

There we were, left with about 800 feet of the 7½-inch hawser, which was about the size of an ordinary stove pipe and frozen stiff as a poker, trailing behind, and it had to be pulled in on the tug. We had no steam towing machine or capstan, so all hands and the cook were summoned on deck to get this hawser aboard before we could pay attention to the HUDSON and (her) crew.

"This was no joke, with the tug jumping and backing and the risk of having it wound into our propeller, which would have spelled all our doom. After considerable difficulty, we got the tug head into the sea and hauled in those 800 feet of hawser, inch by inch, fleeting it in long fore-and-aft layers on the protected side of the cabin.

"It was a ticklish job and a risky one, too. When we finally had it aboard, we turned to the HUDSON. When we got within hailing distance, we asked Captain Rae if he could make our hawser fast again, and he said 'No', and I believed him, too, for it meant death to any man who ventured on that storm-washed deck.

"He demanded that we take him and his crew off, which we proceeded to do at once. It was a very ticklish job, with the HUDSON lying beam to in the sea and rolling like a log and completely submerged except where the crew were clinging on the cabin top.

"I can imagine the thoughts of those men, for only four months and five days before this date, this same BRUCE HUDSON, at almost the same spot on this same lake, had taken a nose dive and turned bottom side up, and in a much less (severe) storm. Can you wonder at their anxiety to get off? I took them off on that occasion, too, and just in time, with the tug AJAX, and they lost all their belongings and were lucky to save their lives. Now I had the same job to do over again, only in ten times greater a sea.

"I ran down past the HUDSON and turned and came up slowly, as I had to be careful and not bump the stern of the HUDSON, which might mean our undoing and possibly sink one or both of us. I had the mate pass a heaving line to the barge and attached a heavier line, which the HUDSON crew hauled aboard and made fast. Reversing our engines constantly, we gradually hauled the barge stern to the sea, and we were then able to get the tug within twenty-five feet of the barge. Constantly backing our engines, we kept the two boats from jumping against each other, although we were mounting up and down fifteen or twenty feet. Then the rescue work began by bringing one man at a time over the connecting line, with a heaving line attached around his waist in case he slipped in the lake on the perilous journey across.

"When all seven were safe on the tug, we slipped the line and backed away, and the HUDSON fell into the trough of the sea again. Not one thing of their (the crew's) belongings could be carried off again this time. We drifted along behind the HUDSON, intending to pick her up again when the wind and sea went down, but our hopes were blasted when word came from the engineer that our fuel oil was very low and something would have to be done at once.

"At that instant, I saw smoke to the west and about three miles south, of a steamer bucking her way down the lake. We decided to run over and speak to her and have her stand by the HUDSON until we went to Cobourg for fuel oil, as all of our surplus supply was on the HUDSON and we dare not go near her to refuel."

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Ed. Note: At this point, we must leave the story of BRUCE HUDSON, for want of space in this issue. In the February issue, we will pick up the narrative again and follow the HUDSON through more woes and her conversion to a self-propelled tanker. To Lorne Joyce go our sincere thanks for his assistance with this history.

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