

THE STORY OF CAPTAIN H. D. McLEOD

AND OF HIS FAMILY.

Prepared for Publication

by

Donna McLeod Rodebaugh

DEDICATION

To Mr. C. E. Stein of wheatley, Ontario for his time, effort and research. The McLeod family will be ever grateful. For without him this story would never have been written to be respectfully recounted and further preserved.

Donna McLeod Rodebaugh.

September 1971.

A man from Bruce, aged ninety-four, following a short illness, died, in Ashtabula, Ohio, on November 29, 1970, and now lies buried in Edgewood Cemetery there.

He was no ordinary man.

He was extraordinary in that he was the last member of a family of ten children born to a pioneer couple who arrived in Penetangore, now the Town of Kincardine, in the year 1849.

He was extraordinary in another respect because he was the seventh son of a seventh son.

Extraordinary also in that he became a legendary lake sailor in his own time - having held captain's papers for seventy-three of his ninety-four years.

Extraordinary in that he was on the payroll of one company for sixty-nine years. That company, through amalgamations, is now known as the United States Steel Corporation - and he was their oldest employee.

Extraordinary in that he was known the length and breadth of the inland seas; genuinely respected as one of the Twelve Apostles of the Great Lakes - in landsmans' language; a captain maker.

Extraordinary in that he was one of the last of that vanishing generation of lake sailors who started on the lakes before the mast in wooden schooners during the last century and advanced to the command of the giant bulk carriers afloat today.

His name was Hugh Donald McLeod, seventh son, tenth child of Donald and Isabelle Rowan McLeod. He was born in a log cabin in Kincardine township on July 30, 1876.

Donald McLeod, his father was born in Strahan, Lochimber, Sutherlandshire, Scotland, in the year 1821, in 1841 he came to Canada and for eight years lived in Woodstock, Ontario, working at his trade which was that of shoemaking. Early in 1849 he joined the pioneers venturing into the Queen's Bush to hack out homestead clearings. He arrived in Kincardine on February 18th, 1849, in the company with Duncan and John Rowan, their sixteen year old sister Isabella. For a time both parties put up at Patrick Downie's tavern which at that time was located approximately on the property now occupied by the tennis court in McPherson's Park on Harbor Street.

After reconnoitering what lands were then surveyed, Donald McLeod decided on a suitable location in the Lake ranges north of

the town, and after buying Lot 32, Kincardine township, on the corner of Concession 5 and the Saugeen Road, commenced a cabin on the clearing of his holdings.

Later in the same year of 1849, he and Isabella Rowan were married - one of the first, if not the first, marriages to be celebrated in the area.

To obtain an idea of the location of Sutherlandshire, and the reason behind the Scottish emigration which brought Donald McLeod, and so many others, to Canada, a Scottish Gazetteer published in 1832, was consulted for a contemporary viewing point. The geographical and historical description of the shire is excellent but the reason for the exodus seems slightly biased;

"Sutherlandshire is a Highland county in the northern part of Scotland. In figure it is a compact territory of five sides, that on the west and north being presented to the Atlantic and North Sea; that on the east for a distance of thirty-seven and a half miles being bounded by Caithness; that on the south-east for a distance of thirty-two and a half miles, by the Moray Firth; and that on the south and south-west by the Dornoch Dirth, the Oikel River and some lesser streams, which separate it from the County of Ross. Altogether, Sutherlandshire is computed to contain 1,840,000 statute acres, deducting 32,000 for salt water lochs. This vast territory consists almost entirely of one uninterrupted succession of wild mountains, valleys and morrasses.

"Till the beginning of the 19th century it was a country lying in about the same condition as it must have exhibited centuries before, and in many respects shut out from the progress of the civilization which had been so beneficially spread over the rest of Britain. The great barrier which lay in the way of improvement was the dangerous narrow firths to be crossed, and the total destitution of roads either along the shores or into the interior.

"In proportions, as the seat of government was more remote, the power of the crown diminished, while that of the chief augmented.

"The earldom of Sutherlandshire is the most ancient subsisting title in Britain. While almost all other titles of an old date have been changed in their destinations by resignations and new patents, this has remained unaltered, and has been transmitted through twenty generations, in the legal order of descent, to the present possessor. The first who appears at the head of the family genealogy was Freskin, a personage of Flemish extraction, who came into Scotland during the reign of David I., (1124-53) and obtained from that munificent prince the land of Strathbrock, in the County of Linlithgow. Soon after the insurrection of the men of Moray in 1130, Freskin, who probably contributed, by his skill and bravery to subdue those ancient people, acquired from the same sovereign some of the most fertile districts in the Lowlands of Moray. William, eldest son of Freskin, received

additional grants of land; and his eldest son, Hugh, still further raised the family dignity by acquiring the territory of Sutherland, forfeited by the Earl of Caithness on his rebellion of 1197.

William, the eldest son and heir of Hugh, still further raised the dignity of the house by being created Earl of Sutherland about the year 1228, by Alexander II., for assisting in crushing the rebellion of one, Gillespie, a potent barbarian in the north. From this period there was a regular procession of earls until William, the seventeenth earl, who died in the year, 1766. This nobleman left a daughter, Elizabeth, who became the Countess of Sutherland; and in 1785 was married to the Right Honourable George Granville Leveson Gower, eldest son of the Earl of Gower; which earl, being created Marquis of Stafford, on his death in 1803, that title devolved on his lordship. Since George, the second Marquis of Stafford, thus acquire a right by matrimony to the vast estates of the Sutherland family, he and his lady, the Marchioness, have been unsparing in their endeavors to improve and civilize this long neglected portion of the Highlands, and have effected wonderful alterations in its condition. Sufficient praise cannot be given to the marchioness, who has encouraged the building of neat cottages in the English style, and introduced a taste for cleanliness and propriety of appearance, by premiums in money and by a most becoming patronage in various ways. It may be only stated that it took about twenty years to effect the proposed change in the county as to the system of tenantry which had long obtained. The removals of the old possessors of the soil were completed about the year 1820, the greater part of the people settling on lots, of land on the seashores, and a number emigrating to the Americas or the Lowlands. In the year 1821 the population of the county amounted to 11,088 males, and 12,752 females; a total of 32,840."

Isabella Rowan was born January 22, 1833, in Craignish, the castle of the Duke of Argyle, in Argyleshire, Scotland. Her father was the game keeper for the Duke of Argyle and one day her mother took some butter and eggs up to the castle. A terrific blizzard developed and, it being obvious Mrs. Rowan was with child, the Duke prevailed upon her to wait out the storm at the castle. While thus storm-stayed, Mrs. Rowan gave birth to twins - Robert and Isabella.

For an understanding of the Rowan family, who were attracted by the possibilities of a port with vessel protection at Stony Island, three miles along the lakeshore north of Kincardine, and who settled there, our 1832 Scottish Gazetteer was again consulted.

"Argyleshire is a large county in the southwestern part of the Highlands consisting of a number of peninsulas on the mainland and partly of an archipelago of small islands scattered along its margin, and in its bosom both salt and fresh water lakes, with others of larger dimensions divided from it by straits and sounds. Its extreme length is 115 miles, its breadth thirty

miles on the average, and it altogether has not less the six hundred miles of coast washed by the sea. The inhabitants mostly live in little fishing villages on the shores of the sea and its various branches.

"The Duke of Argyle, whose seat is at Inverary, is the proprietor of a large portion of the territory. He is the chief of the family of Campbell. This name came into prominence during the time of Robert Bruce, Sir Nigel Campbell being one of a small band of patriots who adhered to the monarch; for which he obtained much of the land and the hand of the king's sister in marriage. The family has since been conspicuous in almost every phase of British freedom. The lordship of Campbell was elevated to the Earldom of Argyle in 1457 by James III,; to a marquisate in 1641 by Charles I,; and to a dukedom in 1701, by William III,; whom Archibald, the then occupant of the family honors was particularly instrumental in helping to the throne.

"The difficulty of forming roads in a district so serrated by the sea and so blocked up by the chain of hills, is insurmountable; hitherto there have only been two or three roads in the county, skirting along the bands of the lochs. The very barrier, however, which mainly prevented communication in the days of our fathers, has turned out to be a highway in our own. The never to be sufficiently admired spirit of the city of Glasgow, from which about twenty steam vessels are now constantly employed in conveying passengers and goods to and fro throughout the county is to be commended. The effect of this grand engine - the steam boat - even after so brief a period is incalculable. It happens that notwithstanding the immense extent of the county there is now not a single dwelling place more than ten miles from the sea. There is not now a loch, bay, or inlet, but holds a daily, or at least commands, a weekly communication with the lowlands and several districts of the county and in the transportation of country produce to the city market.

"In the estimation of Scotsmen in general, and Highlanders in particular, Argyleshire is rich in historical and poetical associations. The first Scots - a race of people from Ireland - landed in Cantire in the sixth century and gradually became masters of the lowlands to the discomfiture of the Picts and the Romanized Britons. The etymology of the word Argyle is supposed to signify "the land of the strangers", and hence also, it is supposed, the word Gael.

"While the whole of the Isle of Great Britain lay in heathen ignorance, some little spots and islands in Argyle were illumined by Christian religion and science. Here also took place the exploits recounted in the songs of Ossian. and here, in a recent age, the gallant and unfortunate Charles Edward first landed in Britain to attempt recovery of a throne lost through the imprudence of his ancestors."

So it was that the McLeods and Rowans, from the antiquities of these ancestral homes, arrived in Kincardine, Ontario.



Donald and Isabella Rowan McLeod
In Kincardine in 1895



Capt. John McLean and wife Margaret(2)
and daughter Sephie, at Goderich 1885

Donald and Isabella Rowan McLeod raised a family of three daughters and seven sons. Until the death of Donald McLeod in Kincardine, Friday, November 30, 1906, only one death, that, of daughter Margaret, aged three, occurred to disturb the serenity of their marriage during its tenure of fifty-seven years. Their children were; Katherine; Margaret, who died aged three; Margaret (2); John C.; James; Robert R.; Duncan; Angus; Stuart and Hugh Donald.

Donald McLeod and Isabella Rowan were married in Kincardine in the year 1849 - one of the first of such ceremonies to be conducted in the district. They settled on Lot 32 of the Lake Ranges north of the town.

Katherine was born in Kincardine in 1854, and married James McLennan from Prince Edward Island in 1873. They settled in Gammis, Ontario, and had four daughters and five sons. Sarah; Margaret; Winnie; Alex; Frank; John L.; and Torrence all deceased. Flora of California and Robert of Tiverton, Ontario still living. Katherine died on Aug. 12, 1925.

Margaret (2) was born in Kincardine, Ontario in 1868, and married Captain John McLean, of Goderich, Ontario, and they made their home in Port Huron, Michigan. Of their children, Sephie, (Mrs. Alvin Dyer) lives in Cleveland, Ohio. Robert lives in Chicago, Ill. Stewart and Wesley are deceased. Margaret McLeod McLean died at the home of her daughter in 1946.

The proximity of Lake Huron, plus the fact that they inherited the instincts of their maternal grandfather (James Rowan) who had been mate and pilot of the first steam boat to ply into Glasgow, Scotland, plus the knowledge that their uncle, Captain Duncan Rowan, whose vessels and exploits made him the best known captain sailing the east coast of Lake Huron, undoubtedly influenced the McLeod boys in the choice of their occupations. The seven sons, as soon as they had absorbed the limited education to which they were exposed, became lake sailors. For five of them it became a life time avocation.

John C. McLeod was born in Kincardine on February 3, 1853. He aided his father on the family homestead until he was eleven years of age and then, in 1864, he took to the waters, shipping as a deckhand aboard the schooner NEW DOMINION.

The year 1871 saw John sailing in an American ship but the following year he returned to Canada and settled at Courtright, Ontario, on the Canadian shore of the St. Clair River. By 1880 he had become second mate on the passenger boat ONTARIO, sailing north and calling at the intermediate ports between Sarnia and the lakehead. In 1881 he started in the same capacity in the sister ship MANITOBA and continued aboard her for three years. Then he varied his experience by captaining the tug HOUGHTON out of Sault Ste. Marie for a year. Following that stint he ran the ferry ESSEX between Sarnia and Port Huron.



Five of the McLeod brothers.
Taken in 1895 at Sarnia,
Standing, John and Hugh
Seated, left to right,
Robert, Angus and Steward.

Demand for supervisory personnel being great, as a consequence of the start of digging a railroad tunnel underneath the St. Clair River, attracted him to a shore job for three years. He worked as a construction foreman on the tunnel and it was he who started the first gang of men who drove a pick there.

Following completion of the tunnel John returned to the lakes as a wheelsman aboard the steamer ROANOKE, then to a similar position on the COLORADO. The following season he served aboard the passenger and package freighter OSCEOLA, first as second mate, then as first mate and finally in 1895 as her master. Later he took a more lucrative position as master of the carferry SHENANGO No. 2. Still later he made a change to another carferry and went aboard as first mate, the MARQUETTE & BESSEMER No. 2, on which his brother Captain Robert Rowan McLeod was master.

When Captain John settled at Courtright he married Miss Mary Jane Scanlon, and together they raised a family of ten children. Three of these, Charles, Joseph and Katherine died during their childhood. John L., Isabel, and Marie McLeod, never married, and maintain a residence on Pinehurst Street, Detroit, Michigan. Margaret and Thomas Angus McLeod never married either and lived at Pinehurst Street until they died. Edmund S. McLeod died June 21, 1907 at St Clair, Michigan leaving Helen, John and Robert residing in St. Clair. Donald J. McLeod lives on Wilshire Blvd. Detroit and has eleven children. Robert E. McLeod lives in Fernside, Michigan, and had nine children, two deceased.

James McLeod was born in Kincardine, Ontario, February 28, 1856. He put in eight years on the lakes and then settled on a homestead at Ellendale, North Dakota, when he was twenty years old. Later he moved to near Vawter, Bellvue Township, Minnesota where he farmed until his death in 1942. James married Miss Agnes Shea of Royalton, Minnesota. Still surviving are six children: Mrs. John Duerr, Little Falls; Mrs. G. D. (Isabel) Hodorff, and Hugh, of Bellvue; Robert of Bemidji; Neil, of Robbinsdale; and Paige, of Carlton.

Robert Rowan McLeod was born in Kincardine, October 3, 1862. In 1874 when he was only twelve years old he shipped as a cook on the schooner MAPLE LEAF out of Sarnia.

In 1875 he went aboard the steamer MARY ROSS ROBERTSON, still as a cook. Then in the spring of 1876 he shipped on the passenger steamer ONTARIO as a deckhand. In two weeks a watchman's position became vacant and he was advanced to watchman. One month later he was made wheelsman, a post he kept on the ONTARIO until 1883 when he transferred to the steamer CAMPANA.

In the spring of 1884 Robert Rowan McLeod was made second mate of the passenger steamer ALGOMAH. In 1885 he started the season as second mate of the steamer RHODA EMILY but was soon transferred, as first mate, to the passenger steamer A. BOOTH.



James McLeod and wife Agnes
In St. Cloud, Minn. 1886.

The BOOTH was wrecked on Grand Portage Island in Lake Superior and he finished the season as mate on the steamer T. H. KEMP. In 1886 he went on the steamer ROANOKE with his brother John. He stay aboard the ROANOKE for two seasons then shipped on the steamer WISCONSIN as first mate.

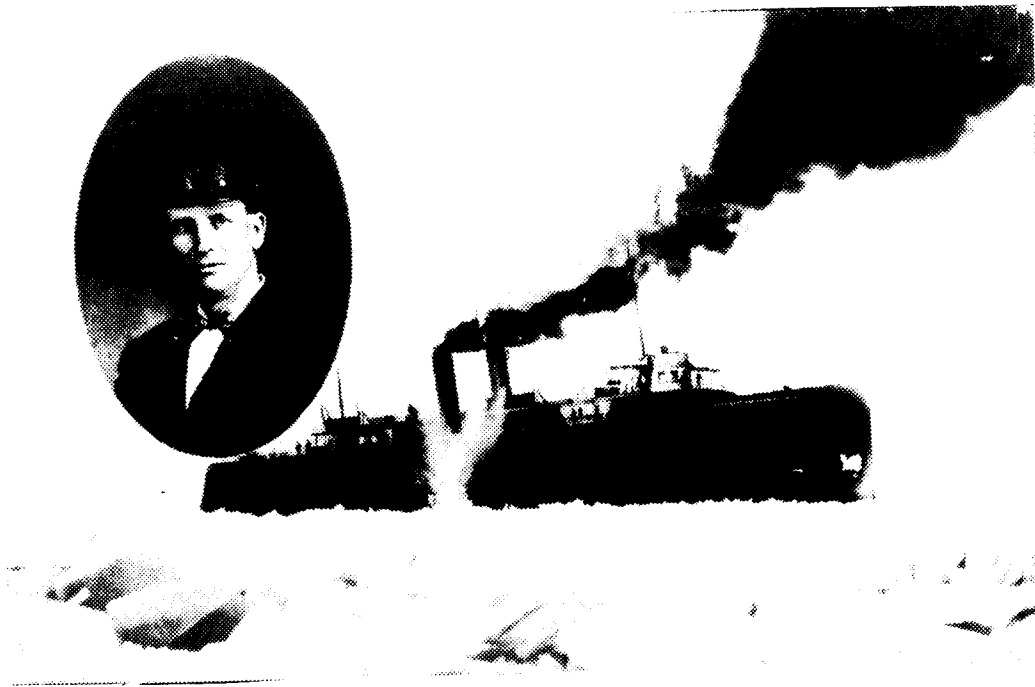
He was appointed first mate of the passenger and package freighter OSCEOLA in 1890. Mate on the COLORADA in 1891, and from her, during the winter months, to sailing the car ferry ANN ARBOR NO. 2 between Frankfort and Kewaukee on Lake Michigan. During the open water season of 1894 he was consecutively captain of the OSCEOLA and the COLORADA, sailing them between Grand Haven, Michigan and Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

In 1895 he was appointed to the command of the car ferry SHENANGO NO. 1 on Lake Erie. Later he was transfered to command the new car ferry MARQUETTE & BESSEMER NO. 2, and his older brother John C. went along with him as first mate.

On December 7, 1909, the No. 2 loaded with cars of coal, pulled out of Conneaut, Ohio for a routine crossing of Lake Erie to Port Stanley, Ontario. Just what happened on that wild dark night on Lake Erie will never be known. It is thought that the car ferry crossed the lake in good order even though the wind rose to a speed of seventy miles an hour, but, upon nearing the vicinity of Port Stanley the high seas deterred Captain McLeod from attempting an entrance of the narrow harbor mouth. According to some sources he made the run back across the lake in the teeth of the gale in an effort to find shelter in the lee of the south shore. Conneaut dock workers reported they heard distress signals they thought were the car ferry at 1:30 a.m. the following morning, and the master of the steamer BLACK, lying at anchor outside Conneaut, was quoted as saying he saw the ship pass by in the darkness bound east. If these sources were correct in their assumptions, Captain McLeod did indeed bring his ship back to his home port and even there the fury of the storm prohibited him from gaining entrance. Presumably he had tried to anchor and the severity of the storm pressing hard against the high wall-like sides of the car ferry snapped the anchor chains and it was then that the master of the BLACK saw the No. 2 driving east before the wind - the captain either setting a course for Long Point or Erie, Pennsylvania to save his four year old ship.

It was probably at this point that following waves poured over the stern and broke loose the loaded coal cars. If so, each surge of the vessel would roll the heavy cars forward then back on their tracks and press the stern lower in the water. The boilers would be flooded and the ship lose headway and the huge ferry would be at the mercy of the waves. Water would sweep into the stern with every wave finally causing the awkward big vessel to founder.

All members of the crew including Captains Robert Rowan and John C. McLeod were lost. The hull of the vessel has not to



Captain Robert Rowan McLeod
and
MARQUETTE & BESSEMER NO. 2.



Duncan McLeod

date been located. The body of Robert Rowan McLeod was recovered the following October on Long Point, Ontario and returned to Conneaut for burial.

The year Captain Robert had joined the steamer WISCONSIN, back in 1888 he had married Miss Murdena Martin, daughter of Donald and Christina Martin of Kincardine, in a ceremony at Duluth, Minnesota. The couple eventually established a home on Broad Street, Conneaut, Ohio. Their family consisted of three daughters; Isabelle; Lulu; and Charlotte Roberta. The daughters have now all passed on but Isabelle (McLeod) Morehouse left a son Robert Morehouse living in Cleveland, Ohio. And Charlotte (McLeod) Kennedy, three daughters living in Detroit, Michigan. Within a few miles of Donald McLeod, son of Captain John McLeod, and as of this writing have never met.

Captain Robert Rowan McLeod, wanted very much to have a son to carry on his name. He had three daughters. But the name is being well carried on. At my last count there are eight Robert McLeods living plus his only grandson's name is Robert and both his sisters had sons named after him. Every one of Captain Robert's brothers who has sons, named one after him, as did his sisters.

Captain Duncan McLeod was born in Kincardine in the year 1864. He also was a sailor. He sailed both on fresh and salt water for more than half a century and was in the employ of the Great Lakes Transit Company of Buffalo, New York for the last thirty-five years of his active career.

At the age of 77 he died in Buffalo on March 11, 1941 and lies buried in Holy Cross Cemetery there. Members of the Buffalo Lodge of the International Shipmasters Association were his pallbearers and Mates and Pilots Association Members were his honorary pallbearers.

Duncan had married and established his residence in Buffalo, New York. Three daughters and three sons were born to Duncan and his wife, Gertrude Donahue. Their names are; Helen (Mrs. Lewis Battista); Robert, blind since birth; and James, married and all living in Buffalo. Margaret; Ethel and John Walter all of Buffalo are now deceased.

Angus McLeod was born on October 10, 1869, in Kincardine. During his young manhood he became a celebrated athlete and was one of the most popular and successful bicycle riders in North America. A record he established was still standing at the time of his death: his mile with flying start, in one minute and forty-six seconds. On many occasions Angus teamed with the late Fred J. Loughead, Sarnia resident who, in his own right, won the half mile bicycle championship of America at Philadelphia, in his heyday. Angus located in Sarnia, Ontario, and married Miss Ruth Harkness of that city. The couple had three daughters; Ruth (Mrs. Angus Peters); Hazel; and Clara. The daughters have now passed on. One granddaughter, Miss Ruth Timmony, resides in Washington, D. C.



Angus McLeod taken at Sarnia in 1897.

Passing his prime, Angus sailed on the lakes for a few years then entered the hotel business in Detroit. He died Friday, July 8, 1920, at Leamington, Ontario. According to his obituary notice, printed in the Leamington Post, he was retired and had been a resident of Leamington for three years. Cause of death was listed as heart failure. He is buried in Leamington Lakeview Cemetery.

John Stewart McLeod was born in Kincardine, March 11, 1875. He, too, heard the call of the waters and sailed the lakes until he retired in June of 1941.

Stewart, as he was called by the family, and his wife, Emma Lumley, resided in Buffalo, New York. This couple had only one daughter, Mary (Mrs. Paul Layman) of Ashtabula, Ohio. Who has two children Thomas and Faye Layman of Ashtabula, and one grand daughter.

Stewart McLeod died at the home of his daughter in Ashtabula, in October of 1941 following six months illness. He was taken to Buffalo for burial alongside his wife who has predeceased him in 1936.

Hugh Donald McLeod, our subject, the youngest child of Donald and Isabella McLeod, was born in Kincardine township, on the family farm, July 30, 1876.. It would seem that he too, true to the tradition of his brothers, could scarce bide the time until he too could get away to work on the lake boats.

Returning from a trip to the west with his mother, from a visit with his brother James, in North Dakota, coming down Lake Superior aboard the steamer OSCEOLA, when he was but yet a youngster, Hugh was missed by his mother. Motherly alarm soon had half the passengers and crew searching hidden nooks and crannies of the vessel for him. But Hugh was not lost. He was discovered standing on an upturned mincemeat bucket in the galley, a bleached white flour sack wrapped around him for an apron, busily washing dishes, and chatting merrily with the cook and stewards on duty there.

Hugh coaxed his mother to allow him to finish out the shipping season aboard the OSOEOLA and, since his older brother was an officer on the steamer, he prevailed. This was in 1888 when Hugh was twelve years old.

He continued his sailing career aboard twenty-six Great Lakes vessels, commanding fourteen of them before his retirement in 1941.

During his retirement, at family get-to-gethers, he often voiced the thought that the years had passed swiftly, now it was the days that were long. Though his formal education had been brief, he had whiled away long ship-board hours with books in the days before radio and television. Self-taught, he had a keen grasp of many fields, as well as being an authority on all matters marine.

Perhaps on a par with his lake lore was his fondness for re-telling his fund of family stories relating to his boyhood years. He could vividly recall that trip west to visit his big brother Jim who had left home before, he, Hugh, was born. He recalled with pleasure Jim's introducing him to the trials, tribulations, and the pleasure of trapping and shooting the prairie gophers; of Jim's genuine, four passenger surrey, with the fringe all around its top, and rides in its, around Jim's farm, with a little old Nell between the shafts.

At home his earliest memories were of the big warm kitchen of the family log cabin overflowing with his boisterous brothers and sister; of the nickel-plated range with its top-heavy warming closet and water panners, and particular rueful memories that this stove was always hungry for wood - winter as well as summer; of the straw-lined sleeping loft for the boys under the eaves reached by a pull-down ladder.

Curled warm between feather ticks, after he was sent to bed, so far back as he could remember, he went to sleep with the click of his mother's knitting needles echoing in his ears as she sat up late knitting socks and mitts for the family, working in the dark to save lamp oil.

Yes, everything that could be saved, made, made over, or made do, was. The McLeod family was no exception. Many mouths to feed was a problem then as now. One particular Christmas, Hugh remembered, his mother was worried about what she could serve in the way of a Christmas dinner. There was frugal fare, yes, but no fowl. The light of that Christmas morning slowly seeped through the windows of the cabin as a blinding blizzard blanketed the countryside. Suddenly, with a muffled whump, some thing struck the back wall. Mrs McLeod opened the door to investigate and discovered a big Canada goose had struck the wall and was lying there stunned. So, needless to say, the family had a good goose dinner after all.

Hugh recalled one day, late in the fall, when he was a small boy. His father was not home at the time. His mother heard a peculiar sound outside in the yard close by the cabin that sounded like a deer. She swiftly reached down her gun, with the use of which she was well acquainted, and threw open the cabin door hoping to add to the family larder with some fresh venison.

But - there was no deer in the yard. Sitting on the edge of the porch, with an arm around an upright for support, was a young Indian girl whimpering and shivering in the cold. Mrs. McLeod quickly bundled her find into the house and warmed and fed her.

The Indian girl spoke no English and the McLeods' spoke no Indian dialect. When night came the girl curled up on the floor before the stove and gave no evidence of wishing to leave. She stayed on with the McLeod family the balance of that winter,

helping with the work around the house and caring for the children who were still at home.

No one inquired for the girl. She never learned or, would not speak, English, and her name or where she had come from were never learned.

In the spring, when the weather warmed and the snow melted, one day she disappeared as mysteriously as she had arrived and no member of the McLeod family ever heard of or saw her again.

During the years when a man's family is young, especially if that man works long and hard or, if he is a sailor and is away from home for months at a time, communication across the years is not always easy or is it understood. When Hugh McLeod's own family were youngsters he always saw to it that they had a dog. Not just any dog. Hugh's children always had a Scotch collie. Whenever one dog would die of old age or be struck down by traffic and die, on his next voyage to Chicago, Hugh would leave the loading or unloading of his ship to his first mate and journey fifty miles inland to a certain Collie Farm, there to select a new pup to be taken aboard his ship and carried until next he was close to home.

His particular affection for the plain old woolly, faithful and friendly farm dogs was finally understood by his children. When he was in the hospital during his final illness one of the last stories of his childhood that he told his visiting children was about the collie dog that was his when he was a boy on the farm north of Kincardine. The dog's name was Scottie. According to Hugh, Scottie thought he was people and, he was indeed a part of the family. Hugh taught him to work the treadle on the churn and he would churn the butter for 'Granmaw'. And the dog know all the horses and cattle by their names. If 'Granpaw' sent Scottie back to the pasture for a certain horse or cow, the dog always brought the right one up to the barn. No wonder Capt. Hugh always kept a collie for his children. Even if they did live in town he always claimed "a kid wasn't raised right without a dog."

After his retirement in 1941 he maintained his interest in current marine developments. Occasionally he would be reminded of some event in his past and would recount it. These events ran the gamut of human emotions. Some were humorous, some were embarrassing, some pathetic, some gruesome, and some heroic.

About the only indication that he was the seventh son of a seventh son surfaced in his fey belief that the seventh day of the month was fraught with fate in his life. He often remarked on the coincidence. And, finally, it was on December 7, 1941, that he stepped ashore from the steamer D. G. KERR to end his Great Lakes sailing career. He thus began his retirement on the day Japan bombed Pearl Harbor pushing the United States into World War II.

The seventh of the month is further brought out by the fact that on the 7th of October the date that Captain Robert McLeod's body was picked up, and on the 7th of October 1941, his wife, Murdena, was buried in Detroit. The 7th of October 1961, his youngest daughter Charlotte was buried. And October 7th is also the birthday of one of Captain Robert's granddaughter, and also the birthday of one of Captain Hugh's daughter. Captain Robert's daughter Belle, died seven years after her daughter, Josephine died. And seven weeks before her husband died.

And, it was on a Tuesday, December 7, 1909, that the car-ferry MARQUETTE & BESSEMER No. 2, commanded by his two brothers, Captain Robert Rowan McLeod as master, with Captain John McLeod as first mate, put out from Conneaut, Ohio. From that date to the present, the carferry has been a mystery ship so far as the actual time and place of its end is concerned. It sailed out of Conneaut on December 7 for Port Stanley, Ontario, and never put into any port again. It carried his two brothers to their deaths.

Report of sighting the vessel, both near Conneaut and from the Canadian shore, deepened the mystery of its disappearance. A life boat containing nine frozen bodies of seamen was found fifteen miles off Erie, Pennsylvania, the following Sunday. But wreckage and two empty lifeboats were also found near the Canadian shore. The sunken carferry itself has never been located.

The bodies of both brothers were found. Each, on the seventh day of a month.

The following spring, the Conneaut paper of April 7, 1910, said: "that Leo Cunningham, Funeral Director of Conneaut, Ohio, has gone to Niagara Falls to take charge of a body, presumably that of Captain John McLeod, found floating in the Niagara River frozen in a cake of ice."

It was Captain Hugh McLeod who was called upon for identification. The body was that of his older brother, John.

Again that fall, in October of 1910, almost a full year after the disaster, word was received that an unidentified body has been found on Long Point. Again it was the seventh of the month, when Captain Hugh, crossed the lake and hired a launch out of Port Dover to take him to the scene. The body on the beach was that of his brother Robert Rowan McLeod. He helped pick up the body, place it in the launch and take it to a funeral parlour in Port Dover where it was placed in a coffin, then back to Conneaut for burial. That was a seventh of a month indelibly stamped on his memory. It must indeed have been a gruesome experience to find his brother washed up on the sand with all the flesh gone from hands and arms and with a ragged and deep gash in the torso that had almost severed the body in two. And - when he and the operator of the launch tried to pick up the body - the rest of the flesh started to drop away.

When he did talk about it, which was seldom, because he loved the lakes and preferred to dwell on happier events, Captain Hugh said that it looked to him as if his brother had been down in the thick of the action trying to secure the runaway coal cars caroming amock on the rail deck and had been run over by one of the cars.

Even the newspaper stories of that day "the curious coincidence in the connection". The body of Captain Robert Rowan McLeod was found on the very same day the ship built to replace the one on which he was lost, and which was also named the MARQUETTE & BESSEMER No. 2, was making her maiden voyage to Conneaut. It was also the fifth anniversary, to the day, of Captain Robert Rowan McLeod, himself, bringing the first MARQUETTE & BESSEMER No. 2, into Conneaut in 1905 to replace the carferry SHENANGO No. 1, which had burned.

The year 1910 was indeed a sad year for Captain Hugh. Just two weeks before bringing his brother's body from Long Point - Katherine (Cherry) McLeod, his first wife, had died on Sept. 20th, and had also been buried in Conneaut, leaving him with two motherless daughters, Katherine, 10 and Rosella, 7, to raise.

Captain Hugh recalled another particularly significant seventh of a month. It happened one Sunday noon in April. The year was 1914. He was master of the whaleback steamer JOHN ERICSSON and was towing the whaleback barge ALEXANDER HILLEY down Lake Huron.

He had finished his lunch and walked to the fantail to see if he could get a glimpse of his tow, since, because of storm and fog, he had been unable to see it for the last couple of days. While his eyes followed back the long, sagging wire towing line the fog thinned momentarily and he glimpsed the ALEXANDER HILLEY. In that brief instant he noted her flag was flying at half mast. Immediately he reduced speed on the ERICSSON and winched in his line until he could speak with the watchman on the forepeak of the barge. He was told that the afternoon before, the captain of the barge had been washed overboard.

There being no radio or wireless aboard lake vessels in those days there was no way for the men on the barge to let anyone know about their captain's fate.

However, happier times were on the horizon for Hugh.

At Port Huron, Michigan, on November 28, 1912, he married Miss Helen L. Loughhead, daughter of James and Margaret Loughhead of Sarnia, Ontario. She was a sister of Fred Loughhead, who had ridden with Angus McLeod, as a team. The couple established their home in Ashtabula, Ohio, and raised four daughters and one son. Albeit two daughters were not her own, Helen Loughhead McLeod jealously guarded this knowledge from all strangers until her family were adults.