

course of death and destruction and the wind had died down to a moderate breeze. The Life Saving Crew with the keeper in charge, took their small life boat and rowed out to the wrecked schooner, Lester A. Lewis, to complete their gruesome task of the day before. Several of the crew went aloft on the schooner and cut the lashings that this unfortunate crew had secured themselves with,



Wreckage on the beach opposite Point Street, below Gull Hill -1898

once more the task of rowing out to the schooner was tried, only to fail. Back on the beach, Captain Fisher ordered the boat dragged clear to Long Point Lighthouse. This they did under the most trying conditions, but starting from the Point they were at last successful in reaching the side of the vessel at about 4 P. M. --about 10 hours from the time they left the station. Five men had lashed

themselves to the rigging, but were now garbed in a ghastly shroud of white, and upon a thorough investigation it was seen they were beyond human aid. Sighting another schooner but a short distance away with the heavy seas pounding her to pieces, they rowed over to her. She proved to be the Jordan L. Mott. Getting alongside of her, they found Captain Fisher's father lashed in the rigging. He also was beyond human aid. The Captain, Mate and two sailors were taken to the station and given the best of care. Keeper Fisher says in his report: "Everything that laid in our power to do was done and under the circumstances we done all that could be done." Such is the call of the sea.

and one by one the five men were placed in their surfboat. They then rowed over to the Jordan L. Mott and cut away the lashings that held the Captain's father.

The breakwater that runs from the west end of Provincetown over to Wood End Lighthouse was not built at this time, and vessels breaking away from their moorings were buffeted and pounded over the several sand bars before being swept high and dry on the extreme west end of the harbor.

It was, indeed, a storm, this gale of '98. And there are many old timers left who are still willing and eager to settle down and begin their story: "It was in '98, when the Portland went down--."

On Monday, November 28, 1898, the gale had run its