

# TELESCOPE

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Str. Tadoussac



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# Telescope

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## Editorial

This is the second edition of TELESCOPE published under the direction of your new editors. We are making an honest effort to make TELESCOPE a better magazine, doing this both through changes in format and in the type of subject matter used. Current news is being emphasized, along with an effort to print more material on model shipbuilding. The cover which appears this month may be settled upon as TELESCOPE'S "new face." Other changes made necessary by the change in size have already been put into effect. We hope we are doing a good job.

TELESCOPE exists because the members of the Guild see fit to contribute annual sums to the Guild. It exists not because the editors edit it, not because the printers print it, but because you, the members, pay for it.

Therefore, we solicit your comments, be they compliments or criticisms. For that matter, we would rather have a critical review than a laudatory one. A note saying "It's great" is indeed welcome, but would tend to relax your editors. One telling us of faults forces us to take a critical look at ourselves, which often results in a change for the better. So send in your views, be they good or bad, and we will welcome them heartily.

The Editors will welcome material to consider for use in Telescope. Please address all contributions, as well as any comments you might have to:

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5401 Woodward Avenue  
Detroit 2, Michigan

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### THE GUILD

Organized in 1952 to locate, acquire, and preserve information and objects related to the history of shipping on the Great Lakes and to make same available to the public through the Museum of Great Lakes History and the columns of Telescope. The construction of authentic scale models of Great Lakes ships is one of the prime objectives of the organization, which has brought into being the largest existing collection of models of these ships. The Museum of Great Lakes History, located at 5401 Woodward Avenue, Detroit 2, Michigan, is official headquarters for the organization and the repository of all of its holdings. The Guild is incorporated as an organization for no profit under the laws of the State of Michigan. No member receives any compensation for his services. Donations to the Guild are deductible for tax income purposes.

## Two summers before the key rack

By John C. Goodrich



A bleak and wintry day in February, 1946, found me clutching my Honorable Discharge from the Army as I hurriedly passed through the main gate of Fort Sheridan, Illinois. My plans for the future were hazy, except that I planned to enter the University of Michigan in the Fall and resume my schooling. What to do between February and September was the problem uppermost in my mind. The pleasant thought struck me that perhaps I could get a job with the D & C Lake Lines for the summer. Well, I carefully avoided looking for work until the Cleveland Division had started. In mid April, I was engaged to handle correspondence for the D & C, working the afternoon shift or from three until eleven thirty. My typewriter duties continued until June, when I shipped out on the EASTERN STATES as Assistant Purser.

The season of 1946 was spent on the Buffalo Division, first on the EASTERN STATES and then the CITY OF DETROIT III. Assigning the newest ship, the GREATER DETROIT, and one of the oldest, the EASTERN, to this run had its problems. The GREATER boasted of being the largest sidewheel passenger ship on the inland waters of the world, more modern staterooms and parlors, an observation dining room, greater car capacity, and on time arrivals. The EASTERN could only offer the more marine minded (and these were in the distinct minority) an extra hour of cruising in each direction. Our ten o'clock arrivals, when we should have been docked by nine, really set our passengers grumbling. The EASTERN was shunned by the more experienced traveler. As a result, shortly after the Fourth of July, we transferred our allegiance to the CITY OF DETROIT III, and the balance of the season went off smoothly enough.

My second and last season, the summer of 1947, was divided between the EASTERN on the Cleveland run day boat from Detroit and night boat from Cleveland, and back to my first love the Buffalo Division and the DETROIT III. It was about a week before registration was to begin in Ann Arbor, when I packed my belongings, left the CITY OF DETROIT III, only to board the S.S. NORONIC as a passenger on her final seven day Duluth cruise for the season of 1947. So, I will argue the point most vigorously with anyone who says I

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don't like riding boats. Of course, my parents were quite convinced that two summers on Lake Erie had definitely affected me mentally and not for the better either.

The Cleveland Division, when it was performed by the EASTERN alone, found us sailing from Detroit at noon with only a handful of passengers and few automobiles; while the night service from Cleveland to Detroit carried very good loads of passengers and cars. Often all our staterooms would be sold, and we would meet the nightmare of transportation when you have more rooms sold than you have rooms to sell, duplicate sales, and the same problem came up with our car capacity. It doesn't do a tourist much good if you take care of him one night, and he has to wait 24 hours for his automobile to catch up with him. Sailing to Cleveland was a pleasant, relaxing cruise enjoyed by few, and sailing to Detroit was a commercial trip used by the briefcase travelers. A sandwich, a bottle of beer, a good night's sleep, and they were happy and ready for work the next day.

The Buffalo Division was more of a tourist run. One would lead your car, wife, and kids on the boat at Detroit, enjoy a daylight sail far out in Lake Erie, have a delicious D & C dinner, dancing, a wonderful night's sleep, up early to see the sunrise, breakfast, off the boat in the family car and a leisurely day's drive finds you turning into the driveway of grandma's farm somewhere in New York State.

Now, let's take up a typical day in the life of an Assistant Purser on the Buffalo run. You hear faintly an annoying tingle from the phone in your room and grope blindly for the receiver. The voice at the other end of the wire says "It's six o'clock," and you mutter something which sounds like "okay." By six thirty, you have cleared the cobwebs from your brain, are dressed, and entering the dining room. Breakfast consisted of, say, sliced peaches, cornflakes with cups of steaming black coffee all served by an efficient waiter.

At seven, you roll up the window in the Purser's office and are ready for business. The special officer who has checked your list of unoccupied staterooms during the night reports that all is in order, or tells you about the discrepancies he has uncovered. Passengers now congregate around the window to ask if the ship is on time, inquire about bus and train connections, return reservations, and ask if you would mind cashing a traveler's cheque for them. This goes on until nine, when you dock at Buffalo. Then you have the job of racking up all the stateroom keys to get ready for another trip. If any keys are missing, it is your job to find another



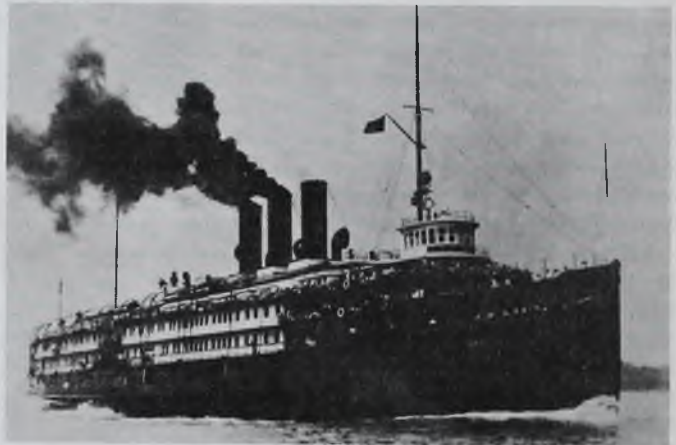
Str. Eastern States  
Detroit News photo

key that will fit. Racking up the keys on a ship which has the number of staterooms and parlors that the CITY OF DETROIT III had can be quite a time consuming job. Anyway, it's about eleven in the morning and time for lunch. Since lunch is one meal that is not served to passengers, you will find it adequate but not elaborate. Then you are free until three in the afternoon. Perhaps you will go uptown in Buffalo for some shopping or a haircut. Again, maybe it will be a movie, a trip to the zoo or one of the museums. On hot days, I preferred taking the CANADIANA or bus to Crystal Beach for a dip in Lake Erie's cool waters. Another good trip, if you wanted to get really cooled off, was to take the bus to Niagara Falls, walk over to Goat Island, purchase a ticket for the Cave of the Winds trip, and, if standing at the foot of the Falls in those dripping oilskins with water streaming down your face won't cool you off, I don't know what will. Well, enough of this, we've got to get back to Buffalo and be in uniform and ready to receive passengers at three thirty.

You always find some passengers waiting to board the ship at three thirty, and I honestly believe that if you let them board for Detroit just as soon as you docked at Buffalo you would at least find one taker. The head bellman inspects his bellmen for neatness in appearance, the ticket taker stands at the gangway ready, the general agent in Buffalo comes to the Purser's window to find out if you are ready. You say "let her roll," he gives the signal, and the first passengers step aboard.

The next two hours or until sailing time at 5:30 are consumed with receiving a stateroom ticket, exchanging it for a stateroom key, and returning his ticket stub with a "Thank you sir!" Of course, during these two hours, I make many trips to the ticket office, and not for exercise either. Perhaps you can't read the date on the ticket, or it is the wrong date, or two people have been sold the same room. These discrepancies can only be corrected by an examination of the berthing books or trip sheets. Again a passenger desires better accommodations than he has been able to secure, and you check to see what the possibilities are. However, the stock answer to this is "See me after we sail."

Our two hour embarkation period has one very pleasant intermission when one of the bellmen knocks on the door and enters with a tray of orange juice, old New York State cheese and crackers, and a pot of coffee. The last thing before the gangplank is hauled ashore we receive the count of passengers and automobiles aboard and the



Str. City of Detroit III  
 Capt. Wm. J. Taylor Photo  
 Courtesy Wm. M. Worden

trip sheets for the eastbound voyage the following night. Information as to the load of passengers and cars is delivered to the pilot house and the Captain just about the time we are passing the Buffalo Coast Guard Depot in the river.

I take leave of the Chief Purser to enter the dining room and sit at the table reserved for the deck officers and assistant engineers and the wireless operators. The Captain has his own table and many prefer to eat alone although some dine with one of the ship's officers. After scanning the menu, you decide on consomme, roast chicken, lima beans, french fried potatoes, tossed combination salad, apple pie topped with ice cream, and coffee.

While I have been dining, the Chief Purser has checked the berthing sheets against the ticket stubs. Now we are in a position to sell any uncalled for staterooms and parlors or change passengers from one stateroom to another for a good cause. Other evening duties consists of furnishing change for the cocktail lounge, bar, dining room, and newsstand. Sometimes we work on the payroll and the pay slips that must be prepared for each member of the crew in any event, ten or ten thirty finds me willing and eager for another refreshing night's sleep on Lake Erie.

Some of the questions that I have been asked are, "What time will we go past my cottage?", when I haven't the faintest idea of where the lady's summer home is located. "What is the bottom of the Lake like out here?" I couldn't answer this either, but I did say that I thought the bottom of the Lake out here was very rocky. The passenger was happy with this reply and so was I. The most frequently asked question was, "Purser, how many passengers have we aboard tonight?" The information as to the passenger count is confidential, so that if your actual count for a certain night happens to be, say, 472 you tell the passenger you have 312 passengers or 578 passengers aboard or any other number that just happens to pop up in your head. You'd be surprised to learn that no matter what fictitious number you use, the passenger beams proudly as you have just confirmed his excellent judgement of what he thought the number of passengers was.

The passengers are at your window all evening wanting to have their staterooms changed to parlors with bath, it is too hot in their room, the soot is pouring onto the beds (I was never fortunate enough to work for the D & C during the brief time the ships were



Str. Greater Detroit

Photo by Kenneth E. Smith

using oil fuel), the window was open during the squall and my dresses are ruined, I'm locked out, and I can't find my roommate, the waiter spilled gravy on my suit, the head waiter was very superior in his attitude towards me, can we get to our car, we forgot to take a suitcase up to our room that we need badly, our little Cocker Spaniel is a perfect gentleman, and we don't see why we can't take him out of that horrid old baggage room and up to our stateroom. Finally, there are the old timers who worked for the D & C way back when and want to reminisce with you for the evening.

Our days laying over in Buffalo allowed for more free time than the days spent in Detroit. In Buffalo, our only activity was the weekly fire drill always at noon on Monday or Tuesday depending on which day we were scheduled to be in port. Each round trip from Detroit is considered a trip for accounting purposes. On arrival in Detroit, the receipts from the dining room, cafeteria, bar, cocktail lounge, newsstand, sale of bath tickets for the public baths, and the sales of staterooms and parlors must be turned into the general offices and the Purser's books and cash balanced. Also, the general cashier would furnish us with change and the payroll. If you think carrying a sack of \$500 in quarters isn't heavy, you are greatly mistaken. This was always the time when members of the crew were most anxious to relieve you of the burden of carrying that heavy sack. The crew was paid twice a month and paying off the crew usually took until noon or later. In any event, as soon as my duties aboard ship were finished, I dashed up to the house for a fresh supply of clean white shirts.

The individuals who make up the crew of a ship change frequently, particularly in the lesser jobs like deckhand and coal passer. Whenever a member of the crew signed off for any reason whatsoever, he had to be paid off then and there during our office hours. We tried to arrange this so that we paid the departing crew member off either after the passengers had departed in the morning or before we started loading in the afternoon. Passengers in their new vacation clothes in our stately lobby did not fit in good with the clothes of a coal passer just coming off watch. On paydays it was often difficult to muster enough of a crew to sail that evening.

Summing up my impressions of my work as an Assistant Purser, I think that it gave me an excellent cross section of people observed during their brief stay aboard our ship. In general, if a passenger approached the Purser's office looking as though he had that well fed look you could count that he had one of the more expensive staterooms or parlors. It was easy to spot the timid, inexperienced traveler. The fact that we discharged all our passengers every morning meant that we would only be plagued with the chronic complainers and trouble makers for one night. And speaking of trouble makers, let me say that the bar and cocktail lounge were one of our greatest sources of revenue aboard ship and also the source of practically all our troubles.

If we happened to have the same passengers aboard first starting their vacations and then for the last night of their holidays, it was amazing the difference two weeks had made. In the beginning, fresh, crisp clothes, a smile on their face, a cooperative spirit; in the end, soiled, crumpled clothes, a frown on their face, and a spirit of "Want to make something of it, Buster!" This was particularly true of the Saguenay All Expense Tours which are hard on the





## ~ The "Mystery Treasure" of Lake Erie ~

BY TED KING

For over one hundred and forty years, a rumor of a fair sized treasure lying on the bottom of Lake Erie, off the south shore of Long Point, has been making the rounds in ports throughout the Great Lakes. This treasure was said to consist of jewelry and specie (hard money). And, strange as it may seem, 99 out of a 100 people, who know anything at all of sunken treasure in these lakes, took it for granted that the wreck referred to, was that of the old side-wheeler ATLANTIC, down off the tip of Long Point. However, a quick check of dates will show that it is not the ATLANTIC that took this loot to the bottom with her. Though the wreck in question was also an immigrant ship, as was the ATLANTIC. The latter went to the bottom of Lake Erie in August, 1852. Her safe was recovered three years and ten months later. Many writers, with more imagination than hard facts, put her down as a bona fide "treasure ship." But to get back to this will-o'-the-wisp phantom treasure ship down off Long Point. Her name is the YOUNG PHOENIX, and she went to the bottom on September 14, 1818. No lives were lost in the sinking, but the immigrants and the ship's crew lost everything they owned, except the clothes on their backs.

Working on the theory, as I always do, that where there is smoke there is sometimes fire, I eliminated the ATLANTIC as a possibility, and began to dig for a lead. I contacted various Marine Historical Societies, Government Departments, etc. The results were very discouraging to say the least. After almost a full year of research, I stumbled across my first real break in the case of the "Mystery Treasure Ship." It came about while I was going through some old newspapers at the Cleveland Public Library on the trail of another shipwreck! A very small item caught my eye. It mentioned an immigrant vessel named the YOUNG PHOENIX that had gone down off Long Point, Ontario, in 1818. I soon contacted a fellow researcher over in Port Dover, Ontario, and asked him if he had ever heard of such a disaster. The answer that came back was "YES," accompanied by a very detailed account of the incident, part of which was carried in a newspaper named the Niagara Gleaner and date-lined September 24, 1818.

Skipping the dry details, and getting to the meat of the story, it is as follows: The schooners LIVELY KATE and CALEDONIA brought from the County of Tipperary, Ireland, one hundred and sixty immigrants, sixty males and one hundred females. There seems to be quite a bit of confusion as to the port at which these Irish immigrants boarded the YOUNG PHOENIX on the last leg of their journey. To date, all available records point to Buffalo, New York, as being the port from which they left, bound for Port Talbot, Canada. Each immigrant, as they mounted the gangway of the YOUNG PHOENIX, handed the Captain the equivalent of \$50.00 in hard money. This was the amount of money that had been advanced to each adult immigrant when he left Ireland. On top of this, many of them had large sums of their own, plus jewelry and other valuables. Over two thirds of the immigrants that boarded the YOUNG PHOENIX, also handed over their own personal money and valuables to the Captain for safe-keeping.

No exact figure can be set as to what the amount of this personal "deposit" would add up to, not to mention the jewelry. However, a well known and world famous treasure hunter has told me that any type of specie, that is a hundred or more years old, is worth twice its face value. That, alone, would put the value of the money that had been given the immigrants at \$16,000. Then there was their own money and valuables that had been put in the ship's strong box. The value of this remains a big question, and will remain so, until some diver, either by accident or design, gets into this wreck. Aside from the actual money to be obtained from this sunken vessel, there is also a cargo in her hold that can be converted into the long green folding stuff known as money. This cargo consists of farm implements, barreled whiskey, silverware, muskets, etc., worth a tidy sum if offered for sale to museums and private collectors. The YOUNG PHOENIX was not, by any stretch of the imagination, the safest ship afloat in her day. Her weather-beaten timbers, indicated that she had encountered and battled many a storm on these turbulent lakes, and the battles had undoubtedly taken their toll in the form of weakening the ship's timbers. The trip of the YOUNG PHOENIX bound for Port Talbot was without incident, until off the south shore of Long Point, forty-five miles in a northwesterly direction from Buffalo. Then it was noticed by the wheelsman that the vessel was sluggish in answering the helm. Also, a brisk wind was blowing, but the ship was making little headway, although the wind was with her. The ship was trim, there was no list either to port or starboard, which indicated that none of the cargo had shifted. This left just one deduction; the craft was taking water into her hold. A quick check proved this to be true, and at the speed the vessel was taking water, the Captain knew that he could never make Port Talbot. His only alternative was to head the ship for the shore of Long Point, and at the same time, give the stand-by order to prepare to abandon ship. Setting thought to action, he issued both orders. It was well he did, for within half an hour, the doomed vessel, her bow still pointing towards Long Point, was settling so fast that it seemed as though someone standing on the bottom of the lake, with a line attached to her bow, was pulling her down. Crew and passengers alike took to yawl boats, makeshift life rafts, and anything else that would float, and struck out for land, some two and a half miles away. The Captain entertained no thought of trying to save the strong box containing the money. He and his mates were too busy directing the abandoning of the ship. The vessel carried to the bottom with her the strong box, the cargo, plus the jewelry and other valuables, that the frightened immigrants left behind in their haste to leave the sinking ship. Two days after the sinking of the immigrant ship, a passing vessel noted the plight of the survivors, and soon afterward a schooner came and picked them up, and took them to Port Talbot. The haunting ghost of the wreck of the YOUNG PHOENIX still hovers over the eastern end of Lake Erie. Several people have tried to tell me that I have my wires crossed in regard to the YOUNG PHOENIX, and that I must mean the immigrant ship PHOENIX which sank in Lake Michigan. I stop such a line of thought by pulling out of my files the records of both vessels in question. The YOUNG PHOENIX, a schooner, went down in Lake Erie, off the south shore of Long Point, September 14, 1818,

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while the PHOENIX went to the bottom of Lake Michigan on November 2, 1847, several miles off Sheboygan, Wisconsin. The reason, I believe, that some people think I have the wrong name of this ship down off Long Point, is that both the PHOENIX and the YOUNG PHOENIX had the number 160 entwined in their end. These people were Irish and all made land safely. The immigrants aboard the PHOENIX were Dutch, and 160 of them reportedly died in the sinking. The exact figure will never be known, as with many of the immigrant ships, the passenger list was not definite as to the number aboard, and it might run from 160 to 250. I have many records that say 160 died, and that is the figure I generally quote. An interesting side light on the case of the PHOENIX that sank in Lake Michigan is the fact that last March, I completed a book, which I am marketing, entitled Sunken Treasure In the Great Lakes. In this book, I devote a short chapter to the sinking of the PHOENIX, and I give my own personal deductions as to where it would be found when it was located. My guess was confirmed last September 8, in the form of an article that appeared in the Chicago Sun Times, with photographs of some of the things that had already been brought up from her. Two skin divers who were in the army and stationed near Sheboygan, located the wreck just about where I said she would be found! Just another example that illustrates the value of good research.

From what I can gather, the wreck of the YOUNG PHOENIX lies in-between 90 and 110 feet of water. (This depth is just a guess on my part. It might be more, it might be less.) But I do know that from all that I can find out, through my own personal research channels, the loot is still on the remains of the sunken vessel, unless it has been found and removed by a "moonlight" diver, which I, for many reasons, don't believe has happened. Over a century has gone by since the deck of the YOUNG PHOENIX has felt the tread of human feet, but I think it will not be too long before this deck of the long sunken ship will know the muffled step of a delayed invader, in the form of a diver. This human, encased in a combination of copper lead, glass, and a rubberized canvas suit, his life depending on a thin air hose from top side, will find himself the owner of a small scale Fort Knox, once his leaded shoes touch the deck of the YOUNG PHOENIX, and he begins to prowl around her. It is, as I previously mentioned, a fact that not too much was actually known of this wreck, just rumors and talk around the various lake ports, until I decided to check on these rumors. As far as I know, this is the only time that the full story of the sinking of the YOUNG PHOENIX has ever been put into narrative form. Credit must be given to Mr. Richard Wright of Akron, Ohio, for the unselfish and tireless effort that he put forth in helping me trace the odyssey of the YOUNG PHOENIX. I would also add that anyone interested in the files of marine transportation, shipbuilding, and shipwrecks might do well to contact Mr. Wright. His home address is 2566 Thurmont Road, Akron 13, Ohio. I can assure you, from personal contact, that Mr. Wright is a sincere up and coming historian of the Great Lakes. His files and records are exceedingly authentic, and I predict that more will be heard of this young man as the years go by.

## Around the Lakes

JUNE, 1959

EDWIN P. SPRENGELER  
Milwaukee

ROBERT B. RADUNZ  
Detroit

May 25

Thor Nelson, master of the ARTHUR M. ANDERSON, is named commodore of the Pittsburgh Steamship Division.

Sixty-two year old tanker L. S. WESCOAT now sailing for Browning Lines, that Line's first tanker.

Foreign ships and cargo set a port record in Milwaukee. Over 60 ships called at this port breaking previous high of 47 ships in May, 1958.

May 30

Soviet freighter IVAN MOSKVIN is granted permission to sail the St. Lawrence Seaway. She will be the first Soviet ship to ever enter the Great Lakes.

Additional 372 feet of river frontage is purchased by the Detroit Harbor Terminals, Inc.

Welland Canal worries experts. They fear Seaway traffic may soon be too heavy for 27 mile waterway.

June 1

British freighter ALBANO of Ellerman's Wilson Line is honored in Milwaukee as the first ship of that Line to enter the port.

The SEAWAY QUEEN, 717 foot long flagship of the Upper Lakes Shipping Ltd., is commissioned at Port Weller, Ontario.

Ore carrier PETER WHITE is purchased by Browning Lines from Cleveland Cliffs Steamship Company.

In the first month of Seaway operation, 89 foreign ships have called at Cleveland. In the same period during 1958, there were 62. Toledo reports it handled 26 ships. In the corresponding period of 1958, they handled 20 ships.

June 3

Michigan is still looking for a buyer for the VACATIONLAND.

Sixteen destroyers sail from East Coast ports headed for the Great Lakes.

Two new overseas shipping records are set in the port of Milwaukee.

The largest salt water ship the 524 BARFONN unloads a cargo of automobiles from the British Isles. The Norse ship BOREALIS loaded the heaviest overseas cargo ever shipped from that port; 34,000 bags of corn meal and a large number of drums and bags of powdered milk, totaling almost 2,000 tons.

A multi-million-dollar program is underway in Kenosha, Wisconsin to transform that city into a major Great Lakes port.

In its first month of operation since the opening of the Seaway, the Port of Toronto handled 93,517 tons of overseas cargo - more than twice as much as it did in the same period last year.

June 8

For the first time in two weeks, the Lake Erie entrance of the Welland Canal was free of ships waiting for passage through the Canal.

## Telescope

In Lake St. Clair at about the same time, the ARCTURUS and the WANG CAVALIER collided and the ARCTURUS sustained excessive damage.

In the meantime all available tugs in the Detroit area are at the Amherstburg Channel trying to free the freighter BENSON FORD that had gone aground the previous day.



The Benson Ford  
being lightened after  
going aground at  
Amherstburg, Ontario.  
Photo By Zeleznik

June 14

Freighter C. S. ROBINSON is freed by the tugs MAINE and SUPERIOR. Coast Guard starts inquiry of both weekend collisions.

June 17

Officials of the Swedish Ministry of Transportation have taken a keen interest in the possibility of purchasing the VACATIONLAND.

The BENSON FORD is finally freed from a sandbar in the Amherstburg Channel.

June 19

Detroit has received word from the Navy that eight destroyers and a submarine will be able to dock at Detroit.

June 25

Liberian freighter MONROVIA is sunk in Lake Huron, near Alpena after collision with the Canadian freighter ROYALTON. Crew of 29 Greek nationals is rescued by the Browning freighter NORMAN W. FOY. The ROYALTON suffers bow damage. Collision occurs during a very

The Royalton  
Wm. A. Taylor Photo  
Courtesy K. E. Smith



The J. W. Westcott Company marine reporting and delivery service marks its 85th year of service.

June 9

T. T. McLagan, president of Canada Steamship Lines, charges that the 32 ship U.S. Naval Flotilla to transit the Seaway will jam the waterway and delay Great Lakes shipping schedules.

The Seaway Development Corporation reports that 1,202 vessels passed through the waterway from April 26 through May 31.

June 10

The Navy states it will go ahead with plans to send its ships through the Seaway. They state Canada had approved plans for the trip.

Coast Guard officials are sounding depth of the Detroit River near the Civic Center to see if Navy ships can dock for the Freedom Festival.

June 12

The Michigan-Honduras Transportation Company announces it will lease space at the Port of Muskegon and charter vessels under a foreign flag that will operate between Muskegon and ports in the Caribbean.

Adm. J. Wright has cut to three per day the number of Navy ships to pass through the Seaway into the Great Lakes.

June 13

An embargo has been placed on coal shipments from Lake Erie ports to points on the Welland Canal and Lake Ontario because of serious congestion at the locks.

C. S. ROBINSON of the Kinsman Transit Company and the ROONAGH HEAD, a Scotch freighter, collided near Peache Island in the Detroit River, forcing the ROBINSON to run aground.

The C.S. Robinson  
Photo by Zeleznik



The Wang Cavalier and the  
Arcturus as they collide in  
the Upper Detroit River.  
Photo By Kenneth E. Smith

## "TADOUSSAC"

On July 5th-6th, Canada Steamship Line's passenger ship TADOUSSAC visited the Detroit River. She arrived carrying the Montreal Chamber of Commerce, and returned to Montreal with the Detroit chamber. Each group returned to its home city by train or airplane.

On the evening of the 6th, your editors had the opportunity to visit this fine ship, one of the few remaining segments of the once large Great Lakes passenger fleets. She is a fine ship in every respect - exterior good looks, interior appointments, and courteous and efficient crew. Your editors had the opportunity to inspect every deck on the ship, including those not open to the general public. All the public rooms were visited, and photographs were taken of the same.

All in all, the ship is a fine vessel, well staffed and well maintained. We would like to thank Mr. Frank McAllister for the opportunity to inspect C.S.L.'s fine TADOUSSAC.

Thanks are also in order to Mr. Carl Turnquist for the fine photograph on the cover.

## MEETINGS

The July meeting of the Guild will take place on July 30th, on the Bob-lo Line steamer leaving the foot of Woodward at 6:30 P.M. At the August meeting Mr. C. F. Derwich will show a 30 minute film, "Inland Voyage". It tells the story of a Great Lakes ore carrier's trip from Baltimore to Chicago. This meeting will take place at the Detroit Historical Museum at 7:30 P.M., on the 27th of August. Both of these meetings promise to be very interesting, so plan to attend each of them.

- Key Rack -

tourist although a wonderful trip for scenery. Our D & C ship was compared with the Canada Steamship Lines boats, and most of the times the D & C was the inferior line in the passenger's estimation.

I am restless by nature, and the constant moving across Lake Erie made a hit with me, although I started wondering about the middle of August what does Buffalo or Detroit look like after dark. Working from June to September seven days a week does get tiresome, there is no beginning, no ending. As the girl in the newsstand said "I'm so confused, I never remember whether we are headed for Buffalo or Detroit.

END

