

THE STORY OF THE WRECK TOLD PICTORIALLY BY TIMES ARTIST

(Continued from page 3.)

deular bluff, up which, faintly marked, may be seen a winding path. A rope was used in descending this, the party descending one by one. The shipwrecked unfortunates had scarcely sufficient strength to grasp the line and practically slid to the ground, burning their hands badly in doing so. Arriving in the hut they made short work of the doctor's concoction and afterwards appeared cheered and anxious to continue their journey and end their sufferings the same day. So another start was made, and after dark that night they boarded the Salvor and were immediately ushered to the dining room, where another meal, the first they had had since the striking of the Valencia, was served. To go back. That is necessary in order to describe the operations of the steamer Salvor all day Friday. We left in the morning for Toquay, a small cannery among the islands, from where a report had been received to the effect that three survivors had been found by an Indian woman, the sister of Charlie Ross, on Turret Island, and taken there to receive attention.

On arriving at this place we found that the information had been correct and that Messrs. Hancock, the chief cook, Long, a fireman, and Stanciar, another fireman, were there and well on to recovery. They, however, had to be helped aboard the ship, Long, particularly being so far gone from exhaustion that it was necessary to lift him over the side of the vessel. The steers accompanying this article show these men being escorted to their berths.

It was while here that we received the startling news that there was still another man on Turret Island. According to the story, he had been lost, having separated from the others after they had left the raft. His partner, however, believed that he would still be alive. It needed no urging to induce those in charge of the Salvor to set out post haste for the scene.

While en route to the island I sought out Hancock, and he told me a thrilling story of his experiences from the time he boarded the raft until cast upon the shore of Turret Island. His graphic account appeared in these columns on Saturday, so that the details of their vain endeavors to reach the Queen, the fortunately equally futile efforts to land at Cape Beale (for if they had been driven ashore there none would be alive to-day) and the loss of a more delicate passenger from exposure, are already common knowledge.

In this connection there is a pathetic incident hitherto unrelated. It seems that this man, whose body was tossed overboard to make room for the others and also to allow the raft to ride easier, was a personal friend of Gregory. When the latter saw the remains of his companion disappear it put the finishing touch to his misery. He went off his head and became little more than a marionette and a menace to the remainder of the company. As they saw the lighthouse fade away in the distance almost every one gave way to despair, and, utterly hopeless, sank upon the frail boards of their support. They had long since abandoned the idea of being totally unaware of their position or in what direction it was best to steer a course.

Who can place himself in such a position and imagine the dreadful strain upon the castaways in their struggle for life, mental and physical, and not acknowledge that the outcome was most natural? Those not innured to the hardships of the sea either sank exhausted with their cold or else became so frenzied with despair as to reach a condition bordering upon insanity. The latter was the fate of a fashionably-dressed passenger. He was best with all kinds of illusions. Finally he swore that he had seen the island a few feet off and that he could swim the distance easily. Sighting the action to the word he precipitated himself into the sea and was never seen again. Probably the body reported to have been found in the neighborhood will, when identified, prove to be that poor fellow's remains.

The raft was washed ashore on Turret Island about midnight on Wednesday. Once there Messrs. Hancock, Long, Stanciar, Connors and Nelson, the third assistant engineer, remained inactive until daylight. The latter was too far gone to do anything to help himself and remained in a state of semi-stupor all night. It was during this time that Gregory became possessed of the idea that Hancock was "a wild dog and good to eat." The cook was then slumbering, and the stalwart American soldier jumped at his throat and was choking him when Hancock threw him away and warned him not to make such an attempt again. He didn't need such an admonition, however. He shrank, cowered, and collapsed entirely. Evidently the last of his energy had been expended and he was in a worse plight than Nelson. This was brought about, Hancock believes, from the fact that he left the steamer with only one foot protected from the cold.

At daylight next morning the party, now reduced to a quartette, started inland. Although it is possible that both Nelson and Gregory might have been saved at this time, they were too exhausted to start on such an expedition. According to Hancock, his intention was to return to them after obtaining assistance. But after making some distance they lost their bearings and could not find the raft again. Thus the two mentioned must have perished during the day.

Mr. Hancock and his companion hadn't proceeded far before Connors gave indications of not being altogether right in the head. He objected to keeping in the vicinity of the beach, a policy Hancock strongly recommended, but wanted to go in another direction, where he claimed Cape Beale lighthouse would be found. The former declined the idea, but Connors persisted, and accordingly they separated. This was how Connors was lost and spent a night longer than was necessary, destitute and alone.

Meanwhile Hancock, Stanciar and Long continued their peregrinations, keeping as close to the beach as possible and sustaining life by eating a number of water-soaked oranges which had drifted from the scene of the wreck. They searched for clams, and



FIREMAN LONG COMING ON BOARD.

Snapshot of One of the Turret Island Survivors Being Brought on to the Salvor. He is Supported on the Right by One of the Salvor Seamen and on the Left by C. R. Patterson, Times Artist. He had to be Carried Up the Gang Plank.

being unable to find them, procured some vegetable growth, which, although not exactly wholesome, served to sustain their strength until discovered by an Indian woman and conveyed by the little steamer to Toquay. As already stated, these details were procured while on our way to Turret Island. In passing Sechart we had called in to enquire for news, but receiving none hastened to the assistance of the man who, to use a very appropriate description, was in the same condition as Robinson Crusoe, with none of that fiction hero's adventures.

Anchoring off this little island, two small boats were launched to make a complete circle around the shore, one taking the right half and the other the left. In order to procure a place in one of these, Mr. Patterson and I took an oar each. Capt. Cox took charge and we set out upon our quest. It took some time for me to accustom myself to understand that the captain was referring to me when he asked the "starboard" man to pull or back, as the case might be, but that difficulty surmounted we had no trouble.

The first two boys inspected, dislocated nothing, but upon the third, lying almost upon its side and upon it huddled a number of limp figures, was the life raft. We went in carefully, owing to the strength of the surf, and upon instructions I jumped ashore, to me being allotted the gruesome task of attaching the painter so that it might be towed away to the ship. But the raft was lodged too firmly for that, and it was some time before we got it beyond the surf and to the vessel's side. It was while on the way back to the vessel that the accompanying picture was obtained.

"There's still life in this man," was the exclamation that electrified the whole ship's crew. At the time we were all gazing over the ship's side, watching the transference of the

bodies from the raft to the bottom of the small boats. Dr. Redmond instantly responded. He hastily clambered down the ladder and closely examined the remains of the assistant officer, Nelson, that which had been indicated. But the body was cold, and according to the doctor death had occurred many hours before.

The sight of these bodies as they appeared then is one I'll not soon forget. They showed the signs of dread-dread exposure. The faces were a purplish-red, the features distorted and the feet and hands terribly swollen. We were just getting over the feeling of revulsion at this ghastly sight when the other boat ran alongside with another survivor. It was a cheering sight and restored the spirits of the entire party. Connors for of course it was the man who had separated from his companions to search for an imaginary lighthouse, was sitting at the stern of the boat, with his feet resting upon the seat in front and covered with some clothing. With his head bent wearily and clothes just hanging to him in rags he presented a truly pitiable sight. It was necessary to haul him over the sides by means of ropes and a stappeladder. When this was accomplished he was carried to a cabin that had been prepared, and Dr. Redmond promptly administered restoratives.

The boat's crew stated that they had found Connors upon the beach about a mile to the eastward. At the time he was lying stretched upon a log, allowing the sun to dry his clothes, and although too weak to realize the benefit of its influence, instinctively appreciating its warmth. Like the others, both his feet and hands were swollen out of all shape. When picked up he was muttering something about finding a lighthouse, evidently still being under the impression that there was such a place in the neighborhood.

From this it is concluded that his head must have begun to wander shortly after the raft passed Cape Beale. We then proceeded back to Bamfield creek. Reaching there it was found that the United States cutter Grant had arrived to assist in the search and to do what was possible for the alleviation of the sufferings of the survivors.

It was shortly after we had had dinner that the party which had been on the trail from Darling all day arrived. A motley, unkempt, dirty but touching and sad group, made up of representatives of many nationalities were they, and it was an impressive sight to mark the expressions of appreciation that flickered across their countenances as the warmth of the Salvor's saloon and the luxury of the cushioned seats grew upon them. But in spite of the attractiveness of these comforts they didn't hesitate long to respond to the call to dinner, and soon were gathered round the board, playing havoc with the substantial meal laid before them.

Later on I approached T. J. Campbell, who, with F. F. Bunker, was a leading spirit among those who succeeded in reaching the shore from the wreck near Darling river. He consented to give a talk on his experiences and proceeded to unfold a thrilling tale of almost miraculous escape, followed by inconceivable hardship which only a spirit of the most indomitable pluck could have overcome.

When the Valencia struck Mr. Campbell was below with his wife and daughter. They were members of a small party of passengers which included G. Norstrom and wife, and one of his first questions was: "Are Norstrom and Mrs. Norstrom among the saved?" Receiving a negative reply, he remarked sadly: "I suppose they are among the lost." Mr. Campbell was on his way to take charge of the Singer sewing machine agency in Seattle. When the crash came he remained cool and persuaded his wife and child to remain where they were until some information as to what had occurred was received. Ten minutes later all were ordered upon the deck.

There he found that the boats had been lowered, almost every one was rushing madly and aimlessly about, while the small craft were being loaded with passengers, without any thought of order or discipline. He noticed that the boats were being launched, ran to Ritchie, one of the crew, and asked whether she and her daughter couldn't get aboard. "Certainly," the latter replied as he turned and ordered the men who were rushing frantically about trying to obtain a seat. Then he took Mrs. Campbell and daughter and placed them in the boat. Mr. Campbell followed, referring to the fact with his family if death was the outcome.

Just as soon as he got in, the boat was launched, and too late Mr. Campbell found out that he was in a craft with passengers who knew nothing of seamanship. To add to the awful peril of their position it was found that the plug was missing from the bottom and that the craft was filling rapidly. That she did not swamp and founder must be credited to the presence of mind of the lad Willis, an American sailor boy, bound for Seattle, where he was to report to the commander of the battleship Philadelphia. He placed his hand over the hole, and despite the cold and confusion held it there. After some effort the oars were abandoned, it being decided to take chances in the boat riding through the surf in safety.

"You see," Mr. Campbell added, "we didn't realize how hopeless was such a thing until we were among the boiling waters."

Then he went on, the boat had struck something, turned turtle and he was thrown over one side and his wife and daughter over the other. He never saw them again. The next thing he knew he was clinging desperately to an oar and being swept on top of a monster breaker towards the shore. Somebody grasped him by the collar, and turning he saw somebody else struggling to maintain a place upon the surface.

"Take part of the oar," he cried, "but for God's sake don't hold me. I can scarcely hold myself up."

They were both hurried against the rocks at the same instant, and Mr. Campbell grasped a crevice with the strength of despair, and found his arms almost wrenched from their sockets in preventing himself being pulled back by the undertow. He knew that failure meant death, and the realization made him all the more determined. The unfortunate man who came ashore with him wasn't as successful and was carried back to sea.

Wrenching his life preserver from his shoulder, Mr. Campbell took advantage of the respite to get further away from the waves, and thus, in easy stages, he reached safety and sank to the ground exhausted.

Pulling himself together he proceeded along the bluff, and after some hours others from the same boat joined him. With these he went east towards Darling river, but before reaching there the party was augmented by two survivors from the second boat, one of whom was F. F. Bunker. Together they followed the telegraph wires, crossed Darling creek and found Telegraph Hut. Here Mr. Bunker discovered an instrument and effected a connection which enabled him to telephone to the shore from the terrible disaster to the outside world.

Next day the survivors tried to re-cross Darling river, but found it so swollen with the rains that such an attempt would be fraught with considerable danger. Nevertheless they made several futile efforts, their endeavors being stimulated by Messrs. Logan and Daykin, who were on the other side, having come from Clo-osee to render every assistance in their power.

Everybody knows how important they were and how they were placed in the heartrending position of being forced to stand helplessly by and witness a hundred or more human beings carried to their doom by the waves that smashed the hull of the ship. Willis, Mr. Bunker, rendered frantic, succeeded in swimming the stream, although almost being swept to sea in the attempt, his services and those of the others who succeeded in getting across were of no avail.

They made several expeditions up and down the beach, but could do no good. Two or three bodies were picked up, but small amount of wreckage, but nothing further was found that day.

Returning to their hut on the other side of the stream, they made themselves as comfortable as possible for the night, making an equal distribution of the small amount of provisions at their command. Messrs. Bunker and Campbell were tacitly permitted to assume control. They were ably assisted by the Japanese, Yosuki Hosoda, who became the custodian of the lard, and the chef, and the American sailor boy, Willis, who undertook to keep the cabin warm. The others, however, were of little or no assistance and had to be pulled from the only bunk the house boasted of to make room for those mentioned on several occasions. Messrs. Mousley, McKwa and Richmond had arrived from the station at Bamfield during the day, and their assistance was much appreciated.

Mr. Richmond tells of their reception by the castaways in graphic terms. "He says they rushed to him open-armed and would have liked to make short work of the few wholesome provisions they had been able to carry with them across the trail. This, of course, he wouldn't permit, not knowing when more would arrive. It was not until late the next night that Capt. Ferris with the relief party from the Salvor reached there, and the intervening time was spent by Mr. Bunker in the sad search for the remains of his wife and child. Among the bodies secured were those of two children, a girl and a boy. They were lying about a half a mile apart.

When telling of their discovery Mr. Richmond said:

"We didn't mind so much looking at the men and hauling them away from the water, but when it came to these little children, who were apparently brother and sister, it was too much. We turned away to allow ourselves time to recover before taking them as far from harm as possible."

It was with some difficulty that Capt. Ferris persuaded Mr. Bunker to accompany the party over the trail to

Bamfield. He was determined to stay and watch the shore, in the hope that the remains of his wife and child would be thrown ashore. During our stay on the Salvor, Mr. Patterson and I were treated with the utmost hospitality and consideration, every means being taken to permit us to secure the information we were sent out to obtain. For this we desire to extend Mr. Bullen our sincere thanks.

THE BOARD OF INQUIRY.

Captains Gaudin, Cox and Newcomb Will Investigate Wreck of Valencia.

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Captain Gaudin, seen after the receipt of the above dispatch, said that he had applied for some one to take his place on the board, Captain Newcomb, one of the assessors, is now at Port Simpson.

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Survivors Tell of Gen. H. Jesse Being on Valencia When Raft Left.

In the Marine hospital two survivors of the Valencia wreck are being well looked after, and are making rapid progress towards convalescence. These are Frank Connors, a waiter, and Fireman Long, both of whom were fortunate enough to get away on the raft which drifted into Barkley Sound and were there picked up as described previously.

Connors has been about four years at sea serving in the steward's department. This of course has been his

worst experience, although he has been in three dangerous positions before. He went down to San Francisco on the Puebla on her last trip, when she was towed from the mouth of the Columbia river. He immediately shipped on a steamer for Honolulu and made the round trip there. Returning he shipped on the Valencia on her last trip. On previous occasions he has been on wrecks. He was aboard the Tillamook which was wrecked on Wood Island, in Alaska, and also on the Aloha, when she was wrecked on Kodiak island. Mr. Connors' home is in Seattle, but he has friends in this city, among them being A. Cameron, the shipbuilder.

Fireman Long is an Irishman who has been at sea about 15 years in all parts of the world. He views the situation as a fatalist, and says it makes little difference what vessel you go on "if you are going to be drowned you will be drowned, no matter whether it is a small boat or the largest ship afloat." He is unmarried and makes his home in San Francisco.

Frank Connors well remembers G. H. Jesse, of this city, and says when he left on the raft, about nine or ten o'clock Wednesday morning, Mr. Jesse was still in the rigging. The latter he said was in splendid spirits. Mr. Jesse was a little lower down in the rigging than Connors was when the latter quit the ship. Friends and companions of Mr. Jesse in this city will be gratified to learn that up to the last the Victoria boy showed wonderful pluck. Mr. Connors says that he was noticable among those left on the Valencia in his endeavors to cheer up his companions. He evidenced his gallant spirit he says by being prominent among those who endeavored to make the lot of the women and children on board as comfortable as possible. There is little question but that he was one of the last to be swept off the wreck, which was fast going to pieces when Connors and Long left.

Both of the men in the hospital agree that the Greek fireman Segalis, who was here a few days ago, was a marvelous swimmer. They say his act of swimming ashore with the line in a vain attempt to get communication with land was a wonderful piece of work. He must have been in that water at least half an hour at that time. It was impossible to get ashore, and Segalis succeeded in swimming back again.

Connors says that after the first shock, following the striking of the vessel, that the excitement was soon allayed, and all on board remained calm from that to the end.

Fireman Long says that the boats should not have been lowered at midnight. The vessel was resting easily and nothing should have been done until morning. The attempt at launching the boats proved a dismal failure, and for a while, Mr. Long says, there is no use blaming any one. It is easy to see he does not hold a very high opinion

of energy, for those in charge were anxious and willing to go any practicable length for the assistance of those in distress. During our stay on the Salvor, Mr. Patterson and I were treated with the utmost hospitality and consideration, every means being taken to permit us to secure the information we were sent out to obtain. For this we desire to extend Mr. Bullen our sincere thanks.

In a supplementary conversation with Hancock I was told some of the incidents that occurred just before he left on the raft. He says that the passengers, among whom were practically all the women and children, were gathered together in the stern of the ship and sheltered from the wind and rain with canvas awnings. The steward, to whom, by the way, he extends the highest praise, kept them supplied with all the provisions available. While in this position, watching the waves come closer and the wreck breaking up piecemeal, the women commenced singing hymns, the favorite of which was "Nearer, My God, to Thee." While this sacred service was in progress others had succeeded in breaking open the bar and were spending the last few hours of their existence in a mad carousal. They drank all the liquor procurable, and while effectively drowning their misery, the incongruity of the scene must have been horrible in the extreme.

Mr. Hancock also tells of the brave effort made by one of the crew to swim ashore with a line. After he had made one or two failures the passengers got up a subscription and offered him five hundred dollars to try again. But although an exceedingly strong swimmer, he could not effect a landing and this scheme had to be abandoned.

The truth of the tale of two men trapped in a cave was also given by the survivor. He stated that there was only one passenger thus caught. He was seen by those on board the morning after the launching of the boats. Perched upon a ledge, well out of the reach of incoming waves, he seemed safe enough, although imprisoned, being unable to go to right or left without great danger. The wind was blowing inshore heavily and the passengers could talk to him quite easily, although he was unable to make them hear. They advised him to try to go in a direction indicated, where with care he might escape. He bravely essayed to tread the dangerous path, but was caught by the surf, lost his footing and was seen to throw his hands in the air and disappear with a despairing cry.

Before the survivors were transferred I had a short talk with the sailor boy, Willis. When he arrived on board the Salvor he was in a sorry condition, but soon revived. His conduct from the time the ship struck had been most commendable. He it was who, though so tired he could scarcely stand, straightened his back and saluted the officers of the Grant when recognizing their uniform. He told me that his duty made it imperative for him to report to the commander of the Philadelphia for immediate service, although he wistfully added: "I would like to go and see the folks because they will be anxious when they hear of the wreck."

In answer to my query as to his health, he said:

"Oh, I'm all right now; only a little bit shaken."

He also said that his home was in Spokane.

After arrangements had been made for the United States cutter Grant to take charge of all the survivors, as well as the three bodies then aboard the Salvor, it was decided that we should start for home early the next morning, Saturday. When we left there were only two shipwrecked people aboard, Messrs. Long and Connors, who are now in the Marine hospital receiving the best of medical attention. It might be mentioned in this connection that the latter is a nephew of Archie Cameron, one of the ship's carpenters employed at Bullen's ways, Esquimalt. He was employed by the Wells-Fargo Company for three years in Seattle.

Just a word in conclusion. I think every praise is due Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, of the Cape Beale lighthouse; Messrs. Logan and Daykin, who hastened to the scene of the wreck from Clo-osee; Messrs. Richmond, McKwa, Mousley, Jennings, Scott, Topping, employees at the cable station, Bamfield, for the invaluable co-operation in aid of the survivors, and personally for the assistance they extended in obtaining news of the disaster. Nor should Superintendent McLaughlin and Asst. Superintendent Baynes be omitted. They were always courteous, notwithstanding the fact that the ambiguity of the newspaper correspondents must have seriously interfered with the ordinary routine of their regular business. They also helped Captains Trippe and Cox and Mr. Bullen with advice, their knowledge of the trails and the country generally enabling them to gauge the situation far more accurately than could an outsider.

It has been stated that the Salvor did not accomplish as much as possible, if there is any ground for such a statement it cannot be laid to lack

of energy, for those in charge were anxious and willing to go any practicable length for the assistance of those in distress. During our stay on the Salvor, Mr. Patterson and I were treated with the utmost hospitality and consideration, every means being taken to permit us to secure the information we were sent out to obtain. For this we desire to extend Mr. Bullen our sincere thanks.

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THE SURVIVORS AT TELEGRAPH HUT.

From a Photo Taken on the Beach Just After the Arrival of the Relief Party. Willis, the U. S. Sailor boy, is Seated in Front. J. Campbell has his Hand on the Boy's Shoulder, while F. Bunker Stands to Campbell's Right. Both of these Men Lost Wife and Children in the Wreck. Willis Shouted Great Pluck Pushing his Hand into the Hole in the Lifeboat to Keep Out the Water, while Bunker was the man who Located the Hut, made the Connection in the Instrument, and by this Means Told the News of the Wreck to Cape Beale Operator and through him to Outside World.

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