

The couple celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in 1962. When Mrs. McLeod passed away October 19, 1966 she had lived in Ashtabula for fifty-four years. The family, all living, are Katherine - Mrs. Reid of Conneaut, Ohio. She has three daughters and four grandchildren. Rosella, Mrs. Ford Thaler of Erie, Pa. Who has one daughter and three sons. (Rosella had triplets, one girl and two boys. One boy only lived ten days.) And has eight grandchildren. Margaret, Mrs. Richard Kinsella of Ashtabula, Ohio. Has one daughter and three grandchildren. Robert McLeod of Wilmington, N. C. has one son Robert, Jr. Donna, Mrs. Joseph Rodebaugh of Jefferson, Ohio has no children.

Sailing on the Great Lakes was not a job for timid men during the early years of Captain Hugh McLeod's career. There was no radar, no wireless, no ship-to-shore radio telephones. A compass and the captain's competency were the only guarantees of a ship's safe arrival back in port. It was the type of life to attract only hardy men.

Life aboard was rigorous and frequently unpleasant. And even during his brief calls in port a sailor was in constant danger from other bucko sailor characters as well as from landmen harpies of both sexes.

The men who persevered and continued to the command of the giant bulk carriers still plying the lakes today gained their eminence by no easy route. They, to a man, began at the bottom of the pecking order, put in long hard years of actual physical labor in working the ship before being entrusted with the responsibility of a multi-million dollar vessel, its cargo, and its crew.

Not many people outside of his family circle knew his given name was Hugh. On official papers he was "H. D.", to acquaintances he was "Captain"; to intimates he was "Cap". And to his crew he was the "Skipper".

His lifetime of command endowed him with a military bearing and an attitude of authority. From his crews, Captain Hugh McLeod earned a reputation for firmness, fairness, justice and patience unequalled throughout the Steel Trust Fleet, as the Pittsburgh Steamship Company was known.

He possessed a personality which endowed his ship and his crew with pride in the appearance and performance of their vessel, and with the distinct feeling of being integral and important parts of something that had purpose, life, and individuality. Morale aboard Captain Hugh's ships was excellent. Master and man, knew, understood, and trusted each other as, through the years, as the captain moved from vessel to vessel, a corps of regulars, always put in to follow him.

This loyalty, instilled in his men by Captain Hugh, is well illustrated by the following episode. During 1923, when Captain Hugh went aboard the bulk carrier E. J. BUFFINGTON, as master,

he inherited among the crew, an exceptional negro cook, Ben McDowell, and Ben's wife, Edna, a stewardess. From ship to ship, Ben and his wife followed Captain Hugh until 1934 during which season he was appointed master of the steamer D. G. KERR, Ben went aboard the KERR, too, to stay and pamper the captain for the next seven years. And, when Captain Hugh retired in 1941, rather than serve another skipper, Ben McDowell retired too.

During that last year, a war year, all out efforts were being made to transport a record tonnage of ore from the upper lakes to the lower lake smelters. To harass and hinder this effort Communist agitators were alleged to sprout on every lake vessel stirring up incidents in attempts to agitate the crew. A particularly obnoxious such individual turn up on the KERR. When word of his machinations reached the ears of the captain he promptly bearded the communist as he harangued the off duty members of the crew in their dining room. Captain Hugh strode in and in no uncertain words made sure the communist knew all about the bear and the buckwheat before he was thought with him.

In re-telling the incident. Captain Hugh always gave due credit to Ben McDowell for his moral and potential physical support. While the captain dressed down the belligerent agitator, old Ben, with a big meat cleaver in his hand, shuffled noiselessly behind the man, ready to clobber him with the cleaver should he make a move to assault the captain.

Perhaps the most embarrassing incident to happen to Captain Hugh during his long marine career occurred in 1926. He was, that year, in command of the 586 foot bulk carrier THOMAS LYNCH. At two in the morning on Friday, June 8th. the LYNCH completed loading 12,000 tons in Toledo, Ohio.

The long freighter swung away from the New York Central docks at 5:10 a.m. and began steaming toward the bay. It was forced to slow, then stop, to permit the steamer OTTO M. REISS, in bound, to pass between the piers of the Cherry Street lift bridge.

As the THOMAS LYNCH stopped, the four mile an hour current swung the stern of the boat to the east and on to the sand of the shallow channel bottom. The bow of the vessel was swept toward the west until it was pushed gently against the west pier of the bridge lift.

There it remained, an effectual barrier against the closing and use of the bridge - the pilot house resting directly under the up-raised spans.

The harbor master, upon surveying the situation, called superintendant Captain F. A. Bailes of the Great Lakes Towing Company, who immediately dispatched the tug NORTH HARBOR under Captain Ray Cornwall, and the tug FLORIDA under Captain Ralph Millard, to the aid of the LYNCH. Their efforts proved futile.

Stout wire cables snapped like threads as the powerful harbor tugs pitted their strength against the clinging tenacity of the river bottom.

By this time it was approaching seven o'clock in the morning and thousands of residents of East Toledo, and hundreds of West siders approached the Cherry Street bridge on their respective ways to work. Service on the Starr Avenue, East Broadway and Oak Street car lines was paralyzed. Motor cars and pedestrians lined up for blocks on Main Street and along Oak Street. Passengers on the Lakeshore Electric and Toledo, Fostoria and Findlay interurban cars waited impatiently for passage over the bridge.

If the vessel had struck bottom a few feet further on the two sections of the lift bridge could have lowered over the hatches in the long space between the forward and after deck-houses. But, no. The wheelhouse and fore mast were directly below the bridge sections and too high for such a procedure to be used to alleviate the traffic tie-up, and eventually all workers were forced to use the Ash-Consaul bridge that morning.

Thousands of workers were hours late arriving at their place of employment. Street cars and motor cars were stopped end to end for blocks. Horns honked, bells clanged, and the confusion approached pandemonium as the rush hour traffic jam developed into a situation Toledo had never before experienced.

Harbormaster Clarence E. Labeau, bearing the brunt of the wrath of the city, ordered Captain Bailles, when the first two tugs proved unequal to the task of freeing the LYNCH, to go down to the New York Central docks and bring back the OTTO M. REISS to aid in releasing the stranded freighter.

Finally, hours after the freak grounding, the tugs NORTH HARBOR and FLORIDA, aided by the powerful engines of the freighter OTTO M. REISS, to which another Great Lakes Towing tug, the LOUISIANA, had eventually to be hitched, the THOMAS LYNCH was pulled from beneath the bridge to await the return of sufficient water levels to safely navigate the channel and proceed on her voyage up the lakes.

To some, the fact that these huge lake freighters are navigated in channels with not much more than an inch of water beneath their keels may come as a surprise. But, that is the rule, rather than the exception. The draught of lake ships is still regulated by the sills of the canal locks through which they pass, and by the water levels of the Livingstone Channel at the lower end of the Detroit River, the St. Clair ship canal, and the St. Mary's River Neebish channel. Captain Hugh was wont to remark; "... they move along wherever the ground is a little damp."

Apparently some of Hugh McLeod's love of the lakes rubbed off on his children. We have already recounted his daughter Donna's memory of a trip on the LYNCH. The children of lake

captains are indeed fortunate people. Of all the rare privileges, one of the rarest is to be a guest on a Great Lakes freighter. It is a privilege accorded to few. It is an experience that the fortunate recipient is not soon to forget. Another daughter, Rosella, (Mrs. Thaler of Erie, Pa.) recalls a never to be forgotten voyage with her father aboard the whaleback steamer ALEXANDER McDOUGALL in 1915:

"I was making a trip with Dad. The weather had been bad all day and Dad had me stay in the cabin - in the bunk, most of the time. It was either very late at night or very early in the morning - I had a puppy with me to be taken home, and as it was making a fuss, I got out of the bunk and picked up the puppy - just then, the alarm, which is to be rung in case of a disaster only, started to sound - I went to one of the port holes and looked out - it looked to me as if the deckhands were dragging something along the deck - I immediately thought the ship was on fire and was very frightened.

"Just then someone rapped on the cabin door - I answered it and Dad had sent someone to tell me that we were on rocks - I was to get dressed - put on a life preserver and come up to the pilot house. I did this and spent the next few hours in the pilothouse - when it was daylight a couple of men rowed to shore to get in touch with the Cleveland office. A 'lighter' was sent and after unloading some of our cargo we went into Calcite (a lime stone loading port on the northern Lake Huron Michigan shoreline) for minor repairs and then to shipyard either at Lorain or Toledo where it was necessary to put a new bottom in the ship."

During the course of his career Captain Hugh McLeod was proud to say that he had never lost a man off any ship which he commanded. Also on the credit side is the little known story of how he was instrumental in saving the lives of six men stranded aboard a sinking cabin cruiser on Lake Erie.

The date was Saturday, October 28, 1939, and the time was the black late autumn night hour of ten o'clock.

Captain Hugh McLeod was on the bridge of the 600 foot D. G. KERR as it threaded the twists and traffic down the length of the Detroit River down bound, then headed across Lake Erie for the South East Shoal Light off the tip of Point Pelee, there to bear south for Lorain, Ohio. About eighteen miles out from the mouth of the Detroit River the member of the crew on the bridge saw a series of flares arc into the sky, fall, and sputter out. Changing course to the vicinity of the origin of the flares, Captain McLeod spotted a yacht wallowing low in the water. Six men were visible on it when the freighter's searchlight was brought to bear. Captain Hugh thought the situation too delicate to run his ship close enough to the yacht to take the men off by means of his winches aft of the pilot house used to drop and retrieve deckhands on piers and canal embankments to handle mooring hawsers. He felt that if his giant steel freighter should so much as nudge the water-filled yacht, the smaller vessel would immediately tip,

fill, and founder. So, he manouevered his long ship into position affording a lee for the water-logged craft and sent off a lifeboat. The six men were taken off their sinking boat, transferred to the safety of the D. G. KERR, and taken on into Lorain.

From a letter, among Captain Hugh's papers, written by the owner of the yacht thanking him for the rescue, and for the return of his glasses, and informing the captain of the return of lanterns, it becomes apparent that Captain Hugh, even in the excitement and haste of the rescue had had the yacht anchored and had left lighted lanterns, aboard it so that it would not be a hazard to other vessels.

When the rescued men, and lifeboat and its crew were hoisted back on board, Captain Hugh radioed Marblehead Coast Guard station asking that the cruiser be located, if still afloat, and towed ashore.

Captain C. C. Kimball, and a crew of a United States Coast Guard cutter stationed at Wyandotte, Michigan, found the fifty foot yacht, the FRANCIS J. II, at 6:30 the following morning after a nine hour search. It was located approximately ten miles from shore, three miles southeast of the Colchester Light, fifteen miles from Pelee Island and eighteen miles from the Detroit River - just where Captain McLeod had left it anchored in forty feet of water. Captain Kimball reported that the FRANCIS J. II, was so low in the water that a towing speed of no more than two and a half miles an hour was necessary to keep it afloat. At that it required six hours to tow the craft back to Wyandotte.

Five of the men who had been aboard the yacht were Detroit sportsmen returning from the Pelee Island pheasant shoot which had ended earlier Saturday evening. The sixth man was Ludwig Larsen, captain of the craft.

Even though the lake was rough and the waves were running so high that the steam ferry Pelee remained behind the protection of Scudder dock, the owner of the yacht, Rex C. Jacobs, and his companions had pulled out to make the run across the open lake for their homes in Detroit. All were experienced small craft sailors. They were: Rex C. Jacobs, owner; Russel A. Alger, Jr.; F. Langdon Hubbard; Charles S. Van Dyke; Robert J. Bartlett; and the captain, Ludwig Larsen.

Both Jacobs and Hubbard were members of Alger's all-Corinthian crew on the forty-six foot cutter BACCARAT, which had placed first in the New London-Bermuda ocean race in 1934, and which also had won top honors in the Mackinac race in both 1933 and 1934.

However - it took a professional sailor to rescue them in their hour of need.

Though there were high peaks and tragic lows in Captain Hugh McLeod's life the majority of his career years passed

uneventfully and happily for him. That his career as captain was successfully uneventful was a requisite. No hot-rodders, no Chicken players, were countenanced, to, day by day, year after year, on the long, multi million dollar freighters through twisting channels, congested waterways, and sudden storm. Captain Hugh was secure in the knowledge that his work was what he most wanted to do and, that he was performing it well.

During Captain Hugh McLeod's life on the lakes he served on a known twenty-six vessels starting in as a cabin boy in 1888 and rising through the ranks of deckhand, wheelsman, second mate, first mate, finally to become a captain. He was second mate on one vessel, first mate on four, and master of seventeen.

The names of these vessels and a thumb nail history of some of them follow.

Following in his brothers' footsteps, Hugh, the next spring, 1889, shipped out in the schooner M. F. MERRICK to gain basic sailing experience. However the experience gained aboard the MERRICK was limited and terminated abruptly. The MERRICK was a good-sized schooner, but old, as wooden vessels are rated. She had originally been built at Clayton, New York in 1863, and rebuilt again in 1877. In 1889 she was owned by Taylor & Maitland of Detroit.

Towards the middle of May the MERRICK was in Port Austin, on the inner tip of Michigan's thumb, loading 400 tons of furnace sand for Hancock on the Keweenaw peninsula, Lake Superior. Early Thursday morning, May 18, with a favorable and brisk south west wind she cast off her lines and started out across Saginaw Bay for her voyage up Lake Huron. Visibility was not good. The air was filled with smoke. Even so, sailing time was good with the MERRICK running wing and wing before the wind. The tall white pillar of Sturgeon Point lighthouse pushing up from its background of solid greenery, was breasted at 2 p.m. Thunder Bay light was passed at dusk. As night descended the wind lessened and the murk increased.

When about fifteen miles off Presque Isle at 12:30 Friday morning the schooner crew was roused by three close-by blasts from a steamer's siren and, those off watch, came on deck. Suddenly, the mate who had the watch, shouted to the wheelsman: "Steamer on the starboard bow: Luff! - luff all you can!" Hugh McLeod rushed forward and leaped into the rigging of the foremast. The steamer was nearer than he expected. Even as the schooner veered, right stem on came the steamer, towering like a huge mountain above him. The approaching vessel, riding the crest of a wave like a surfboard rider, overrode the MERRICK as the schooner heeled in turning. In an instant the schooner's bow was forced down to the water's edge. Hugh cried out to those on deck to follow him and jumped for the overriding ship. He looked down. He saw the steamer's bow going right over the vessel he had just left - her decks sinking from sight beneath the dark

waters. The tall masts, gaffs, booms, and sails followed. It seemed a dreadful dream. Not a cry or groan reached his ears from his drowning shipmates as, unprepared, they died.

He saw Mrs. Cole, the cook, emerge from the after cabin, grasp the spokes of the steering wheel for support as the deck up-ended beneath her feet. The Captain, James Johnson, struggled toward her with a life preserver but was swept overboard by the wildly swinging mizzen boom. An alert deckhand aboard the steamer hurled a coil of throwing line to him and he was ultimately pulled on board. William Goodfriend, an Indian deckhand on the MERRICK lunged for a hanging fender on the steamer's side and managed to cling to it until a ladder was lowered to his side.

Hugh also called out, giving notice of his escape to those on the decks of the steamer. Several of the crew rushed forward and helped him over the high bow. Hugh heard, in the meantime, officers ordering a boat to be lowered and the steamer hove up into the wind. The port lifeboat was manned and lowered. It pulled about where the schooner went down. Hugh anxiously peered over the bow hoping that the rest of his shipmates might survive; but, no answering cry from the darkness was made to the repeated shouts of the lifeboat's crew. At last it returned and Hugh realized that he and the Captain and William Goodfriend were the only survivors of the M. F. MERRICK. Those members of her crew lost were; Martin Johnson, mate, Detroit, Michigan; John Charlevoix, deckhand, Detroit; William Ourr, deckhand, Ashtabula, Ohio; Patrick Kanaly, deckhand, Clayton; and Mrs. Cole, cook, Cleveland, Ohio.

Hugh found that the steamer he was on was the R. P. RANNEY, downbound. The captain of the RANNEY sent for the rescued men, and received them in his cabin, to inquire about the vessel to which they had belonged. He was a quiet, kind mannered man and seemed very cut up at the loss of the schooner, though he said he could not blame his people for what had occurred. Indeed the schooner's foghorn were blowing before the collision, both giving proper signals which were understood. The weather was so thick both crews could scarcely see over their bows. And, - even though the steamer's engines were backing at the time the schooner went down in twenty to thirty seconds after being struck. She went down head first, the mainsail boom going over the steamer's bow as she disappeared. When they had given him all the information he required, the captain directed that food and berths be supplied the survivors. Hugh gladly turned in, though it was some time before he could get to sleep.

Most lads would have headed for home after being safely landed at Port Huron. But, if Hugh McLeod had done so we would not now be further preserving the history of his fifty-three years on the lakes.



A lake schooner similiar in size and rigging to the H. M. AVERY on which Hugh D. McLeod learned his seamanship as a boy of thirteen.

No Hugh McLeod did not head for home. He seems to have signed immediately on the schooner H. M. AVERY. The small, wooden schooner, measuring only 60 x 17 x 6 had been built in 1887 at South Haven, Michigan, and was owned and sailed by her namesake.

The vagrant itinerary of the little trading vessel led it continually in and out of Lake Michigan harbors picking up cargoes of lumber or farm products, discharging them at Chicago, then loading freight for the outports. This continual working of the sailing vessel in and out of ports, and back and forth across Lake Michigan, provided Hugh with a crash course in ship-handing and an intimate knowledge of the Lake Michigan shoreline. Through the continual process of doing, Hugh learned the names and uses of the sails and of the standing and running gear; he developed the ability to steer 'by the grain of the waves'; how to tie knots, and how to splice and gammon.

Sailing was in his blood and he learned quickly, which was just as well, for Captain Avery was a hard master with no use for bunglers.

The work was hard for a grown man let alone a thirteen year old boy. Many times the water hardened rope ends of the halliards and tarred shrouds kept Hugh's palms and finger tips bleeding and raw. Many times he was called out in wet stormy nights to adjust the rigging to tack on a new course. Many times, no doubt, as he crawled back beneath his always cold, damp blankets on his tapering slatted wooden bunk in the forecabin, he remembered the cosy warmth of the sleeping loft above the kitchen of his Kincardine township home.

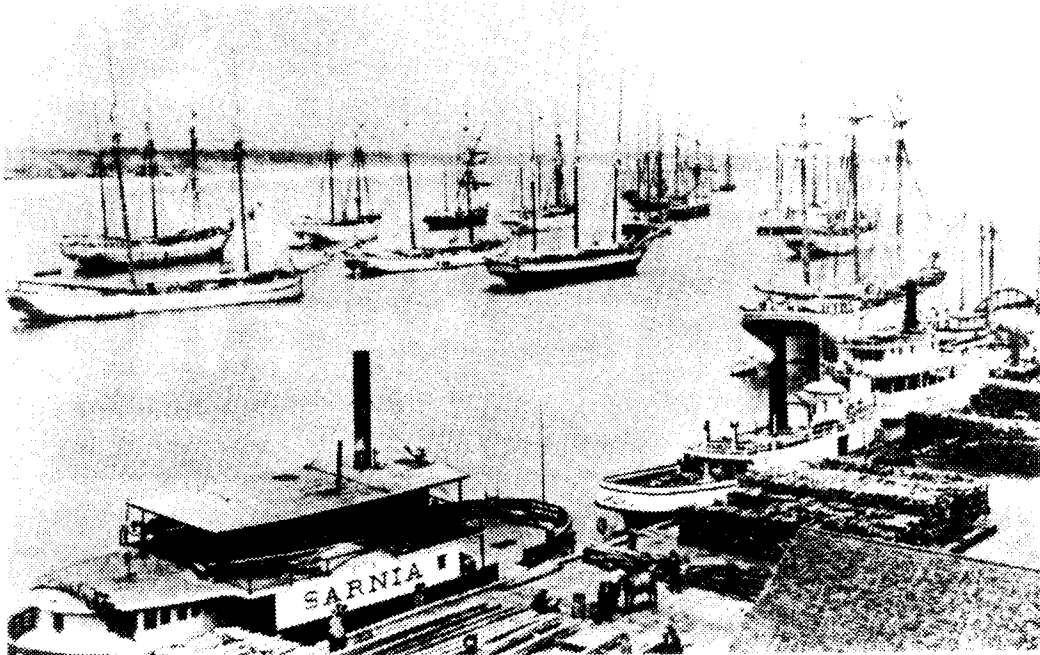
He was a willing and an observant lad and before the end of that first season Captain Avery was trusting Hugh to take the wheel and stand watch, on and off, with him.

It was a heady atmosphere into which young Hugh was plunged. Lumbering was still in its great and red-eyed hey-day around Lake Michigan - according to census figures, 112,000 men were still employed in logging operations around the Great Lakes area. Their output required transportation from the sawmills surrounding the lakes to the spreading acres of new houses in the burgeoning cities. The lakes were still crowded with lofty topsails schooners and buff-bowed wooden steamboats alone or in tandem tow. The ports were even more crowded with the sharp damp odor of freshly cut lumber enveloped them, even enveloping the decks of ships still a mile or more off shore with the sweet, resinous smell of the sawed and stacked new lumber.

More than the smell of lumber was heady. The cast of characters peopling the still unfolding drama of the development of the entire Great Lakes country - sailing the ships and peopling the ports were formidable fellows.



The steamer OSCEOLA that most of the McLeod brothers sailed on at one time or another.



The lakes and harbors were still crowded with lofty topsail schooners and bluff-bowed wooden steamboats when Captain H. D. McLeod served his apprenticeship. This is Sarnia, Ontario's harbor at that time.

They were a young and powerfully built race of argonauts, generally unmarried, and though rude and boisterous in their manners, and intemperate, quite intelligent, with a passion for their wild and toilsome life.

Of say fifty green deckhands going aboard vessels for the first time in the spring of each year, half would find the life too rigorous. These would quit and leave at the first port. Of those remaining, the less alert and sure-footed, would fall from the rigging during windy weather or, be maimed or crushed between ship and dock in tying up. The fall gales, most dangerous of all, would remove a few more. After freeze-up others would die of acute alcoholism or in saloon brawls. But - the survivors - they were immune to disaster and apparently could not be killed with either marlin spike or ashen handle of a pawl post in the hands of a bucko mate. It was a cruel, yet selective, process to produce in the survivors crews of rough, tough, lusty, thirsty lakemen.

It has been said of schooner men that they could sleep in the crosstrees, hanging by their tails, and that they would eat hay if whiskey was sprinkled on it. That saying may be a slight exaggeration, but though historians, and other writers, have largely ignored them, the men who handled the canvas of the schooners on the lakes during the last century were an authentic, unique, and a rarely recorded species. Plenty has been written about the pioneers of North America. Explorers have been the subject of unlimited fact and fiction; so have trappers, traders, and missionaries to the Indians. Enough books to fill a library have been written about cowboys, Indian fighters, railroad builders, and the men and women of the covered wagons. But if there has been a serious book about the Great Lakes schooner man I have yet to find it.

It is evident that Hugh McLeod thrived upon and survived his apprenticeship years. Still in his early teens, from the little H. M. AVERY he went aboard the ALEX. ANDERSON - a wooden schooner barge built in 1892. This was a considerably larger vessel, measuring 193 x 37 x 13. Hugh served as mate aboard the ANDERSON. (Keeping track of his old ship, Captain McLeod learned that the ANDERSON was sailed to the Atlantic during the First World War and that her end came when a German submarine torpedoed her October 10, 1916.)

Records indicate that from the ANDERSON, Hugh McLeod went into the SIDNEY G. THOMAS, another unpowered, but this time, a steel, freight-carrying, sailing-rigged barge. Built for the Bessemer Steamship Company this vessel measured 366 x 44 x 22.

Still before the turn of the century he went back on his original ship, the OSCEOLA, this time as a wheelsman. The OSCEOLA was a wooden passenger and package freight carrier, built in 1882, and measuring 185 x 33 x 13. She continued in service until she was wrecked in 1906.

However, Hugh McLeod again just put in one season aboard her and then advanced to the position of second mate aboard the GORDON CAMPBELL, another wooden passenger and package freighter. The CAMPBELL, built in Detroit in 1871, measured 206 x 53 x 21.

Each new vessel travelled over new courses and visited new ports. So that, even in his teens, Hugh absorbed an intimate knowledge encompassing the length and breadth of the lakes, their shoals, and their torturous connecting river channels.

At the turn of the century Hugh McLeod was married and living at Conneaut, Ohio. It was in this year, 1900, that he attained his master's papers and began his longtime affiliation with the Pittsburgh Steamship Company. From that company's archives come their official noting of the beginning of his career with them; "Captain H. D. McLeod was 23 years old, when on May 1, 1900, he began his maritime career with the Pittsburgh & Conneaut Dock Company of United States Steel Corporation as master of the fuel scow ALICE RICHARDS. At this time he resided at 397 Mill Street, Conneaut, Ohio."

The ALICE RICHARDS was built as a schooner at Manitowac, Wisconsin in 1867 and measured 147 x 27 x 10. When her earnings in lake transport were no longer self supporting her masts and sails were removed and, with the instalation of a donkey engine she was converted, by the Pittsburgh Company, for use as a fuel tender in Conneaut Harbor to service their fleet of ships hauling ore down from the north and returning with coal.

But Captain Hugh was a blue water man. He was not content to hostile a had-been around a harbor. He applied for lake duty, and in 1901 was appointed first mate of the propeller WAWATAN. He remained in this ship for two seasons.

The year 1903 saw Hugh McLeod on the steamer EMPIRE CITY as first mate. This was a steam propeller built at Cleveland in 1897.

The following year was served as second mate aboard the MATOA. This was not necessarily a demotion, most likely a matter of seniority. The MATOA was a steel propeller built at Cleveland in 1890. She measured 2,311 gross tons by 290 x 40 x 21. In 1913 she floundered on a rock in the shoal water off Pointe aux Barques, near the tip of Michigan's thumb area during the November Storm. After one wrecking company had attempted salvage for months without success and then given up the job as hopeless the MATOA was declared a total loss and the insurance underwriters offered her for sale.

Captain Tom Reid of the Reid Wrecking Company, Port Huron, bid her in as she lay. When the MATOA has struck bottom a large rock had been plunged up into her hull and it securely anchored her. Captain Reid made use of this circumstance rather than allowing it to constitute the reason, as had the other wrecker,

for being unable to move the MATOA off the rock. Captain Reid left the rock where it was, firmly cemented it into the punctured hold, pumped out the hold floated the freighter, and was able to tow it to his Sarnia dry dock and rebuild it. The rock he removed, loaded it on a scow, towed it across to Port Huron and installed it as a centerpiece in his front lawn.

For the latter part of 1906, Hugh was first mate on the SIR HENRY BESSEMER, a steam propeller built in Cleveland in 1896.

Hugh McLeod's next vessel was the ALEXANDER McDOUGALL. He put in the shipping season of 1907 and 1908 aboard this historic craft. She was the last whaleback constructed and the only one ever built with a regular steamer bow. From the McDOUGALL, Hugh McLeod went to the steam propeller ROBERT FULTON for one part of a season as first mate. The FULTON, built at Wyandotte, Michigan in 1896.

The spring of 1910 saw Hugh McLeod aboard the steamer THOMAS COLE - a 580 x 60 x 32 modern bulk carrier that is still in operation.

Finally, though he had had master's papers since 1900, on April 21, 1911 he was promoted to master of the whaleback steamer JAMES B. COLGATE and continued as a captain of the line until his own retirement. This vessel was one of the four casualties of the Black Friday Storm on Lake Erie during October 1916. Only one member of her crew survived. He was her captain, Walter Grashaw. And he was picked up, interestingly enough, by a familiar vessel in the McLeod family annals, none other than the second MARQUETTE AND BESSEMER NO. 2, midway in the lake off Erieau, Ontario Sunday morning, October 22nd.

At the beginning of the navigation season of 1913, Captain Hugh was posted to the MATOA, the vessel on which he had served as second mate in 1904. This year was one to be remembered in Captain Hugh's career, as it was in every mariner's life who was afloat during the November Storm of 1913. No one should ever attempt to embellish the word of mouth story of a survivor of that storm. Recount it for posterity, yes. But not embellish it. So - here in Captain Hugh McLeod's own words, are reported in the March, 1914, Marine Review, is his story of that storm:

"The MATOA passed up Port Huron at 12:30 Sunday morning, November 8, and on leaving the river the wind was moderate from the west. We steered north one-quarter west. Passed Harbor Beach 5:30 A.M. The wind at that time was north northwest, blowing fresh. I estimate we got about as far as Sturgeon Point, encountered very heavy seas, which stove in the port side of the forward end of the after cabin, flooding the mess room, kitchen, and letting a quantity of water into the engine room, and also carrying away three hatch strong-backs. It was snowing hard and continued to snow without interruption until she struck. At this point it became necessary to turn around and run before the wind. A half a barrel of oil was distributed over each the port

and starboard bows with pails. She came around in about four minutes and did not make any water while she was doing it. I estimate that the thermometer was about 15 or 20 degrees above zero and freezing hard and making ice all over. We steered south by east, engine turning up 26 turns per minute. While on this course, and about 10 p.m. she cracked a spar deck plate just forward of the boiler house on the starboard side, the crack extending the full width of the plate. At midnight the after cabin was broken in by overtaking seas, the force of the water making a bulge of about three feet in the bulkhead separating the engine room from the dining room floor, and leaving this bulkhead only as a protection between the engine room and the seas.

"At 12:30 she stranded and ran about 1,000 feet before she stopped. She was heading south by west one-half west. Had about eighteen feet of water under her stern and fourteen feet under her bow, and about one mile off the beach. At this time the after cabin boiler house, life boats, funnels, etc., were a mass of ice. She swung two points to the west after she struck. When she did strike, all the crew which were aft got forward and with the aid of oil heaters all hands kept fairly comfortable until daylight. Soon after daylight the seas moderated sufficiently to permit some of the crew to go aft and get a small coal stove which they set up in the windless room and during the balance of the time we were on the boat this gave us sufficient heat to keep quite comfortable.

"On Tuesday morning the 11th, at 9 o'clock, the life saving crew from Pointe aux Barques came alongside with their surf boat and offered to take us off, but I thought we would be more comfortable and just as safe as on shore, and therefore kept all hands aboard the ship. The sea had now gone down sufficiently to reach the galley where it was possible to do enough cooking to keep everybody supplied with food.

"It is my opinion that the condition of the after cabin was such that had we been in deeper water my boat would not have stayed afloat much more than half an hour later than she struck as her engine room certainly would have been filled up from water coming through the after partition."

When the MATOA first touched bottom she blew distress signals with her siren. The signals were heard, all right, by the life saving crew of the Pointe aux Barques station (almost straight west across Lake Huron from Point Clark). But - at that time - there was not much the life savers could do. They were in difficulty themselves. The cyclonic winds had raised the lake level five feet above normal. Waves swept right through the station boat house. The boat house doors had been smashed in, the launchway had been swept away, the building itself finally canted off its foundation, and the life boat and carriage thrown off the rails and partially submerged in sand. Even the cement breakwater built to provide protection for launchings was swept away.

However, by Tuesday morning the lifesavers did, despite their difficulties, succeed in launching their boat and rowing out to the grounded freighter. Bearing out Captain McLeod's statement, they found her crew all safe.

The second engineer of the MATOA, after wards discussing the event, recalled; "The little surf boat as it came alongside looked like a peanut down there and failed to impress us as a likely means of escape. One and all we preferred to take our chances on the reef rather than get into that little cockle-shell in which the surfmen were so nonchalantly riding the waves. It looked like a jump from the frying pan into the fire. The whole damn crew, to a man, refused to take that little joyride."

The crew of the life boat returned ashore, taking no passengers, merely requests for a tug and a lighter. Next morning the wrecking tug FAVORITE and a lighter arrived alongside and began lightering the cargo of soft coal which had been loaded at Toledo and consigned to Hancock, Michigan. Lightering operations continued for forty-eight hours, with the MATOA still squatting solid and immovable on the bottom - then the wind picked up and the laden lighter was towed to Port Huron taking the crew of the MATOA with her.

Frank Barcus mentioned this incident in his book FRESHWATER WRECK published in 1960; Dwight Boyer intends devoting a complete chapter to it in his soon to be published book on the 1913 storm.

In 1914, Captain Hugh took out the whaleback JOHN ERICSSON. During 1915 and 1916 Captain Hugh operated the ALEXANDER McDOUGAL. Then, in 1917 he commanded the RENSSELAER, a 454 footer. Then into the WILLIAM EDENBORN until the wind up of navigation in 1922. This vessel, a 478 footer, built at Bay City, Michigan in 1900 was dismantled and sunk off Gordon Park, Cleveland, Ohio in October, 1962, filled with stone she still serves as a breakwater.

1923 and 1924 found him captain of the GEORGE W. PERKINS, a 558 footer launched in 1905 at Superior, Wisconsin.

The following four years were spent in the THOMAS LYNCH - one incident of that tenure has already been recorded. The LYNCH, a 580 footer built at South Chicago in 1907.

From the spring of 1929 until the fall of 1932 Captain Hugh was master of the E. J. BUFFINGTON, another 580 footer.

The following year he took out the CORNELL, a bulk freighter built in 1900. He finished that year in the D. G. KERR and operated - her until the fall of 1935. He finished 1935 on the HENRY C. FRICK. The FRICK, a 569 foot freighter was built at West Bay City, Michigan, in 1905.

Back to the KERR in 1936 for another five years until he laid up this vessel for the winter on December 7th, 1941. This ship, having overall dimensions of 600 x 60 x 32 was built at Lorain, Ohio in 1916.

When Captain Hugh Donald McLeod stepped ashore from the KERR on that December day of 1941 he also retired, culminating his 41 year sailing career with the United States Steel Company plus his twelve years prior experience - a total of 53 lakefaring years in all.

To most of the millions of people from all the nations of the earth who now live within viewing distance of the Great Lakes, the long freighters, in constant parade, one every ten or twelve minutes, along the waterways, are mysterious and anonymous. Their captains and crews are equally so. Yet - each ship carrying its cargo of coal for the generating plants; oil and gasoline for the cars, trucks and tractors of the land; ore for steel, mainstay of industry, girders of constructions, or the sinews of war; aggregate for the erection of the tall towers of the cities; wheat for the hungry peoples of the universe - each ship has its individual story. So, too, does each man of her crew have his own unique story.

The story of one of these men - a Kincardine born boy - has here been respectfully recounted and further preserved.

GRANDPA

Grandpa has just passed away,
And we know he's gone to stay
With the Heavenly Father he loved so,
But it's so sad for those below.

We's tried to say, "He's happy There,"
And we know that this is true,
But still our tears are showing thru,
The brave smiles we've tried to bear.

To Grandpa we took our joys
And we took our sorrows, too,
He rejoiced when we were glad
And he cried when we were sad.

He gave us so much wisdom
In all those happy years
How can we not miss him
We only hope he hears.

So, now, Dear God,
Please help us understand
That YOU NEED GRANDPA
To lend a helping hand.

By Glenna Lee Rodebaugh

FACT OR FANCY...
THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST INCREDIBLE SE STORIES
WE'VE EVER HEARD. AND THE JUDGMENT IS LEFT TO
THE READER!

By the editor of the TELESCOPE

WINTER QUARTERS

by C. E. Stein.

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 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 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 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 a 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 to the new ceiling which rightfully was the stern wall of the cabin. With

this light he explored the small cubbies formerly below the taff-rail, 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. Without 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 on 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 derive. 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, Maimsey 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 Sunderland-shire, 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 piiggie 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 hazardous 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 TRESPESSES 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 TRESPESSES 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 breakup 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 almost 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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