THE RIVERS: A Celebration of Life and Work on America’s Waterways
by artist Daven Anderson
TheRiversExhibition.com

May 6–June 26, 2016
Rosemary Berkel and Harry L. Crisp II Museum
Southeast Missouri State University
Cape Girardeau, Missouri
Peter Cnong Nguyen, Museum Director

February 4–March 27, 2017
St. Louis Mercantile Library
University of Missouri – St. Louis, St. Louis, Missouri
Julie Dunn-Morton, Curator of Fine Art Collections
Sean Visintainer, Curator, The Herman T. Pott National Inland Waterways Library

July 1–September 30, 2017
Channel Islands Maritime Museum
Oxnard, California
Julia Chambers, Director

May 6–July 15, 2018
Evansville Museum of Arts, History & Science
Evansville, Indiana
Bryan W. Knicely, Executive Director
Mary McNamee Bower, Chief Curator
Virginia G. Schroeder, Curator of Collections

August 3–October 27, 2018
Erie Maritime Museum
Erie, Pennsylvania
Linda Bolla, Curator of Collections

August 17–October 6, 2019
Kenosha Public Museum
Kenosha, Wisconsin
Rachel Klees Anderson, Curator of Exhibits

Additional Exhibitions to be announced

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THE RIVERS paintings carry viewers to very banks of America’s greatest waterways and beyond, into the shipyards, onto the docks, aboard the ships, and out on the swift, broad currents. Here, unbeknownst to the vast majority of Americans, more than 500 million tons of freight—grains, gravel and aggregates, paper, wood, coffee, coal, petroleum, chemicals, iron, steel, rubber, and manufactured goods—flow past our towns and cities every year, and that’s just the traffic on the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers—all beyond our view and outside of our purview, as well, since commercial shipyards are cordoned off from the public. Commercial and industrial maritime operations, brawny, demanding, and usually dangerous to those untutored in nautical transport, are isolated for everyone’s safety.
Artist Daven Anderson, however, has earned special access, by virtue of his status as a U.S. Coast Guard Artist, a graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy, and Managing Director of the American Society of Marine Artists. As an award-winning watercolorist and member of the national Watercolor Honor Society, Anderson is uniquely qualified to reveal the might and majesty of America’s inland and coastal waterways. Through this exhibit, we enjoy a privileged journey across and around the continent, as we accompany Anderson on his Celebration of Life and Work on America’s Waterways.
As the President and CEO of the Port of New Orleans, I spend a lot of time touting the value of our nation’s waterways. The Port of New Orleans is located at the gateway to the 14,500-mile inland waterway system—an intricate network of transportation infrastructure stemming from the Mississippi River that connects 31 states to each other and to the world.

The Mississippi and its tributaries are vital to both the inbound movement of raw materials and manufactured products, as well as the outbound movement of goods produced in the U.S. bound for global markets.

The five ports along the Lower Mississippi River alone make up one of the world’s largest port complexes with 500 million tons of cargo moving annually—including 60 percent of the nation’s grain and 20 percent of the nation’s coal and petroleum products.

And more importantly, hundreds of thousands of men and women rely on the Mighty Mississippi for their livelihoods. The Port of New Orleans, for example, directly or indirectly creates 380,000 jobs in the U.S., producing $17 billion in earnings.

Indeed waterborne activity on the Mississippi and other rivers is an economic force that creates jobs and fuels global trade. And that is a message that we in the maritime industry strive to convey to the neighboring communities and to policy makers who decide where and when to fund vital transportation infrastructure.
So when we had the opportunity to support artist Daven Anderson in his mission to capture the diverse people, landscape and maritime activity on the inland waterway system, it was a no-brainer. We were more than happy to oblige when Daven approached us for a tour of our cargo facilities to get inspiration and subject matter for his exhibit, THE RIVERS: A Celebration of Life and Work on America’s Waterways.

As an urban realist, Daven paints what he sees in spectacular color and richness. And there is nothing more real or spectacular than the everyday work on the river—from the river pilots who navigate oceangoing vessels through the winding curves of the Lower Mississippi to the longshoremen who guide 20-ton steel coils from a ship to the hole of a barge.

American author and humorist Mark Twain described the Mississippi River as “a wonderful book … not a book to be read once and thrown aside, for it had a new story to tell every day.”

Through the endeavors of the people who work on our nation’s waterways and through Daven Anderson’s paintings, we are humbled to see what stories the river has to tell today and in the future.

Gary P. LaGrange, PPM, has served as President and Chief Executive Officer of the Port of New Orleans since 2001. During his tenure, the Port has opened state-of-the-art facilities, including new container, intermodal, cruise and refrigerated terminals. His awards include the National Industrial Transportation League Executive of the Year Award in 2015, the C. Alvin Bertel Award from the World Trade Center of New Orleans in 2012, the Maritime Person of the Year by the Propeller Club of New Orleans in 2003, Maritime Person of the Year by the Propeller Club of the Port of Gulfport in 2001, and the “Man of Steel” by the American Institute for International Steel. He received the Leadership Award and was named to the Hall of Fame by the International Maritime Association at the United Nations in New York. He was also named to the National Rivers Hall of Fame in Dubuque, Iowa.
AMERICA’S WATERWAYS
Key to Artist Plates

THE GULF COAST AND PORT OF NEW ORLEANS

1. Pushing Past the Quarter
2. Pilot Boarding
3. Drydocked at Sunrise
4. Paddle Wheel Repairs
5. Bourbon Street
6. Marilyn G: Hard at Work
7. Crew Boat Captain
8. Heading Home
9. Morning Mist
10. Casting Off
11. Mackerel Sky
12. Unloaded and Turning Downriver
13. Serious Work
14. Crab Traps and Shrimp Boats
15. Oil Spill Cleanup
16. Capt. Frank

THE WEST COAST

36. Red Right Returning
37. Ferry Building/Market Day
38. San Francisco Sounds

AMERICA’S WATERWAYS
Rivers, Great Lakes, Harbors, and Ports
THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AND ITS TRIBUTARIES

PLATE
17 Pushing Upstream at Sunrise
18 Last Light
19 Yazoo River Towing
20 Cape Girardeau
21 Lipscomb
22 A Foggy Passage
23 A Beautiful Passage
24 A Snowy Unloading
25 Stan Musial Veterans Memorial Bridge
26 No Bites and Warm Beer
27 Entering Lock 21
28 Midnight and Leaving Lock 25
29 Working Reflections
30 Cleanup on the Tow
31 Winter Passage
32 Crewing the South Branch

THE EAST COAST

33 Hull Inspection
34 Race Practice
35 Shem Creek

THE GREAT LAKES

39 Chicago's First Lady
40 A Day on Presque Isle
41 Tarring the Ropes
The riverfront was often the focal point of urban life in towns along America’s inland waterways. At a certain point in the 19th century, a visitor to a town’s levee would likely see varied watercraft tied up there; peddlers’ barges carrying portable small businesses upstream and down, flatboats worked by the “alligator-horse” embodiment of western rivermen machismo, and steamboats with their fanciful decoration and smoke-spewing stacks. Humanity was also abundant on the levee. That visitor would witness draymen on their way to or from nearby warehouses; roustabouts loading and unloading cargo, goods stacked high around them; ticket agents; touts; itinerate rivermen looking for work; and passengers, already looking ahead to the next town or towns down the river. News traveled via our waterways, especially before the telegraph came to the west, as clerks dropped large city dailies at local newspapermen’s offices, bringing national and international events to the American frontier. Steamboat captains were celebrities, men who were sure to cultivate good relations with the townsfolk from whom they made a living, with regular viewings of their boats and even, on occasion, dances and other social gatherings. From commerce to employment to transportation and even to social events, the levee was the beating heart of every river and lake town in America.
Even today, the riverfronts of the cities and towns that dot our waterways are living museums in their own right, from their old, grand architecture to the older, more modest levees. Careful observers can still see the vestiges of the past all around them. Recently, a colleague and I were lucky enough to be invited to a building down at St. Louis’ Landing neighborhood and shown around by the owner, a gregarious man as proud of his building as a father is of his children. The building was in the 1800s a tobacco warehouse, where “western tobacco” from the Missouri River agricultural belt was received, dried, and shipped further afield, most likely down to New Orleans and then from there, on ocean-going vessels to the east coast and Europe. This building, though modernized, still bore these links to its past proudly, within its bones and its decorations: huge wooden post-and-beam architecture, exposed brick walls, a cast iron frontage. In one room, perhaps where auctions were held, tobacco pins were embedded into the exposed wood posts holding up the ceiling, and in the basement, now occupied by an Italian restaurant, the walls of the warehouse safe-room still stood, proclaiming that the building’s importance stretched well back in time, to its beginning days. As fascinating as this building is, it wasn’t even the most important building to occupy its site. Before it, a Chouteau lived in a wooden French colonial home similar in look to the buildings one can still see standing farther south along the Mississippi River, in Sainte Genevieve. History is everywhere along our rivers. This same plot of land also once held the Missouri Hotel, which itself hosted the first Missouri Legislature in 1820.

From the time of these grand old buildings and before, artists have plied our nation’s waterways, capturing their life, beauty, culture, industry, and history. There was, of course, George Caleb Bingham, with his scrubbed-up flatboatmen, who nonetheless were posed in scenes and clothes that exuded symbolism—and politics—to those who were familiar with the western rivers. There were, as well, the great landscape painters of the middle west, at their time the documentarians of the frontier, and their compatriots who painted city views with just as much aplomb. Later came documentarians of a different nature. Writers, photographers, and illustrators flooded the waterways of America during the Civil War; and after that most horrific of wars thankfully ended, these artists stayed on. Through books and travel guides, illustrated journals like Harper’s Weekly, and floating photography studios (fig. 2), the documentation of America’s waterways entered a golden age of sorts. Those artists and writers captured fantastic events and cultural shifts in our country’s riverside communities; the grand coal era of Ohio River communities; natural disasters like the great Mississippi floods (fig. 3); points of great natural beauty such as Lake Pepin; and magnificent man-made architecture: the dams, bridges, and buildings that link our waterways to their shore-side communities.

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fig. 1 Emil Boehl (1839-1912), St. Louis Levee, photograph, 1850. Collection of the Herman T. Pott National Inland Waterways Library at the University of Missouri - St. Louis.

fig. 2 The Barrette Portrait Co., photograph, 1900. Collection of the Herman T. Pott National Inland Waterways Library at the University of Missouri - St. Louis.

fig. 3 George Graham, The Floods at St. Louis - Working on the Levee at Night, wood engraving, 1883. Collection of the Herman T. Pott National Inland Waterways Library at the University of Missouri - St. Louis.
As the Curator of the Herman T. Pott National Inland Waterways Library, a special collection of the St. Louis Mercantile Library at the University of Missouri – St. Louis, it is an important part of my job—and the most enjoyable part, I might add—to collect and preserve this documentation of our shared national heritage. I collect more than just graphical representations of the American waterways. Journals and ledgers, correspondence, business records, ephemera, books, and maps all have an important place in our Library, but even so, there is some truism to the saying, “A picture is worth a thousand words.” Nothing can capture the imagination of a viewer better than a well-composed, imagined, and executed painting, illustration, or photograph. It has been my joy to have a foot in this world during my six years as Curator of the Pott Library, and there has not been a day that has passed when I haven’t been reminded that this documentation of America’s waterways is still being created, even in this era of high-speed internet and superhighways. Artists and writers are still out there en masse, taking inspiration from our rivers, ponds, lakes, streams, and canals and creating beautiful representations and interpretations of these waterways, as well as the watercraft, people, wildlife, and industry that make use of them.

Daven Anderson is one such artist working America’s inland waterways, and an exemplary one at that. The Pott Library is thrilled to have representative selections of his works in our collections, including the watercolor *Pushing Upstream at Sunrise*, as fine a painting of modern river transportation as I have seen. Those of us in the business of preserving the heritage of America’s inland waterways are fortunate to have artists like Daven working the rivers. Art enthusiasts are just as lucky. His paintings shed light on a way of life that is often hidden in plain sight these days. In this era where the world is brought virtually to one’s doorstep, rather than explored on foot (or in a boat), artists do a greater service to us all than ever before, and as such, we’re thrilled to bring Daven’s exhibition to the Mercantile Library in 2017.

That day at the old tobacco building on the St. Louis Landing, its owner took my colleague and me up to the top floor, where there is located the offices of a modern barge company. This company’s inland rivers service does business across the hemisphere, its fleet of towboats moving agricultural, industrial, and project cargoes up and downstream on rivers spanning North and South America, much as those towboats’ predecessor flatboats, keelboats, and steamboats have done along inland waterways for nearly two hundred years. It was a fine spring day, the sun streaming through the building’s large windows, the magnificent Mississippi River rolling by below us, the Eads Bridge to our right, and Illinois stretching out to the horizon. It was a day worthy of being captured by an artist.

Sean Visintainer is the Curator of the Herman T. Pott National Inland Waterways Library, a special collection of the St. Louis Mercantile Library at the University of Missouri – St. Louis. He also serves as the Special Collections Librarian at the Mercantile Library and gets out onto the water whenever he is able.
The pivotal role of inland rivers in the exploration and expansion of the United States is both widely known and well-documented. Among the many adventurers who plied the waterways in our nation’s early days were artists, some hired to accompany gentlemen-explorers and document the flora and fauna witnessed during their travels, others striking out on their own to visually capture the drama and beauty of the American frontier. For these artists, the river that provided transportation became a captivating subject as well. Even as the goals of Manifest Destiny were accomplished and settlements reached the Pacific Ocean, artists retained a fascination with the river. As our nation developed and the potential of inland rivers for trade and commerce was increasingly valued, waterways took on a symbolic meaning in the artists’ hands, reflecting conflicting political and economic viewpoints. Depictions of the river changed again in the late nineteenth century when painters influenced by changing artistic styles romanticized the river as both an integral part of the rise of American cities and as a refuge from the industrialization fueling that urban growth. While styles and modes of painting have continued to change, to
this day, artists remain fascinated with the river, building on historic traditions but depicting the beauty of nature and the drama of river commerce as seen through modern eyes. A brief introduction to some of the key players in this history of artists and the river will provide a background and context for the modern works by Daven Anderson featured in this exhibition.

The tradition of river artists in early America began with paintings by artists like George Catlin (1796-1872) and Karl Bodmer (1809-1893), who were among the earliest artists to capture the American west in art. While their works often included river scenes, such as Bodmer’s dramatic documentary work The Steamer Yellow-Stone on the 19th April 1833 that depicts the crew struggling to free the expedition boat from a sandbar, the river is one element in a narrative composition, not the key focus of the work. Among the many artists who did focus on the river and its life as subject in the nineteenth century, one of the most noted is George Caleb Bingham (1811-1879). Bingham was born in Virginia but raised in Missouri, and he became known in his lifetime and beyond as “the Missouri artist.” His career began with portraiture, the most common and lucrative kind of painting at the time. By the 1840s, Bingham had added genre scenes to his repertoire, citing in a letter the need to create them so that the social and political aspects of daily life would not be lost to future generations. As his artistic career developed, so did his interest in politics. Bingham ran for office unsuccessfully in 1846, and his passion for democracy melded with his artistic love of the river in his iconic image The Jolly Flatboatmen, painted in 1846 and distributed as a color engraving by the American Art Union in 1847 (fig. 1). Bingham was a staunch member of the Whig party that advocated for public involvement in government, a balance between agriculture and commerce, support for American industry through protective tariffs, and federal funding of infrastructure to physically link and unify the nation. Bingham’s politics are reflected in the Flatboatmen in both overt and subtle ways. Boats were often used in urban scenes of the period as symbols of commercial prosperity resulting from the rivers that connected major American cities—a theme at the heart of Whig politics. On a deeper level, Whig support of federal funding for infrastructure, such as the removal of snags to clear commercial rivers, is also reflected in the ability of these workers to relax and entertain themselves as they float down a safe, snag-free river, having accomplished their work as evidenced by the neatly stowed cargo. Bingham’s river scene, charged with economic and political meanings, stands in contrast to the paintings of an artist working at the turn of the century who viewed rivers and their commerce in a very different light.
Frederick Oakes Sylvester (1869-1915) was a Boston-area native who became captivated by the Mississippi River. He trained as an art teacher at the Massachusetts Normal School before taking his first job at Newcomb College in New Orleans. There he first saw the river and became captivated by it. In 1892 Sylvester came to St. Louis to teach at Central High School and later at The Principia, while also becoming an active participant in the city’s art scene. Upon arriving in St. Louis, Sylvester’s commitment to the Mississippi as his primary muse was secured. He explored the river from every available angle and at all times of day, but always with a romantic’s eye that softened even the most industrial scenes. This is particularly evident in his 1901 composition *St. Louis Riverfront* (fig. 2). Painted from the Illinois side of the river, the scene captures golden sunlight reflected on the water, creating a sparkling path from the foreground toward the heart of the city’s skyline. The rich color and glowing light bathe the gritty industrial buildings in a romantic haze, making them a subtle and unobtrusive backdrop to the glory of the river. In a lifetime of work dedicated to one river, Sylvester not only continued the tradition of earlier artists, he also set the stage for future painters who looked at the river through modern eyes.

James Godwin Scott (1931-2015) was a true heir to Sylvester in his love of the Mississippi River. Scott spent most of his youth in Fort Worth, Texas, and he trained as an artist there and in Los Angeles. He was driving from Texas to New York to launch his career as an artist when he stopped for the night in St. Louis. His first view of the Mississippi River at night convinced him to stay, and for the next twenty-five years he dedicated himself to painting the river. Scott was working in oil when he came to St. Louis, but when he decided that oil could not depict the qualities of the river that he wanted to portray, he switched medium to watercolor paintings, spending time in England to train with a leading British watercolorist, Jack Merriott (1901-1968). Scott’s dedication to seeing and experiencing all aspects of the river led him to paint under the Eads Bridge, at the levee, and even from the deck of a towboat or barge. His 1982 watercolor *St. Louis Riverfront, Looking North* (fig. 3) captures the life and energy of the bustling river with both entertainment boats and a hard-working barge passing the industrial plant on the far shore. At the heart of the composition, the river glistens, flows, and brings life to it all. Unlike Sylvester’s romantic river scenes, Scott’s views of the river reveal the realities of river industry, both the charm and decay of historic river towns, but most of all the incredible beauty of the “mighty Mississippi.”

Daven Anderson continues this rich history of river painting into the twenty-first century with works like *Pushing Upstream at Sunrise* (watercolor) and *Last Light* (giclée print), proudly held by the Mercantile Library. In these works and those featured in this exhibition, Anderson, like his artistic predecessors, unfailingly finds beauty not only in nature, but in the industry and the workers of the river as well.

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*Fig. 2* Frederick Oakes Sylvester (1869-1915), *St. Louis Riverfront*, oil on canvas, 1901. Collection of the St. Louis Mercantile Library at the University of Missouri – St. Louis

*Fig. 3* James Godwin Scott (1931-2015), *St. Louis Riverfront, Looking North*, watercolor, 1982. Collection of the St. Louis Mercantile Library at the University of Missouri – St. Louis

Julie Dunn-Morton is the Curator of Fine Art Collections at the St. Louis Mercantile Library at the University of Missouri – St. Louis.

S P O N S O R S

$2,500
Port of New Orleans
Mississippi Valley Trade and Transport Conference
Crescent River Port Pilot’s Association
Associated Branch Pilots/Bar Pilots

$1,000
Waterways Journal
American River Transportation Company
Harry L. Crisp II
Turn Services

$500
Weber Marine
Tim Power, President, SCF Marine
East Side River Transportation, Inc.
Christopher Popjoy
Parker Towing Company, Inc.
THE EXHIBITIONS

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Additional Exhibitions to be announced
After draining water from 1,245,000 square miles of land in 31 states—across 41% of the contiguous United States—and two Canadian provinces, receiving the flows from over 14,000 miles of tributaries, the Mighty Mississippi River roars into the Port of Baton Rouge at an average rate of 646,000 cubic feet per second, emptying the flow 250 miles later through a variety of channels into the Gulf of Mexico.

Each year, 500 million tons of cargo worth more than $100 billion passes through four Louisiana ports—Baton Rouge, New Orleans, and between them, the Port of South Louisiana, as well as the farthest downriver port, the Plaquemines Port—carrying primarily coal, metals, petroleum products, chemicals, timber, rubber, paper, manufactured goods, and agricultural products such as grain, coffee, and frozen and refrigerated foods. Collectively, these four ports are known as “the Port of New Orleans.”

The magnitude of this traffic is staggering: 30 ships a day enter the River to load or unload (Plates 1, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12). I have been very privileged to experience life and work on the rivers: to see first-hand the activity and the work in all its various forms and to see the dangerous nature of much of it—and also its beauty. I have experienced an amazing journey upriver from the Gulf with a pilot and countless other excursions and adventures over the years, traveling by boat, in cars, and on foot; cruising the rivers, creeks, bayous, and bays that skirt this great River; roaming wharfs, docks, and shipyards; and exploring river towns large and small, always meeting the most interesting residents. In every season, at sunrise, twilight and every hour in between, the Gulf Coast and the Port of New Orleans are unparalleled national treasures, historically, economically, and emotionally, too, when we slow down and take the time to explore.
I was in New Orleans at the beginning of February for the annual world conference of the Mississippi Valley Trade & Transport Council, the fourth year I had been invited. I went down early, hoping to get some quality time on the river. Michael Miller, my friend and a state of Louisiana and federally licensed pilot, allowed me to join him as he brought the Salaverry, a 45,000-ton dry cargo vessel, from the Gulf through the Southwest Pass and 100 miles upriver to New Orleans.

At the mouth of the Mississippi River, where it meets the Gulf of Mexico, the land flattens, built up by centuries of soil, sand, and sediment deposits, and the water loses speed. The fan-shaped Mississippi River Delta, the seventh largest in the world, covers three million acres of land, 2.7 million of it a coastal wetland. It is beautiful, very beautiful in its own very different way, but it never stays the same. It is constantly moving, eroding, adding new layers.

Because of the River’s ever-changing geography and all of the hazards that navigating it entails, ships are required to use a pilot on the 250 miles of waterway extending from the Gulf of Mexico to Baton Rouge, making this stretch of the River one of the largest port complexes in the world. Ships that are foreign-flagged must use a pilot because, as you can imagine, a cargo vessel flying a Cyprian flag with an Egyptian Captain, a Greek First Mate and a mixed crew of Filipinos and Indonesians will not likely have much or any experience on the Mississippi. U.S.-flagged ships with displacement over 300 tons also must use a pilot, because the lower reaches of the Mississippi are very treacherous. The pilot actually boards the ship, sets the ship’s course and speed and steers the vessel to navigate the many bends in the river and to avoid hazards and other ships. Experienced in navigating the varying and constantly changing water depths and currents, shifting channels, moving sand bars, fog, and variable winds, the pilots bear great responsibility and perform a critical job. When the water is up, generally in the spring when the northern snowmelt and the spring rains add to the flow, the current can be so great that it may take a vessel more than a day to cover the distance from the Southwest Pass northwest to New Orleans. Three different pilot organizations, each with its own historically assigned section of the river to work, vets and trains its own members. The Bar Pilots organization requires their members to serve a three- to five-year apprenticeship, making nearly 1,000 training trips on the route with veteran pilots.
The day of my adventure with Michael, we boarded the Salaverry five miles out in the Gulf, with moderate seas and the river landscape shrouded in fog. The water was very high, resulting in a 10-knot current. Bringing a ship upriver is tricky enough, without the added complication of fighting a strong current. Boarding the ship from the deck of our pilot boat involved grabbing and then climbing a swaying, 25-foot rope Jacob’s ladder up the side of the hull. Needless to say, this can be a dangerous undertaking, with both the ship and pilot boat pitching back and forth and the ladder swinging. Plate 1 shows another pilot boarding his assigned vessel in this rolling sea.

Standing on the bridge of the Salaverry as it entered the Southwest Pass, the main shipping channel through the delta since 1853, was both intimidating and awe-inspiring—the sights, the smells, the sounds, and the vibrations of the ship’s deck under my feet as we began our passage up the Mississippi River, changing course and speed as we “steamed” upriver. A humbling and breathtaking experience.
When I’m in New Orleans, I have a regular routine. I leave my hotel in the French Quarter before sunrise, on foot, with my camera slung over my shoulder. I head for either the Café du Monde or the ferry to Algiers Point. On this particular day, the ferry won. Café du Monde would be later than usual. The ferry leaves from the foot of Canal Street about every half hour. It used to be free. Now it costs two dollars—exactly. No change is given, so if all you have is a five, yours becomes a five-dollar trip.

New Orleans is called “the Crescent City” because the river makes a deep curve there, curving sharply around Algiers Point. Here the river also narrows and plunges to a depth of 200 feet, the deepest point in the River.

That morning, with the sun’s rays just breaking over the horizon and bathing the upper decks of the Mississippi Queen, she was particularly beautiful. The Queen was in dry dock for some needed repairs, and I could see and hear the early stirrings of men organizing for the tasks ahead. As the ferry slid by, I snapped away in full confidence that there was a painting in there somewhere (Plate 3).

Bollinger’s Algiers Point shipyard with its two dry docks is hard against the west bank ferry building. Founded by Donald Bollinger in 1946, Bollinger Shipyards, still family-owned and thriving, is a Louisiana institution, a primary builder of U.S. Coast Guard cutters, and a significant employer.
PLATE 4

Paddle Wheel Repairs

Lower Mississippi River, New Orleans

Watercolor on Paper
18.9" x 14.5" image
30" x 27" framed
Private Collection
PLATE 5

Bourbon Street

Lower Mississippi River, New Orleans

Watercolor & Mixed Media on Board
25” x 33” image
37” x 45” framed
Collection of the Artist
PLATE 6

*Marilyn G: Hard at Work*

*Lower Mississippi River, Mile Post 180*

Watercolor & Mixed Media on Board

26" x 34" image

39.5" x 47" framed

Collection of the Artist
PLATE 7

Crew Boat Captain

Lower Mississippi River, Mile Post 180

Watercolor on Board
26.5" x 20" image
39" x 32" framed
Collection of the Artist
PLATE 8

_Heading Home_

_Lower Mississippi River, Mile Post 180_

Watercolor on Board
23” x 35” image
35” x 48” framed
Collection of the Artist
PLATE 9

Morning Mist

Lower Mississippi River, Mile Post 174

Watercolor & Mixed Media on Paper
20” x 26.5” image
33” x 39” framed
Collection of the Artist
PLATE 10

Casting Off

Lower Mississippi River, Mile Post 174

Watercolor on Paper
12" x 15.5" image
24" x 27" framed

Collection of Arthur A. Birney Jr.
PLATE II

Mackerel Sky

Lower Mississippi River, Mile Post 174

Watercolor on Paper
17.5” x 23.3” image
30” x 36” framed
Collection of the Artist
It was Saturday morning in New Orleans, and I decided to explore some new territory. It was generally overcast, as it so often is when I’m out with my camera in search of interesting subject matter. I headed toward Houma, turned off U.S. 90 at Raceland, and drove in no great hurry south down LA 24. The two-lane road generally follows Bayou Lafourche south 106 miles to Port Fourchon and the Gulf. (The locals pronounce Lafourche as Lafouch—no ‘r.’) The Bayou was previously called the Chetimaches River, and the Cajuns called it the Lafourche des Chetimaches, which means the ‘fork’ of the Chetimaches. This Bayou is known as the longest “Main Street” in America since it flows through three parishes and countless small towns.

Over the years, I’ve made many trips through the bayous. In any other part of the country, Bayou Lafourche would probably be called a creek or a marsh or a wetland. The term bayou was born in Louisiana, derived from the French word bayouque and probably, before that, from the Choctaw word bayuk, which meant a river forming part of a delta. Perfect naming. The defining characteristic of a bayou is its sluggish pace. They are also typically plant-filled, with a poorly defined shoreline, meandering through flat, low-lying areas.

As I passed through the town of Larose, where Bayou Lafourche intersects the Gulf Intercoastal Waterway, I noticed chairs, tables, and blankets unevenly lining both sides of the road. Since this was the Saturday before Mardi Gras, I knew what was afoot: The staked-out viewing spots announced a Mardi Gras parade.

I slid onto the road’s apron and parked. Ahead was a pickup, probably one of a hundred if you could see further on down, with kids playing, women talking and watching, and two men idling the time away. I approached and was told by father and son Dean and Drake Bourg that the children’s Mardi Gras parade would kick off at noon across the Bayou and considerably north of my taillights, which meant that it wouldn’t pass my position until much later. It sounded like a lot of time to kill, but I was intrigued! After all, a children’s Mardi Gras parade closing off the only significant north-south road in the entire area, with the Bayou’s resident shrimpers, tugs, push boats, workboats, and barges as a backdrop, could make a very interesting painting. I decided I couldn’t miss it, so I stayed and visited with Dean and Drake, who now considered me their “guest.” I haven’t painted the scene yet but will soon.

The parade consisted of a collection of well-used and variously decorated wagons and trailers loaded with very excited kids throwing the ever-present Mardi Gras beads. There were no marching bands but massive towed speakers with competing sounds that drowned out any possibility of conversation. I snapped shots from the bed of the Bourgs’ pick-up. A very long parade and an hour later, the trailing police car passed. I put my camera away, slipped into the line of traffic, and headed to a late lunch: three pounds of boiled crawfish at the local hot spot.
After a wonderful lunch, I continued my journey south on LA 24 along Bayou Lafourche, and I came upon a boat machine shop and two angled dry docks, each with a boat in need of work. The entire complex, stretching perhaps 150 feet along the west bank of the Bayou, was wedged in the 60 feet or so between the two-lane highway and the Bayou. I snapped some shots of a couple sealing the hull of their tired shrimper (Plate 13) in the gray light. As I took my last shot, a man approached, Anthony Charpentier, who, I learned, represented the fourth generation to run this one-employee shop and dry dock. Anthony, called T-Boy by everyone in the parish, with all of his sun-drenched, 60 years etched in his face, is the current owner, whose footprints overlay those of his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather. As we talked, leaning on the back of a pick-up, I learned that his son, the fifth generation, was tragically killed at 33 in an auto accident. T-Boy—We were friends by then—is counting on his grandson, now only 16, to learn the business and continue the family enterprise. T-Boy had assumed responsibility for the shipyard when he was just 25.

Here is a man who clearly loves what he does. He also proudly told me that his is the oldest family business on either side of the long Bayou. If you ever find yourself along Bayou Lafourche on LA 24, stop by and say hi to Anthony. You will add interest to your day and a friend to your life.

After wishing him (T-Boy) well, I continued south to Port Fourchon, now crowded with boats, rigs, barges, and everything else that floats and totally lacking available berthing or mooring space. The oil price depression had idled countless oil rigs, now mothballed in the Port and all around the Gulf. I looked around, snapped some shots of the boats and rigs and the bald cypress trees with their protruding knees that eerily inhabit the many brackish ponds dotting the landscape.

I considered heading up LA 1 to Grand Isle to the north and east, but the sun was low in the west, and I had an almost two-hour drive back to New Orleans. I returned the way I had come after another very interesting, adventurous, and quite satisfying day.
On one of my adventures, I had wandered well south of the city of Houma and was returning to New Orleans along Bayou Grand Caillou when I caught sight of stacks of new crab traps. I swung back, parked, and found Robert Parfait and his son readying their traps for use (Plate 14). His son was painting the floats in their identifying colors that would be attached to the traps as they were dropped. Traps wear out and are lost. It was a good year for shrimp and crab prices, so it was time for some new traps, probably past time. I visited a while with Robert before heading back to my hotel in the French Quarter.
Galveston Bay is very large, about 600 square miles, with Houston at its western end. The Bay was devastated in March, 2014 when a barge carrying nearly a million gallons of heavy marine fuel oil collided with a ship in the Houston Ship Channel, releasing the contents of one of its 168,000-gallon tanks into the Bay.

I flew down to Galveston to have a look at the spill. Immediately, the authorities and cleanup teams had jumped into action. They set up a “recovery/cleanup city” on a narrow spit of land that stretched miles into the Gulf. The speed of the organization and effort was incredible. I followed a U.S. Coast Guard team as it went about its damage control and cleanup duties regarding the spill. The painting Oil Spill Cleanup (Plate 15) is in the collection of the U.S. Coast Guard and hangs in its headquarters in Washington, D.C.
While in Galveston, I also spent a day on Capt. Frank, a dredge owned and operated by Weeks Marine, as it dredged the Houston Ship Channel, taking nine feet of material off the channel bottom (Plate 16). The channel runs generally through the middle of the Bay and is 50 miles long, 530 feet wide, and maintained at a depth of 45 feet. The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, which is responsible for maintaining that depth, generally contracts for dredging, a never-ending task. The islands that dot the Bay are generally made of the dredged material that is “spoiled” there from the channel’s bottom.

After the 1900 hurricane that devastated the city of Galveston, growth moved inland to Houston, as fear of future storms limited Galveston’s commercial and industrial viability. I’ve watched the sun rise and set over Galveston Bay. Magnificent!
The story of our nation’s rivers is written in many chapters, the most important of which is the chapter on the Mighty Mississippi River. Since the dawn of civilization, rivers have been the very lifeblood of societies, dictating the cycles of life in ancient civilizations: the Nile, Tigris, Euphrates, Danube, Congo, Amazon, Volga, Yangtze, and Ganges. And so it has been in the United States, as well, where we recognize the Mississippi River as our most significant waterway, and cities such as New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Natchez, Vicksburg, Memphis, St. Louis, and Minneapolis-St. Paul give testimony to the River’s power and life-sustaining resources.

Native Americans, the first people to ply these waters fishing, hunting, and trading, gave the river its name: The Ojibway word “misi-ziibi” translates to “Great River.” From its source at Lake Itasca to the Gulf of Mexico, the Mississippi River is the third longest river in North America, flowing 2,340 miles. A raindrop falling at Lake Itasca would flow into the Gulf approximately 90 days later, after falling 404 feet through 29 locks from Minneapolis to Cairo, Illinois. There are no locks from Cairo to the Gulf.

The Missouri and Illinois Rivers merge with the Mississippi about 20 miles above St. Louis. Then in Cairo, the Ohio River joins, doubling the water capacity of the Mississippi and marking the division of the River into the Upper Mississippi and the Lower Mississippi. The Arkansas River joins north of Greenville, Mississippi, then the Red River, north of Marksville, Louisiana. By the time it reaches Baton Rouge, Louisiana, the Mississippi has reached a volume of 646,000 cubic feet per second.

The Mississippi-Missouri River system, including its tributaries—a total of 14,000 river miles—constitutes the third largest river system in the world, exceeded in size only by the watersheds of the Amazon and Congo Rivers. Together, these rivers drain 41% of the contiguous United States, most of the land between the Rockies and the Appalachians, gathering flows, rainfall, and snowmelt from 31 states and two Canadian provinces.

The pioneers who built the villages, then towns, and now cities on the banks of these rivers relied on them for food, water, travel, trade, and yes, adventure and romance. It is no accident that James Town was founded on the James River; Charles Towne on the Ashley; New York between the Hudson and East Rivers; Boston on the Charles; Philadelphia on the Delaware; Louisville, Cincinnati, and Pittsburg on the Ohio; and St. Louis, Memphis, Vicksburg, Natchez, and New Orleans on the Mississippi. From the earliest flat boats through the steamboat era to modern day transport, the rivers have brought great blessings to those living on their banks.
From early days to the present, our river system has been considered the lifeblood of the country’s commerce. The great task of maintaining navigable channels on the inland waters is the job of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers and the U.S. Coast Guard, each with its own responsibilities. The Corps’ work of maintaining a usable depth began in 1829, when it started removing snags, closing off secondary channels, and excavating rocks and sandbars. The Rivers and Harbors Act of 1930 authorized a nine-foot channel depth and 400-foot width to accommodate multiple barge tows. The Corps built numerous locks and dams on all of our major rivers in addition to the few already working. Each lock and dam creates a pool upstream of it, and the resulting lakes are used for recreational boating and fishing. The dams make the rivers deeper and wider but do not stop the flow. During periods of high flow, the gates are opened completely and the dams cease to function. Below St. Louis, the Mississippi is relatively free-flowing, although it is constrained by numerous levees and directed by multiple wing dams.

In earlier times, the dams were made of wooden wickets with 600-foot by 110-foot lock chambers. With the shift from steam to diesel propulsion and as commercial traffic and the size of tows increased, barges had to be locked through in two phases, which backed up river traffic and greatly increased towing expense. In the 1950s, the Corps modernized the locks, increasing their length from 600 feet to 1,200 feet to accommodate tows of 15 barges, five barges long and three wide (Plate 18). Today, the standard tow on the major tributaries and the Upper Mississippi is 15 barges so arranged, in order to be able to lock through as a unit.

Over the years, I’ve been privileged to spend considerable time on boats and barges traveling throughout the Mississippi-Missouri River system. In addition to the trips and scenes depicted here (Plates 17 to 28), I’ve also been out with the U.S. Coast Guard, tending to and replacing channel buoys and with ARTCO Barge on the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers, handling grain barges. With SCF Marine, a marine company with significant operations not only in the U.S. but elsewhere in the hemisphere, I traveled through a snow storm, guiding petroleum barges across from St. Louis at its Gateway Terminal.

There are so many scenes from these trips yet to paint! The St. Louis Arch in a snow storm, seen from my mid-river position with SCF, was extraordinarily beautiful—a rare view that will make an especially interesting and beautiful painting. It’s on my list!

I look forward to spending considerably more time on the water in the years ahead, riding a variety of boats, meeting new people, experiencing the ever-changing weather. Being on the water is intoxicating—no matter the river, the weather, or the surroundings. I look forward to every trip and savor every moment.
The first time I rode a working boat, tug, or tow on one of our rivers, I was honored to ride the M/V Mountain State, a merchant vessel owned and operated by AEP River Operations. We pushed coal barges on the Ohio River between Metropolis, Illinois, and an AEP power plant in southeast Indiana (Plate 25). The coal had been mined in the Powder River Basin of southwest Wyoming, loaded into rail cars and railed in unit trains to Metropolis, where it was loaded into 15 barges. Each barge holds the equivalent tonnage of about 54 tractor trailer trucks. A 15-barge tow, therefore, holds the equivalent of over 800 truckloads. Imagine the wear and tear a tow saves on our roads. Most of my trip was heading downstream to Metropolis with the empties. Plate 18 shows us pushing downstream at sunset. Such beauty!

The Mountain State crew made me feel like one of their own. It was reminiscent of my military years serving on nuclear submarines, though this time I was on the water, not under it. We traveled continuously, locking through no matter the weather, daylight or dark of night. It was warm, thankfully, with no rain. Wet barge tops can be treacherous. We all wore flotation, necessary gear, but no one wanted to test them. The crew handled the lines through the locks, tightening, when necessary, the wire rope that held the tow together. They did their chores, cleaned the barge deck of spilled coal (Plate 26), and otherwise generally idled the time away. The skipper and the second manned the helm, each taking their watch, guiding the tow through the marked river channel and locks, while the engineers took turns keeping an eye on the two 3,000 HP engines. They took their regular gauge readings and oiled, greased, and cleaned the engines. I spent every minute possible in the pilot house (called ‘the bridge’ on a larger vessel), watching the men at their jobs and the landscape as other river traffic slowly glided by.

On that trip, as on all of my river trips, it is always thrilling to be in the pilot house, but especially at night. The lights on the shore and bridges, on the other river traffic passing by, and the especially brilliant lights on the locks were gorgeous. The peace and calm were palpable. The ever-present noise of the engines, loud as it was, became the backdrop against which everything else presented itself, and I soon failed to notice its presence. The experience was exciting, energizing, and eminently memorable.

PLATE 18

Last Light
Ohio River
Watercolor & Mixed Media on Board
24” x 32” image
38.5” x 45.5” framed
Collection of the Artist
I constantly wander the river territories and go wherever the water, roads, and paths lead me—sometimes planned, often not! *Yazoo River Towing* (Plate 19) is the result of my meanderings through Vicksburg, Mississippi.
My painting of Cape Girardeau, Missouri (Plate 20), shows the town’s main street at twilight and a tow pushing upstream on the Mississippi. The vantage point is from Judge Steve Limbaugh’s property on the bluff at the north edge of town. The bluff is the site of an early British fort called Fort A, Fort B being further downriver. To honor the history of the site, a large American flag flies beside a full-size, replica cannon (a gift from his children) pointed at the River. I spent most of a day with Steve, as he gave me a tour of the town, accompanied by a fascinating historical narrative. Lunch delightfully included.
The Corps is constantly working on our aging locks and dams. It is currently building a multi-billion-dollar lock and dam at Olmsted, Illinois, 17 miles upriver from the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, to replace the aged Locks and Dam 52 and 53. Plate 21 shows one of the Corps’ boats, the Lipscomb, in the Cape Girardeau Shipyard in one of the 2,200-ton, floating dry docks owned and operated by the Missouri Dry Dock and Repair Company. The Lipscomb was built in the 1950s and was due to be retired, but with the construction of the Olmsted Lock, it has been retained to aid the construction effort. It will be sold or scrapped when construction is complete.

Missouri Dry Dock is one of the Upper’s best. Founded after WWII by Rob Erlbacher, today it is run by Rob’s son, Rob II, and is known as one of the finest propeller repair facilities on any of the rivers. I spent a day there with Rob as my guide, watching and photographing the dock personnel at work. Fascinating!
While the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers maintains the channel depth and width, the U.S. Coast Guard performs an equally critical job maintaining the "Aids to Navigation," which include the shore beacons, markers, and channel buoys that tell the boat pilots where the safe channel is. This is one reason you find the Coast Guard in cities all along our rivers and waterways. A boat captain pushing barges up or downriver could not identify the river channel without the work of the able and dedicated Coast Guard. The Guard’s men and women are hard at work, regardless of time or weather, replacing, repositioning, or reclaiming the channel buoys that have been lost due to collisions or high water.

I was recently out on the CGC Cheyenne, homeported in St. Louis. Orders were to work the Aids to Navigation on the Missouri River. We left St. Louis in fog (Plate 22) and headed for Lock 27. As we reached the lock, the sun had burned off most of the fog. Our stars were further aligned because we had no wait to lock through. Sometimes a boat or barge can wait hours for its turn through the locks.

Upriver of the lock, I went out in one of the two, small, outboard boats carried by the cutter. The four of us were looking for stray buoys that had broken loose from their anchors or been dislodged after being hit by a boat or river flotsam. I’m certain that there are buoys floating out in the Gulf that broke loose well upriver and probably more than a few that serve as flotation for swimming rafts down in the delta or bayous. When a buoy is spotted, it is captured with a gaff and lashed alongside the boat for the trip back to the cutter’s buoy barge, where the crew grabs it with a winch and adds it to the collection on deck. Another chore that day was replacing batteries on a shore beacon. Can you imagine captaining a tow at night and not keeping to the channel because a beacon’s batteries were drained?

As a Coast Guard artist, I present a painting to them every two years. There is certainly a painting that will result from this adventure.

PLATE 22

A Foggy Passage
Upper Mississippi River, St. Louis, Missouri
Watercolor on Paper
25.5” x 32.5” image
38” x 46” framed
Collection of the Missouri Historical Society/
Missouri History Museum
PLATE 23

A Beautiful Passage

Upper Mississippi River, St. Louis, Missouri

Watercolor on Paper
20.5” x 26” image
33.25” x 37.25” framed
Collection of the Artist
PLATE 24

A Snowy Unloading

Upper Mississippi River, St. Louis, Missouri

Watercolor on Paper

20.5" x 26" image

33.25" x 37.25" framed

Collection of the Artist
PLATE 25

Stan Musial Veterans Memorial Bridge

Upper Mississippi River, St. Louis

Watercolor & Mixed Media on Board
34” x 26” image
48” x 39.5” framed
Collection of the Artist
Every trip is a new adventure, whether I’m riding in a boat, trekking down trails, or driving. No Bites and Warm Beer (Plate 24) resulted from my serendipitous sighting, as I drove the Mississippi Great River Road, of a few fisherman getting sunburned north of Alton, Illinois.
PLATE 27

Entering Lock 21

Upper Mississippi River, Quincy, Illinois

Oil on Canvas

40” x 30” image

41.5” x 31.5” framed

Collection of the Artist
Plate 28

Midnight and Leaving Lock 25

Upper Mississippi River, Winfield, Missouri

Oil on Canvas
40" x 30" image
41.5" x 31.5" framed
Collection of the Artist
Working Reflections

Ohio River

Watercolor on Paper
21.25” x 20.5” image
34” x 32” framed
Collection of the Artist
PLATE 30

Cleanup on the Tow

Ohio River

Watercolor on Paper
23.5" x 19" image
36" x 32" framed
Collection of the Artist
PLATE 31

Winter Passage

Ohio River

Watercolor on Paper
20" x 26.5" image
33" x 39" framed
Collection of the Artist
A few years ago, I saw an article in *The New York Times* about an individual, Montana Butsch, who, in 2006, started an after-school program for low-income, inner-city Chicago teens to introduce them to competitive rowing. This not-for-profit organization, the Chicago Training Center, is free to the students, and its goal is to help the youngsters leverage their participation in the sport to maximize their personal and academic potential. I immediately contacted Montana and was invited to join them on the industrial south branch of the Chicago River to photograph an after-school practice. In spite of its murky waters and challenging location, the Chicago River offers wonderful opportunities for learning, as you see in *Crewing the South Branch* (Plate 28). What a terrific program! Some of these teens have gone on to win crew scholarships from prestigious universities.
I attended the U.S. Naval Academy and spent considerable time on the Severn River and Chesapeake Bay in Maryland, on YPs (Yard Patrol vessels) and on one or another of the many classes of Naval Academy sailboats. Then, during my four years in the U.S. Navy serving in submarines, my wife Kathie and I lived in Charleston, South Carolina. I loved both locations and need to spend much more time on the east coast, documenting more of its vibrant life in my paintings.

The Chesapeake is a special Bay with a long history. It has been celebrated in books, songs, and stories. It witnessed the first explorers, early settlements, wars and battles, fishing disputes, congestion, construction, contamination, and much, much more. Through it all, it has retained its significance, character, and beauty. Recently, as the Managing Director of the American Society of Marine Artists, I was in Baltimore’s Inner Harbor for our annual conference. There I captured a lot of Chesapeake Bay activity in hundreds of photographs—sights that I have yet to paint.

Kathie and I loved Charleston—Our apartment backed up to the Ashley River!—and we return as often as possible. Charleston is firmly rooted in its harbor and two rivers, the Ashley and Cooper. From the first settlement in Charles Towne on the Ashley through the Revolutionary War to the Firing on Ft. Sumter and the Civil War, Charleston is first and foremost a river city. Today, it has a substantial, thriving port with the U.S. Coast Guard station located on the east bank of the Ashley.
The U.S. Coast Guard has as one of its many missions the safety inspection of all passenger, tank, cargo, and special-use vessels. The frequency of inspections varies, but all passenger vessels that carry six or more paying passengers are subject to these inspections, which are conducted by special teams in the Guard’s Marine Safety Inspection Department. To properly conduct a safety inspection, the vessel must be in dry dock. Plate 29 shows a Coast Guard Lt. inspecting a vessel in a Charleston Shipyard dry dock. This painting is in the collection of the U.S. Coast Guard and hangs in its headquarters in Washington, D.C.
Recently, I was out on the Chesapeake Bay and Severn River with the U.S. Naval Academy sailing team, photographing its practice. Plate 30 is the current result, and there will be more paintings of this area. In the background is the Naval Academy grounds with the Chapel Dome rising above the trees and buildings. The Academy, as you would expect, has a long history of sailing. It has won countless races and awards over many, many years, and it has dominated collegiate sailing.

**PLATE 34**

*Race Practice*

*Chesapeake Bay, Maryland*

Watercolor on Board  
29” x 39” image  
41” x 52” framed  
Collection of the Artist
When my wife Kathie and I lived in Charleston during my four years in the U.S. Navy, driving over the Cooper River Bridge to Mt. Pleasant for a casual dinner at the Lorelei or Trawler was a special evening. The restaurants were located on Shem Creek, so we had best of everything: an incredible view of the water, fresh seafood caught that day, and sometimes a spectacular sunset. The restaurants have changed, but the creek is the same, and its piers serve as the port for the local shrimping fleet. Plate 31 shows the shrimpers tied up at day’s end.
I’ve barely begun to explore the West Coast, the Pacific Northwest and Columbia River, and Long Beach and its harbor and docks, but San Francisco I know almost intimately. It can capture and fire an artist’s imagination like no other. San Francisco Bay is one of the most beautiful natural harbors anywhere. Protected from the ocean, it has provided shelter for ships since the Spanish arrived in the 1770s. If you’ve been to San Francisco—And I hope you have because it is one of the great cities of the world—you’ve witnessed the Bay and its beauty for yourself.

The Bay, though always important, did not achieve serious commercial significance until the gold rush of 1849. San Francisco’s famous Chinatown was established then and has become the oldest Chinatown in North America, also the most densely populated area west of Manhattan. Most of the Chinese who arrived in the mid-nineteenth century came to find work and riches. Many worked on the Central Pacific Railroad, while others headed to the gold fields to find their fortune. In fact, the promise of gold and fabulous riches was so strong that arriving crews would desert their vessels and rush to the fields, leaving behind a forest of masts in the harbor and Bay. Chinatown, as a city unto its own, grew out of that forest. It teemed with life and commerce and continues to do so to this day.

In 1850, California became the 31st state, and the Bay became the center of settlement and commerce in the West. Through the years, the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers has been called on to preserve and maintain the Bay since it supports some of the densest industrial production and shipping traffic on the coast.
Red Right Returning (Plate 32) looks down from Nob Hill across Chinatown and Stockton Avenue out onto the Bay, past the Oakland Bay Bridge, and on to Oakland and the Eastern Shore’s busy container piers. “Red Right Returning.” What does that mean? It’s a seaman’s mnemonic. Look closely and you can see the two red buoys out in the Bay. Buoys help define the shipping channel from the Golden Gate Bridge into the Bay and under the Oakland Bay Bridge. Channel buoys are either red or green. When arriving from sea, “returning” or steaming “inbound” or “upriver,” the captain must keep the red buoys on his starboard (right) side, leaving the green buoys on his port (left) side. By keeping the red buoys on his right—red, right, returning—he will stay safely in the channel.
In the painting *Ferry Building/Market Day* (Plate 33), as you follow the street down to the Bay, you come upon San Francisco’s famous Ferry Building. If it’s a Saturday, treat yourself to one of America’s, and perhaps the world’s, best farmers markets. It’s quite an experience. This painting doesn’t begin to show the wealth of offerings. The sights, smells, and tastes are astonishing. But go early. You can enjoy a fabulous breakfast there, too.
One Saturday morning as I wandered along the San Francisco Harbor, I happened upon a handsomely attired clarinetist on the Bayside of the Ferry building, his bike perched nearby. His brown suit, pressed shirt, colorful tie, hat, and carefully polished shoes bespoke a man of pride and talent. With his Folger’s container for tips, he played away, and he knew how to play that instrument! I dropped in a few bills and asked if I could take some photos. He graciously agreed. San Francisco Sounds (Plate 34) is the result of that encounter.

If you have been to San Francisco, much of this is familiar. You may have been to Fisherman’s Wharf. You have probably eaten on the Wharf, either sitting in a restaurant or standing among the many food vendors. I have enjoyed many meals both ways. You probably noticed the countless, colorful fishing boats lining the piers. I have taken hundreds of pictures of them, and one of these days, I’ll paint one of the colorful scenes.

The sights and sounds are delightful: walking the piers among the boats and fishermen; watching the boats on the Bay with sails full; seeing large container ships pass under the Golden Gate Bridge, navigate the channel, and head to the piers on the Eastern Shore to unload; listening to the happy sounds coming from the many tourist boats; hearing the Sausalito Ferry sound one blast on its horn as it pulls away from the pier just north of the Ferry Building. There is so much beauty, so much to experience on this exquisite Bay!
The Great Lakes contain more than one-fifth of the world’s fresh water. Can you believe it? One-fifth! The Lakes are connected to the Atlantic through the St. Lawrence Seaway and to the Mississippi River and its tributaries through the Chicago River and the Calumet River systems and canals. The Great Lakes have long been a major highway for migration, transportation, trade, and commerce. They are very popular for tourism and recreation, too.

Plate 35 shows Chicago’s First Lady dockside at a restaurant on the Chicago River, waiting for passengers. The First Lady takes visitors and locals alike on tours of Chicago’s beautiful lakefront. It is also available for private parties. Nothing is more romantic than a boat ride along the lakefront at night, with the city’s lights jewel-like on one of the most beautiful skylines. The “palace” steamers of the mid-nineteenth century are long gone, replaced today by a variety of smaller, less opulent vessels—but it’s still possible to steal a kiss with the lights of the city in the distance.

Commerce on the Great Lakes is generally bulk: iron ore, coal, limestone, and potash, all destined for the steel mills that ring the Lakes. Grain is another important bulk commodity. Most of the Lakes’ ships today are too wide to pass through the St. Lawrence Seaway to the Atlantic. Their service is exclusively on the Lakes. One of these days I’ll ride one.
PLATE 39

Chicago’s First Lady

Chicago River

Watercolor on Paper
18” x 24” image
31” x 37” framed
Collection of the Artist
PLATE 40

A Day on Presque Isle

Lake Erie in Erie, Pennsylvania

Watercolor on Paper
18” x 12” image
24” x 20” framed
Collection of the Artist
Plate 41

Tarring the Ropes

Lake Erie in Erie, Pennsylvania

Watercolor on Paper
14” x 18” image
22” x 26” framed
Collection of the Artist
For Daven Anderson, THE RIVERS: A Celebration of Life and Work on America’s Waterways represents the synthesis of two lifelong loves: water and painting.

His fascination with the water was well established by adolescence, when he entered the U.S. Naval Academy. After graduating, he completed training in nuclear engineering and served four years on U.S. Navy submarines. Daven has lived on or near the water his entire life: Chicago on Lake Michigan; Groton, Connecticut, on the Thames River; Charleston, South Carolina, nestled between the Ashley and Cooper Rivers, with views to the Atlantic Ocean; Cleveland, Ohio, on Lake Erie; and now in St. Louis on the Mississippi River.

The second major life force that’s expressed in THE RIVERS exhibition is Daven’s extreme artistic talent, evident since his Crayola days. Though lacking formal training in art, by the time he was a U.S. Naval Academy student, he was skilled enough to earn pocket money by painting pastel portraits for his classmates.

Despite the velocity of a full, rich life as a submariner and later as a business leader, husband, and father, Daven’s love of painting never waned. When he moved to St. Louis in 2006 and assumed a more leisurely pace, his love of the water resurfaced as he roamed St. Louis streets and the Mississippi riverfront, always equipped with a camera. Then he rushed back to his studio to express on paper and canvas the real-life scenes he had captured on film.

Just one year into this artistic immersion, Daven won his first competitive award and sold two paintings of St. Louis scenes. At this point, Daven was hooked, and he committed fully to a second career as an artist.

Today, 10 years and hundreds of paintings later, with dozens of exhibitions, awards, and publications to his credit, Daven is widely recognized as the master watercolorist he has become. In addition to being named an official U.S. Coast Guard Artist and elected to positions as the Managing Director of the American Society of Marine Artists and Executive Director of the Missouri Watercolor Society, he has curated exhibits and teaches watercolor painting in his studio and around the country. Every year, he is invited to the annual world conference of the Mississippi Valley Trade & Transport Council, arguably the industry’s most important gathering of river executives.

Since conceiving THE RIVERS exhibition—while continuously painting, teaching, and exhibiting—Daven has traveled extensively, from Seattle to Savannah and Chicago to Houston. Always with camera in hand, he has explored shipyards, ridden work boats and tugs, climbed cranes, traveled through dozens of locks, and watched from the bridge of a bulk carrier as a massive, ocean-going Panamax unloaded thousands of containers. Along the way, he has met dozens of ship captains and owners, dock operators, barge company and shipyard managers and owners, stevedores, and U.S. Coast Guardsmen and listened to their stories of hard work and a tradition of dedication that persists generation after generation. These scenes and their stories are faithfully honored in THE RIVERS: A Celebration of Life and Work on America’s Waterways.
First and foremost, I am more grateful than words can convey to my father Roy, a wonderful man, a fabulous father, and an artist at heart. I love him dearly. When I found his old, tired watercolor tubes at the age of six or so, the discovery set me on this course that has filled my soul … and my life. My beautiful wife Kathie for more than 50 years, my lifelong love and companion, has been an invaluable supporter and critic of my work. I fully trust her instincts and impeccable judgment. A painting isn’t done until she says it’s done. My lovely mother Jean encouraged my passion for painting her whole life. I am grateful, also, to my brothers Mike and Tim for their help and sage advice.

I am grateful to Billy Fitzpatrick of Cooper Consolidated, who invited me to my first annual conference of the Mississippi Valley Trade & Transport Council (MVTTC) and enabled my first trip on the river; Wendell Landry, also of Cooper, who has been very generous in his support; Bob Wooten of Weber Marine, an early fan and whole-hearted supporter; Pilot Michael Miller, who let me spend a day with him bringing a ship upriver; to Lisa McGoy, MVTTC administrator, who has generously accommodated me and my paintings at the Council’s conferences. I am deeply indebted to those individuals who helped me get on the water, among them Tim Power, President of SCF Marine; Jason Porter, Manager of ARTCO in New Orleans; and Montana Busch, Founder of the Chicago Training Center. I also thank Nelson Spencer and his son “Spence” who, years ago, wrote the first article about my artistic journey in The Waterways Journal.

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I owe much to my watercolor students, who have taught me much more than I have them: Ward Gillespie, Anne Carman, Kim Sindel, Carla Giller, and the many others.

This catalog wouldn’t be as great as it is without the talented work of Michael Thede, my designer, and Jan Niehaus, my editor.

There are many, many people over the years who have inspired and facilitated my work. I am grateful to each and every supporter whom I’ve been honored to meet during this wonderful journey on America’s incredible rivers.