

shifted. We took an awful lacing in making the turn, stove in the engineroom door and knocked some windows out, knocked everything down in the galley and broke things up in general. We finally got head to, and the danger signals on the HUDSON stopped, which proved that they were riding easier head into the sea and wind.

"It was 6:15 p.m. then, and although bouncing around and standing on end with every big wave, and it kept all hands busy holding on, we were standing the racket pretty well. It gave the engineer a chance to pump the water out and clean the bilges, and the mate to nail planks over the broken doors and windows. We also were able to pick up a bite to eat from the wreck in the galley.

"Outside, everything was a coat of ice and inside was soaking wet. My mate and I took one-hour tricks on the wheel and, believe me, it was long enough, with the tug standing up and shimmying like a bucking bronco. The engineers and firemen were equally as bad off, as they were thrown around like dice in a box every time the tug took those terrible rears and dives. The rest of the crew had nothing to do but just hold on and keep from being washed overboard.

"Now a few words about what was going on in the HUDSON. At 5:30, the big seas were coming right over the stern and smashing into the cabin, and they were wading around in three feet of water. The barge was beyond control and running all over the lake and the fire in the cabin stoves washed out by the water, and all hands wet as rats and freezing. They decided to put on the danger signals so that the tug could do something to ease the situation. After coming head to, they were able to free the cabin from water and light the stoves up again and dry their clothing.

"Outside, the barge was a mass of foam from the heavy seas coming over the bow and tearing down the deck and smashing against the cabin. She had 6,700 barrels of oil in her and by measurement we had found that 7,000 left her deck only twelve inches above the water level in smooth water. But the crew, huddled in their little cubby hole of a cabin, were o.k. for the time, at least.

"From 6:15 p.m. until 7:00 a.m. next day, we stood there, heading into the wind and sea, worn to a frazzle by the bouncing around we got and wet to the skin by the spray beating into the pilothouse through the broken windows. It was the longest 12 3/4 hours I think I ever experienced in all my years' sailing. I was sore for a month from being thrown against the wheel and sides of the pilothouse by the constant jumping and leaping into the big seas.

"Once or twice during the night, we sighted the white blinker on the Cobourg outer breakwater; that was after it stopped snowing, about 10:00 p.m. At 7:00 next morning (November 16), it was clear and cold and a heavy mist hung low over the lake, but we could see the HUDSON quite clearly. The wind blew even harder then and the sea was much worse with big white combers, and looked mighty dangerous, but something must be done, so we decided to run for Cobourg and shelter.

"We watched our chance when a lull came and hauled around, and when the HUDSON was lying beam to the sea, two or three monstrous seas hit her and completely smothered her. It was a pretty sight, but an unlucky one for all concerned, for the HUDSON, with a mighty heave and a tremendous snap, parted the hawser close to her hawse pipe, and lay rolling in the trough of the seas and completely smothered, only the derrick forward and the top of the cabin aft showing.

"The crew scrambled out of the cabin and took to the top of the cabin, the only place clear of the fury of the big seas that came tearing at them. It's a miracle that some of them weren't washed overboard and drowned.