

amidships. He let go and landed... on the steel plates. Back swung the boom and, next second, Wheelsman McLennan was riding the boatswain's chair. He, too, had been standing watch for 24 hours. By the time he got his chance, the boom was almost over the barge's stern. He leapt to what seemed a twenty-foot plunge and fell amid a raffle of the barge's gear, skinning his shoulder and back and hurting himself so badly that it was two weeks before he could put his coat on without help.

"But for the moment, there was no question of putting on or taking off coats. Both men waded along the wave-washed deck to pass the big steel towline coiled on the drum in the HUDSON's bow, and to get her steering gear into commission so that she would follow the BRULIN instead of rolling sideways out to starboard and to port.

"It was only by miracles of management on the part of their skipper and by the greatest good luck and good judgment that they had reached the HUDSON without either of them being killed, crushed or drowned. They found that she had been left in apparently pentecostal haste. There was beefsteak half-eaten on the plates in the cookhouse and cake and other food untouched on the table. Her logbooks and papers had been left behind. Her crew had not taken their little belongings. Not a light was burning.

"Towlines were passed from the bow of the barge to the BRULIN, and the steamer's own anchor and anchor chain released from their iron clutch on the barge's tailfeathers. Then she squared away for Port Weller. As they swung around, the first steel wire towline parted. This, and its successor, were the HUDSON's own towing outfit, which was in more fitting position to work for harbour entrance. The BRULIN circled back and caught a heaving line and hauled aboard the HUDSON's second towline. This parted too. Then the BRULIN hove aboard her own wrecking cable, a stout piece of wire, but it, too, let go.

"Back circled the BRULIN, stopping her engines each time she had to pass over the trailing ends of these wire serpents, for to get her propeller foul of them now would have been fatal. While the lines were being cleared, the steamer was more or less out of control. But collision was averted, and by great skill a heaving line and messenger were passed, and the gallant mate and wheelsman released the barge's anchor chain and got the end of it aboard the BRULIN.

"Then at last, with waves roaring and snowflakes flying, steamer and barge came rolling into Port Weller. The BRULIN, having her own cargo to deliver before the canal froze up, hurried on for Chicago, leaving BRUCE HUDSON safely 'libelled', or in the law's hands, for salvage...

"The owners of BRUCE HUDSON contended (in the defence pleadings -ed.) that she 'was in no danger of stranding, as she had abundance of searoom, and the wind was steady in a direction which could not have carried her into any position of peril before she would have been rejoined by her tug; that she had not in fact been abandoned, relying on the undisputed facts regarding the discovery of her papers and personal effects of the crew as set forth in the plaintiff's claim'.

"However, 'opportunity having been granted counsel by the court to confer on the subject of settlement, this was finally accomplished with the concurrence of the trial judge' and judgment was given for \$10,000 - with costs - for the owners and crew of the BRULIN..."

We shall omit the rest of Mr. Snider's often-laboured prose (much of which was edited out of the excerpts we used) except to add a small section with comments whose source was not identified, but would appear to have been Capt. Stitt of the ETHEL, as quoted from part of the HUDSON's owner's defence statement in the litigation:

"The master of the ELMBAY later reported that he did not stand by the