

## IN BATTLE WITH THE STORM.

### IV.

#### *In Battle With The Storm.*

The waters of the Great Lakes sometimes lash themselves into a great storm-fury, as if to rival in ferocity the raging temper of the ocean. On such a deadly time, one of the largest trading ships afloat the Lakes, the "J. H. Rutter," Captain Jerry Simpson, was in tow of a steam barge off the west coast of Michigan. The fierce duel between the crew of the Rutter and the angry storm waged evenly a whole day but when night came the storm had gained and held the ship and the ship's crew at its mercy. The two crafts were torn apart, the Rutter's steering

## THE STORY OF

geer became useless. The men on that helpless vessel saw death's face staring in their own. Captain Simpson's alert devices kept the ship alive through that long night of deadly peril. At break of day the Rutter ran aground. The storm abated; the life peril passed, then the Captain, unrelieved of the stress and strain of the soul-and-body wrenching hours, betook himself to the saving of the ship. The Rutter was aground off Ludington, Michigan. Captain Simpson went ashore with his small boats and soon persuaded forty landmen to help unload the cargo. The men worked with a will under the spell of Captain Simpson's cheery commands until, the task half done, the defiant wind arose and baffled every move. The landmen were unable to keep their feet and Captain Simpson, aided by his brother James, lifted the men bodily to safer

## JERRY SIMPSON.

places and lashed them to the rigging. From this perilous plight they were rescued by a life saving crew. The owners of the Rutter were notified of the struggle for the salvation of their ship while its outcome was yet uncertain. They sent hourly messages to the little village in Indiana where the Captain's wife, with their little one, listened to the storm with such cold fear as only a sailor's wife with husband on the wild sea can know.

It is a prime business disaster for a captain to lose a boat entrusted to his command. But Jerry Simpson was a game, graceful loser. Those hours of battle with the storm etched lines that never left his face but he never whined or whimpered in his life. He fully expected to lose his rank and his engagement with the ship's owners.

Instead they gave him a larger, better boat.