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## In Memoriam: Sidewheeler *Uncatena*

The paddlewheel boat, with her walking beam,  
Her churning wheels and her plume of steam  
Has paddled upstream; far, far upstream  
Beyond the wharves of the morning.

She was dazzling white and fretted with gold,  
Her name on the paddlebox stood out bold;  
She walked over waves with a queenly stride,  
Her tall, thin smokestack shrill with pride.

*Uncatena, Priscilla, Commonwealth,  
Grand Republic, Avalon,  
Mary Powell, Gay Head and Naushon,  
Cygnus, Pereus, Charter Oak,  
Ticonderoga and Roanoke,*

And a thousand others – each one dear  
To the long lost children on the long gone pier.  
There was nowhere a harbor that could not boast  
Of its paddlewheel steamboat – the best on the coast.

Something of America steamed away  
On the cindery decks where the violins play;  
Something of America followed the track  
Of the paddlewheel boat, and it never came back.

The paddlewheels stopped, and the walking beam;  
Excursions ended in a landlocked dream  
At a mooring upstream; far, far upstream  
Beyond the wharves of the morning.

*Robert Hillyer*