

# Pinney Dock Ports and Portholes

Volume 2, Issue 16  
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In this Getting to Know the Great Lakes- People issue: Duff Brace Scrapbook...Great Lakes Captains and Their Cohorts....Captains Beckwith and Syfert....Birds Ahoy...Robert Lee, Sailor Poet...Captain P.C. Kelley and the Joshua A. Hatfield to the Rescue

## Shivering Sailors!



U.S. Coast Guard Cutter Bristol Bay and the 1,000-foot freighter Walter J. McCarthy Jr. begin entering the Poe Lock in the St. Mary's River on their down-bound voyage. (Photo U.S. Army Corps of Engineers and Michigan live.

# Getting to Know the Great Lakes: Great Lakes People

## Two Museums, Same Mariner

### The Duff Brace Scrapbook



Duff and Jane Brace

As we were organizing some of the numerous scrapbooks we have at the Conneaut Area Historical Museum, we discovered what we called the “Duff Brace” scrapbook. Duff Brace was a mariner and a railroad man from Conneaut who later moved to Ashtabula and help found the Ashtabula Maritime and Surface Transportation Museum. The Maritime Museum has a collection of approximately twenty of the notebooks of maritime lore of the Great Lakes that he diligently collected and organized over the years. We, at the Conneaut Museum were delighted to discover his scrapbook which is a collection of Conneaut maritime information, focusing on the Pittsburgh & Conneaut Docks, Huletts, and Conneaut mariners. Most of the documentation and photos in this issue of Ports and Portholes comes from the Duff

Brace Scrapbook, with much material yet to be explored and used. Thank you Duff for your meticulous preservation of Great Lakes History!

Long-time friends and neighbors of Duff Brace including Ashtabula Maritime Museum Director of Volunteers Kaye Lind, recall Duff’s maritime room where he kept his growing collection of artifacts over the years. Duff compiled, typed, and corrected and re-corrected ship names, statistics, histories, and other facts he found interesting in notebooks. Soon he had rows and rows of them in what his family thought of as his “little room off the kitchen.” He talked enthusiastically to people about his ships, and facts, and soon Duff and his friend Paul Petros created slideshows and created a “slideshow circuit” to share their maritime knowledge.

Duff Brace accumulated a Library of Congress style collection of “Boat Notebooks,” which can be found in the Research Library on the second floor of the Museum. He corresponded with lovers of Great Lakes History all over the country and local scuba divers hung out in his “Boat Room” so often that his wife Jane routinely invited them to dinner. Duff’s children recall that their yearly family vacation destination was the Welland Canal.

Along the way, the Detroit Marine Historical Society appointed Duff Brace historian of the year and he became a well-known maritime historian with firsthand experience and knowledge of his craft.

Duff Brace died in 1995, and his wife, Jane died in 2010. They are buried in Glenwood Cemetery in Conneaut.

## Great Lakes Captains and Their Cohorts

Ship's captains often lived more dramatic lives than Hollywood movie stars. Duff's scrapbook provided stories about winter storms and captain catastrophes.

November 11, 1883. Milwaukee,  
Lake Michigan

A fierce wind roiled the waters of Lake Michigan off North Point, a few miles from Milwaukee, Wisconsin on the Sunday afternoon of November 11, 1883. About three o'clock, the fore-and-aft schooner, Ashtabula, slipped under the waves.



First owned by G. Anderson of Milwaukee, and owned only for three months by Mate Edward Smith of Escanaba, Michigan, the schooner's forward side faced the bow, and its rear or the aft section faced the ship's stern. Fore-and-aft schooners were rigged to carry cargo and passengers and for fishing. Thayer, shipbuilder of Ashtabula, built the ship in 1854, and she weighed 95 tons, was rated B2, and her value was estimated at \$1,500. She was bound from Chicago to Escanaba, carrying a cargo of sundries, mostly made up of barreled salt. Onlookers speculated whether or not the Ashtabula was insured.

Shore onlookers could no longer spot the ship, so they feared for the survival of the four-member crew. A tug from Milwaukee harbor ventured into the waves to see if it were possible to save the crew. The tug's own smoke obscured the view of the Ashtabula so the crew could not pinpoint the site of her sinking.

After a half an hour of anxious onlooking, the watchers spotted the tug plowing through the waves toward the harbor towing a small boat. Another anxious crowd greeted the tug when it arrived at the Government Piers in the harbor. The tug steamed up the Milwaukee River and landed the crew of the Ashtabula at the Milwaukee Tug Company's dock. Quickly, a crowd of people surrounded the crew eager to hear the story of the sinking of the unfortunate schooner Ashtabula.

The onlookers met the Ashtabula's crew: Captain O. Johnson; Mate Edward Smith, and Seamen Neal Simmonson and Gabriel Peterson. The Captain told the story of the sinking of the schooner Ashtabula.

Captain O. Johnson said that the Ashtabula left Chicago at about midnight Saturday night with 450 barrels of salt, and two tons of box freight in her hold. On deck, dock workers placed fifty barrels of salt, five barrels of oil, and five barrels of coal tar, as well as many new boxes slated for fish packing at Escanaba. Booth Company of Chicago had shipped the fifty barrels of salt and the fish boxes.

The Ashtabula had safely covered all but about fifteen miles of the 72.13 nautical miles from Chicago to Milwaukee by Sunday noon, fighting against the wind and Captain Johnson decided he did not want to risk his ship any longer and he decided to seek a safe harbor in Milwaukee. The Ashtabula's crew then discovered that the Ashtabula had developed a serious leak, and they manned the pumps. The water steadily gained on their efforts, and after about an hour the wind and waves carried away her foresail. The crew quickly ran the Ashtabula with her main and stay sails.

After two hours of steady pumping, the Ashtabula filled and listed badly to port. While they were still several miles off the Milwaukee piers, the crew signaled for a tug. The Ashtabula's crew were convinced their ship would not float, so they lowered the yawl boat and a man climbed into it. Just five minutes later, the Ashtabula rolled over and the three men onboard struggled to keep from going down with the ship as it sank. The captain stayed with his ship to the end, and he had barely made it to the yawl boat before the Ashtabula sank. The Ashtabula righted herself as she went down and when she settled on the bottom her topmasts protruded four feet above the water's surface.

The men in the yawl boat tried hard to keep her head into the water, but they could not make any headway into the wind or water. The boat drifted leeward, Lake Michigan waves continued to wash over it, and it seemed they would carry the yawl boat further out into the lake.

Captain Herman Heurth of the tug Starke Brothers lay anchored at the Milwaukee Piers spotted the Ashtabula when it lay about five miles from the piers a good distance out in Lake Michigan and he started for the ship. When the tug Starke Brothers had progressed to about two miles off the piers, Captain Heurth watched the Ashtabula capsize and sink. Captain Heurth knew the lives of the crew were in danger, so he ran his tug wide open, but he had to overcome some challenges before he could rescue the Ashtabula's crew. It took Captain Heurth and the Starke Brother's crew some time before they even spotted the yawl from the Ashtabula and when they had spotted the yawl, one of the wheel chains of the Stark broke. Captain Heurth and the crew hurriedly repair it, and a few minutes later the Starke crew were hauling the Ashtabula's crew aboard the Starke. The Starke crew provided the shipwrecked Ashtabula sailors with warm clothes and warm quarters and towed the Ashtabula's yawl boat back to the Milwaukee harbor. The Starke also rescued the yawl boat just in time because it had been filling with water and drifting into the middle of the lake when Captain Heurth and his crew came to the rescue. The Milwaukee Sentinel summed up the rescue by stating, "To say that Captain Heurth is deserving of a government medal is all that is necessary, his act speaks for itself."

The Ashtabula was a total loss and a menace to navigation while she remained in Lake Michigan. Ashtabula owner and mate Edward Smith noted that a tug ran into the Ashtabula at Chicago on the Saturday night before the next day sinking of the ship, and he believed that the damage that the tug caused produced the leak that sank the Ashtabula. The loss of the Ashtabula and its cargo amounted to about \$3,000 and neither the vessel nor the cargo was insured.



## Old Salt Stories: Captains Beckwith and Syfert

By Captain David Beckwith,  
Pierpont, Ohio

I started sailing to finance college. I attended school during the winter off season and returned to the boats in June, working until layup. I worked my way up the ranks from deck hand, deck watch, AB watchman, Wheelsman and Bosun.'

In 1973, US Steel foresaw a future need for Deck officers due to the advent of vacation programs being instituted as the result of union negotiations. I was Bosun on the Richard V. Lindabury and got off the boat that summer to attend a school sponsored by The Company (U S Steel Great Lakes Fleet) and Masters, Mates, and Pilots Union in Cleveland. I completed the course, obtained my original License (for Mate and Pilot) reported to the Horace Johnson as 3rd Mate that October. I got my license before my Degree. That winter I returned to college and that finished up. Tying up loose ends. I also got married in 1974 and decided to continue sailing instead of pursuing a career utilizing a Liberal Arts Degree.

This was a period of big changes in the industry. One thousand footers replacing older boats. vacation times slowly becoming a reality and the end (Thank God) of attempts at year-round sailing. I went back and forth between US Steel and Cleveland Tankers. We were working seventy-five on/ 25 off. This was almost a semblance of normalcy compared to 9- and 10-month seasons with no time off.

Cleveland Tankers built three new product Tankers and got rid of all their old boats and a lot of the “Old Guard” crews that had a hard time adapting to the new EPA and environmental regulations. In the seventies there was heavy demand for the Tanker Trade. Many ports on all the lakes were thirsty for petroleum products. The Gemini was the largest US flagged tanker on the Lakes carrying 70, 000 BBls. In the mid-seventies all the boats were so busy it was often hard to get a relief for time off for the newly negotiated vacation program.

Then the changes started coming. Pipelines on Lake Superior and on Lake Michigan, and a couple fleets of competing Tug Barges started cutting into business. In the eighties there were more lost customers due to more tug barges, companies going out of business and competition from railroads. Gone were the days when there were more cargos for us than boats. Frequent layups resulted in seniority bumping from boat to boat. Often it took a lot more than 75 days to accrue enough time for a vacation. Instead, time was broken up by frequent short term and sometimes long term lay ups during the season. Yet somehow the job went on.

I got very familiar with the airports near the major ports. I seemed like we were laying up or fitting out every 2 weeks. One thing that eased the chaos was knowing I had made the right decision when I left US Steel. In the eighties we started

getting relief 3rd Mates from US Steel. These guys were almost all ahead of me in seniority during my Pittsburg days. Many more of my old shipmates from Pittsburg ended up on the beach and never sailed again after the massive fleet reduction at US Steel.

Sailing was completely different now. Boom bust cycles were more frequent in the tanker business. The unlicensed crews were being reduced to save expenses.

Regardless. I got my master's license and started sailing as Captain in 1985. The remainder of my career witnessed technological advancements, improving navigation and communication. Cargo handling remained pretty much the same, but regulations and compliance became a full-time job on top of the one you already had. After the Exxon Valdez there was a microscope on Tanker operations. Cargos were harder to find. Ashland Oil sold Cleveland Tankers to a Canadian Company, Enerchem, out of Montreal. That lasted a few years and then another Canadian Company, Algoma, took over.

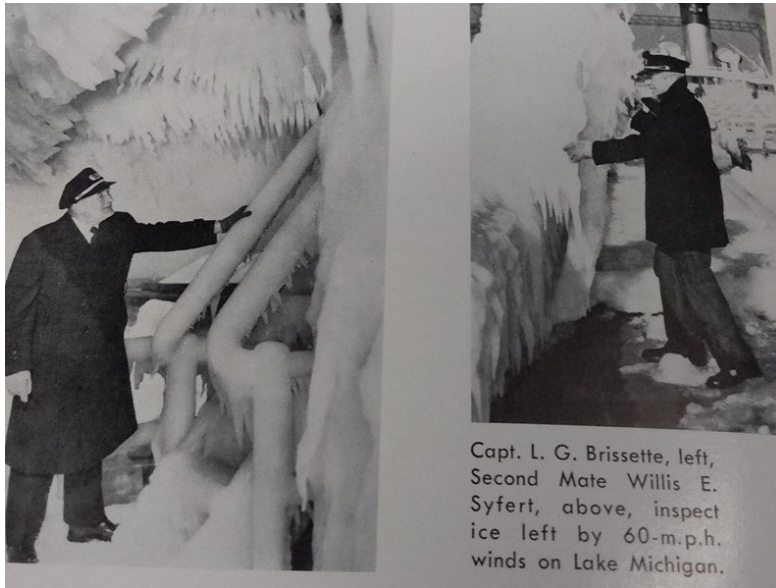
Computers and Cell Phones ended the days when a Captain managed and ran his ship. Everything was micromanaged from ashore with email and cell phone calls. The boats were still being run like trucks since there were not enough cargos to keep the boats running steady. Turn off the key (Layup). 2 weeks later turn the Key back on (fit out).

One day after making a dock, I finished with engines on the Chadburn and answered the cell phone that had been ringing constantly during the docking maneuver. I had been ignoring it for 20 minutes as I was busy getting the ship tied up. It was the supervisor in the Cleveland office wanting to quiz me why I paid to have the ship's garbage removed in Mackinaw City when it was cheaper to do this in Detroit.

At this point I knew my career was ending. I retired in 2001. The next 3 years I collected my pension and filled in relief work with Grand River Navigation on self-unloaders and the Lake Guardian (research Vessel).

Every generation witnessed changes in the maritime industry. I witnessed my share between 1964 and 2004.

## Captain Beckwith Remembers Captain Syfert



Captain Willis “Sandy” Syfert can best be summed up as the quintessential Hawse Pipe Captain. He learned his trade by starting at the bottom as a deckhand and worked his way up through the AB ratings then as 3rd, 2nd, 1st Mate and then Captain. All the men of his era climbed the ladder this way.

Not all remembered how they started out when they arrived at the top. Sandy represented the positive aspects of this progression. As Skipper, he was always willing to teach a crew member any assignment they were not familiar with. He was the best Wheeling instructor I ever had. He would assist a young Bos’n splicing a mooring cable, hands on with the marlin spike. He was such a good cable splicer; a crowd would always gather when he was in action at this task. His splices were flawless.

He taught me to wheel when I was an ordinary deck watch. He even let me take the wheel backing out the Cuyahoga River before I got my AB ticket.. One of my duties as deck watch was to keep the pilot house coffee pot full. It was not uncommon for me to go to the pilot house with water for the coffee pot and see “The Old Man” on the wheel with the Mate in the window and the Wheelsman back in the galley having a coffee break. There was always a grin on his face.

He mastered being ” one of the guys” ; yet everyone knew who was in charge. He was an excellent ship handler to boot.

Sandy’s love of card games was unequalled. Poker topped the list. In fact it was common after being up 12 to 15 hours in the driver’s seat, he would be ready for a few hours of poker. If there were not enough men around for a good game he would wake up a few of the regulars. No one ever complained. If he couldn’t fill the table in the dunnage room for poker, he would find someone for cribbage,



canasta, or any rummy game. That broad grin, sporting a huge cigar and a handful of cards was Capt Syfert at his leisure. He was also a regular at the bowling alleys in Duluth and Two Harbors. I am told he was an excellent bowler.

Captain Sandy Syfert was truly a Master Mariner and master at dealing with his crew. He urged me early on in my career to strive toward getting a license and encouraged me every step of the way.

Before moving to Conneaut, he was from a farm in Silver Creek, New York.

## Birds Ahoy! – Captain John Paul Perkins



"Perk's National Forest" aboard the ore carrier, "Benjamin F. Fairless." Second Mate J. P. (Perk) Perkins sits on bench, movie camera in hand, waiting for feathered visitors.

## *Birds Ahoy?*

*By J. P. Perkins*  
Second Mate, Benjamin F. Fairless

John Paul Perkins, Second Mate on the Benjamin Fairless, had maritime connections forged in steel, made from the iron ore that the ships of his Pittsburgh

Steamship Company, later to become part of the U.S. Steel fleet, transported from Lake Superior ports to Lake Erie ports. Conneaut served as home port for him and his family and Conneaut harbor the place he watched disappear over the horizon every shipping season.

The water route of the ships, both up and down bound, took them west to east across Lake Superior, through the Locks at Soo Ste. Marie. The next leg of the journey traversed the length of Lake Huron, through the St. Clair River, and Lake St. Clair. The final leg of the journey took the ships down the Detroit River, across Lake Erie for approximately eighty miles and to the ports of northeastern Ohio, including Ashtabula and Conneaut where Second Mate Perkins, who his fellow mariners nicknamed, “Perk” lived.

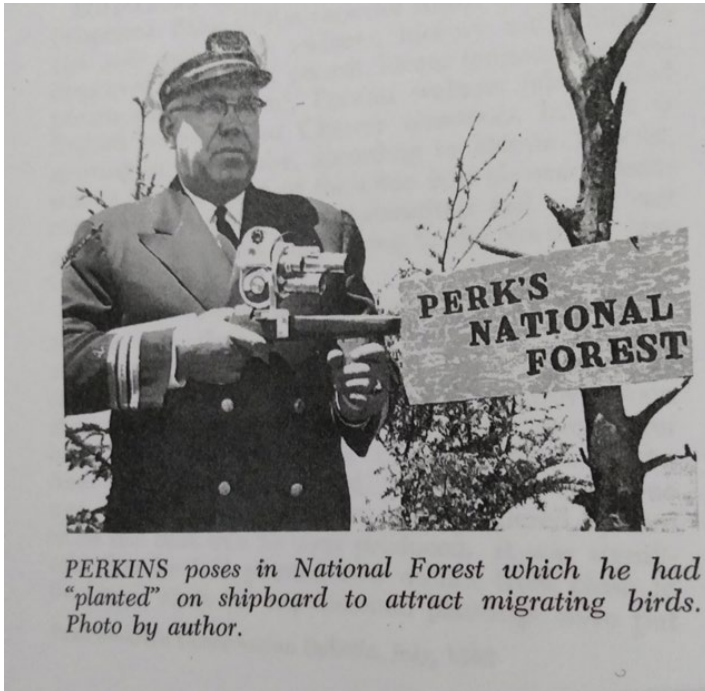
Perk created his personal scientific methods of on deck birdwatching. He purchased balled trees and other habitat equipment like branches and perches from friends in various ports along Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Erie. He set them up on deck along with bird seed and water stations and then placed a park bench in a strategic yet non-threatening location to sit on while he birdwatched, photographed them, and took movies of them. He created a film called “Birds Ahoy!” that he used in his speaking programs about birds and that garnered respect in the scientific world as well.

Besides for his personal enjoyment, Perk observed birds for their own sake – their plumage, their habits, their personalities, their grace, their freedom of movement, and yes, their predatory skills, especially those of gulls and hawks, revealing the cruel side of nature. Perk spent years taking meticulous, detailed notes of bird life and behavior. His notes and the articles he wrote, including one published in Audubon Magazine, changed traditional ideas about migratory patterns of birds, including those over the St. Clair River and the Great Lakes.

Perk explained his methods in one of his articles: “Over several years I have kept detailed notes on the migration waves and single birds sighted during the sailing season. Each year a little more data is added until at present the notes include observations, location of ship, weather at ship’s position, barometric and temperature graphs plus the weather synopsis of the location of atmospheric pressures each day for the Great Lakes region.”

Every trip he took up and down the Lakes, Perk observed birds and took notes about their behavior. He described how flocks of birds would rest aboard ship in his National Forests and on

suitable places all over the ship. He described their flight patterns and their habits. He elaborated: “The trees were arranged daily according to the position of the sun and a chair or park bench was placed the correct distance away for the focus wanted. With a bottle of coffee and a few doughnuts handy on the hatch, I was ready.”



*PERKINS poses in National Forest which he had “planted” on shipboard to attract migrating birds. Photo by author.*

His bird watching did not escape the notice of his shipmates. They christened his tree arrangements “Perk’s National Forest,” and they gave him nicknames like “Ranger” and “Nature Boy.”

Some enterprising sailors placed an artificial nest complete with four plump grapes in one of his trees and at Christmas, ornaments appeared hanging from the branches.

The teasing was good natured, and Perk described encountering

shipmates searching his bird books to identify their ship’s passengers. He also recalled a captain or two calling from the pilothouse that his trees were full of birds.

His ornithological or bird loving connection, existed from his boyhood when Perk roamed the hills of Belmont County, Ohio, seeking, finding, and photographing interesting birds. During his teen and adult years living in Conneaut, Ohio, he examined and explored the local bird populations, discovering that birds had much the same free spirits and migratory lives as sailors. And from the 1930s to the early 1970s when he combined his maritime livelihood with his birding passion, he made significant scientific contributions to the ornithological world from his shipboard perches.

By the time he became first mate on the J.P. Morgan Jr., with several berths in between, Perk could describe the times, places, and participants of flocks of birds traveling over the Great Lakes and their connecting rivers. His observations included eagles and their nests in the lower St Mary's River, large heron rookery on Stony Island and Grosse Isle in the lower Detroit River. Thousands of gulls and terns on the stone dike below Bois Blanc Island in the lower Detroit River. Flights of black crowned night herons around the western Lake Erie islands. Large flocks of ducks at St. Clair Flats and at Bar Point in the St. Clair and Detroit River.

By the 1960s-1970s last stages of his career, Perk had earned the position of captain on several Pittsburgh Fleet ships, including the Thomas F. Cole, the John Gates and the Richard V. Lindabury his last ship before his 1972 retirement. As his maritime career advanced, so did his Floating Forests and bird watching and recording skill and contributions to ornithological knowledge.

Throughout 31 years of impeccable note taking, photos, and films, John Paul Perkins made impressive contributions to ornithological knowledge. He identified and named seven migration corridors over Lake Superior and many more over Lakes Michigan, Erie, and Huron and revealed how the Mississippi and Atlantic Flyways overlap with the Great Lakes Flyways. He described previously unidentified flight patterns, flocks of different bird species migrating together, and sighted rare birds where they were not supposed to be sighted. He described birds at play.

As he advanced through the ranks from deckhand to third, second, and first mate to captain, John Paul Perkins also continued his at home bird watching, recording, countless birds in the marsh and sandbar area of Conneaut Harbor, a location lush with grasses, saplings, and other green plants and a break wall and lighthouse framing spacious water meadows.



Captain Perkins observed and identified several species of birds at Conneaut Harbor, including songbirds, shorebirds, and of course, the standard species of sea gulls. The Ohio State Department of Natural Resources noted that Conneaut Harbor consistently shelters a number of rare bird

species. The site contains a plaque honoring the contributions of Captain John Paul Perkins, Conneaut resident and consummate bird watcher.

Summing up his maritime ornithological philosophy, Captain Perkins noted that “A complete check list of birds seen on and from the ship (just one ship, the Benjamin Fairless) totals 190 species...not much compared to lists compiled ashore, but each year we add a few more species to the total. It is the constant expectation of seeing something more that makes bird watching so fascinating.”

## Robert Lee, Sailor Poet



Pittsburgh Sidelights May 1954 Pages 16 and 17

Pittsburgh's Porter Poet Sea Going Poet probes People In All Walks of Life

It is pretty well agreed that the Irish have the gift of phrase, the art of conversational wit, and the habit of expressing themselves in clear and vital terms.

This is no less true of porter Robert Lee, porter on the Pittsburgh steamer Ralph H. Watson, and sailor poet who has three volumes of poetry published under the titles “Halos are Heavy,” “Cracked Armor,” and “The Ragged Edge.” Robert Lee is of an Irish origin, “more Irish than the Irish themselves. “His mother was a Lee of the Lees of Tralee, a family that followed the Stuarts and fled into exile, defying the persistence of Queen Elizabeth, and surviving the violence of Cromwell.

Along with Shaw and Joyce and other Irish writers, Lee has an alarming insight into people. a total way of measuring them that strips away their coverings and leaves them bare before his analysis. His pen denounces sham and hypocrisy, but in laying open human beings to expose their weakness, he is also forced to expose their goodness. Lee is beginning his second year with Pittsburgh Steamship division. A veteran of several years’ service in the U.S. Navy where he served as ship’s cook, he lives in Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

The poetry of Robert Lee is entertaining. With his tongue in his cheek, he mirrors life through individual people, laughing sometimes at them, often with them. But one of his poetry’s greatest charms is its virility; for poetry can be vital and masculine. It can describe man’s feelings in a way that his conversation, his letters or even his music cannot. RobertLee understands this use of poetry and he uses it forcefully.

## Poems.....by Robert Lee

Molly Malone

It was a hard world to face  
With Dennis gone  
And five young mouths to feed  
But God was good;  
He gave me two strong arms—  
And a washtub!

Callie Flath

I was eighteen the year I married  
Ebenezer Flath,  
Stolid and fat,

Going on forty,  
A pillar of the church  
And a prop in the First National  
A thorough Christian gentleman  
And one of our better citizens,  
A perfect father  
And a kind and loving husband  
But, reader,  
I did not die of liver trouble  
(As old Doctor Jenkins said),  
It was  
Boredom!

Miss Dalrymple  
Miss Dalrymple, the socialite,  
Is very proud of her Ancestors.  
And why shouldn't she be?  
They stopped swinging by their Tails  
Several eons ago  
And have been struggling ever since  
To produce A flowering progeny  
As glamorous  
As Miss Dalrymple.

Lavina Abernathy  
Heaven is where we find it  
To some, it may be around the corner,  
And to others, beyond the stars.  
It may be in a bit of heather  
From the purple hills of home—  
Or in the soft trembling of the heart.  
And this I know—  
As surely as God above and earth  
below,  
There is a wee bit of the beauty of Heaven

In a tear shed in secret.  
And all of the little silver bells of it Ring  
When a prayer is murmured in the  
Deep silence of the night.

### Old Mother

Do not weep, old Mother,  
As the willow weeps beside the stilled Waters  
The bitter wind but ruffles the surface  
The depths are as calm as the eyes of a woman  
Drunk with love.  
Do not weep, old Mother,  
Still will be the drifting leaves,  
The swallows' flight across the dormant hills.  
Again will come the miracle of spring.  
The cooing doves and love made tender.  
Do not weep, old Mother,  
Although sorrow binds thee.  
The taunting laughter of the Gods  
Is in the wind as it scatters  
The dust of mortals and their deeds  
Into oblivion—  
Do not weep old Mother,  
Their blessings rest upon thy head  
As softly as almond blossoms fall  
From the bended bough  
In the stillness of the blue night.

### Pittsburgh Sidelights

October 1956- More of Robert Lee

Pittsburgh Steamship's porter-poet Robert Lee on the Steamer J. Pierpont Morgan has set his Irish wit to work again and submits the following verses to Sidelights for the critical evaluation and enjoyment of his shipmates in the fleet.



### Movie Extra

I do not have a pretty face,  
Or move about with lovely grace,  
I know I cannot be a star,  
But I can envy those who are.

### Retaliation

If I were a king for a little while,  
Fortune upon my friends would smile,  
But don't be confused or be misled,  
The lions, too, would be well fed.

### In a Beauty Salon

Of course, I know the lines are there,  
The years have given me my share,  
But kindly leave them where they are,  
You cannot buy them in a jar!

### Warning

Beware of the little things that men pass by,  
There is more to them than meets the eye,  
It may be an idle word, a casual glance.  
All things depend on time and chance.

### A Woman's Heart

The wind cannot be snared in a golden net,  
Or a wild thing caged and made a pet.  
Fools may judge and the critics stone,  
But a wise man leaves a heart alone.

## Captain P.C. Kelley and the Joshua A. Hatfield to the Rescue



Captain Peter Cornelius Kelley's son, Mike, believes this picture may have been taken in the 1960s during the Blessing of the Fleet Ceremony in Conneaut. Left to Right, Captain Robert W. Parsons, Captain Ralph Haegerty, Captain John Paul Perkins, Captain Peter Cornelius Kelley, and Captain Willis "Sandy" Seyfert.

May 22, 1963

Cleveland

### Pick-Up Successful in Eight Foot Waves and High Winds

Two Cleveland City firemen adrift in a powerless boat 21 hours were rescued by the crew of Pittsburgh Steamship's Joshua Hatfield, after a fearsome night on wild Lake Erie near the Canadian shore on May 22<sup>nd</sup>. The men, Frank Kelly, 34, and Jim Gipper, 30, both from Engine Company 19, were cold and wet but in good condition after a sleepless night spent battling 20-mile-an-hour winds, and waves eight feet high.



In an interview with *The Great Lakes Sailor*, they expressed their heart-felt gratitude to all the members of the crew and particularly to Captain P.C. Kelley for his excellent seamanship in getting them aboard and taking their craft in tow. “I can understand now why they say Great Lakes sailors are the best fed in the world,” observed Kelly, “for Steward G.A. Gapezynski certainly warmed us, both physically and morally with his hearty meal after we were taken aboard.”

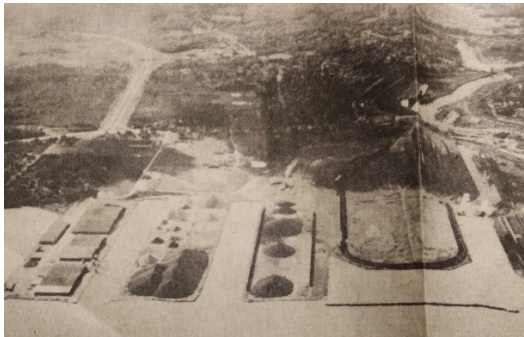
Southwesterly winds had driven them some sixteen miles when the Hatfield picked them up nineteen miles northeast of Marblehead Lighthouse. They had jettisoned their 55-horsepower motor to keep the boat from swamping and their hands were reddened from a night of bailing and rowing.

The men began fishing on Tuesday, May 21<sup>st</sup>, off Catawba Island, picking that spot because of small craft warnings. When the lake calmed, they put out for South Bass Island, where they fished until 6 p.m.

As they returned to shore, the outboard motor struck a submerged rock and split the propeller casing. Coast Guard Cutter No. 40500, a utility boat of forty feet executed an orderly transfer of the two men and their craft from the Hatfield and put them ashore at the Marblehead Coast Guard Station.

The Marine Division of the United Steelworkers of America salutes and commends the crew and officers of the Joshua Hatfield for a heroic job well done.

# Pinney Dock



Pinney Dock Back in the Day

Pinney Dock 2023

Specifications: 310 acres located on Lake Erie Storage Capacity: 200 acres of open storage (seven million tons) 400,000 sq. ft. of warehouse space 7,500 NT of bulk cargo silo storage

Commodities Handled: Iron Ore, Limestone, Salt, Fertilizer, Pig Iron, Steel, various Bulk Commodities and General Cargoes

Access: Marine service via three fully dredged slips and six docks totaling 15,000 linear feet of vessel berth space (28' draft) Accessible by Lake Erie; Highway access from Ohio SR11, Interstate 90 and Ohio Turnpike; Rail access from Norfolk Southern and CSX Terminal Services: Loading and Unloading Services by Vessel, Tank Truck and Tank Car Approximately 49,000 Linear Feet of Rail Trackage Available Unit Train

Capabilities Terminal Address 1149 East Fifth Street Ashtabula, OH 44005-0041 440-964-7186 Business Address One Terminal Road Carteret, NJ 07008 732-541-5161.

Kinder Morgan provides energy, transportation, and storage services in a safe, efficient, and environmentally responsible manner for the benefit of people, communities, and businesses. Delivering Energy to Improve Lives and Create a better world.

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