

between Scotch Bonnet Light and Cobourg. The ETHEL was an old steel tug, built in 1895 and about 70 feet (actually 64.0 -ed.) long, and having small fuel capacity in her tanks, we were forced each trip up and down to refuel at Cobourg, and carried our surplus oil fuel in the BRUCE HUDSON.

"Captain Rae of the HUDSON, knowing the risk of being washed overboard with his crew in heavy weather, owing to the raftlike condition of the tanker when loaded, had arranged signals with me previous to the time we commenced these lake voyages. A red flag by day and a flashing red light at night would warn us on the tug that they were in danger, and this would mean something had to be done by the tug at once.

"On our way up from Montreal on this particular voyage in November, we put in at Brockville and filled our fuel tanks and got away about 2:00 p.m. It was an extremely dark and cold night when we were in the Thousand Islands and we had to navigate with every caution as the BRUCE HUDSON was a rambler and ran from one side to the other as far as the towline would allow, but we finally got by Cape Vincent at midnight and gave out our full towline. There was a light northerly wind blowing and the lake was comparatively calm, and there were no storm signals showing at the Cape.

"We had a nice run to Long Point (Point Peter), where we passed about 7:45 a.m. (on November 15th -ed.). The wind had gone to northeast and was freshening and the sea making up, but we were running up along the north shore and well protected. We passed Scotch Bonnet Light just about 1:30 p.m. and hauled for Cobourg. At 3:30, the wind had hauled to E.N.E. and increased and the sea was making up and visibility was poor as the steam rising from the lake, owing to the cold weather, shut off the view of our tow most of the time, although only 800 feet distant.

"At 5:00 p.m., it began to snow and the wind had increased to a gale and the tug was standing on her end most of the time, and the engineer reported her leaking quite badly and taking plenty of water through the sides under the guards and running in around the doors and down the skylight when the big seas came tearing over her.

"With the big following seas smashing her on the stern, the BRUCE HUDSON became unmanageable and was running all over the lake, back and forward as far as the 800 feet of towline would permit. It was pitch dark then and we could occasionally see the red and green side lights of the HUDSON, mostly one at a time as she sheered to port or starboard.

"My mate, Harry Carson, had been on the stern of the tug watching the parcelling on the towing hawser, where it passed over the stern, to see that this wrapping did not get loose and the hawser cut off by the constant jumping of the tug and the see-sawing of the HUDSON. At 5:30 p.m., he came forward to the pilothouse and informed me that the HUDSON was flashing danger signals; he had plainly seen them through the haze and snow.

"I told him that it was too bad, for I figured that we were only 2½ hours' run from Cobourg. I was right, for at that moment it cleared up a bit and we saw the Grafton lights directly abeam. We talked the situation over and decided that the HUDSON crew had become a little jittery, not knowing we were so close to harbour and safety, and we continued on our course for Cobourg.

"The mate went aft again and took the megaphone with him in the hope of hailing the HUDSON crew and finding out the situation on board. Although he had a voice like a fog horn, it was useless to throw this voice any distance against that gale, so he returned to the pilothouse and reported the danger signal still going and that he could not make them hear his hail.

"Right then I decided to check down our engines and come round head to the sea and ride it out till daylight or until the gale went down or the wind