

WIND AND WAVES GIVE NO ANSWER TO THE QUESTION

Women Folks with Sleepless Eyes
Watch Horizon of Gulf for
Return of Brave and Hardy Seamen.

SOMEWHERE OUT YONDER MAY LIE HULK OF BOAT

Men on Little Schooner *Emma Harvey*
Were as Brave a Band of Seamen as
Ever Went Down to the Sea in Ships—
Ursula C. Searching.

Biloxi, July 13 [1916].

A watery grave with the winds to chant their requiem seems to have been the fate of the men who went down to the sea on the little schooner, *Emma Harvey*. Lost somewhere in the vicinity of the Chandeleur Islands is the impression here among citizens as well as among the immediate families of Captain George Duggan and his little band of brave and hardy seamen who went with him into the gulf and experienced the terrific hurricane that swept the seas last week.

All hope for the rescue of the little band is not gone, but the chances, say experienced seafaring men, are considerably against their ever being recovered from the deep and brought back to the bosoms of their families. Some seamen are of the opinion that perhaps the little craft with the mast cut away was

carried out to sea and that in the course of time it has been picked up by passing vessels. In that event, it might be a month or more before any word is heard of them. This is only a chance that may have been in the favor of these men, some of whom were as brave seamen as ever went down to the sea in ships.

A BRAVE MAN AND TRUE

Capt. Duggan was a brave and hardy skipper, none braver among rugged and courageous fishermen on the gulf coast, say those who knew him well. He seemed to have no regard for the elements at all, say his friends, out oftimes, when the winds were sweeping over the gulf and the white capped waves lashed the vessels and swept upon the beach, this man would brave the breakers, as calm, as courageous as if the day was a Sunday morn in June. It is told how in the last hurricane, he was caught in the "blow," but how, with a laugh, he declared that he was going to sleep. These tales of his hardihood and bravery in the face of dangers are numerous, in fact, it is declared, that he was absolutely callous to hurricanes and believed in himself at all times, believed that he would be enabled to weather the roughest gale that ever wind did blow.

But now, it seems, he and his men have gone down into the depths to be seen no more by those who loved and admired him. A heart-broken family mourns this fine man, who set an example to all seamen of the gulf coast by his bravery, and at the same time, it may be stated that all of those who went with him on that

perilous voyage were brave and hardy men—splendid men in every respect.

FAMILY OF TWELVE CHILDREN

Capt. Duggan has a large family, twelve in all, it is said, and all the others, save in two exceptions, have families, who are grief-stricken at their prolonged absence. Those who have gone to the homes of these people have been touched at the piteousness of their grief. They fear that good fathers, husbands, sons, brothers have gone to return no more, but they have not given up all hope. Many of them, day after day and night after night, watch across the blue of the ocean wave, hoping against hope that these brave men may come out of the south, their white sails set, love in their hearts, gladness that they may get back once more, safe and sound, to dear old Biloxi, which they loved so well.

Every sail, every vessel, every speck on the horizon is watched by the families of these men, hope arising now and then, as they watch a vessel approaching, but fear ever tugging at their hearts.

HEARTS ARE STIRRED

The pathos of it all has stirred the hearts of Biloxi folks, even those who do not know the families of the men. Will they get back? What report will the boats that have gone in search bring from the ocean's vastness? These are some of the questions citizens are asking themselves. But the only answer up to the present hour is the lapping of the waves upon the beach, the endless ebb and flow of the tides, the nameless song that the winds

sing when they sweep over the deep blue sea.

Somewhere, away out yonder in mid-gulf, lies the wreck of the brave schooner *Emma Harvey*, once of lowly reputation, now of much renown because of the events that have happened in the last few days. Somewhere out where the seagulls fly high over the dashing waves lies the battered remnants of the *Emma Harvey*, or she is shipshape, all aboard safe, happy and glad to have passed through so thrilling an experience. What is the answer?

WHAT IS THE ANSWER

The wind and the wave, which may now be battering the hulk of the little *Emma Harvey*, do not give an answer. That calm and blue and peacefulness that you see as far as the eye can reach on that broad expanse of waters are deceitful expressions of what the sea is capable of, and seamen know that at times the gulf can be as treacherous and unkind as the demons of the deep themselves.

The *Ursula C.* is expected to bring the answer to the question that is tugging at the heart-strings of the women folks who watch with sleepless eyes for the return of the boat from Chandeleur. This vessel, owned by Ulysse Desporte, is plying the gulf, asking questions of passing seamen, seeking for some trace, however slight, of the men of the *Emma Harvey*. The return of the *Ursula C.*, which may be here today sometime, will give the answer which the wind and the unruffled sea refuse to disclose.