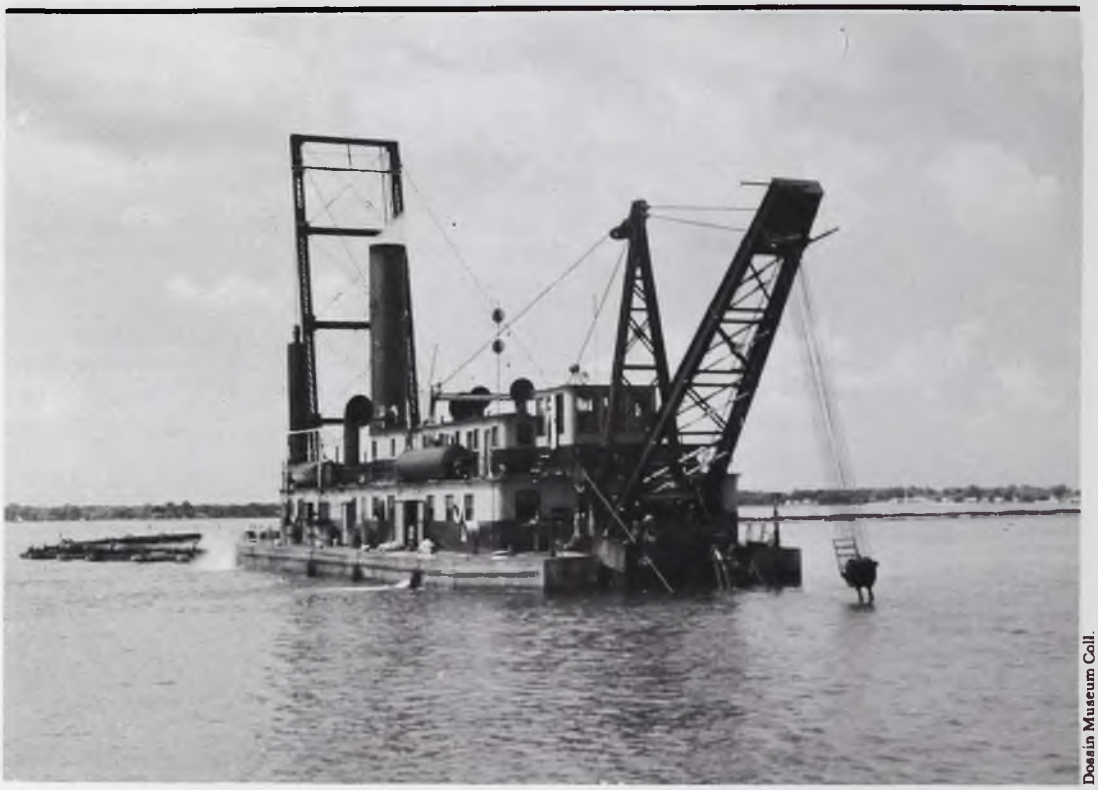
Miscellaneous . . . President Bush has signed H.R. 840, the Federal Maritime Commission Reauthorization Act which allows the m/v *South Bass* to sail between U.S. ports without stopping at a foreign port. This new legislation creates an exception to the Jones Act. As you remember, foreign steel was found in the vessel when she was inspected for her papers. Another boat exempted under H.R. 840 was the *African Queen* which was British built. This was the same boat that was used in the movie and will be used as a sight-seeing boat in Florida.

GREAT LAKES CALENDAR . . .
November 17th - G.L.M.I. entertainment meeting at 8:00 p.m. at museum. Capt. John Leonard will be our guest speaker.
December 2nd - Annual G.L.M.I. Marine Flea Market in DeRoy Hall from 10-3 p.m.
December 14th - G.L.M.I. Board of Directors meeting at 7:30 p.m. at museum.
January 19th - G.L.M.I. entertainment meeting at 8:00 p.m. at Dossin Museum. Don Dube will be our guest speaker.
February 3-11 - Michigan Boat and Fishing Show at Cobo Hall in Detroit.
February 8th - G.L.M.I. Board of Directors meeting at 7:30 p.m. at museum.

Back Cover Photo:*John C. Gault* US 76204. Built in 1881 in Buffalo, N.Y. 218 x 32 x 13 1212 gross tons; 1093 net tons. Rebuilt at Marine City in 1906 for freight and coal cargoes. Renamed *Felix Carbray* in 1907 and sent to Atlantic coast in 1912. Renamed *Crescent* in 1916 and foundered off Cape Hatteras, N.C. on February 27, 1916. *Russell Sage* US 110472. Built in 1881 in Buffalo, N.Y. 218 x 32 x 13 1224 gross tons; 1104 net tons. Rebuilt in 1906 for coal and lumber trade at Marine City. Sold in 1909 to Canadian owners, retained U.S. registry at Charlotte (Rochester), N.Y. Burned to waters edge at Oswego in 1912. Dropped from registry until 1917 when registered in Canada as tow barge *Atlasco* 138234. Sprang a leak and foundered during a gale on Lake Ontario on August 7, 1921.

Photo by Terry Sechen

Top: The JEAN LYKES *drydocked at Fraser Shipyard for inspection and hull painting on May 20, 1989. Bottom: The* H. LEE WHITE *was the first ship of the season into Ashland with coal on May 12, 1989.*



Dossin Museum Coll.

Photo by Terry Sechen

Top: The 22-inch hydraulic dredge NIAGARA *working at the mouth of Lake Huron and the St. Clair River in 1959. Bottom: The* GEORGE A. STINSON *was the first ship of the season into the Twin Ports.*

INDEX VOLUME XXXVIII- 1989

Prepared by F. Jordan Schanbeck and Kathy McGraw.

This index provides the reader with a complete listing of names of ships, persons, institutions, places and titles appearing in this year's *Telescope* issues. Page numbers are *page numbers only* and to avoid confusion, issue numbers were eliminated. The two exceptions are reference to inserts and to a cover picture in which case the listing would appear "Insert-2" or "Cover-3", which would indicate the insert in issue No. 2, March or the cover of issue No. 3 May. Numbers with an asterisk [*] indicate a photograph. Names of vessels, newspapers and books appear in *italics*. All other entries appear in regular type. □

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The Great Lakes Maritime Institute, Inc., promotes interest in the Great Lakes; preserves items related to their history; encourages building of scale models of lake ships and furthers programs of the Dossin Great Lakes Museum, repository of the Institute's holdings. The Institute was organized in 1952 as the Great Lakes Model Shipbuilder's Guild. It is incorporated under the laws of the State of Michigan as a non-profit corporation and donations to the Institute have been ruled deductible by the Internal Revenue Service. No Institute member is paid for services. □

Telescope©, the Institute's journal, is published six times per year and covers Great Lakes topics. The Editor welcomes the opportunity to review manuscripts on Great Lakes marine history for publication, send to:

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Dossin Great Lakes Museum
Belle Isle, MI. 48207

The organization makes no payment for such material, and the Editor cannot be responsible for statements by the authors of articles published. □

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All members are invited to submit items to the News Section. Those who contribute to this issue are listed in the News Section heading. All photos submitted to the News Section will be kept in the *Telescope* file or returned to owner if requested. The Editors must reserve the final decision for selection of items used. Please direct ALL NEWS MATERIAL to the NEWS EDITOR. ALL OTHER CORRESPONDENCE to the COORDINATING DIRECTOR. □

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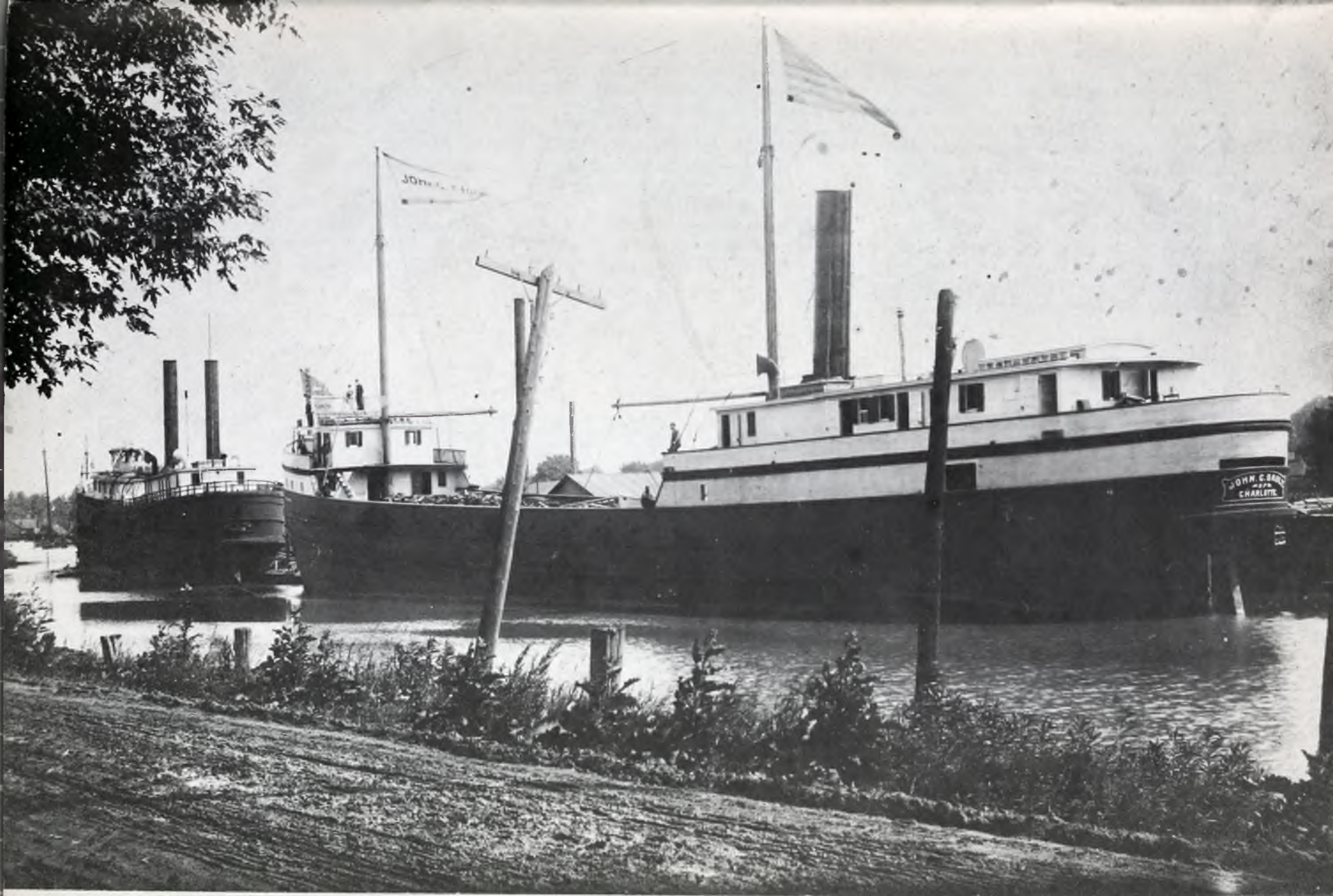
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