ANGRY SEA CHEATED

Nearly Claims Foleys.

Lightkeeper Jordan to Rescue.

Brothers' Dory Capsized Near Boston Light.

Watchful Assistant on Scene Quickly.

Bartley Foley, aged 39, married, of 9 West 3d st, South Boston, and John Foley, aged 28, single, of 28 2d st, that district, two brothers, fought for their lives in a nasty sea off Boston light early yesterday morning more than half an hour. They were finally rescued by Charles W. Jordan, the first assistant lighthouse keeper, stationed at Boston light.

When Jordan pulled the two men into his dory they were thoroughly chilled and were weak from their exertions trying to keep afloat. The accident happened between 5 and 6. After some hours spent at the lighthouse, the two men were none the worse for their experience.

Shortly after daybreak yesterday morning the Foleys started from their homes in South Boston for the Congress-st bridge. Bartley owns a dory about 16 feet long, and in this he has spent many hours sailing and fishing in Boston harbor. He keeps the dory tied up at the bridge.

They had been planning on the trip, their first of the season, for some days It was to be a respite from their arduous duties as longshoremen and coal heavers.

When the boat had passed the northerly end of the inner Brewster, and just got out in the open from under the shelter of the rocky head, an unusually strong squall came sweeping across the sea. The mainsheet was made fast to a cleat on the gunwale. Before Bartley could ease it the wind struck the sail squarely. In a flash the dory was upside down and the two men were struggling in the water.

"Get on the boat," Bartley shouted to his brother. A few strokes brought them alongside and they tried to climb up on the top. It was a hard job. Just as one brother would get up the dory would bury itself in a smother of foam and roll partly on its side. Off into the sea he would roll before he got a chance to extend a hand to his relative.

There was not a vessel or a boat in sight, and more than once the men thought their chances of being saved were gone. Still they struggled on. It was not long before they were chilled through and their limbs began to grow numb.

Each time they were washed off the boat it was a harder task to get on top again, for they gradually grew weaker. After what seemed like an eternity to them they saw a small white dory plowing over the waves toward them. That gave them courage, and in a few minutes their deliverer, young Jordan, was beside them. They grabbed at the side of the dory, and for a moment it seemed as if there was going to be another spill. Jordan pulled a couple of strokes and drew away from the Foleys.

Then he backed up and shouted to them to keep cool and he would haul them in over the stern. They understood him. Reaching over, he grabbed Bartley first and after a hard tussle got him into the dory. Telling him to go to the bow, Jordan then grabbed John. The latter was weaker and the task of getting him into the dory was more difficult.

Jordan finally accomplished it. Then he grabbed his oars and started back on a half-mile row to the lighthouse. Reaching the landing, he jumped out and assisted the two men ashore. They were taken up to the lighthouse, where they were given every attention possible. Dry clothing was provided and hot coffee and a hearty breakfast was given them.

They remained on the island until the afternoon, when they were brought home on the police boat Guardian. The Foleys' boat was picked up by Jordan after he rescued the owners.

Jordan deserves much credit for the rescue. The two Foleys were profuse in

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their thanks to him when they left him. He is 23 years old and has been at Boston light a year or more, and last March was one of the crew that rescued the six men from the C. C. Lane, the schooner that went ashore and broke up off the light.

When asked about the rescue, he made light of it. "I was on watch this morning from 4 to 7," he said, "and in my trip around the island I noticed the dory with the Foleys in it coming down the bay. I kept watch of it, because I knew that they were not regular fishermen, and I was wondering why they were out at such an hour. I should think it was about 5:30. There was a nasty wind and sea on.

"Because it was so squally, I knew that unless the men were careful they would certainly go over. Then along came the squall, and they were over.

"There was only one thing to do, get out our dory. I hollored as I ran, and jumped into the boat. The two men were not quite half a mile away. The only thing that worried me was whether they could swim and keep afloat in the cold water.

"It did not take long to get to them, but they both made a grab for one side of my dory. That meant I would join them in a bath, so I pulled away and directed them to get ready to be pulled in over the stern.

"They understood and obeyed me. In fact they both apeared exceptionally cool under the circumstances. I got Bartley into the dory first. He was stronger than John, and helped me materially to get himself in. With John it was different. He was weak, and it took me some minutes to get him over the end. Finally I got him in, and off we went for the lighthouse. Once there it was all right."

When Bartley and John climbed aboard the Guardian they were all right. They appeared pale and John was a bit nervous. They were very glad of the opportunity to get a ride home, for it was plainly evident when the Guardian drew alongside of their craft that it would have been a long, perhaps impossible task to get home, as the men had hardly strength enough to handle the oars.

Asked about their experience, Bartley said: "I have been out a great deal in the boat, and it was the old story of getting careless. I had the sheet fastened to a cleat, and when the squall came we were over before I had a chance to cast it loose.

"I did not realize that help was so near at hand until Jordan came alongside. I had a chance to think of many things while I was out there, I tell you. More than once I wished I was back home with my wife and children. They did everything for us at the lighthouse and I am very thankful to them."

"It will be some time before I go out sailing again," said John. "I guess I got all I wanted for a little while."

On the trip up the harbor the policemen did everything to make them comfortable and their dory was towed to the New England docks. They climbed into it, and it was then only a few minutes row from where they started out early in the morning to experience a mishap that nearly cost them their lives.

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