Many years later, with the help of newspaper files, ships' registries, Admiralty Court findings, The Congressional Record, and Cook family memories, Archibald MacMechan — so I like to think — was there too.

RIVER WILLOW SONG

By WILLIS EBERMAN

For you is the song spent, and the dream awakened.  
O love, I am not alone in your heart.  
Beautiful are the willows. I will send my song into them; 
I will float my poems upon the river wind: 
Away, away, pale wings.

Like burnished copper glows the shining sand. 
I will lie and watch the river willows blowing, 
And think of my beloved.