

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1923

# STIRRING STORY OF SEA IN LOSS OF TREVASSA, KNOWN AT THIS PORT

Survivors Many Days in  
Small Boats; Here Last  
January.

Few stories of the sea, says a Liverpool, England, paper of recent date, tell of such patient and enduring courage in the face of dire misfortune and adversity as the Trevassa disaster, which was recalled by the arrival of the survivors in London. It was a fitting welcome which they received, and one which must have gone home to the hearts of the men, who have so wonderfully added to the lustre of the annals of the British merchant service.

On June 11, during a heavy gale, the Trevassa sank, after battering in a typhoon off the coast of India. For some time it was thought all on board had perished, but it transpired that they escaped in the ship's boats and reached shore. With death and disease ever stalking them, these gallant seamen braved the trials and agonies of twenty-three and twenty-five days respectively on the open sea.

"Splendid discipline prevailed throughout," said Captain Foster, and these few but pregnant words epitomize this stirring nautical achievement. The Trevassa, with her commander, Captain Foster, will be well remembered in St. John. Consigned to J. T. Knight & Co., she loaded here in January, 1923, for ports in New Zealand, and Australia. The Liverpool paper's story follows, under London date:—

**The Story in Detail.**  
Here is the Liverpool paper's story under London date:—  
The Goorkha, with the survivors of the Trevassa on board, arrived in the Thames early this morning on her way up to Tilbury. Captain Foster and his gallant colleagues had a great reception as the vessel slowly steamed up the river. Sirens were blown by ships anchored in the river, and the people assembled on the banks gave a rousing welcome to the men. When the ship got to Gravesend it was met by officials of the Board of Trade and the Union Castle Line and leading representatives of the Seamen's Union. All gave the survivors a hearty greeting. Learning on the side of the high ship the men seemed to be the least concerned of anybody.

When the Goorkha was finding her moorings in the river, the river bank of anchored vessels screamed out their recognition of the gallant seamen. Apart from the official reception given by representatives of the Union Castle Line and officers of the Board of Trade, there had assembled on a launch, belonging to the Seafarers' Joint Council, a numerous gathering of members of the council and of relatives of the survivors. On board this small vessel were Mr. J. W. Moore (Vice-Chairman of the Seafarers' Joint Council), Mr. Sydney G. LeTouzel (Secretary of the Council), and other officials.

It was a touching sight as the relatives of the survivors, old and young, watched with anxious look the big vessel, as she came to anchor. "There's Charlie," shouted one woman in a state of excitement. Another cried, "Look at Joe; he don't seem a bit worse for what he has gone through." There was a waving of hats and handkerchiefs as the little launch received the responsive shouts from the men leaning over the rails of the big ship. The watchers literally wept for joy, and when after a time the survivors came aboard the launch, there was a hugging and kissing, and it appeared as though some of the women would never let go hold of their menfolk.

**Master's Story and Tribute to Men.**  
In the course of his story of the suffering caused by the rigors of the journey on arrival at Rodrigues, Captain Foster paid a magnificent tribute to those under his charge. "Splendid discipline prevailed throughout," he said, "although the crew suffered considerably owing to the shortage of water, a third of a cigarette tin of which was issued daily. We collected water whenever rain fell."

Questioned as to his experiences, he said: "Well, we have had a delightful passage home, and we are all quite well after our trying experience." "But what have you to say about the journey on the boat?" he was asked. His answer was: "Well, all I have to say is that we never lost hope on the long voyage. However difficult the going, I may say that the man who helped us most to keep our pecker up was the skipper, Captain Foster. I believe our skipper to be the whitest man who ever commanded a ship. When we were inclined to be a little downhearted he would lead the singing of 'A Life on the Ocean Wave.' We would sing other sea ditties, which bucked us up wonderfully. Another time he sang 'Someone Is Waiting For Me.' By means of his cheeriness and generally encouraging conduct we were able to carry on."

**Captain's Conduct Warmly Praised.**  
High tribute to the way in which Captain Foster had conducted himself was also paid by J. E. Edwards of Cardiff. Replying to the questions of a Press representative, he said: "Of course we had a terribly trying time, but we managed to cheer one another, and to lead quite a happy life. The way in which Captain Foster navigated

## PRINCESS PREFERS TAXICAB TO ROYAL EQUIPAGE

(By Milton Bronner)  
London.—Late, there has been stopping in London a pretty, bobbed-haired girl whose chief delights are to be a guest in a big hotel and then go sightseeing around town in an ordinary street-bumping taxi. When she's at home, she lives in a palace. And when she goes out, it is to ride in a state coach or in a big automobile with uniformed outriders. She calls a king "papa" and is on intimate terms with three queens. In fact she calls one of them "mamma" and the other two "Bessie" and "Marie."

For this favored kid is Ileana, Princess of Rumania, daughter of the royal rulers of that country and sister of the queens of Greece and Yugoslavia. Only 35 and big for her age, she is already known as the best-looking of all the royal girls of Europe. And the gossip mongers have been busy rumormongering her engagement to various sons of Wales, including the Prince of Wales.

But the "nothing doing" sign has been hung up not only by her royal parents, but also by Ileana herself. She says she is too young and besides there are a lot of things she wants to see before she settles down to the dull routine of some royal court. One of the biggest treats her parents can give her is to let her come to London practically on her own. In fact, her only companion is her governess, Miss Marr, a staid, middle-aged English woman.

Because of this freedom and her own taxi travels, Princess Ileana sees more of real life in a big foreign capital than is usually vouchsafed to a princess anywhere in the world.

the boat was splendid, and it was he who enabled us after our terrible experience eventually to reach the land. Ralph Flint, an apprentice, who lives at Plymouth, was welcomed by two of his brothers, who had made the journey to Gravesend specially for that purpose. Asked to describe his experiences he shyly replied, "I would rather not."

R. James of Liverpool also at first declined to say anything to the representatives of the Press. Subsequently he said that he was in the first boat with Captain Foster, and that one of the men in the boat was singing "I want eggs and ham." James said that his motto was "Never say die," and added that he would be away at sea again in another week; despite the fact that he had been in the water 15 times, having been torpedoed nine times, his love for the sea would never die.

**Seaman's Story in Diary Form.**  
A graphic story of the experiences of the shipwrecked crew was contained in a diary kept by a seaman named Burke, of Waterloo, Liverpool. Commencing on June 3rd he had written in this little book Mr. Burke covers something wrong. Loud noises heard. Very heavy seas. In communication with the Captain's boat. Waiting for the Runic. No sign of her. Crew despair of being picked up. Heavy seas still running. Heavy swells.

Rations: Capetan tin of water and half a biscuit.  
Under the date of June 9 he records: "Captain decides to separate. Three good cheers. Good luck and goodbye." Subsequently for three days calm weather is reported by the diarist, who adds, "Everyone very cheery; bathing and so on."  
Then comes a distressing entry: "Fraser took ill. We noticed a pilot-fish in front of boat and a shark following. Still calm. Praying for wind."

Later, Burke records the death of Fraser, and states that the pilot-fish and a shark have disappeared. In conversation with a Press representative, Burke explained that the crew stuck knives into the mast in accordance with an old superstition. The pilot-fish and the shark, he said, were supposed to appear when there was to be a death, and this was borne out by the death of Fraser.  
Turning to his diary again, Burke reads: "Sixteenth. All in good spirits. Joe Abrahams sick. Weather holding. Thank God. Eighteenth. Weather very pleasant. Burial service. God help us. Twentieth. Weather keeps us all wet

**End Corns**  
The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. Stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in clear liquid and in thin plasters. The action is the same.  
At your druggist  
**Blue-jay**

with the exception of those who died, fortunately all recovered, although everyone was weak on landing. "Our clothes by that time were in rags. On arrival we were treated very kindly, and were given excellent food. We were taken to camp at Vacocas, and there we met the others."

Mr. Smith, first officer of the Trevassa, when requested by a Press representative to relate his experiences, declined to do so, but remarked, "You can say that we have had a jolly good time coming home from the Goorkha. Every one has been very kind. Beyond that I cannot go."

**A Survivor's Vivid Story.**  
A cheery young fellow named Seaborn, of Rochester, was met by his mother, she explained him from the deck of the little launch and exclaimed to another son who was with her, "Why, he looks better than he has ever looked before when returning from a voyage. I have never seen him look better."

Somewhat shy at first, he told the following story: "I was rather ill, and they tell me that if we had not reached land when we did they would have had to throw my dead body overboard. But I got round all right when I got ashore. You see I was in the second boat with Chief Officer Smith, and we were the longest on rations, living on one biscuit a day; but our chief difficulty was to get water. We had some milk, and although milk makes one thirsty, still I think it saved some of our lives. The time seemed terribly long, and the weather was very bad. Of course, in one way that was to our benefit, as we were able to get rainwater."

"We caught it in the sail of the boat and held out our clothes for it. Apart from the water I think I may say that Mr. Smith was the man who got us through alive. When we were a little bit distressed he started singing 'Now we are rolling home,' and all of us joined in the chorus. If anyone ventured to say he was not sure about it, Mr. Smith would reply: 'My dear lad, about a month from now you will find us telling the people what we have been up to.'"

It was sad to see eight bodies thrown overboard one after another. Three of the men we lost were natives; they simply fell into a state of coma and were rolled overboard. Another day and I am afraid they would have seen the last of me. When our mast went we rowed the boat, and sometimes travelled about eighty miles the day. It was a pretty stiff job. When only three miles from land we were about

## Regina Resident Praises Tanlac for Her Recovery



"Tanlac soon had me eating with a relish and my food gave me the proper nourishment," said Mrs. T. J. Inch, 187 Pasqua St., Regina, Sask., recently. "I had a serious operation which left me with such a poor appetite I could scarcely eat anything and even the little I did eat seemed to give me no nourishment. My sleep wasn't at all restful and I couldn't gain back enough strength to do my housework."

"I've gained nearly ten pounds by taking Tanlac and am so well and strong I can do my housework with ease. Tanlac also helped my little three-year-old girl, and I've often thought of writing the company about my experience."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 37 million bottles sold.

Tanlac Vegetable Pills are Nature's own remedy for constipation. For sale everywhere.

done and we believed we could never get there." Sturt, the second steward, an Australian, told how the two lifeboats from the Trevassa parted. "The one with Captain Foster aboard," he said, "had the biggest sail and got along the fastest, so it was decided that he should 'get on with it' in order, if possible, to secure assistance. We did not weep when we parted. All were in the best of spirits in each boat, and when we were getting away from one another we shouted out, 'Cherio! Good-bye! Meet you again in about a fortnight.' We were all the very best of friends."

Asked what happened when the natives in the boat died, Sturt said: "They just collapsed and we put them overboard."

pot of paint and a brush did considerable damage. The doors of the Ludlow street Baptist church, which has recently been painted, were daubed with a light straw colored paint. A Chinese laundry and a newly opened drug store were also visited and paint brush used freely.

Lack of bidders compelled adjournment of the scheduled sale by the city, for taxes, of the Fowler property, West St. John, on Saturday. The property was offered for sale at Chubb's Corner by Auctioneer Potts.

Appliques of glove fabrics on cotton dresses will be one of the favored trimmings for spring, it is said. Light colors will be applied to darker or contrasting shades.

## BOY ORGANIZES RELIEF BAZAAR

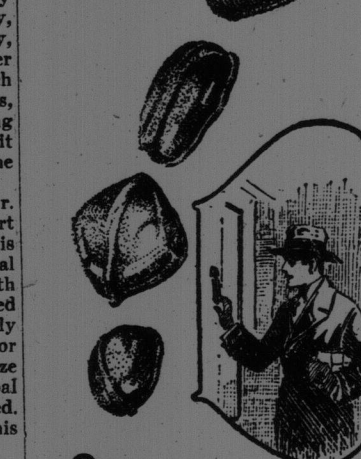
The sum of \$645 resulted from a bazaar, held in the spacious yard of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Worden, 198 King street east, on Saturday afternoon. The promoter and originator of the scheme was Master Donald Gunn, Mrs. Worden's nephew. The money is to be given for the Japanese Relief Fund.

Master Gunn did his planning with fine business ideas, has advertising partaking of a most striking display of flags, for some days previous to the event, among which notices, neatly printed, instructed passersby that a bazaar was surely to take place. The design at the gate announced that there was a prize for the one holding a lucky number, and Master Frank Connolly, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Connolly, 118 1/2 King street east, was the winner of a pretty ivory hand mirror. Much art was used in arranging the booths, which disclosed choice home cooking and many desirable varieties of fruit and other edibles, with toys for the very small children.

Master Gunn, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Gunn, has taken art lessons from Miss Bessie Holt, of this city, and last winter studied charcoal work in New York, while there with his mother, who was taking advanced work in violin. The lad, who is only twelve years old, has great aptitude for this work, and won a special prize at the recent exhibition for his charcoal drawings, which were greatly admired. He is studying the violin with his mother and is a promising pupil.

**CARLETON VANDALISM.**  
Some vandal or vandals early yesterday morning paid a visit to several buildings on West Side and with a

The sweetest story ever told



Tonight—Say it with

moir's Chocolates

W. J. WEITMORE,  
Agent for New Brunswick,  
91 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

Famous for their Coatings

Burns and bruises?  
**Mentholatum**  
cools and heals.

**OH MAN**  
OH BOY! THAT WAS SOME FEED I HAD TODAY  
PIGS KNUCKLES AND SAUERKRAUT AND MASHED POTATOES—  
CORN ON THE COB—  
HAS DECIDED TO CUT OUT THE NOON DAY MEAL FOR A WHILE JUST TO TAKE OFF WEIGHT  
DUTCH APPLE PIE—  
AND I FEEL LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS  
I'LL START DIETING TO-MORROW—I'M TOO HUNGRY TODAY

**BY STEAMSHIP AND RAIL**

**CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS**

**SUBURBAN TRAINS**  
CHANGE OF SCHEDULES  
Effective September 10th

Effective Monday, Sept. 10, 1923, in addition to regular service, Suburban trains between St. John, Hampton and Sussex will run as follows: (Atlantic Standard Time.)

	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
St. John	6.15	8.15	12.20	Ar. Hampton	Ar. Hampton	Ar. Hampton	Ar. Hampton
Hampton	7.15	9.15	1.20	Ar. Sussex	Ar. Sussex	Ar. Sussex	Ar. Sussex
Sussex	7.15	9.15	1.20	Ar. Hampton	Ar. Hampton	Ar. Hampton	Ar. Hampton
Hampton	7.15	9.15	1.20	Ar. St. John	Ar. St. John	Ar. St. John	Ar. St. John

For Further Information Apply City Ticket Office, 49 King St. or Ticket Office, C.N.R. Station, 9-10

**Deep-Seated Abscess in the Hip.**  
Remarkable Recovery after under-  
standing three operations without success.  
Our Patient is of Mrs. LAMBTON, of  
Mott's Mill, Withyham, Sussex, England,  
who writes:  
"I am writing to tell you of the benefit I have  
received from your Clarke's Blood Mixture. I  
had a deep-seated abscess in my hip and was  
laid up about fourteen months not able to do  
anything. I was hospital nine months and  
had three operations. Still I was no better, so  
I asked to come home. I had been home three  
weeks still feeling very ill, so I thought I would  
try your Clarke's Blood Mixture. The first  
bottle I used fetched the pus out more than  
ever, and by the time I had taken half the second  
bottle I began to eat better, and the discharge  
to get less. I persevered with the medicine  
till, and after a few weeks began to get about a  
little on crutches out of doors. I then I began  
to feel stronger, and now I am feeling better than I  
have done for years. The abscess is quite  
healed—I can now do my work and walk quite  
long distances with a stick. I am sure if people  
suffering the same as I was would try Clarke's  
Blood Mixture a fair trial it would do them good.  
You can make whatever use you like of this  
letter."

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE, by reason of  
its remarkable blood purifying properties,  
is relied upon to give speedy relief and lasting  
benefit in cases of Eczema, Bad Legs,  
Abscesses, Ulcers, Boils, Pimples, Eruptions,  
Piles, Glandular Swellings, Rheumatism,  
Sciatica, Gout. Pleasant to take and free from  
anything injurious.

Of all Dealers Ask for and see you get  
**Clarke's Blood Mixture**  
"Everybody's Blood Purifier."

**MUTT AND JEFF—MUTT MIGHT TRY ARBITRATION**

YES, JEFF, I'M A CHANGED MAN! I'M BOSS IN MY HOUSE NOW!  
INTERESTING IF TRUE, MUTT!  
JUST TO DEFEY MY WIFE I HUNG THAT LION'S HEAD PAINTING IN THE LIVING ROOM AND PUT HER MOTHER'S PICTURE IN THE ATTIC!  
THAT'LL PLEASE THE LION TAMERS!  
YOU BET! NO LONGER AM I GONNA BE A SLAVE IN MY OWN HOME!  
I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU!  
I'M A REAL LION TAMER AND THAT LION'S PICTURE ON THE WALL GOES TO PROVE IT!  
MY LION PICTURE?  
TEE HEE!  
MOTHER