

TELESCOPE

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Volume 19, Number 2.



**Great Lakes
Maritime
Institute**



**Dossin Great Lakes Museum,
Belle Isle, Detroit 7, Michigan**

Membership Notes

MEETING DATES

General membership meetings will be held at the Dossin Museum as follows. All are at 8:00 P. M.

March 20, 1970; *Mr. Gregory S. Rudnick*, Ship slide program.
May 22, 1970; *Mr. Harry Wolf*, Slides with sound.
(There is no meeting in the month of July.)

Business meetings of the Board of Directors (all members are encouraged to attend these meetings) will be held at the Dossin Museum as follows:

April 24, 1970; June 26, 1970; August 28, 1970. All meetings are scheduled for 8:00 P. M.

MUSEUM NOTES

Current special exhibit at the Dossin Museum is a showing of the large color prints of Institute Board Member and former ship's photographer *Harry Wolf*. This is the second edition of Harry's excellent work, and it is made up of an entirely new selection of scenes and studies from all around the lakes.

CONTENTS

Membership notes, Meeting dates and Museum notes.	34
Some Noted Shipwrecks on Lake Superior	<i>Julius F. Wolff, Jr.</i> 35
Winter Quarters	<i>C. E. Stein</i> 46
Great Lakes & Seaway News	52



THIS MONTH'S COVER...

The *Kamloops*, lost in Lake Superior, remains one of the mystery sinkings in that lake. Her hull has yet to be officially located after 23 years. *Kamloops* is one of the ships treated in this month's feature article by Professor Julius F. Wolff, Jr., an Institute member, who is affiliated with the University of Minnesota at Duluth. The photograph is from the extensive William A. McDonald Collection in the Dossin Museum.

SOME NOTED

SHIPWRECKS

ON LAKE SUPERIOR

By
Julius F. Wolff Jr.

Professor, Political Science
University of Minnesota, Duluth

To modern professional sailors talk of shipwreck on Lake Superior seems like ancient history. For 16 years no major ship has been lost on the *big lake*, with only a couple of tug sinkings and several pleasure craft accidents to mar an otherwise perfect record. In fact, since the end of World War II, just three substantial vessels have gone down, one by foundering, another through stranding, and the third in collision. Yet, such a creditable safety record was not always the case. While statistics on Lake Superior shipwrecks are not comparable to those of the lower lakes, with their thousands and thousands of vessel losses, at least 280 ships have met their doom on its waters with a human casualty list of over 1,000 lives. Upwards of 1,300 accidents have been recorded since the advent of American sailing in 1835. Still, early sailors had a special dread of mishap on Lake Superior, because chances of survival were slight. Not only was the water icy cold throughout the year, but most of the shore-

line was wilderness. Aside from those few stretches of beach patrolled by the U.S. Life-Saving Service (now Coast Guard), human habitation was sparse. Even today, there are portions of the Ontario and Michigan coasts where a person landing from the lake could travel considerable distances before encountering civilization.

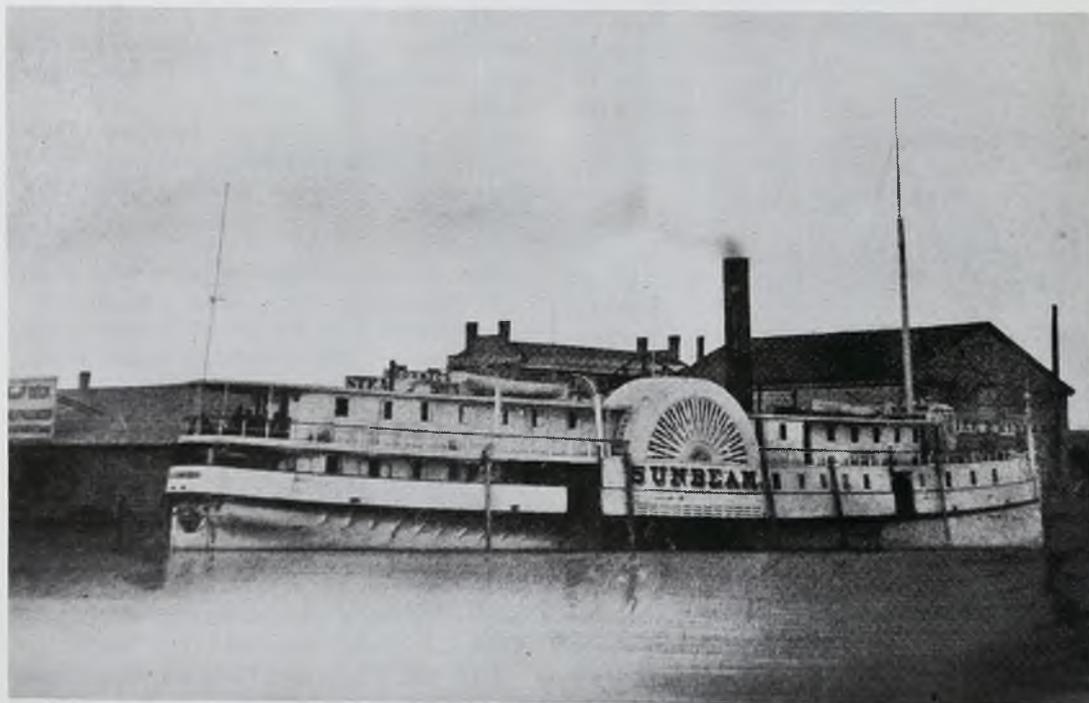
The first shipping accidents on Lake Superior afflicted the Northwest Company's Montreal canoes and later their fur-carrying schooners. Apparently, losses were few, but records available in the Lake Superior country indicate some canoe upsets before 1815 while the fur trading schooners *Invincible* and *Mink* seemingly succumbed to eastern Lake Superior in the 1820's. A close examination of the Northwest Company's papers in Canadian archives might disclose more difficulties.

The initial confirmed American shipwreck involved the American Fur Company's trading schooner *John Jacob Astor*, which culminated a



DAVID WALLACE and **ROBERT WALLACE** wrecked on Chocolay Beach near Marquette, in November, 1887.

McDonald Collection - Dossin Museum



SUNBEAM, of the Goodrich Line which foundered in a gale east of Ontonogon, August 27, 1863.

McDonald Collection - Dossin Museum

charmed sailing life of nine years by stranding and going to pieces at Copper Harbor, on Keeweenaw Point, September 21, 1844. No lives were lost. The first fatal American accident was in June, 1847. The little 80-ton schooner *Merchant* with fourteen persons aboard simply vanished when enroute from Sault Ste. Marie to L'Anse, Michigan. As usual, a variety of rumors but no clues followed with an Indian's tale of the ship's capsizing in a squall between Grand Island and Marquette seeming plausible.

Prior to 1855, the opening of the Soo Canal, Lake Superior was landlocked as far as navigation was concerned. Hence, only four or five steamers and a handful of schooners operated on the lake, these brought on log rollers over the mile portage at the Soo with considerable expense and labor. The initial steamboat, the 118-foot propellor *Independence*, survived eight thrilling seasons of pioneer navigation before a boiler explosion on November 22, 1853, sent her to the bottom a mile above the Soo locks, taking three crewman and one passenger with her.

The worst loss of life in early Lake Superior transportation involved the wooden sidewheel passenger steamer *Superior*. Enroute from Chicago to Keeweenaw Point under the colorful Captain Hiram Jones, the *Superior* encountered a vicious northwesterly gale and snowstorm just east of modern Munising on October 29, 1856. After a heroic battle in which she lost rudder, smokestack, and parted anchor chains, the unfortunate vessel was beaten to pieces off the Pictured Rocks, only twelve passengers and four crewmen surviving. These suffered terribly from exposure until they were able to reach a trader's cabin in present-day Munising. The Chief Engineer and remaining crew then rowed a patched-up lifeboat forty miles to Marquette for help from the steamer *General Taylor* which chanced to be in port. As passenger lists were notoriously inaccurate, estimates of those lost

range from 35 to 48, making this one of the worst accidents in the entire history of Lake Superior sailing. Another side-wheeler, the Goodrich line's *Sunbeam*, had similar ill-fortune, foundering in a gale northeast of Ontonogan, Michigan, on August 27, 1863, with the loss of 26 lives. A solitary wheelsman lived to tell the story.

The autumn of 1872 introduced Lake Superior sailors to mass disasters. Prior to the introduction of radio communication, well into the 20th. Century, shipping often suffered severely from sudden gigantic storms which would rake broad stretches of the lake, claiming numerous victims simultaneously, as in years 1872, 1886, 1905, 1913, and 1927. On November 27-28, 1872, the storm gods gave the lake an awful pasting. Catching the tow steamer *John A. Dix* with two iron ore-carrying barges, the *Jupiter* and *Saturn*, west of Whitefish Point, the storm snapped the tow lines and drove both schooner-barges ashore, drowning the fifteen persons in the two crews. At the same time, the schooners *W. O. Brown* and *W. C. Griswold* apparently had rounded the Point into Whitefish Bay, only to be overwhelmed on the east side of the bay, with the loss of sixteen more lives. So shocked were Great Lakes shipping people at these mass disasters that they successfully pressured Congress two years later to provide four life-saving stations on Lake Superior, one roughly every ten miles west of Whitefish Point. These would be manned for the next seventy years.

A particularly gruesome catastrophe occurred on July 9, 1876, off Fourteen Mile Point east of Ontonogan. Eastbound from Duluth in calm weather was the old wooden propellor steamer *St. Clair* with passengers and freight. She had been in the oil trade on the lower lakes. Shortly after midnight fire broke out in the firehold, and within moments the whole vessel with her oil-soaked holds was aflame from stem to stern! The blaze destroyed her regular yawl

before it could be launched, but a metallic lifeboat was successfully put over the side. This had a capacity of fourteen, and there were thirty-two aboard. The passengers and crew were then issued life preservers. Unexpectedly, there came a rare incident in Lake Superior shipping history. Discipline broke. Though Captain Robert Rhynas desperately sought to save his passengers and crew, panic prevailed, fire-terrorized people leaping from the burning deck to the lifeboat and fighting wildly for seats in the little craft. Naturally, the lifeboat capsized six or seven times, plunging the mass of struggling humanity into frigid Lake Superior. Though all were life-jacketed, the icy waters soon took their toll until only six persons were left alive to row the floundering lifeboat to safety on Keeweenaw Point. Twenty-six passengers and crew died in this tragedy.

The appearance of steel ships in the early 1880's brought hopes that this type of vessel would be immune to Lake Superior weather, but such dreams were quickly dashed on November 7, 1885, when a sudden snowstorm drove the 262-foot steel Canadian passenger steamer *Algoma* on Greenstone Rock, Isle Royale. This proud, British-built ship, only two years old, broke in two after an hour of pounding by the towering waves, the bow section sinking; raging waters then completely destroyed everything top-side on the stranded stern. After an agonizing day, the winds subsided, leaving fifteen half-frozen survivors clinging to ropes on the stern, with the death toll running between thirty-five and fifty. The property loss of \$345,000 was the worst of the entire nineteenth century on Lake Superior.

That tempest of November 17, 1886, drew first blood by overwhelming the iron ore laden schooner *Lucerne* off Chequamegon Point in the western lake, drowning her ten-man crew. The storm then rolled eastward, making a shambles of Marquette harbor

and stranding the schooner *Florida* on the village waterfront. The mate died here. Caught east of Keeweenaw Point in the rearing northerly gale and snowstorm were the grain-laden wooden steamer *Robert Wallace* and her four-masted schooner barge *David Wallace*. Unknown to Captain Frank Brown, skipper of the *Robert Wallace*, the howling winds had driven him far south of his course. When informed by his lookout of town lights shining through the snow, he thought he was off Michipicoten Island with plenty of deep water under him. Instead, he was one hundred and forty miles to the southwest, off Chocoday Beach near Marquette, Michigan, where moments later both steamer and barge would be hurled hard aground on the sand flat with mountainous waves pouring down on them. The north wind has an unbroken sweep of one hundred and forty miles at this point. Attracted by tooting of the steamer whistle, Marquette villagers located the two wrecks a few miles southeast of the community at day-break on November 18. There were no professional life-savers at Marquette then; therefore, rescue was in the hands of the local citizens. At first, five of the strongest oarsmen bravely strove to row a large fishing dory through the surf, but time after time they were thrown back. Then an ancient mortar from the local powder factory was dragged to the spot and an effort made to shoot a line aboard the ships. Alas, the mortar exploded. No tug could venture outside the harbor breakwater several miles away. In desperation, tug captain John Frink of Marquette finally telegraphed for help from the U. S. Life-Saving Station at Portage Entry, Keeweenaw Point, one hundred and ten miles away. Life-Saving Captain Albert Ocha replied that he would come if he could get transportation (very unlikely in a roaring Michigan blizzard). But Superintendent Hornby of the Marquette, Houghton, and Ontonogon Railroad had monitored the telegram and volunteered a special train.

As luck would have it, the crack engineer of the line, Henry Jackson, was waiting at Houghton for a south-bound train, as was the fastest engine, No. 39. At 8:15 that evening, therefore, into the teeth of the wind-blasted snow blanket raced that special with No. 39 dragging a coach full of life-savers, the Lyle gun, and two flat cars on which was mounted the large lifeboat. Despite the snow and rough track, Jackson drove that train to a new record between Houghton and Marquette, delivering his life-saving cargo in three hours and ten minutes. Horses and sleighs met the life-savers in Marquette for the rush to Chocolay. Initiating their life-saving operations by the light of bonfires at 1 A.M. on November 19, Captain Ocha's heroic crew labored for eight gale-stung hours before all twenty-four persons in the crews of both ships were safely ashore. It took expert life boat handling in enormous surf to accomplish this feat. Together with a similar incident in 1887, this Houghton to Marquette run represents the longest overland rescue trip in U. S. Coast Guard history on Lake Superior, if not on all of the Great Lakes.

As ships became larger and faster, a new nemesis appeared...collision; for skippers still sailed in the same free-wheeling manner as with the lower powered craft. From 1890 until 1920 over one hundred collisions of major vessels occurred which sent at least fifteen ships and several tugs to the bottom. New steel vessels so lost included the *C. J. Sheffield* in 1889, the whaleback barge *Sagamore* in 1901, the whaleback steamer *Thomas Wilson* and whaleback barge *No. 129* in 1902, the steamers *John B. Cowle* in 1909, *John Mitchell* in 1910, and *James Gayley* in 1912. The worst collision of them all came on August 20, 1920, when the 580 foot steamer *Willis King* ran down the ore-laden 429 foot steamer *Superior City* off Whitefish Point. In an accident never satisfactorily explained to this day,

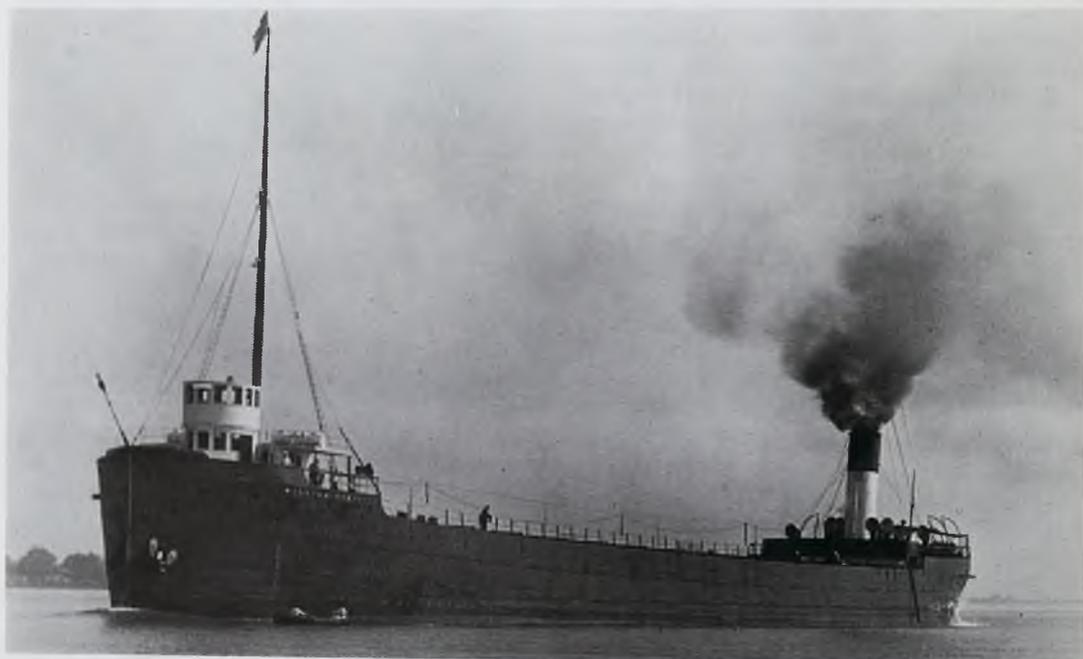
since the vessels saw each other when five miles apart, the *King* sliced into the *Superior City* toward the stern. As *Superior City* crewmen frantically launched the lifeboats over the stern cabin, icy water striking the boilers caused an explosion which blew away the whole aft section and sent twenty-nine men to their deaths, since the steamship sank like a stone. There were only four survivors. Fortunately, with the advent of radar, together with more rigorously trained officers, collision has become a rarity. In fact, no ship has been lost through collision on Lake Superior for sixteen years.

When shipping buffs discuss the wreck history of the *big lake*, two monstrous storms are always mentioned; the gale of November 27-29, 1905 and that of November 8-13, 1913. The blizzard of December 7-9, 1927 also is remembered with awe. The first raised utter havoc in western Lake Superior, while the second reserved most of its devilment for the central and eastern portions of the lake. The third hit the central lake hardest. Coming on the heels of another terrific blow, which most ship captains avoided by lying in shelter, the 1905 storm caught dozens of ships on the open water in the typical end of the season rush. (Big storms normally do not follow each other by a few days on Lake Superior.) Although only one steel ship foundered, the grain-laden *Ira Owen*, strandings extended on the North Shore from Port Arthur, Ontario, to Duluth, and down the South Shore along the Wisconsin and Michigan coasts to the east side of Keeweenaw Point. The Pittsburgh Steamship Company, iron ore carrying subsidiary of the U. S. Steel Corporation, alone had close to three million dollars worth of new steel vessels on the rocks, back in the days when a first class iron ore carrier cost only \$350,000 instead of the ten million or so today. Beginning about 7 P.M., November 27, 1905, with blinding snow and forty-five mile



IRA H. OWEN, only steel ship lost in the 1905 gale on Lake Superior.

McDonald Collection - Dossin Museum



WILLIAM EDENBORN was one of several *Steel-trusters* to suffer in the 1905 blow.

Pesha Photo - Dossin Museum

per hour northeasterly winds, the tempest increased in violence, blowing in excess of sixty miles per hour at Duluth for twelve consecutive hours, with gusts up to eighty miles per hour. Such blasts were fatal for ships caught along the westerly shores, particularly off the rocky cliffs within seventy miles of Duluth Harbor. The ship casualty list was enormous. Stranded, a total loss at Pie Island off Port Arthur was the Canadian freighter *Monkshaven*; beaten to pieces with a loss of three lives was the lumber camp supply scow *George Herbert* at Two Islands, eighty miles northeast of Duluth; hurled to the beach south of Manitow River, seventy miles up the North Shore, were the wooden coal-carrying steamer *George Spencer* and her barge *Amboy*; at Gold Rock, next promontory northeast of modern Split Rock Lighthouse, forty-seven miles out of Duluth, lay the new 436 foot Pittsburgh Steamship Company barge *Maderia*, broken in two and sunk, with her tow steamer, the 478 foot *William Edenborn*, grounded and broken in two at the mouth of Split Rock River; against the shore near the mouth of Crow Creek, 33 miles from Duluth, was the Pittsburgher barge *Manila*, while her tow steamer, the 454 foot steel *Lafayette*, lay a few rods to the southeast smashed into three parts on the shore abreast of Encampment Island; at Lakewood, seven miles from Duluth harbor the 406 foot steel Pittsburgher *Crescent City* was neatly docked against the shore cliffs in four feet of water; she must have drawn fifteen. The Duluth harbor itself was a shambles with three major wrecks. A new 363 foot steel grain carrier *William England* was nearly blown out of the water on Minnesota Point, three miles south of the Duluth Ship Canal; just inside the Duluth harbor south of the vessel lanes, stood the 478 foot steel Pittsburgher *Isaac Ellwood*, on the bottom with her deck houses above water...she had torn out her sides crashing into the concrete walls of the canal as she raced

for shelter at noon on November 28. Most abject of all was the 430 foot steel Pittsburgher *Mataafa*, stranded and broken in two a hundred feet off the north pier, with nine of her men dead. (See TELESCOPE, Vol. 18; No. 5)

The spectacular *Mataafa* accident at Duluth gave the name *Mataafa Storm* to this 1905 hurricane. Laden with 7,000 tons of iron ore the *Mataafa* had left Duluth the previous day eastbound, only to be stopped cold by the gale about thirty miles out. Fearing his vessel would break up, Captain Richard Humble decided to return the following afternoon. Dropping the barge *Nasmyth*, which anchored safely, the *Mataafa* ran for the Duluth Canal despite the tumultuous seas, but as she was about to enter, a giant wave drove her into the north pier; she spun around and fell outside, going aground where the pounding waters quickly broke her in two. The Duluth Life-Saving crew, then rescuing the *William England's* personnel, was called by messenger but did not arrive until dark; the life-savers did put several lines aboard the *Mataafa*, yet, in the darkness the shipwrecked sailors could not find them. While thousands of Duluth residents watched helplessly from the bonfire-lined shore, nine crewmen of the *Mataafa* either froze to death or went overboard from the ice-encased stern...the hapless souls had come topside, thinking the vessel about to break up. Cut off in the bow, Captain Humble by iron clad discipline kept his survivors awake and moving around small bonfires in the windlass room, while the temperature outside dropped to ten above zero, with the wind in excess of sixty miles per hour...a horrible wind chill. No more died of exposure. The following morning, the wind having subsided a bit, the U. S. Life-Saving Crew launched a lifeboat through the breakers and took off the fifteen woebegone sailors in the forepeak. Incidentally, the ill-fated *Mataafa* was later taken off after a ten month effort by the Reids of Sarnia, crack Canadian

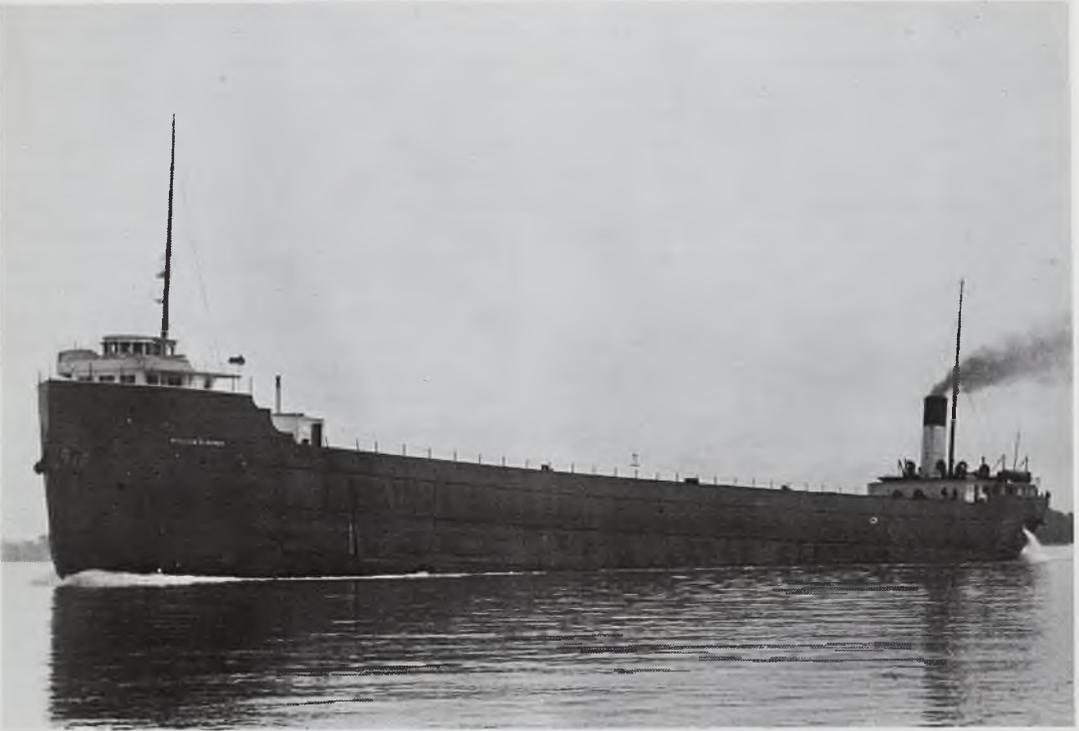
salvagers of the lakes, and continued to sail for another sixty years.

Stranded on the Wisconsin shore at Gull Island Reef in the Apostles was the brand new steel steamer *W.E. Corey*, 558 foot flagship of the Pittsburgh Fleet, only a few months old; on the Michigan coasts were the freighter *Western Star* at Fourteen Mile Point near Ontonogan and the steamer *Coralia* and barge *Maia* at Point Isabelle, on the east side of Keeweenaw. An interesting sidelight of the *Corey* stranding was this: She was named for W. E. Corey, President of the U.S. Steel Corporation, and, indeed, was probably the finest ore carrier in existence. Hence, President Harry Coulby of the subsidiary Pittsburgh Steamship Company personally came to the scene, and four full-fledged ore carrying steamers were assigned as tow ships, in addition to three tugs and the customary lighters, the greatest salvage fleet ever assembled on Lake Superior. After twelve days of arduous labor, the *Corey* came off, though she necessitated extensive repairs. She also sailed over another half century. Despite the numerous accidents and enormous property damage, the 1905 storm took only twenty five lives, and most of these in the disappearance of the 262 foot grain carrier *Ira Owen* last seen in distress on November 28 off Outer Island of the Apostles.

The impact of the 1913 storm was felt in the central and eastern lake for the most part, yet even here the fury of the gale on Lake Superior was nothing compared to that which ravaged Lake Huron at the same time, taking over two hundred lives. Sailors still call this The *Great Storm*. This tempest likewise struck on the upper lakes with little warning bearing winds over fifty miles an hour and snow. The first victim was the 452 foot steel ore carrier *L. C. Waldo* out of Two Harbors, Minnesota. With her pilot house destroyed, the vessel was thrust on Gull Rock off Keeweenaw Point and broken in two. Putting his crew in the windlass

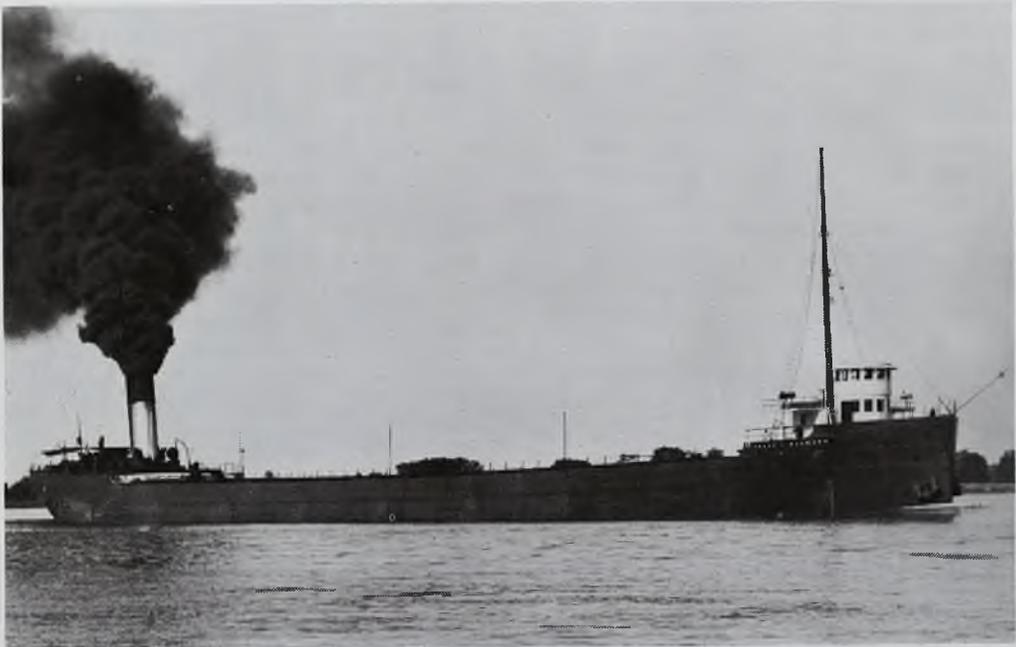
room in the bow, Captain J. W. Duddleson kept all twenty-four alive on starvation rations for four terrible days before the combined Life-Saving Crews of Eagle Harbor and Portage Entry, Michigan, were able to approach and make a complete rescue. So dangerous was this rescue effort, that each of the Life-Savers in both crews was awarded the Treasury Department's Gold Life-Saving Medal! The same November 8 saw the Canadian freighter, *Turret Chief*, pitched nearly high and dry on the eastern tip of Keeweenaw Point, east of Copper Harbor. Her crew easily waded ashore but suffered from exposure before an Indian guided them to Copper Harbor. Not as fortunate were two other vessels. The 248 foot steel *Leafield*, a British-built Canadian freighter, disappeared only fourteen miles out of Port Arthur, taking her nineteen-man crew and a cargo of steel rails to the bottom. During a lull in the winds on Sunday, November 9, the 565 foot steel ore carrier *Henry B. Smith* left Marquette with veteran Captain James Owen in command. To all appearances the blow was over, but the *Smith* unwittingly was sailing into the very teeth of a weather monster which figuratively swallowed her. Over the next ten months only two life-jacketed bodies from a crew of twenty-five and assorted pieces of wreckage were discovered scattered over the eastern lake. A water-soaked note in a bottle found near Copper Mine Point, north of the Soo the next year, said the *Smith* had broken in two, although the note was considered of dubious authenticity. The 1913 gale took a particularly heavy toll of ships seeking shelter in Whitefish Bay, with six major vessels stranded. The steamers *Huronic*, *Acadian*, *Stewart*, *F. J. Hartwell*, *J. T. Hutchinson*, and *William Nottingham* were all battered and much worse for wear. Three men who launched a boat from the *Nottingham* were lost, and this steamer was the most heavily damaged of the group. All were salvaged.

A strange incident occurred in this



WILLIAM E. COREY, Pittsburgh flagship, was subjected to salvage effort that possibly outdid any other in Lakes history.

Pesha Photo - Dossin Museum



ISAAC L. ELLWOOD was another Steel Trust casualty in 1905.

Pesha Photo - Dossin Museum

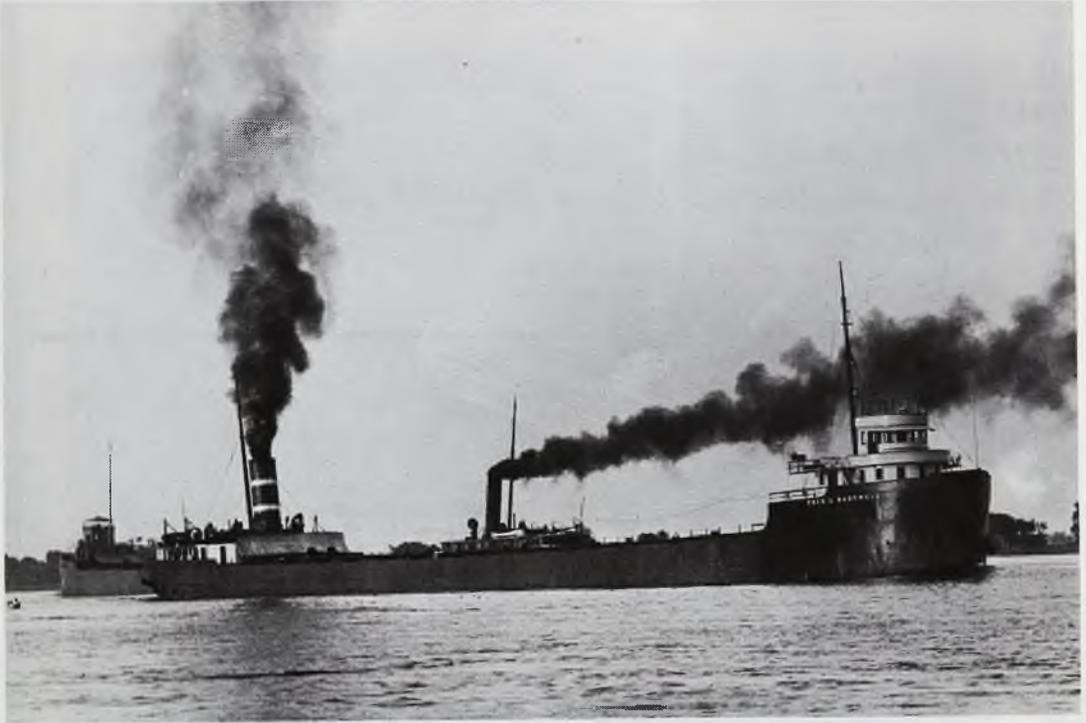
blow. The 280 foot wooden freighter *Major* was abandoned off Whitefish Point during the storm in a sinking condition, her crew being rescued by the steamer *Byers*. When the storm had passed several days later, the *Major* was discovered floating peacefully without crew and hauled into port. This wooden derelict had survived when far more powerful steel ships had failed.

On December 7, 1927, came another blizzard and tempest which inflicted multiple losses throughout the central and eastern lake. Blowing for a two day period, the blast left the steamers *Lambton* aground at Parisienne Island and *E.W. Oglebay* stranded at Shot Point near Marquette; the Canadian bulk freighter *Altadoc* was hard ashore on Keeweenaw Point, and the Canadian package freighter *Kamloops* had vanished. The crews of the first three were rescued. The *Kamloops* had been observed by another ship just east of Isle Royale, and an intensive search covered these waters as well as the southeastern coast of Isle Royale and the neighboring Canadian mainland. Nothing could be found; twenty-two sailors and a fine new 250 foot steel ship three years old, had completely disappeared. Six months later, however, well down the west coast of Isle Royale, fishermen and Coast Guardsmen discovered bodies and wreckage. One lifeboat had actually reached shore, only to have its occupants die of exposure in the frozen wilderness. To this day, the cause of the *Kamloops*' sinking is a mystery, nor has her hull ever been officially located, despite skin-divers' rumor by the dozens which have proclaimed her discovery.

In recent years shipwreck on Lake Superior has been unusual. On June 4, 1947, the 525 foot steel Canadian ore carrier *Emperor* inexplicably plowed into Canoe Rocks, Isle Royale, in clear weather and sank with a loss of twelve lives, twenty-one survivors being plucked from almost certain death by U. S. Coast

Guard cutter *Kimball* which just happened to be present in the area placing buoys. On June 23, 1948, the ore carriers *Crete* and *J. P. Morgan Jr.* crashed headon in fog off Portage Ship Canal, killing two men on the *Morgan*. Both ships made port under their own power with bows badly smashed. The U. S. Navy Reserve ship *PC-782* grounded in Siskiwit Bay, Isle Royale, May 30, 1949 while on a training cruise...no casualties but substantial damage. Then, in 1953, came the last rash of troubles. A tremendous unforecast spring gale off Isle Royale on May 11, sank the 420 foot steel ore carrier *Henry Steinbrenner* with seventeen dead. Passing steamers bucking mountainous seas miraculously saved fourteen survivors. Heavy fog on June 23 caused a collision of two Canadian freighters off Port Arthur, the 436 foot grain carrier *Scotiadoc* being sunk by the 451 foot steamer *Burlington*. One man went down. And then, on September 12, a sudden late summer gale ripped the hatch covers off the 530 foot ore carrier *Maryland* a few miles off Marquette. Rather than risk foundering, the *Maryland*'s skipper intentionally grounded his 11,000 ton ship eight miles southeast of Marquette, calling by radio for Coast Guard help which was immediately at hand. Within a few hours, the full thirty-two man crew was safely brought ashore, despite the gale, though Coast Guard helicopters had to be used to complete the rescue.

Since 1953, Lake Superior has spared commercial shipping, leaving occasional pleasure boaters or fishermen to fall victims. Also, a few aircraft, military and private, have entered its depths. While shipping people all hope that the good fortune of lakes' sailors will continue indefinitely, the student of lakes shipping preaches perpetual caution. Lake Superior may seem serene or beautiful as an inland pond in summer, but the *Big Lake* also is a killer!



FRED G. HARTWELL, one of Superior's victims in the
Great Storm of 1913.

Pesha Photo - Dossin Museum



EMPEROR, which ran onto Canoe Rocks, Isle Royale with
the loss of twelve lives.

Massman Photo - Dossin Museum

FACT OR FANCY...

THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST INCREDIBLE SEA STORIES
WE'VE EVER HEARD, AND THE JUDGMENT IS LEFT TO
THE READER!

WINTER QUARTERS

One of C. E. Stein's LEGENDS OF THE LAKES*



**Mr. Stein, an Associate Editor of TELESCOPE, is a free-lance writer who has been a frequent contributor to Canadian newspapers. This story is one of forty five written by him and published under the title Legends of the Lakes, in 1967, to be included in a planned book.*

Sunday, December 10, 1854...The HURON SIGNAL, Goderich, Ontario, is informed by David McKendrick who arrived from Kincardine, Ontario, that when at Pine River, about 22 miles north of



In Memoriam
HENRY DANIELS BROWN
1910 - 1970

HENRY DANIELS BROWN

Dr. Henry D. Brown, Director of the Detroit Historical Museum, and a member of the Board of Great Lakes Maritime Institute, died unexpectedly in his sleep on February 2, 1970. He was 59 years old.

Dr. Brown was more than a friend to the Institute, for he was, in a large part, responsible for it being founded. When Captain Johnston was brought in to fill the need for a curator on the old *J. T. Wing*, it was Henry Brown who made the selection. Later he inspired the bulletin publication and gave it the support needed to grow until it could become self supporting. Through this the Great Lakes Model Shipbuilders' Guild came into being, and eventually developed into the Great Lakes Maritime Institute. The two page mimeographed paper grew and was able to attain the present status it commands, only because of the unlimited support of Henry Brown.

Born in Albion, Michigan, the son of Mr. & Mrs. Henry M. Brown, he was graduated from Albion High School in 1929 and from Albion College in 1933. He worked with Albion youth from 1933 to 1937 as a history teacher at Albion High School. He resigned in 1937 to accept a research assistantship at the University of Michigan in Michigan history.

In 1939 he was moderator of the Presbytery of Michigan.

After going to Ann Arbor, he soon became Curator of the Michigan Historical Collections at the University of Michigan, continuing in that post until 1942. He was president of the Historical Society of Michigan in 1941 and in 1942 he was elected into membership in Phi Beta Kappa at the University of Michigan.

Later that summer he enlisted in the U. S. Navy for World War II service, being released in 1946 as a lieutenant commander. At that time he became assistant director of the Detroit Historical Museum and a year later was named director as well as coordinating director of the Detroit Historical Society, and editor of its BULLETIN.

In the years since, Dr. Brown has served with an unselfish dedication in many organizations. In addition to being a past president of the Historical Society of Michigan he had also served as its secretary. He was president in 1964 for the American Association for State and Local History and was a past president of the Midwest Museums Conference. He was a member of the Economic Club of Detroit, a past president of the Prismatic Club, and had served on the board of trustees of the Detroit Educational Television Foundation. He had also served as a consultant to many Michigan and other state museums and for conferences in Cooperstown, N. Y., and Williamsburg, Virginia. As a longtime valued member of the Algonquin Club he had served on many key committees providing wise counsel and leadership.

In 1963, the French Government conferred its *Chevalier des Palmes Academiques* award upon him.

*Goderich, on Monday of last week, he in company with several other persons, saw a vessel on fire, apparently but a few miles from shore. He thinks from the fierceness of the flames and the rapidity with which the vessel was destroyed that she must have been laden with some highly inflammable cargo. She apparently sank in about 30 or 40 minutes after the flames were first seen. The wind was blowing inshore at the time and the lake was exceedingly rough...*BUFFALO COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Wednesday, December 13, 1854... *The Bruce Mines, owned by the Montreal Mining Company, enroute to Georgian Bay, loaded with provisions, blasting powder, and salt ballast, is overdue and believed lost on Lake Huron in the recent gale...*DETROIT NEWS.

In this present decade many persons have witnessed aerial phenomena and decided, that, to recount publicly that they had viewed flying saucers would draw unfavorable attention to themselves and stamp them as individuals with, to say the least, highly imaginative character. The same type of thinking influenced Donald McLeod of Woodstock, Ontario, when he rowed the yawl boat of the *Bruce Mines* ashore at Kincardine in the month of March, 1855.

When he came ashore, to all intents and purposes, Donald McLeod seemed merely a daring young man who had rowed up Lake Huron as early as ice conditions permitted. He hadn't much of an outfit but he did have a plentiful supply of currency. On the streets of Kincardine he met former Woodstock neighbors, the Rowans, who originally had come, as had he, from Scotland. In the course of time he married Isabelle Rowan, and the couple raised five sons, all of whom as they grew up, attended Kincardine schools, then adopted the life of lake sailors.

One of the sons, Robert Rowan McLeod, when first mate of the steamer

Wisconsin, married Murdena, daughter of Donald and Christena Martin of Kincardine, at Duluth, in December 1888. The children born of this union were Bella Rowan McLeod and Lulu Wilkie McLeod. In 1893 Robert Rowan McLeod came out as master of the steamer *Osceola*, and established a home for his family at Conneaut, Ohio, though he kept the family homestead in Kincardine. On the wall of the parlor of that home in Conneaut a water-marked, hand-scripted poem was framed against an oblong, fabric sampler background. The poem was peculiarly ingenious, not so for its content as for its composition. The first letter of each line, reading from top to bottom spelled out the sentence *My boast is in the glorious cross of Christ*. The words in capital letters when read on the left hand side from top to bottom, and on the right-hand side from bottom to top, formed the Lord's Prayer complete. The poem was written by Donald McLeod during the winter of 1854-55.

Donald McLeod was aboard the *Bruce Mines*, on December 4th, 1854, upbound on Lake Huron when a flash fire and explosion ripped side and deck planking exposing the hold to the intruding water. A water tight bulkhead midships caused the forward section of the ship to fill. This action extinguished the fire. The heavy barrels of salt tumbled forward as the bow of the ship canted in a steep incline until she was standing on her nose with her rudder waving in the wind. This much of the accident Donald remembered.

His next memory was of waking during daylight hours, with an aching head, and wedged in a corner of a bunk which was standing on end in the after cabin. No one else was in the cabin. He called. There was no answer nor sound of human activity. Nothing but the wash of the waves and the wailing dirge of a snow-laden winter wind. Slowly he extracted himself from his cramped position and made his way across the

He took great pride in the achievements of the Detroit Historical Museum, and its branches, the Fort Wayne Military Museum and Dossin Great Lakes Museum. These institutions all came into being in the period of his stewardship, and he was truly the father of the three of them.

It will be particularly understood by those who read this, that he also shared our love of ships. Many a weekend afternoon he spent on the Belle Isle shore watching the passing parade, an FM radio tuned to channel 16. He was an avid follower of the columns of TELESCOPE, and a frequent constructive critic of its contents.

Surviving are his wife, Helen, whom he married in Royal Oak, Michigan, June 12, 1934, two daughters, Mrs. Joseph (Barbara) Zikmund of Albion, Mrs. Philip (Shirley) Beltz of Lancaster, Ohio, and a sister, Mrs. W. C. Harton of Albion.

The Great Lakes Maritime Institute has lost a long time sincere, dedicated, and valuable friend. The board and editorial staff join in offering sincere sympathy to his family and many friends.

He will long be missed.

forward wall, which now served as the swaying floor of the cabin, to the companion-way door. It was swinging open. He looked fifteen feet straight down at the serrated backs of the gray waves as they surged in soldierly rows beneath him, washing alongside the deck which was standing upright like the wall of a house built in water. He called again through the open companion-way and again received no answer. His former shipmates had either all perished in the fire or in some way left the ship. They had not taken the yawl boat, as he could see it, still lashed in its davits, through the glass bull's eye in the stern.

He used a joint in the planking of the upright deck as a plimsoll mark and watched it all day. The *Bruce Mines* kept as she was and didn't seem to sink an inch. Her cargo had all shifted forward and turned her on end. She was not sinking any lower due to the air in the compartments behind the bulkheads that the water had not penetrated. Towards evening Donald unscrewed the gimbals holding the oil lamp and fastened them in the new ceiling which rightfully was the stern wall of the cabin. With this light he explored the small cubbies formerly below the taffrail, but now over his head, which were the cook's pantry and storeroom. The variety of eatables in bins and boxes and bottles were all tumbled together. Between munching, and stowing the supplies in new and more secure positions in lockers and drawers, Donald passed the first night.

One complete wall of the port side pantry had been lined with wicker baskets, each containing four bottles of wine. The shift in position of the ship had not dislodged a basket. The baskets were now neatly in rows on their sides instead of on their bottoms. This, apparently, from the instructions printed on the labels, which Donald read many times for the sake of something to read,

and even memorized in the ensuing days, was the proper attention, required for correctly keeping wine:

The bottles should be carefully laid on their sides in a cool place where air is admitted; they should never be placed on their bottoms, as from this cause they will speedily lose their effervescence.

The food in the ship's pantry and storeroom was ordinary shipboard fare. Donald recalled seeing boxes of raisins and dates and figs and dried apricots and sweetened biscuit and stone jugs of corn syrup and tubs of mincemeat and kegs of corned beef swayed aboard. These were the winter rations for the company mining camp on the north shore of Georgian Bay, to which point the *Bruce Mines* had been bound. Donald poked and prodded and finally found a sliding door leading to a passageway to the after hold. The port section was lighted by a thick glass porthole which was now below water level. He fastened a rope to a stanchion and lowered himself to the jumbled pile of crates and boxes. He discovered a ladder fitted at one end with iron hooks. This he hooked over the coaming above him and, selecting a plethora of the exotic food foreign, yet intriguing, to his Spartan Scottish upbringing, he carried them up the ladder to the main cabin. While he was below selecting yet another case, an unusual motion of the vessel dislodged the ladder. It toppled over, and the end with the iron hooks fell against the round glass of the porthole. The glass was very thick and strong, but the ladder came down very heavy and shattered it and water came rushing in in a solid stream. Donald hastily tied the end of his rope around his last selection, climbed the rope and hauled his case up after him.

Looking down he saw that it would not be long before the hold would be filled with water. He reasoned that as more water entered the ship the lower she would settle. Closing the sliding door Donald barred it and caulked all around its edges. With-

out at the same time realizing that he was sealing himself in, he also pulled shut the companionway door, and using his penknife worked strips from the sheets off the bunks into the cracks around its edges. As the water rose, the pressure from below made a complete seal. While he worked, the rocking motion of the ship eased. He glanced up and saw water covering the glass of the bull's eye over his head. The ship was completely under the surface of the lake!

Donald McLeod recalled that he was alternately *dreadfully scared* then *kind of hopeful*. After a while he noticed that the degree of light filtering through the bull's eye was remaining constant. He realized that he had stopped sinking. He has not set down whether he talked out loud or argued inaudibly with himself:

Hooray, I've stopped sinking!

What difference does that make? I must be thirty or forty feet under water.

That may be, but all the water that can get in, is in.

But that don't help. Thirty or forty feet under water is as bad as a thousand to a drowning man.

Drowning? How am I going to drown if no more water can get in?

No water, mebbe. But no air either, and people drown for want of air!

It would be a queer thing, and Donald remembered he actually chuckled, to be drowned in a lake and yet stay dry as a chip.

But, it is no use worrying about air. The stern hold on the starboard side is still full of air. Mebbe before that gives out something will let go and I'll pop up again.

Days passed. There came a time when there was no movement to the ship whatsoever and Donald figured that the lake had frozen over above him. He re-positioned a thermometer and found that his winter quarters

were maintaining a steady temperature of 55 degrees. The air began to get foul in his living quarters so, using a cleaver, he hacked a hole high up in the stern leading to the after hold. To conserve this supply of unused oxygen he plugged the hole each night.

He slept and ate and drank. He read the labels of the containers over and over again, there was nothing else to read. In his recollections he states that he did not *suffer foreboding*. Come what would he was living easily, even sumptuously. The bottled wine in the wicker baskets was from Madeira. The brand was Malmsey. The wording of the paper sticker on the back of the bottles became indelibly stamped in his memory:

The term Malmsey is merely a corruption of Malvasia, the name of a small fortified town in the Bay of Epidaurus, Limeria, where the grape was originally derived. It is grown on rocky grounds, which are exposed to the full influence of the sun's rays, and like all other luscious wines, is made from the grapes allowed to remain on the vine until they are over-ripe, or partially shrivelled. Malmsey is universally admitted to be one of the finest and most delicious sweet wines, a portion of which is usually reserved for the royal table of Portugal...the quantity produced is very limited

Sometimes, but not often enough for company, a trout would cruise past the bull's eye, turn, and peer down inside.

Donald's thoughts ranged far. Ranged back to the quiet, clean streets of the old stone town of his birth in Sunderlandshire, Scotland. He recalled his father teasing his mother about her beloved kirk. *I wonder if there would be any kirks in the world if there were no new bonnets for women to wear?* The words of the Lord's Prayer came to his mind. Then he remembered their old minister climbing over the lip of the hill to visit them, puffing through his long beard covered with hoar frost. *Hech, mon, he cried, I'm sair winded and for-foughen wi' that long trachle through the snow!*

Hae ye ony o' Peter's bree wi' ye, mon? And his father's reply, Ay! A' hint the loggie yonder ye'll find a bit piggie wi' a drappie in't. Be careful o't! He remembered the old minister's favorite text: My boast is in the glorious cross of Christ.

Using blank pages from the log book, Donald whiled away hours writing out the words of the text and the prayer. He wrote them longitudinally, then perpendicularly. He conceived the idea of combining the text with the prayer. As gray day merged into gray day in his hazard-

ous garret beneath the ice he fashioned and polished one of the most remarkable poetical compositions ever written. When it was re-worked to his final satisfaction he carefully transcribed the words to the canvas back of the log book. Then, he sacrificed part of his precious supply of oxygen by lighting a candle and covering the words with a thin protective coating of paraffin. It was the poem on the back cover of this log book which eventually occupied the place of honor on the wall of the McLeod home in Conneaut, Ohio which follows:

*Make known the gospel truth, OUR Father King;
Yield up Thy grace, dear FATHER, from above;*

*Bless us with hearts WHICH feeling can sing:
Our life Thou ART FOREVER, God of Love.
Assuage our grief IN love FOR Christ, we pray,
Since the Prince of HEAVEN and GLORY died,
Took all sins and HALLOWED THE display,*

*Infinite BEing, first man AND then was crucified.
Stupendous God! THY grace and POWER make known;*

*In Jesus' NAME let all THE world rejoice,
Now labor in THY Heavenly KINGDOM own,*

*That blessed KINGDOM, for Thy saints THE choice.
How vile to COME to Thee IS all our cry;
Enemies to THYself and all that's THINE;*

*Graceless our WILL, we live FOR vanity;
Loathing the very BEing, EVIL in design...
O God, Thy will be DONE FROM earth to heaven;
Reclining ON the gospel let US live,
In EARTH from sin DELIVERed and forgiven.
Oh! AS Thyself, BUT teach us to forgive;
Unless ITS power TEMPTATION doth destroy,
Sure IS our fall INTO the depths of woe.*

*Carnal IN mind, we have NOT a glimpse of joy
Raised against HEAVEN; in US no hope we know.
O GIVE is grace, and LEAD us on our way;
Shine on US with thy love, and give US peace.
Self, and THIS sin that rises AGAINST us, slay,*

*Oh, grant each DAY our TRESPASSES may cease;
Forgive OUR evil deeds, THAT oft we do;*

*Convince us DAILY of THEM, to our shame;
Help us with Heavenly BREAD, FORGIVE us, too,
Recurrent lusts; AND WE'll adore Thy Name.
In Thy FORGIVENess we AS saints can die,
Since for US and our TRESPASSES so high,
Thy Son, OUR Saviour, died on Calvary.*

Not many days after the completion of the poem Donald was startled by a renewal of motion in the ship. She began to swing about and rise up and down differently than before she had *frozen in*. Donald reasoned that she was gripped by the bottom of an ice field, that the ice field was in motion, that the spring break-up was at hand. At the beginning of his enforced incarceration he had ticked off the days by drinking one bottle of wine each day. When he was curious as to how many days he had been under water he would count the empty wine bottles. During the passage of time it became increasingly difficult to tell where one day left off and another began and, as the bottles of wine were so very accessible the counting of empty bottles became a most inaccurate calendar.

About noon on the day following the renewed motion Donald felt a sudden shudder run through the whole ship, and far under him he heard a rumbling and a grinding that really scared him for the first time. It was as light in the cabin as it had been, so he was not sinking any deeper. After a while the cabin even seemed to grow lighter. Donald looked at the bull's eye and saw blue sky where for ages had been water. And then the ship started to level out! Donald unbelievably found himself standing on the cabin floor instead of the bulkhead. He looked again at the bull's eye and saw the slanting noonday sun shining in through the wet glass. Dashing to the companion-way he unleashed its fastenings and threw it open and gulped great lung fulls of the sweet spring air.

Glancing forward he saw the deck was almost level. He saw the hole caused by the fire, and forward of that, a fresh opening where the ice floe had bounced and rammed the bow of the *Bruce Mines* into the lake bottom releasing the remaining cargo to allow the ship to float normally. However, he noted the deck was al-

most awash, that the water was now penetrating the full length of her and that she was beginning to keel toward her port side. Without returning to the cabin, he hurried to the taffrail and loosened the lashings on the yawl boat and lowered it into the water. Under water all winter it was soaked up and floated high. Not till then did he return to the cabin for a hurried armload of clothing and a weighty dunnage bag. Throwing these into the yawl boat he leaped down into it himself and had pulled only a dozen or so strokes away when the *Bruce Mines* rolled over to port and noisily burbled down once again below the surface.

Donald McLeod looked around him for the first time. He was about two miles off shore. The shoreline was wooded and crowned with high hills which seemed to decrease in height to the north. Also to the north, possibly four miles away, he could see a column of smoke indicating human habitation. As Donald had absolutely no idea of his whereabouts he rowed through the drifting ice floes in the direction of the smoke.

The smoke was issuing from the stacks of the pioneer industries of the infant settlement of Kincardine. Arriving before the town Donald beached his yawl boat, put rollers under it and used the community capstan to haul it up high and dry.

He walked up the hill to the first hotel and entered to enjoy the luxury of a hot meal, hot bath, and a clean bed. Signing the register he discovered that the date was the 12th of March, 1855. He realized he had been under water since December 4th, 1854!

He kept his secret well. Never to any stranger, but, finally, to his granddaughters in Conneaut, did he reveal the origin of the poem on the canvas back of an old log book.



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Nov. 1...The transfer by the St. Lawrence Seaway Authority of their traffic control office and maintenance shops from Cornwall to Montreal has been protested by the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Transport and General Workers as unnecessary.

Nov. 3...Anco Tanker Service, jointly owned by A/S A. O. Anderson & Company's E. F. T. F., Athel Line Limited, and Salenrederierna A/S, is to be reorganized to provide an improved and more efficient service in the tanker parcel trade. The head office is in Oslo, Norway. A/S A. O. Anderson and Company's E. F. T. F., General Managers of Anco Tanker Service and Henry W. Collingwood Limited, Agents, will transfer their interests to the new Anco Tanker A/S. Their tanker fleet has been doubled in two years.

Nov. 6...U. S. Interior Secretary Walter Hickel said today that Michigan Governor Milliken has agreed to co-host a *save Lake Michigan* conference with the Interior Department in Chicago, December 17. Hickel said the lake is in grave danger of becoming a national disgrace.

...Capt. Gregory Spinelli paid more than \$100 in fine and court costs after pleading guilty to ship speeding. The tanker M/V *Texaco Chief*, violated National Harbors Board regulations when it zipped along the St. Lawrence River near Pointe aux Trembles at 14 knots one day last August.

Nov. 13...The tug *Harriet Moran* and the barge *Loveland 5* delivered what is believed to have been the heaviest piece of machinery ever unloaded at Detroit, a 140-ton finish mill shell at the Peerless Cement plant site on the Rouge River.

...*Amoco Michigan* down Welland Canal from Bay City, Michigan, in tow of tugs *Grace McAllister* and *Laurence C. Turner*, bound for New York City. (See TELESCOPE, Vol. 19; No. 1, page 27; also MISCELLANEOUS in this issue.)

Nov. 14...Port Weller Drydocks, Ltd., is to build two passenger and vehicle ferries which will be used in the New Brunswick-Prince Edward Island summer run. Each will be diesel powered, 315 feet long, with a capacity of 153 autos and 487 passengers at a minimum speed of 15½ knots.

...Manchester Liners, Limited, has reported an increase in profits in their container ship service to Montreal for the first twelve months ending June 30, 1969.

Nov. 17...Suits concerning the explosion aboard the *Norman P. Clement* in October, 1968, between Chemarge and Collingwood Shipbuilding Company were dismissed in Barrie, Ontario court at request of the litigants. No out of

GREAT LAKES & SEAWAY NEWS

court settlement figure was given. (see TELESCOPE; Vol. 17; No. 7, page 171.)

...Tug *John Purves* and barge *Maitland* arrive at the Peerless Cement dock on the Rouge River in Detroit with 140 tons of machinery for Peerless' new cement mill. This shipment left Beaumont, Texas, September 29, 1969. It came by way of the Intercoastal Waterway from Texas to New Orleans and up the Mississippi River and Illinois Waterway to Chicago. Before entering Lake Michigan, the \$1½ million cargo of kiln shells was transferred to the *Maitland* for the lakes-leg of the journey.

Nov. 18...The bow-stern section for the 1000-foot ore carrier being built for Bethlehem Steel Corporation, was launched at Pascagoula, Mississippi. She will come into the lakes next spring, there to be joined to the 818 foot midbody being built at Erie, Pa.

Nov. 19...Use of the former Marine Hospital in Detroit as a narcotics treatment and rehabilitation center has won support of Senator Harold E. Hughes of Iowa. The hospital was closed in 1969.

...Crewman aboard the *Inga Skou*, a Danish ore-carrier at Hamilton, Ontario has been charged with the murder of a 16-year old crew member.

Nov. 20...Michigan's Attorney General, Frank J. Kelly is new chairman of the eight-state Great Lakes Commission.

Nov. 21...The *Edward B. Greene* put the Soo locks over the 90 million ton mark for 1969. Only 89.3 million tons went through in 1968.

Nov. 25...C. S. L.'s *Ilochelaga* and the ocean freighter *Mica* were given citations for speeding in the St. Mary's River.

Nov. 27...As of midnight there were 132 ocean-going vessels above the St. Lambert Lock in the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence system, 93 of them above Port Weller.

Nov. 29...In spite of the late date, three salties passed through the Soo westbound into Lake Superior presumably to load grain at Duluth-Superior or the Canadian Lakehead. The three are, the Israeli *Mezader*; the Italian *Auctoritas*; and the Dutch *Goeree*.

...Gale winds up to 45 knots (52 m.p.h.) were reported on Lake Superior and the northern half of Lake Michigan.

Nov. 29...Carferry *Grand Haven* arrives in Hamilton, Ontario. Tugs *Herbert A* and *G. W. Rogers* brought her in and tied her up at the Stratherne dock.

Nov. 30...A cargo of 44 diesel locomotives was taken aboard the freighter *Union Friendship* at the Port of Chicago, consigned to Formosal This \$7½ million loading is the most valuable single cargo shipped from Chicago.

Dec. 1...*Congar*, after being renamed *Ong*, left Toronto, Ontario. According to reports she is to be a water tender in Antigua.

...*A. E. Nettleton* is laid up at Fraser Shipyard, Superior, Wisconsin, for a five-year inspection.

Dec. 2...*Arctic Trader*, which is registered at St. John, N. B., is in service and will winter on the lakes.

GREAT LAKES & SEAWAY NEWS

Dec. 3...Upper Lakes' *Ontario Power* gave a good account of herself on the Atlantic coast yesterday. The Canadian ship *Conveyor* left Hampton Roads for a Nova Scotia steel mill with 28,000 tons of coal, then developed engine problems and had to put back to Hampton Roads. The steel mill needed the coal, so the *Ontario Power* was brought alongside where the load was transferred to her from the *Conveyor*.

Dec. 4...Eugene E. Wiseman, first assistant on the *Paul L. Tietjen* was badly burned while the steamer was being laid up at Buffalo with a storage load. A steam line ruptured. At last report he was in critical condition in a Buffalo hospital.

...A deep draft lock at the American Soo will remain open between 0700 and 1700 hours daily after normal closing date of December 15. It will be kept open until January 15, 1970, weather permitting.

...The tug *Harry L. Price* has been offered to the City of Toledo as a fire boat. If the offer is accepted, conversion could not be complete before late spring or early summer.

...Shipments of iron ore in November from United States and Canadian Great Lakes ports totaled 7,953,438 gross tons, third highest for any November in history.

Dec. 5...The last salty out of the Port of Milwaukee was the Belgian flag freighter *Federal Schelde*.

...Toronto Island passenger ferry *William Inglis* returns to Toronto from Port Weller, where she underwent a drydock checkup.

...Fifty-five ships from overseas remain above St. Lambert Lock, with 20 of them still above Port Weller at the end of the Welland Canal.

Dec. 6...Heavy fog was blamed for the grounding of *Willowbranch* at Cat Island Shoal. The *Maplebranch* came to her aid and took off cargo in Lake St. Lawrence.

Dec. 7...The Swedish freighter *Atomena*, with a load of export steel, was the last ocean ship to leave Cleveland, Ohio.

...The new Canadian tanker *Texaco Chief* collided with the *Petite Hermine* in heavy fog near the Prescott Bridge on the St. Lawrence River. Damage was slight and both ships proceeded to their westbound destinations after a routine investigation. Information coming to TELESCOPE from another source indicates that the *Texaco Chief* had gone to anchor in the dense fog, and that while at anchor she was hit by the *Hermine*. This would place the cause of the accident in a different light.

Dec. 8...U. S. Steel's *William J. Filbert* loaded 1000 tons of ingot molds at Cleveland, Ohio, for delivery to Duluth.

Dec. 11...*Continental Pioneer*, a new Liberian vessel, was the last salty to clear St. Lambert Lock, making her passage at 1800 hours, or so it was reported at the time. The following day, however, she lost the honor when the overlooked Norwegian *Oak*, after making a short trip to Cornwall from Montreal, cleared the lock at 1600 hours on the 12th.

...The Duluth-Superior harbor is reported to have six inches of ice formed, but navigation is being maintained in spite of it.

GREAT LAKES & SEAWAY NEWS



TEXACO CHIEF (left) and **PETITE HERMINE** at anchor after a minor collision in fog. Over 20 ships were anchored upstream as far as Maitland, Ontario due to the thick fog.

Photo by GEORGE AYOUB



CONTINENTAL PIONEER outbound past Detroit. She was to come within one of being the last salty out of the Lake system.

DETROIT NEWS Photo

GREAT LAKES & SEAWAY NEWS

Dec. 15...*Quebecois* completed the last eastbound passage through St. Lambert Lock at 1743 hours, while *Lake Transport* is the last westbound at 1154 hours.

Dec. 17...The Canadian Coast Guard is undergoing extensive changes in 1970 with seven new vessels joining the fleet and nine being retired, a net loss of two vessels. The new icebreaker *Louis St. Laurent*, the new tender *Provo Wallis*, and the new search and rescue vessel *Alert* will be stationed in Dartmouth, N. S., replacing the tender *Edward Cornwallis* and the northern supply vessels *Gannet* and *link*. The latter two are to go into the reserve fleet. The new icebreaker *Norman McLeod Rogers* will replace the *C. D. Howe*, used for arctic medical service, and the northern supply vessel *Auk* at Quebec City. The new tender *Robert Foulis* will be based at St. John, N.B. The new tender *Bartlett* will be based at St. John, Nfld., where she will replace the tender *Montmorency* which is being transferred to Parry Sound, Ontario, as a replacement for the *C. P. Edwards*. The *Edwards* is slated for retirement, as is the tender *Estevan*, built by Collingwood Ship Building Company in 1912 for west coast service. *Marmot*, a northern supply vessel based at Prescott, Ontario is being retired to be replaced by a new icebreaker-tender vessel now under construction.

Dec. 18...C. Thomas Burke is the new Executive Director of the Seaway Port Authority of Duluth.

...The Weather Bureau posted gale warnings on Lake Michigan and Lake Erie at 1900 hours today. Other lakes had winds of lesser intensity. All lakes had snow flurries or squalls.

Dec. 20...Only the Poe Lock remains open at the Soo.



MONTMORENCY, scheduled for Parry Sound duty in Canadian Coast Guard ship shuffle.

Photo by GEORGE AYOUB

GREAT LAKES & SEAWAY NEWS

Dec. 22...*Texaco Chief* went into drydock at Canadian Vickers, Ltd., Montreal, apparently for repairs to damage she sustained in collision with the *Petite Hermine* on December 7.

Dec. 23...The cement carrier *Paul H. Townsend* and the self-unloader *John T. Hutchinson* have been beset by ice in Lake Erie about ten miles off of Toledo and have asked for Coast Guard assistance.

Dec. 24...The Coast Guard cutter *Bramble* left Detroit to assist the *John T. Hutchinson* and the *Townsend*. She was able to clear pancake ice out of the path of the vessels and they entered Toledo later in the day.

...Lake vessels are battling the first heavy ice conditions throughout the St. Mary's River system. As a result, Capt. John M. Austin, commander of the Sault Coast Guard Base, ordered the Neebish downbound channel closed to shipping.

Dec. 27...C&O's *City of Flint 32* is at Nicholson's yard in Detroit where she is to be cut down to a flat-deck barge and will join with *Manitowoc*, *Detroit*, and *Windsor* in the Detroit River railroad operation. Meanwhile the Canadian National carferry *Huron* is now being pushed with McQueen's tug *Amherstburg*. (see TELESCOPE, Vol. 19; No. 1; page 27.)



CITY OF FLINT No. 32 soon after arrival at Nicholson Yard in Detroit where she will undergo changes for service as a railroad car float. Photo by KARL KUTTRUFF

Dec. 29...Keel laying ceremonies at the Lorain, Ohio yard of American Ship Building Company marked the start of the second phase of construction of the U. S. Steel super-ore-carrier. The 424-foot stern section keel was laid.

GREAT LAKES & SEAWAY NEWS

...A crewman in the engine room of the tanker *Venus* suffered serious injury to his hand when it was caught in a belt. The Belle Isle Coast Guard station had no boats in the water at the time, and the Detroit Police Harbormaster boat was sent to remove the injured man. The accident took place in lower Lake St. Clair, and the ship turned around to be intercepted by the Harbormaster vessel.

...The Canadian steel carrier *Yankcanuck* and the American tanker *Venus* have been stopped dead by ice in the St. Clair River off Willow Point and have asked for Coast Guard assistance. The cutter *Acacia* left her base at Port Huron, Michigan to lend assistance, only to be herself caught in four feet of pancake ice. The cutter *Kaw* was then dispatched from Cleveland to help break up the jam.

Dec. 30...The icebreaker *Mackinaw* is on her way to the St. Clair River ice jam from her base at Cheboygan, Michigan. Meanwhile the *Kaw* managed to work her way up the river and finally freed the *Acacia*.



YANKCANUCK in foreground with **VENUS** in distance, both victims of ice jams in the St. Clair river.

DETROIT NEWS Photo

...The self-unloader *Peter Reiss*, upbound with coal from Toledo to Detroit, was halted in ice two miles outside the mouth of the lower Detroit River.

GREAT LAKES & SEAWAY NEWS

...The barge *Roberta*, out of Sylvan Creek, near Monroe, Michigan, ran aground on her way to Detroit. She was being towed by an outboard.

...The cutter *Ojibwa* is on her way from Buffalo, N. Y. to assist the *Peter Reiss* and the *Roberta*.

...Solid ice, six to eight inches thick covers the lower St. Mary's river.

...Added to Coast Guard's complications during all of this ice work was a propulsion breakdown in the cutter *Bramble*, their only Detroit-based ice breaker. After completion of her work in the St. Clair river, the *Mackinaw* is expected to escort the *Bramble* to a Wisconsin shipyard for repairs.

M I S C E L L A N E O U S

...Dunbar & Sullivan Dredging Company's tug *R. H. Goode* left Detroit on October 16 with *Dunbar II* and two dump scows in tow, and arrived in New York City on November 21. The tug *Sherman H. Serre* was the stern tug as far as Montreal. At Halifax the tug *J. P. McAllister* took over the two dump scows, but lost them a short time later due to mechanical trouble. The tug *Foundation Valiant* regained the scows and took them into Liverpool, N.S. to join the *R. H. Goode* and await repairing of the *McAllister*. After this the run to New York was completed. The *Goode* will remain in New York for some two years while work is being done on a rapid transit tunnel near the 63rd street bridge. Captain of the *Goode* is an Institute member.

...*Amoco Michigan* has been renamed *Shukheir* and put under Panamanian register. She will go from New York City to the Red Sea under her own power. Once there she will be used as a barge in the Red Sea area, but nothing is to be removed from her except the big white $\$$ on her stack.

...*LaMadeion II* (ex-*Riviere du Loup*; ex-*L'ile d' Orleans*) which sank in the harbor at Montreal has been refloated by Buckport Salvage Limited. The excursion cruiser is now tied up at Lachine.

...*Sir Thomas Shaughnessy* and *Ashcroft* (ex-*Gleniffer*) sold to Steel Factors Limited and resold to Spanish shipbreakers, arrived in tow at Castellon, August 9, 1969.

...*Humberdoc* (ex-*Norfolk*) and *Howard Hindman* (ex-*A. A. Augustus*) sold to Spanish shipbreakers through Jacq. Pierot, Jr., & Sons arrived in tow at Bilbao, September 6, 1969.

...*Sprucedale* (ex-*John Dunn, Jr.*) sold by Redwood Enterprises, Ltd., to Italian shipbreakers through Jacq Pierot, Jr., & Sons arrived in tow at Spezia, August 14, 1969.

...The Canadian coaster *Ste Fay* (ex-*Aragua*; ex-*Bolivar*) has been sold to Panama during September, 1969

...*North Gaspe* and *North Voyageur* have been sold by Orlean Steamship Company, Limited, to Dingwall Shipping Co., Limited.

...The coaster *Ste Rose du Nord* (ex-*St. Jude*) has been broken up for scrap and registration closed during September, 1969, while the coasters *Guy Bartholomew* and *Polaris Explorer* have been renamed *Fort Kent* and *Fort Levis* respectively during the same period. (See *Goelettes List*; TELESCOPE, December, 1966 and February, 1967 for Coasters.)

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