

the crew at Eagle Harbor, having been picked up by the boat at Delaware Mine, where he had gone to send out his message for help. Hardman was the only one of the four to reach Delaware Village. The other three remained at Copper Harbor, where they were also picked up by the Eagle Harbor life saving boat."

Another of the clippings in the Gonyou collection contains a lengthy account of engineer Hardman's experiences, from the time ALTADOC's steering gear was disabled early on the morning of Thursday, the 8th, at which time the steamer began her six-hour drift across Lake Superior at the mercy of the wind and seas.

"We could not tell where we were (grounded) until late that morning," said Hardman. 'Suddenly the storm lifted enough for us to see, less than 500 feet away, the battered hulk of the CITY OF BANGOR. That was the time we knew where we might be.' According to Hardman, they had sent message after message over their wireless after their vessel became disabled. 'But our receiving set went out of commission during the storm and we were unable to receive word from the mainland or from other ships.'

The same report continued: "The arrival of the men in Calumet was the first word the outside world has received from the ALTADOC after her wireless went out of commission on Thursday morning. 'Provisions on the boat were extremely low,' Hardman said, 'and we made up our minds that someone must get to shore for new rations as soon as possible. When the wind subsided, we launched our boat and fought the waves until we suddenly struck shore. Believe me, that was a great feeling.'"

Another clipping detailed the actual grounding of the steamer. "'The coal bunkers, containing some 300 tons of coal, took fire the morning after the disaster...' Fred Rickard, aged 27, watchman... said. 'The Captain,' he said, 'ordered the firemen to pull their fires. Live coals fell up against the bunker head, causing a fire, and bad gas was given off, making it difficult for us to fight it.'

"According to Rickard's story, the ALTADOC started away from Owen Sound on Tuesday, December 6, upbound for Fort William for a load of grain. Everything was fine up to the time they neared Whitefish Point, where a northeast gale started, accompanied by fog and snow. 'We were travelling pretty fair for twelve hours,' he said. 'About 12:30 o'clock Thursday morning, our steering gear broke. Captain Simpson was in charge at the time. Ben Silvey, of Midland, first mate, was on watch. An emergency call went out that the steering gear was gone, and all hands were called to assist wheeling the boat with the emergency wheel on the afterhouse.

"The weather was pretty cold, and two men took turns, relieved every five minutes. We had orders to pull in the log to give our correct mileage and the speed we were travelling when a big wave came over on the starboard side, nearly washing four of us overboard. These men were Ben Silvey, Bob Currie (oiler) and Ray Doran (deckhand).

"Two fellows were on the pilothouse (sic.) when Walter Lacroix shouted 'Our wheel's got away from us,' leaving Harry Trembley at the wheel. We were pulling in the log when the first mate, Silvey, shouted 'Billow' meaning to get clear. The wave caught... us... and nearly took us overboard. As it happened, I held on to the bulwarks and my two mates went down on their stomachs. The wave washed us all around the fantail to the port side...

"Afterward, the Captain did his best by throwing the engine in reverse when he saw land, but he saw no hope, as the rudder was gone, and he put her full ahead and sent her high and dry for the safety of the men. And we praised God he did so, as there was a terrific gale, mixed with fog and snow. The waves were forty to fifty feet high... and they were washing over the ship.

"The crew took shelter nowhere. We did our best... A couple of firemen