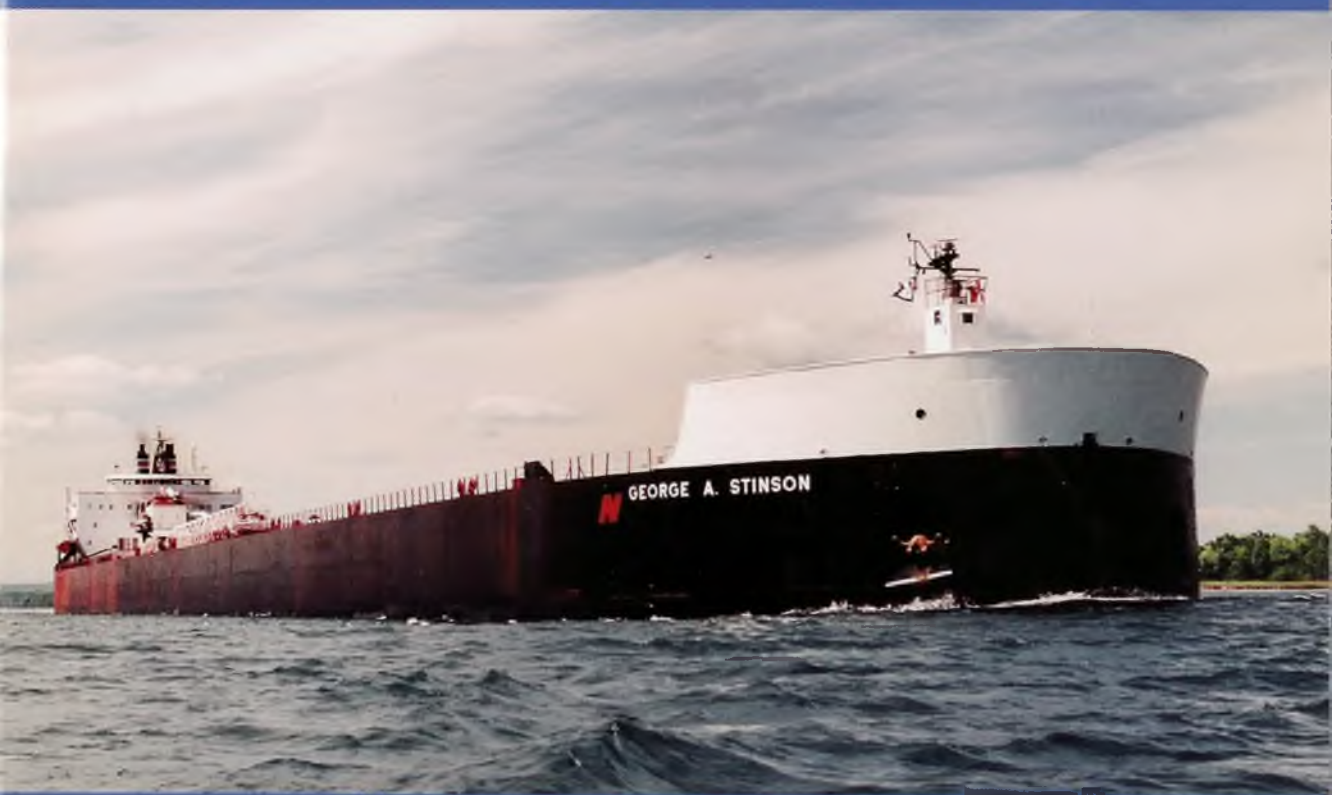




# Telescope

FALL, 2008  
Volume LVI; Number 3



**DETROIT HISTORICAL**  
**SOCIETY**  
*est. 1921*



**D O S S I N**  
**G R E A T L A K E S**  
**M U S E U M**

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# DETROIT HISTORICAL SOCIETY/MARITIME AUXILIARY GROUP

## MARK YOUR CALENDARS

### Sunday, October 5 - Maritime Auxiliary Group Fair Winds Fall Dinner - 2 p.m.

Dossin Great Lakes Museum, 100 Strand Drive, Belle Isle, Detroit, MI

The program will feature noted author and historian Larry B. Massie, who will discuss *"Sand Dunes, Sawdust & Shipwrecks: Stories from the Sunset Shore."* Mr. Massie was given a Lifetime Achievement Award from the Historical Society of Michigan in 2007. Joel Stone, Curator of the Dossin Great Lakes Museum's most recent exhibits, will also participate.

Tickets are \$30 for both Society and MAG members, and \$40 for guests. To RSVP, please call (313) 833-1801 by September 26. Or visit us online at [www.detroithistorical.org](http://www.detroithistorical.org). Make your plans now!

### Monday, November 10 - Lost Mariners' Remembrance - 6 p.m.

Dossin Great Lakes Museum, 100 Strand Drive, Belle Isle, Detroit, MI

This special evening will begin with a lantern-lighting ceremony and will honor all mariners lost on the Great Lakes, with a special focus on those aboard the S.S. Edmund Fitzgerald. Featured speaker Rev. Richard W. Ingalls, Jr. will discuss the history and purpose of the Mariners' Church. Fames Great Lakes balladeer Lee Murdock will perform throughout the evening. The Coast Guard will help officiate the ceremonies and place a wreath in the Detroit River in honor of those lost.

Admission is \$5 for Detroit Historical Society and Maritime Auxiliary Group members, and \$10 for guests. For tickets, please contact Rebecca McDonald, Program Associate, at (313) 833-1801. Or visit us online at [www.detroithistorical.org](http://www.detroithistorical.org).

### Saturday, December 13 - Marine Mart - 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

Grosse Pointe War Memorial

This annual event, sponsored by the Maritime Auxiliary Group, features vendors offering such unique items as model ships, artifacts, books and artwork - just in time for the holidays!

Early Bird admission at 9:30 a.m. is \$10. Regular Admission for \$7 begins at 10 a.m. All tickets will be sold at the door. Space is available to rent at \$40 per table - maximum of two tables per vendor. Contact Ebani Lowrey, Development Specialist, at (313) 833-1980 for more information or to purchase a table.

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**OUR COVER PICTURE . . .**GEORGE A. STINSON, built as Hull #907 by American Shipbuilding at Lorain, Ohio - renamed AMERICAN SPIRIT downbound - St. Mary's River, Soo, Michigan - June. 1998. Photograph by J.R. Hoffman.

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*Telescope*© is produced with assistance from the Dossin Great Lakes Museum, operated by the Detroit Historical Society.

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## DETROIT HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS

### EXHIBITS AT THE DOSSIN GREAT LAKES MUSEUM

#### ***Smugglers on the Straits***

*Now through April 2009*

Great Lakes Gallery



The Great Lakes may not have had blood-thirsty pirates, but the Detroit River has been a Smuggler's Paradise for centuries!

Since the founding of Detroit in 1701, French, English and American administrators have attempted to stem the steady tide of contraband smuggled across the river coming from or going to Canada. Everything from furs to liquor have been principle cargoes, but there have been many more.

This popular exhibit tells the stories of these controversial and illegal endeavors!



#### ***Fun, Fast and Fancy:***

#### ***Great Lakes Yachts***

*Now through April 2009*

DeRoy Hall

Metro Detroit has been a national leader in the boating world for many decades with hundreds of firms and thousands of individuals involved in some aspect of Detroit's yacht-building industry. The same spirit and resources that were shaping the automotive industry helped drive the development of sleek hulls and powerful engines. Local designers and builders gave their names to companies that became legends in the yachting world and still have legacies that survive today.

This unique exhibit is the story of the companies, builders and the individuals who made waterborne entertainment great!

#### ***Bob-Lo: Entertainment Island***

*Now Open*

**BOBLO: Entertainment Island**

From 1898 to 1993, metro Detroiters made millions of memories at Bob-Lo, an island amusement park on the Canadian side of the Detroit River. Every summer for 95 years, the steamships *Columbia* and *St. Claire* carried the young and young-at-heart for a day of romance and thrills at Bob-Lo. View the artifacts

and stories in this exhibition that bring back the magic of summers past.

Exhibit highlights include a memorable display of souvenirs from Bob-Lo Island amusement park, the famous Swan Boat ride and an example of the very large amusement park maps that directed visitors such as you to all of the thrilling rides that made every visit memorable.

## American Spirit Celebrates Twentieth Anniversary



As the shipping companies modernized their fleets during the 1970s, National Steel Corporation announced plans to build a 1,000-foot vessel to be named GEORGE A. STINSON. The STINSON's midbody section was completed at AmShip's Toledo facility and towed to Lorain, Ohio where it joined the bow and stern section. Due to a possibility of a

shipyard strike, the STINSON was launched on July 15, 1978 at Lorain and towed to Nicholson Terminal & Dock in Detroit one month later for final fit-out. The vessel design copied others with the cabins aft and deck-mounted self-unloading boom. When completed, she measured 1004' x 105' x 50'. Cargo capacity was 34,568 gross and 29,412 net tons.



GEORGE A. STINSON upbound Detroit River - 1978

The STINSON was built primarily to carry iron ore from National Steel's pellet plant in Minnesota to their Great Lakes Steel plant at Zug Island in River Rouge, MI. Christening ceremonies were held in Detroit on August 21, 1978. This was the first christening of a large freighter in Detroit since the launching of the ARTHUR B. HOMER in 1959. The STINSON departed on her maiden voyage on October 14, 1978, bound for Superior, WI. to load pellets and return to unload at Zug Island.

She joined her fleet mates PAUL H. CARNAHAN, LEON FALK, JR. and GEORGE M. HUMPHREY for National Steel. The fleet remained together until the downturn in the 1980's. The FALK and CARNAHAN were withdrawn from service and sold overseas for scrap. The HUMPHREY would remain in service a few more years before being towed overseas for scrap in 1986.

The STINSON continued in service and had an unusual profile in 1983. While unloading at Zug Island in April 20, 1983, the self-unloading boom collapsed onshore, damaging the deck and rendering the unloading boom useless. Repairs were estimated to take two to three months for a new boom to be built. The STINSON re-entered service on May 9th



GEORGE A. STINSON on Soo River January 17,1979

Photo by Clifford Cadreau

with the damaged unloading boom removed., making her one of the largest straight deck vessels on the lakes. While waiting for a new self-unloading boom, a jury-rigged unloading chute that connected to a dockside hopper was used at Zug Island. In the fall, the new unloading boom was installed.

At the end of the 1991 season, rumors spread that the STINSON would have new fleet colors at the start of 1992. On March 31, 1992, she arrived in Superior, WI with her stack painted in Interlake Steamship colors and the familiar "N" was removed from her bow.

Under new management the STINSON visited new ports. In June, 1994, she loaded 42,802 gross tons of pellets for delivery to Algoma Steel at the Soo. Previously the INDIANA HARBOR made a trial trip to Algoma in 1985, but didn't unload. The STINSON made several trips to Algoma in 1994 as demand for pellets increased.

The STINSON operated for Interlake through the 1996 season and laid-up in Toledo. In the spring of 1997, she was sold to American Steamship and continued primarily carrying iron ore to Great Lakes Steel at Zug Island. In the spring of 2005, she was renamed AMERICAN SPIRIT. While she has begun sailing for her third owner in twenty years, she has remained a steady workhorse on the lakes.



GEORGE A. STINSON up-bound the Detroit River with her "undecorated" stack on April 19, 1997

Photo by Kenneth Borg

# HARD LABOR IN THE HOLDS

by Harold Mann

Casual labor is “work” when it sometimes suddenly becomes available. One type of casual labor in earlier years that was signaled by a whistle, was loading of steamships. It was once customary for locals to “sign on” when a Great Lakes ship came to port. About 40 to 50 positions were available after signing up. Loading depot was downtown on the south side, the area now officially designated as “Superior Marine Park” a green area opposite the library once location of a Wallaceburg government wharf. The long, low tin structure went up in 1933 and lasted until 1962 when it was demolished since the era of Great Lakes shipping to Wallaceburg (at least this location) had ended. The last big ship to

arrive at the Legion-Library turning basin was the ST. HELIERS which made a brief appearance in November of 1960. The era ended after 1957 when the St. Lawrence Seaway opened forcing smaller ships out of business thusly affecting smaller “mixed package” ports like Wallaceburg, Leamington and Goderich.

To recall the busy era when the sound of an incoming ship’s whistle caused work seeking individuals to scurry to the waterfront, we provide an interview with Max Heath, who as a high school student (confessed) “skipped out” to earn a few dollars (hoping) loading a ship. Of course not all who arrived at the waterfront were lucky to be selected.



At Wallaceburg, Ont.

Top Left:  
JOHN R. EMERY &  
A.A. HUDSON

Bottom Left:  
ELMBAY - 1937

Top Right:  
Loading ELMBAY



Max Heath

Q- Recall for us when a ship arrived in port.

Max: The SUPERIOR or HUDSON had to blow their whistle in order to have the railroad bridge opened. If we were in (high) school and heard the whistle, we would ask the teacher for permission to leave the room. We kept on going, high tailed it down town, ran across the Central Bridge (now Stonehouse Walk Bridge) sped to the dock, stood in line to sign on. Andy Millward was the wharfinger (dock boss) who handed out the jobs, with many adults there as well.

Q-How many workers would Andy Millward sign up?

Max: Usually 10 or 50.. Some were given push carts to load the cartons of canned goods in the ship's hold. Others were on the wharf or down in the ship to pile cartons. Some were lucky enough to get the cushy jobs on deck loading the International trucks brought over from Chatham.

Q- Describe a typical loading job.

Max: About half the crew were down in the ship loading cartons or bags into piles while another crew pushed about six cartons at a time from the shed onto the ship. Part way through we switched jobs.

Q- What was the pay scale for the job?

Max: Although we generally received no more than 30 cents an hour for nine or ten hours of work, we always felt we were ahead because we ate aboard ship.

Q- What do you mean by eating aboard ship?

Max: Someone would always arrange the cartons into a hideaway back in the corner of the ship's hold. When out of sight of the bosses, we would slip away and open a can of beans or pickles or whatever we were loading. With a good jack knife, we opened up cans and had a feast. I'm sure the bosses knew what was going on but they never stopped us! So even though the pay was not that great, we did enjoy the food and always figured we were ahead of the game!

Q-Do you remember the names of the ships?

Max: I recall the SUPERIOR and the A.A. HUDSON that were in port often. I suppose I loaded other ships but at the time I was not really interested in the ship's name, more concerned with making money and eating beans.

Q- Who were some of the other workers?

Max: For the life of me, I can't really remember their names but there were many older adults who were regulars. As a high schooler, to make it, you really had to be in the line early as Andy Millward had his favourites whom he knew were good and reliable workers from previous times..

Q- What were some of the hardships of the job?

Max: The worst part was early on when the ship was light. You had to take a run up the ramp. After the ship leveled off with the load, it was easier. It was hot down in the ship's hold and I can appreciate who were stuck down in there day after day. It was hot but back in those days it was a job.



Mann Historical Files

Loading beans - International Trucks - Steamer A.A. HUDSON - Wallaceburg, Ont.- 1950

Q-Do you consider your experience worthwhile?

Max: It was great for me because I lived in the country with a big family. The money I earned went a long way in buying clothes and supplies for school.

Q- There was always the next day when you went back to school. Was there any follow up from the principal since you had skipped school?

Max: No, we were never really reprimanded. I suspect Mr. Laing (the principal) knew what was going on and understood our financial needs. Fortunately, I never played hooky any other days, so I guess I got away with it. Mother would question me the first few times, but when I showed her the money I had earned, she understood.

Q- Did your work loading ships ever convince you to become a full time sailor?

Max: Not at the time. That really disillusioned me from sailing. In later years, when I went into the labor market, I was working at Schultz Die Casting Co. (No.2 chroming plant), which was really tough sledding. I decided one day I'd had enough of that place. My idea was to go up to Sarnia and sign up to sail. First, I went to the local pool room, had my lunch and was ready to go to Sarnia, when another fellow from Schultz

came in and said there were lots of jobs in construction. That's where I headed! So my sailing career never materialized.

Q-Other than Andy Millward, do you recall any others who frequented the government dock at loading time?

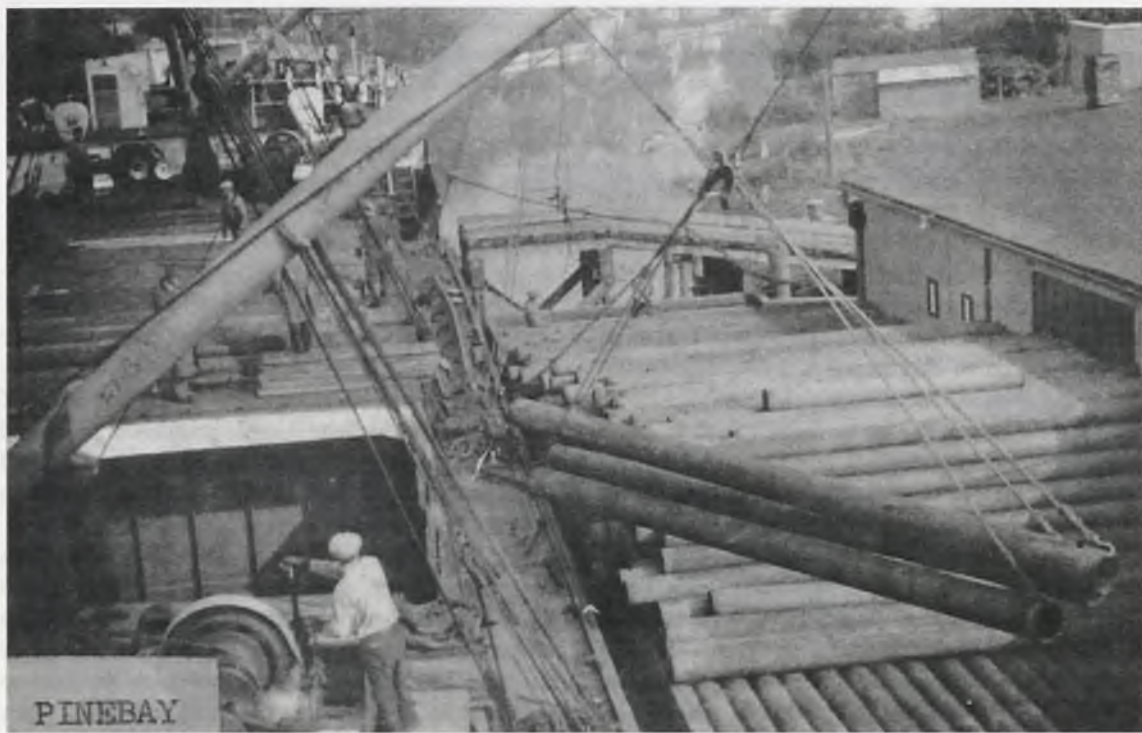
Max: The only other name that comes back is Whiz Wellman. It seems to me he was a straw boss. He was always there and looked after us when we got lost or missed a turn. I figure he was Andy's left hand (or right handed man), whatever. Whiz was always there and seemed to have some sort of authority..

Q-Any wrap up points in summary of your experience?

Max: Well, as we look back, the old days were the good old days and in some sense they were. Ship loading was a tough job but part of history. I'm glad I was a small part of it.

Thanks to Max Heath for sharing this important part of the Wallaceburg waterfront from yesteryear. His loading experience was typical of many others of his vintage who scurried to the waterfront upon hearing the ship's whistle, a sound that is well into the past. Note: Whereas Max might be branded older than he really is, the accompanying scenes at the government wharf are during the late 1930s while Max's experience was during the 1940s.





PINEBAY at Wallaceburg - 1940

Mann Historical Files



Loading beans onto PINEBAY - W.E. Reid Co. - Wallaceburg, Ont. - 1937

Mann Historical Files

# WINTER QUARTERS

By C.E. Stein

Reprinted from March-April, 1970  
Telescope

Fact or Fancy . . . This is one of the most incredible sea stories we've ever heard and the judgment is left to the reader.

Sunday, December 10, 1854. . . The Huron Signal, Goderich, Ontario, is informed by David McKendrick who arrived from Kincardine, Ontario, that when at Pine River, about twenty-two miles north of Goderich, on Monday of last week, he in company with several other persons, saw a vessel on fire, apparently but a few miles from shore. He thinks from the fierceness of the flames and the rapidity with which the vessel was destroyed that she must have been laden with some highly inflammable cargo. She apparently sank in about thirty or forty minutes after the flames were first seen. The wind was blowing inshore at the time and the lake was exceedingly rough . . . Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

Wednesday, December 13, 1854 . . . *The Bruce Mines*, owned by the Montreal Mining Company, enroute to Georgian Bay, loaded with provisions, blasting powder, and salt ballast, is overdue and believed lost on Lake Huron in the recent gale . . . Detroit News.

In this present decade many persons have witnessed aerial phenomena and decided, that, to recount publicly that they had viewed flying saucers would draw unfavorable attention to them and stamp them as individuals with, to say the least, highly imaginative character. The same type of thinking influenced Donald McLeod of Woodstock, Ontario, when he rode the yawl boat of the *Bruce Mines* ashore at Kincardine in the month of March, 1855.

When he came ashore, to all intents and purposes, Donald McLeod seemed merely a daring young man who had rowed up Lake Huron as early as ice conditions permitted. He hadn't much of an outfit, but he did have a plentiful supply of currency.

On the streets of Kincardine, he met former Woodstock neighbors, the Rowans, who originally had come, as had he, from Scotland. In the course of time he married Isabelle Rowan, and the couple raised five sons, all of whom as they grew up, attended Kincardine schools, and then adopted the life of lake sailors.

One of the sons, Robert Rowan McLeod, when first mate of the steamer WISCONSIN, married Murdena, daughter of Donald and Christina Martin of Kincardine, at Duluth, in December, 1888. The children born of this union were Bella Rowan McLeod and Lulu Wilkie McLeod. In 1893 Robert Rowan McLeod came out as master of the steamer OCEALA, and established a home for his family at Conneaut, Ohio, though he kept the family homestead in Kincardine. On the wall of the parlor of that home in Conneaut a water-marked, hand-scripted poem was framed against an oblong, fabric sampler background. The poem was peculiarly ingenious, not so for its content as for its composition. The first letter of each line, reading from top to bottom spelled out the sentence: My Boast is in the glorious cross of Christ. The words in capital letters when read on the left hand side from top to bottom, and on the right-hand side from bottom to top, formed the Lord's Prayer complete. The poem was written by Donald McLeod during the winter of 1854-55.

Donald McLeod was aboard the BRUCE MINES on December 4, 1854, upbound on Lake Huron when a flash fire and explosion ripped the hold to the inrushing water. A water tight bulkhead midships caused the forward section of the ship to fill. This action extinguished the fire. The heavy barrels of salt tumbled forward as the bow of the ship canted in a steep incline until she was standing on her nose with her rudder waving in the wind. This much of the accident Donald remembered.

His next memory was of sinking during daylight hours, with an aching head, and wedged in a corner

of the bunk which was standing on end in the cabin. He called. There was neither answer nor sound of human activity. Nothing but the wash of the waves and the wailing dirge of a snow-laden winter wind. Slowly he extracted himself from his cramped position and made his way across the forward wall, which now served as the swaying floor of the cabin, to the companion-way door. It was swinging open. He looked fifteen feet straight down at the serrated backs of the gray waves as they surged in soldierly rows beneath him, washing alongside the deck which was standing upright like the wall of a house built in water. He called again through the open companion-way and again received no answer. His former shipmates had either all perished in the fire or in some way left the ship. They had not taken the yawl boat, as he could see it, still lashed in its davits, through the glass bull's eye in the stern.

He used a joint in the planking of the upright deck as a plimsoll mark and watched it all day. The BRUCE MINES kept as she was and didn't seem to sink an inch. Her cargo had all shifted forward and turned her on end. She was not sinking any lower due to the air in the compartments behind the bulkheads that the water had not penetrated. Towards evening, Donald unscrewed the gimble holding the oil lamp and fastened them in the new ceiling which rightfully was the stern wall of the cabin. With this light he explored the small cubbies formerly below the taffrail, but now over his head, which were the cook's pantry and storeroom. The variety of eatables in bins and boxes and bottles were all tumbled together. Between munching, and stowing the supplies in new and more secure positions in lockers and drawers, Donald passed the night.

One complete wall of the port side pantry had been lined with wicker baskets, each containing four bottles of wine. The shift in position of the ship had not dislodged a basket. The baskets were now neatly in rows on their sides instead of on their bottoms. This, apparently, from the instructions printed on the labels, which Donald read many times for the sake of something to read, and even memorized in the ensuing days, was the proper attention, required for correctly keeping wine: The bottles should be carefully laid on their sides in a cool place where air is admitted; they should never be placed on their bottoms, as from this cause they will speedily lose their effervescence.

The food in the ship's pantry and storeroom was ordinary shipboard fare. Donald recalled seeing boxes of raisins, dates, figs, dried apricots and sweetened biscuit and stone jugs of corn syrup and tubs of mincemeat and kegs of corned beef swayed aboard. These were the winter rations for the company mining camp on the north shore of Georgian Bay, to which point the BRUCE MINES had been bound. Donald poked and prodded and finally found a sliding door leading to a passageway to the after hold. The port section was lighted by a thick glass porthole which was now below water level. He fastened a rope to a stanchion and lowered himself to the jumbled pile of crates and boxes. He discovered a ladder fitted at one end with the coaming above him and, selecting a plethora of the exotic food foreign, yet intriguing, to his Spartan Scottish upbringing, he carried them up the ladder to the main cabin. While he was below selecting yet another case, an unusual motion of the vessel dislodged the ladder. It toppled over, and the end with the iron hooks fell against the round glass of the porthole. The glass was very thick and strong, but the ladder came down very heavy and shattered it and water came rushing in a solid stream. Donald hastily tied the end of his rope around his last selection, climbed the rope and hauled his case up after him.

Looking down he saw that it would not be long before the hold would be filled with water. He reasoned that as more water entered the ship the lower she would settle. Closing the sliding door, Donald barred it and caulked all around its edges. Without at the same time realizing that he was sealing himself in, he also pulled shut the companionway door, and using his penknife worked strips from the sheets off the bunks into the cracks around its edges. As the water rose, the pressure from below made a complete seal. While he worked, the rocking motion of the ship eased. He glanced up and saw water covering the glass of the bull's eye over his head. The ship was completely under the surface of the lake!

Donald McLeod recalled that he was alternately dreadfully scared then kind of hopeful. After a while he noticed that the degree of light filtering through the bull's eye was remaining constant. He realized that he had stopped sinking. He has not set down whether he talked out loud or argued inaudibly with himself:

*Hooray, I've stopped sinking!  
 What difference does that make? I must be thirty  
 or forty feet under water.  
 That may be, but all the water that can get in, is  
 in.  
 But that don't help. Thirty or forty feet under water  
 is as bad as a thousand to a drowning man.  
 Drowning? How am I going to drown if no more  
 water can get in?  
 No water, mebbe. But no air either, and people  
 drown for want of air!  
 It would be a queer thing, and Donald remembered  
 he actually chuckled, to be drowned in a lake and  
 yet stay dry as a chip.  
 But, it is no use worrying about air. The stern  
 hold on the starboard side is still full of air. Mebbe  
 before that gives out something will let go and I'll  
 pop up again.*

Days passed. There came a time when there was no movement to the whip whatsoever and Donald figured that the lake had frozen over above him. He re-positioned a thermometer and found that his winter quarters were maintaining a steady temperature of 55 degrees. The air began to get foul in his living quarters to, using a cleaver, he hacked a hole high up in the stern leading to the after hold. To conserve this supply of unused oxygen he plugged the hole each night.

He slept and ate and drank. He read the labels of the containers over and over again, there was nothing else to read. In his recollections, he stated that he did not suffer foreboding. Come what would, he was living easily, even sumptuously. The bottled wine in the wicker baskets was from Madeira. The brand was Malmsey. The wording of the paper sticker on the back of the bottles became indelibly stamped in his memory:

The term Malmsey is merely a corruption of Malvasia, the name of a small fortified town in the Bay of Epidaurus, Limera, where the grape was originally derived. It is grown on rocky grounds, which are exposed to the full influence of the sun's rays, and like all other luscious wines, is made from the grapes allowed to remain on the vine until they are over-ripe, or partially shriveled. Malmsey is universally admitted to be one of the finest and most delicious sweet wines, a portion of which is usually reserved for the royal table of Portugal. . . the quantity produced is very limited.

Sometimes, but not often enough for company, a trout would cruise past the bull's eye, turn, and peer down inside.

Donald's thoughts ranged far back to the quiet, clean streets of the old stone town of his birth in Sunderland shire, Scotland. He recalled his father teasing his mother about her beloved kirk. I wonder if there would be any kirks in the world if there were no new bonnets for women to wear? The words of the Lord's Prayer came to his mind. Then he remembered their old minister climbing over the lip of the hill to visit them, puffing through his long beard covered with hoar frost. He remembered the old minister's favorite text: My boast is in the glorious cross of Christ.

Using blank pages from the log book, Donald whiled away the hours writing out the words of the text and the prayer. He wrote them longitudinally, then perpendicularly. He conceived the idea of combining the text with the prayer. As gray day merged into gray day in his hazardous garret beneath the ice he fashioned and polished one of the most remarkable poetical compositions ever written. When it was re-worked to his final satisfaction he carefully transcribed the words to the canvas back of the log book. Then, he sacrificed part of this precious supply of oxygen by lighting a candle and covering the words with a thin protective coating of paraffin. It was the poem on the back cover of this log book which eventually occupied the place of honor on the wall of the McLeod home in Conneaut, Ohio which follows:

Make known the gospel truth, OUR Father King;  
 Yield up Thy grace, dear Father, from above;

Bless us with hearts Which feeling can sing:  
 Our life Thou ART FOREVER, God of Love.  
 Assuage our grief IN love FOR Christ, we pray,  
 Since the Prince of HEAVEN and GLORY died,  
 Took all sins and HALLOWED THE display,

Infinite Being, first man AND then was crucified,  
 Stupendous God! THY grace and POWER make known;

In Jesus' NAME let all THE world rejoice,  
 Now labor in THY Heavenly KINGDOM own,

That blessed KINGDOM, for Thy saints THE choice,  
 How vile to COME to Thee IS all our cry;

Enemies to THYself and all that's THINE;

Graceless our WILL, we live FOR vanity;  
Loathing the very Being, EVIL in design . . .  
O God, Thy will be DONE FROM earth to heaven;  
Reclining ON the gospel let US live,  
In EARTH from sin DELIVERed and forgiven,  
Oh! As Thyself, BUT teach us to forgive;  
Unless Its power TEMPTATION doth destroy,  
Sure IS our fall INTO the depths of woe.

Carnal IN mind, we have NOT a glimpse of joy  
Raised against HEAVEN; in US no hope we know.  
O GIVE is grace, and LEAD us on our way;  
Shine on US with thy love, and give US peace.  
Self, and THIS sin that rises AGAINST us, slay,

Oh, grant each DAY our TRESPASSES may cease;  
Forgive OUR evil deeds, THAT oft we do;

Convince us DAILY of THEM, to our shame;  
Help us with Heavenly BREAD, FORGIVE us too,  
Recurrent lusts' AND WE'll adore Thy Name.  
In thy FORGIVENess as AS saints can die,  
Since for US and our TRESPASSES so high,  
Thy Son, OUR Saviour, died on Calvary.

Not many days after the completion of the poem, Donald was startled by a renewal of motion in the ship. She began to swing about the rise up and down differently than before she had frozen in. Donald reasoned that she was gripped by the bottom of an ice field that the ice field was in motion that the spring break-up was at hand. At the beginning of his enforced incarceration, he had ticked off the days by drinking one bottle of wine each day. When he was curious as to how many days he had been under water, he would count the empty wine bottles. During the passage of time, it became increasingly difficult to tell where one day left off and another began and, as the bottles of wine were so very accessible, the counting of empty bottles became a most inaccurate calendar.

About noon on the day following the renewed motion, Donald felt a sudden shudder run through the whole ship, and far under him he heard a rumbling and a grinding that really scared him for the first time. It was as light in the cabin as it had been, so he was not sinking any deeper. After a while the cabin even seemed to grow lighter. Donald

looked at the bull's eye and saw blue sky where for ages had been water. And then the ship started to level out! Donald unbelievably found himself standing on the cabin floor, instead of the bulkhead. He looked again at the bull's eye and saw the slanting noonday sun shining in through wet glass. Dashing to the companionway he unleashed its fastening and threw it open and gulped great lung full of the sweet spring air.

Glancing forward he saw the deck was almost level. He saw the hole caused by the fire, and forward of that, a fresh opening where ice floe had bounced and rammed the bow of the BRUCE MINES into the lake bottom, releasing the remaining cargo to allow the ship to float normally. However, he noted the deck was almost awash, that the water was now penetrating the full length of her and that she was beginning to keel toward her port side. Without returning to the cabin, he hurried to the traffrail and loosened the lashings on the yawl boat and lowered it into the water. Under the water all winter it soaked up and floated high. Not till then did he return to the cabin for a hurried armload of clothing and a weighty dunnage bag. Throwing these into the yawl boat, he leaped down into it himself and had pulled only a dozen or so strokes away when the BRUCE MINES rolled over to port again below the surface.

Donald McLeod looked around him for the first time. He was about two miles off shore. The shoreline was wooded and crowned with high hills, which seemed to decrease in height to the north. Also to the north, possibly four miles away, he could see a column of smoke indicating human habitation. As Donald had absolutely no idea of his whereabouts, he rowed through the drifting ice floes in the direction of the smoke.

The smoke was issuing from the stacks of the pioneer industries of the infant settlement of Kincardine. Arriving before the town, Donald beached his yawl boat, put rollers under it and used the community capstan to haul it up high and dry.

He walked up the hill to the first hotel and entered to enjoy the luxury of a hot meal, hot bath and a clean bed. Signing the register he discovered that the date was the 12th of March, 1855. he realized he had been under water since December 4th, 1854!

He kept his secret well. Never to any stranger, but, finally, to his granddaughters in Conneaut, did he reveal the origin of the poem on the canvas back of an old log book.

# Guy Lombardo

## “The Sweetest Boat.....This Side of Heaven!”

by Alan Mann

Smitten at an early age as his father's covered motor launch “sped” (at 6 or 7 mph) up and down London Ontario's Thames River, a young and impressionable Guy Lombardo filed away “water” and “speed” as pursuits to be explored later in life.

Powerboat racing would hold boundless thrills for Guy Lombardo, a sport that was beset with danger and burdened by high cost. As he became established in the music world, that latent desire to race on water pushed for fulfillment. At every opportunity Guy would take in prestigious race events such as the Gold Cup in Detroit. The legend, Gar Wood, who held the world's unlimited power boat speed record in his famous MISS AMERICA hulls, during the 1920s and 1930s was Guy's idol. The insatiable interest sparked years before, watching his father

Gaetano race along the Thames was becoming overpowering. As the Royal Canadians orchestra enjoyed musical success and corresponding income, Guy was content (temporarily) to satisfy his speed urge through pleasure runabouts. One, a 24 ft Sea Lyon powered by a Chrysler engine that coaxed speeds satisfying to Guy's full throttle, was a favourite. When wife Lilliebelle expressed a desire to share Guy's passion for water, a beautiful 55ft cruiser (with berths for six) was acquired. He named it TEMPO, a perfect compromise between his music and boat interests. In 1939, Guy bought a place on South Grove St., where he had a private mooring for his stable of boats. Even though the cruiser and runabouts satisfied Guy's urge for speed on water, he had something else on his mind.



In 1946 Guy moved to the big time when he purchased the 3-point hydro MY SIN renamed TEMPO IV.



Guy Lombardo & Fred Alter at the Unlimitecs Annual Awards Banquet



Guy Lombardo, Al Fallon, and Greg Fallon in 1947

In 1939 while the Royal Canadians fulfilled a prolonged gig at the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto, off time was spent at the waterfront where Guy spotted the 225 cu..in class, 3 point hydroplanes racing. He made up his mind right there and then he wanted one! This led to an entirely new phase of Guy's life,

one that would put his musical career in constant jeopardy, because apprehension amongst his brothers and sidemen (and his own family) putting fear into the minds of his associates. Yet, royalties from the Royal Canadians allowed him to satisfy an urge that had been nurtured over the years, beginning back in his home town of London, in Canada.



Left to Right - Guy Lombardo, Bill Cantrell, Danny Foster

(Boatitis) is a common malady. . . the currently owned boat is never big enough. Guy raced his newly purchased "225" hull TEMPO for the first time in New Jersey, then in Washington with some success. In 1942 he bought the second hull TEMPO II (longer of course!) and enjoyed amazing success winning 20 of 22 races in his class. However wartime soon brought an end to such frivolity with Guy and the Royal Canadians more intent on raising morale with their "sweetest music this side of heaven."



Guy Lombardo won the coveted Gold Cup in 1946 driving TEMPO IV in Detroit, MI

A racing turning point came in 1946. Guy moved to the big time when he purchased a beautiful 24 ft Ventnor Boat Works three point racing hull from Zalmon Simmoms (of mattress fame) powered by four race car motors in tandem connected by a common crank shaft, Guy was now in unlimited power boat heaven. Originally MY SIN he renamed his new acquisition TEMPO IV and repowered it in 1948 with an Allison V 01710 aircraft engine. Guy would go on over the next few years to win 15 races in the unlimited class, he himself behind the wheel. He won the Gold Cup in Detroit, 1946 and the Ford Memorial (also in Detroit) in 1948. He also garnered victories at the prestigious Red Bank, New Jersey races on several occasions all the time pushing speeds higher and higher. Ah..his boat WAS on the sweetest side of heaven!

Guy had a passion for music and motors and was determined to win at both. In one race, Guy filled in for an injured driver of MISS GREAT LAKES. The craft, hard to handle at any speed, tossed Lombardo back, forth, up and down in the cockpit as the boat careened over 45 miles of rough water. Guy won the race. Bashed, bruised and bewildered (and with the seat of his pants torn to shreds) he wobbled over to pick up his trophy. One of the judges on seeing Guy's disheveled state, reportedly said, "If you're the winner I'd sure hate to see what the losers look like!"

Satisfying his quest for speed did not come without cost. In the London, Ont. it was later exiled to a city storage shed where it languished and was vandalized awaiting an uncertain future.



One of Guy's cruisers, a 1937, 44 ft Hacker Commuter, was discovered in use as a corn crib, fortunately rescued and restored by an antique boat buff. TEMPO IV is owned by a private collector.

Guy Lombardo died November 8, 1977. His hometown of London honours their native son through naming of the Guy Lombardo Parkway. Unfortunately in 2008 the city of London decided to close the Guy Lombardo Museum, due to shortage of funds.



Guy Lombardo & Danny Foster were inducted into the Gulf Hall of Fame.



Guy wins in MISS GREAT LAKES at Gull Lake - 1949



Guy and mechanic working on the TEMPO VI and its 16 cyl. engine in the 1950's



Guy Lombardo following his win in the MISS GREAT LAKES

Fred Farley unlimited powerboat expert and historian paid tribute to Guy Lombardo by stating; "Very few men in competitive power boat history have ever demonstrated the uncanny knack of generating newspaper headline over a long period of time by their mere presence at a race site. "

**All photos are from the collection of Sandy Ross**

# GREAT LAKES & SEAWAY NEWS



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Thanks for assistance in preparing this issue to:

Rod Burdick	William Maher Howell	
William Keller	Mark Shumaker	Jim Sprunt
Scanner	Wheelhouse	Lake Carriers Association

## GREAT LAKES & SEAWAY NEWS

May 1 ...Coal shipments in March totaled 1.6 million tons, an increase of 27% over 2007. The coal trade outperformed its five-year average by 34%.

... BBC ZARATE arrived in Duluth with the first load of windmill parts for the 2008 season.

May 6 ...WALTER J. McCARTHY, JR. went out for sea trials after winter-long repairs necessitated by sinking in her lay-up slip. She is scheduled to load coal at the Midwest Energy Terminal in Superior.



Photo by Rod Burdick

Former RESERVE, now the barge JAMES L. KUBER departs Marquette - 5/12/08

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GREAT LAKES & SEAWAY NEWS •

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May 13 ...ALGOBAY was towed out of Hamilton on a trip to China, where she will have a new fore-body fitted, enlarging her to maximum seaway size. The ALGOBAY has been laid up since December, 2002. She was towed by the tugs VIGILANT I and COMMODORE STRAITS.



ALGOBAY towed to China for rebuilding - 1989 photo.

May 17 ...ALGOSAR dry-docked at Ironhead Marine in Toledo.

May 22 ...CASON J. CALLAWAY made a rare trip into Marquette to load taconite.

May 30 ...JET EXPRESS II left the Toledo Maritime Center for her first of many hoped-for ferry trips to Put-in-Bay. Fifteen people each paid \$55 for the trip.

June 1 ...CUYAHOGA sank two boats in the Cuyahoga River. They were docked at a night club.

June 13 ...The newly re-powered SAGINAW left her lay-up slip, and fueled at Imperial Oil, then departed upbound.

June 13 ...Limestone shipments totaled 4.2 million net tons in May, a decrease of 3.4% compared to 2007. Shipments of iron ore on the Lakes totaled 7.3 million tons, an increase of 15% compared to a year ago.

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• GREAT LAKES & SEAWAY NEWS

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Photo by Mark Shumaker

SAGINAW now a motorship.

June 14 ... The Lake & Rail Grain Elevator in Buffalo has been sold to Whitebox, a firm that owns other elevators in the Midwest. The elevator is to be revitalized.

June 14 ... HMS ONTARIO, a British warship sunk in 1780, has been located. She is an 80-ft. sloop, and is in almost perfect condition.

June 15 ... MANITOWOC opened Munising for the shipping season with a cargo of Eastern coal for the local paper mill.

June 16 ... In Milwaukee, ST. MARY'S CHALLENGER collided with, and damaged, a boat owned by Milwaukee Brewers announcer Bob Eucker.

June 20 ... SPRUCEGLEN hit the Shell Dock in Sarnia. She was coming in to fuel. The dock was damaged at the north end.

June 24 ... M. R. KANE is towing D. C. EVEREST to Toronto from Port Colborne. The vessel will be used as part of the Canada Day celebration. She has unofficially been renamed K. R. ELLIOTT.

June 26 ... The Museum Ship MILWAUKEE CLIPPER is losing its dock in Muskegon. The S. S. MILWAUKEE CLIPPER Preservation, Inc. is looking for a new dock in Muskegon.

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GREAT LAKES & SEAWAY NEWS •

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Photo by Greg Rudnick

SPRUCEGLEN rams fuel dock.

July 3 ...Holland Harbor Historical Lighthouse Commission obtained the deed from the Federal Government for the lighthouse, known affectionately as Big Red. They have maintained the lighthouse since the 1970s.



Photo by Greg Rudnick

D.C. EVEREST, unofficially renamed K.R. ELLIOT, towed to Toronto to serve as fireworks barge.

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• GREAT LAKES & SEAWAY NEWS

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Photo by Greg Rudnich

**MILWAUKEE CLIPPER to lose its dock.**

July 4 ...ALGOWOOD collided with a sailboat after leaving the Shell Oil Bunkering Dock. The RCMP determined the sailboat operator was highly intoxicated.

July 5 ...No charges have been laid in June's crash of the SPRUCEGLEN into the Shell Dock in Corunna, Ontario. The investigators noted that fog was present. The north end of the dock is still closed.

July 10 ...June iron ore shipments totaled 6.4 million net tons, an increase of 2.6% over 2007 and the months' five-year average.

July 12 ...Coal shipments on the Lakes totaled 4,284,810 net tons in June, a tie with 2007, although 3.8% below the month's five-year average.

... Two export coal cargoes were loaded at Thunder Bay, Ontario, one for England and one for Brazil.

July 13 ...PRESQUE ISLE is in Erie at the shipyard for repairs to the tug.

July 15 ...Cleveland Cliffs Inc has acquired United Mining's 30% interest in United Taconite, a mining and pelletizing operation in Eveleth, MN.

... ALGOSOO made a rare visit to Stoneport, MI.

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**GREAT LAKES & SEAWAY NEWS •**

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July 17 ...Cleveland-Cliffs Inc made an offer to purchase Alpha Natural Resources for approximately \$10 billion. Alpha is a major supplier of Appalachian coal to the steel industry and power plants. Another contemplated change is a new company name. Historic Cleveland-Cliffs will be known as Cliffs Natural Resources.

July 19 ...Limestone shipments from U.S. and Canadian ports totaled 4.4 million net tons in June. For 2008, the total limestone trade is 4.2% behind 2007, with an 11.8 million net return.

July 25 ...At the Soo, USCG evacuated an ALGORAIL crewman who was having chest pains.

... The DUTCH RUNNER began its service for Great Lakes Federal Lines, running from Halifax to various Great Lakes ports with containers. The ship is Canadian-flagged, and can carry heavy lift cargo, and has a ramp for roll-on/roll-off cargo.

July 28 ...U.S.S. FREEDOM left Marinette Marine on her sea trials.

July 29 ...CSL LAURENTIEN and FEDERAL MAAS were each fined C\$3000 by a Sarnia Court for speeding in the St. Clair River.

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**SALES AND RENAMINGS:**

The former ALGOCEN has been renamed J. W. SHELLEY. She has been re-registered as C325748 in Quebec City, and is expected to return to Lakes service.



ALGOCEN back to service on Lakes as J.W. SHELLEY. - 2002 photo

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• **GREAT LAKES & SEAWAY NEWS**

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BALABAN I has been renamed SWIFT SUPERIOR.

Canada Steamship Lines has purchased four straight-deck bulk carriers from Fednav. They will come under Canadian registry and operate in the Great Lakes/St. Lawrence system. They are presently operating as the LAKE SUPERIOR, LAKE MICHIGAN, LAKE ERIE, and LAKE ONTARIO. The first of the vessels, the LAKE MICHIGAN, will be delivered in December, 2008, and the rest in 2009. The LAKE ONTARIO and LAKE SUPERIOR will run from Havre St. Pierre to Sorel in the ilmenite trade previously handled by CSL's recently scrapped FERBEC.



Photo by Greg Rudnick

LAKE SUPERIOR (below) and LAKE ONTARIO (above) shown here have been sold to CSL along with LAKE ERIE and LAKE MICHIGAN.



Photo by Greg Rudnick



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**GREAT LAKES & SEAWAY NEWS •**

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Photo by Greg Rudnick

**GOVIKEN** and her fleet mates **SANDVIKEN** and **DAVIKEN** have been purchased by Algoma for use on and off the lakes.

**Barge Lavolette** (ex **CANADIAN EXPLORER**) has been sold to South Americans. The barge is slated for conversion to a spoils barge for the Panama Canal Gap.

**ALGOVILLE** has been renamed **TIM S. DOOL**. Mr. Dool is a former CEO of ACR.

**Cape May Light** and **Cape Cod Light** have been sold to the Clipper Group of the Bahamas.

**EDISONGRACHT** has been renamed **QAMUTIK** by her owners, Transport Iqaluit, and will specialize in northern Canada supply.

The three salties purchased by Algoma have new names. **SANVIKEN** has been renamed **ALGOMA SPIRIT**, **GOVIKEN** has been renamed **ALGOMA GUARDIAN**, and **DAVIKEN** is now **ALGOMA DISCOVERY**.

**BBC INDIA** was renamed **MARIA GREEN** in Windsor.

**BBC KOREA** was renamed **ATLANTIC PENDANT** in Windsor.

**EKTORA** has been converted to a self-unloader by new owner, CSL, and renamed **CSL METIS**. She is too large to trade in the Lakes.

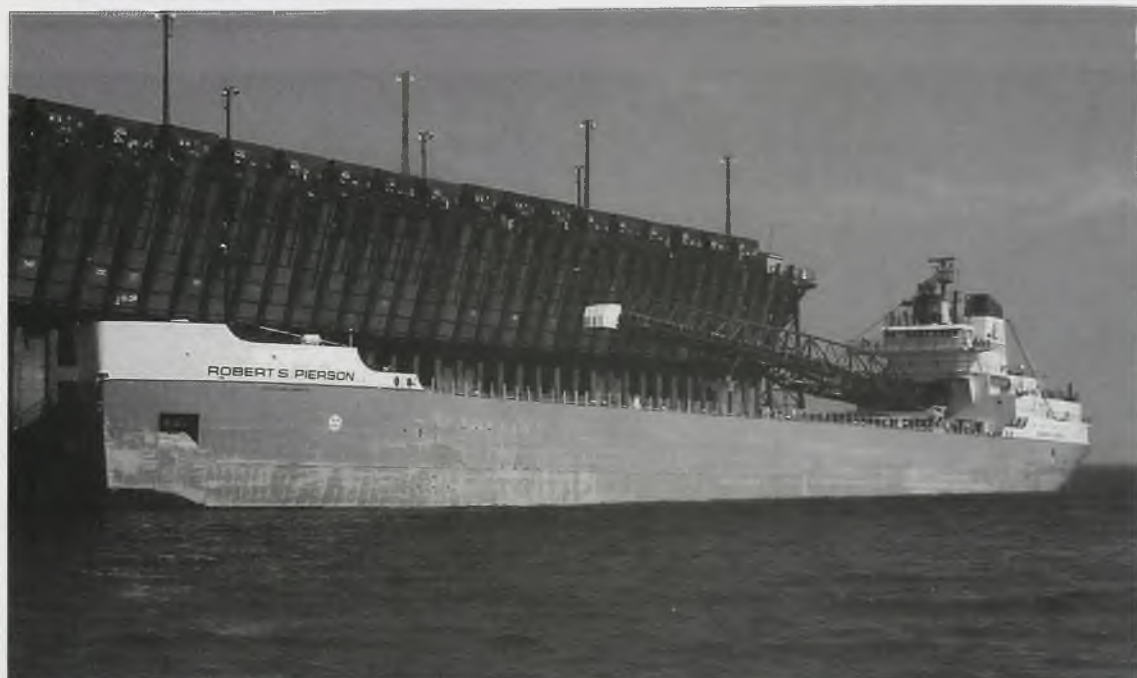


Photo by Rod Burdick

Former WOLVERINE sporting her new name ROBERT S. PIERSON at Marquette - 4/21/08

Purvis Marine acquired the CANACE ANDRIE and MEREDITH ANDRIE from Andrie, Inc.

Former WOLVERINE was renamed ROBERT S. PIERSON

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#### **SHIPYARD NEWS:**

FINCANTIERI, the Italian shipbuilder, has agreed to purchase the Marinette Marine Co. and Bay Shipbuilding Co. from their parent company, Manitowoc.

Erie Shipbuilding began construction of a 135-ft. tug, which will push the new 740-ft. self-unloading barge to be constructed this summer. The barge will be similar to GREAT LAKES TRADER.

Great Lakes Towing has sold the second of their Handy-size tugs to a firm in Honduras. The vessel will operate at Puerto Cortes.

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Thanks for assistance in preparing this issue to Rod Burdick, William Maher Howell, William Keller, Mark Shumaker, Jim Sprunt, Lake Carriers Association, Scanner, and Wheelhouse.

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**BACK COVER PHOTO:** GEORGE A. STINSON with Interlake Steamship Colors. While awaiting a new self-unloading boom, the STINSON was the largest straight-decker on the lakes. Photograph by James R. Hoffman.



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