

THE STORY OF THE WRECK TOLD PICTORIALY BY TIMES ARTISTS

Work of Tugs Now Confined to Search For Bodies.

Pacific Coast Co's Despatch Crews For Shore Work.

(From Monday's Daily.)

Since the return of the steamer *Salvor* from the scene of the Valencia wreck on Saturday night, and an account of whose entire voyage is given in this issue, there is little to add to the mournful story, beyond the harrowing details of bodies recovered, and attempts at identification. Several tugs are commissioned to continue the work of patrolling the coast and beach, their duties being concentrated on securing what additional bodies may be still afloat, and those which may have drifted on to the beaches.

Indian parties have been employed to some extent, but their work will probably be confined to working along the coasts of the islands of Barkley Sound or further north.

The Pacific Coast Steamship Company, however, are taking steps to have a thorough patrol established along the whole beach from Bamfield to Carmanah, and yesterday the tug *Wyadda* left Seattle with a crew of hardy prospectors, men accustomed to shore work, to relieve the volunteer force now at work there. They carried a good supply of provisions, and will relieve the splendid force of men, consisting of Logan and a number of others who have been on duty continuously since the wreck occurred, and whose unremitting efforts on behalf of the survivors can never be adequately commended.

The Pacific Coast people have also chartered the *Lorne* from this port, and have similarly equipped her for the work in question.

Most of the survivors and the bodies have been taken to Seattle. Long and Connors, who were found ashore at Turret Island, are in the marine hospital here.

This story is told in the following bulletins:

BODY AT FRICKETT ISLAND.
Bamfield, Jan. 27. (Special).—The body of a well-dressed lady, with a life belt on, has been found on Frickett Island, west of Turret, this afternoon, by swimmers.

ANOTHER BODY FOUND.
Cape Beale, B. C., Jan. 27. (Special).—The body of Fred Erickson, of Oelwein, Iowa, was found about one mile east of here.

His purse contains ninety dollars and seventy-five cents.

He also had a silver watch and an identification card from the Woodland Accident Association.

BAHADRA FAILED IN SEARCH.
Bamfield, Jan. 27, 7 p.m. (Special).—Tug *Bahadra* has arrived here and reports that she left Neah Bay with Capt. Paterson, W. E. Peters, Geo. Fay and E. B. Leddy, of Seattle, on board.

They reached the scene of the wreck at 10 p.m.

They managed to land with two divers which Capt. Paterson had taken with them, but the sea getting up they were unable to take the bodies off, just managing to get the bodies back.

They had great assistance from the officers of the *Grant*.

Passenger Bunker went ashore and offered his services to superintend the searching of the beaches. He reports some bodies being washed ashore along the different beaches, but they can only be found at low tide.

Eleven bodies are recovered up to date.

Capt. Paterson proposes to try and get a crew of Indians organized here to search the beaches along the coast and amongst the islands of the Sound.

Falling this he will proceed to Neah Bay and take a crew from there.

The *Grant* proceeded to Seattle to land the survivors and coal up, returning to-morrow. A considerable sea is running outside now.

PROTECTING THE BODIES.

Bamfield, Jan. 28.—7.07 p. m. (Special).—A report has reached here from Logan at Darling saying that he has found a small bay about four miles from the wreck, where boats can land in any weather.

A crew is coming on the tug *Wyadda* from Seattle and another from Victoria, so they will be able to get eight of the bodies anyhow.

Logan has covered the bodies with sand to keep the crows off.

Two men left here this morning with food for the searchers.

The *Shamrock* arrived here to-day with the body found off Titchet Island. It is supposed to be Wilson, the man who jumped overboard off the raft picked up on Turret Island.

Our men searched the beaches round Cape Beale to-day, but found nothing.

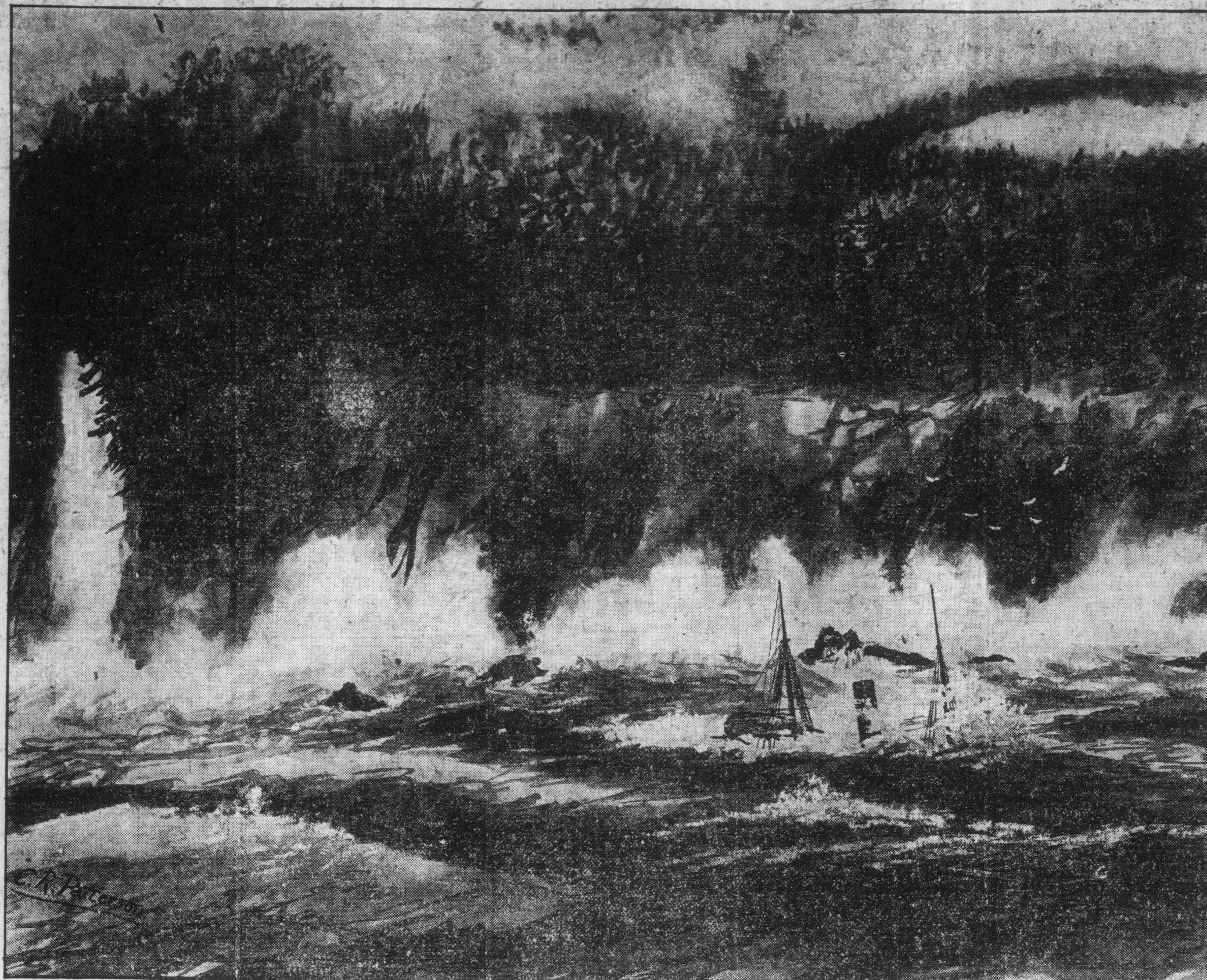
All wreckage is now apparently floating on the islands in the middle channel, as Cape Beale has been seen large quantities of all description floating past.

Swimmers are on the outlook all round.

THREE BODIES AT BEALE.

Cape Beale, Jan. 28. (Special).—Logan and party recovered three bodies this morning. One was of a middle-aged man, one a young man, and a woman about twenty years old.

She had a light complexion and dark hair. She had two small rings on her



THE VALENCIA BEFORE THE BREAK-UP.

The Vessel, as Seen by Times Artist from the Deck of the *Salvor* on the Morning of the 24th. The Upper Cliffs were Shrouded in Mists, and at their Base a Furious Sea Broke. A Waterfall Appears on the Left of the Picture.

left hand, one set with a red stone and the other with a large pearl. She has a dark skirt with two rows of buttons.

One of the men had a silver watch; but nothing else to identify them by.

THE CRUISE OF THE SALVOR.

Times Representative Gives the Story of the Trip Made by Rescue Steamers and Scenes Witnessed.

(By R. P. Dunn, Staff Correspondent of the Times, with the *Salvor*.)

Since returning from the West Coast I have heard the loss of the *Valencia* with the majority of her crew and passengers described as one of the most horrible marine disasters in the history of the North Pacific.

Nor is such a statement an exaggeration. The difficulty is to obtain a sufficiently large number of forceful adjectives to give the outside world some conception of the horrors of the catastrophe, the terrible experiences of the very few survivors and the hopeless abandonment of men, women and children as they lay huddled together at the extreme stern of the submerged vessel, watching inevitable death creep nearer and nearer as the huge spray-capped combers kept arriving away their comparatively frail support. They must have suffered death many times over, and it was a merciful wave, although it may appear callous to some to say so, that finally swept the deck and relieved its occupants of their awful suspense.

Taking the stories told me by different survivors, those who were washed ashore and others who escaped by raft and found themselves on Turret Island, forty miles distant from the scene, next day, and making as connected a whole of them as possible, I should say that the suffering of rescued and lost alike is beyond all conception. In dime novels one reads of hairbreadth escapes, marvellous feats requiring unlimited courage and great physical endurance, and many of us read them and follow the hero through the varied vicissitudes of his career with unconcealed delight. From the persons mentioned I learnt enough of what followed the beaching of the *Valencia* shortly after midnight on Monday to state without fear of contradiction that many of those on board gave evidence of just such qualities and worked with feverish energy and wonderful self-denial in the effort to alleviate the sufferings of the forsaken women and children as was possible under the circumstances. Unfortunately, however, this must be qualified. There were others, and they outnumbered by more than two to one, who entirely lost control of themselves in their frantic attempts to save their own lives. Naturally the result was confusion and the entire lack of discipline. This was evidenced by the

manner in which the lifeboats were launched, or rather thrown over the sides, the fact that some were partially, and others overloaded; that at least one was without the bottom plug, the inflow of water having to be stayed by the placing of a hand over the hole, and even more serious, the lack of a full capable crew of seamen to handle the frail craft. Under the circumstances, therefore, what occurred was only what might have been expected. The passengers didn't know that it would be better to keep to sea than venture near the surf and allowed themselves to drift to their deaths.

In my mind the occurrences following the stranding of the vessel are divided into seven distinct chapters, if I may be permitted to so term them. They are appended:

Launching and loss of lifeboats.

Despatch of small boat in charge of boatswain to summon aid.

Adventures of the few succeeding in reaching shore.

Launching of life rafts.

Successful efforts to reach the scene by trail.

Breaking up of vessel witnessed by Messrs. Logan and Daykin.

Finding bodies at Turret Island, and later others strewn along beach.

During the four days I was with the parties who endeavored to bring relief to the distressed it was in the order mentioned that the disaster developed to its fullest extent. We worked from Bamfield creek, making our headquarters at the cable station there. Although the dispatches that were sent in from day to day gave the gist of the news, there were many details that could not be forwarded by wire as may be easily understood. In the appended article, therefore, I have endeavored to give as connected an account as possible of our actions from the time we left Esquimalt on Tuesday evening by the steamer *Salvor* until we returned on Saturday evening with two additional passengers, Messrs. Connors, found on Turret Island in an exhausted condition, and Long, another of the survivors, picked up by the Indians in that vicinity.

When the first news of the wreck reached the Times office we could scarcely give it credence, believing that it was one of those canards which so frequently find their way to a newspaper office. Enquiry, however, gave it substantiation, and immediately energetic steps were taken to obtain the fullest possible information. Notification being received that the steamer *Salvor* was leaving for the scene, I was selected to represent the Times, and was sent without the loss of a minute's time to take passage on that vessel. With me was also sent C. R. Patterson of the Times staff, although there was some delay in getting provisions aboard, it wasn't long before we found ourselves under way and headed towards the West Coast.

When the passengers gathered in the saloon we were able for the first time to recognize one another, as H. F. Bul-

len, manager of the British Columbia Salvage Company, had collected his passengers very rapidly by telephone. There were Captain J. W. Troup, superintendent of the C. P. R. coast service; Captain Cox, Lloyd's agent in Victoria; Drs. Hart and Redmond, who had been asked to come in case medical assistance might be necessary; Captain Ferris, who volunteered his services; J. W. Lorimer, for the Colonist; C. R. Patterson, the Times artist, with camera and sketching board, who got aboard by means of a small boat at the last minute, and myself. As there was nothing to do that night we retired in order to be prepared for the morrow's exertions.

Wednesday was a stormy day off the coast. The wind was blowing a gale, at least from the southeast, and the surf was pounding against the coast with a noise that could be heard a mile or so away, while the spray, flying skywards, was discernible for twice that distance.

Shortly after daylight I took a position on the bridge. Early that morning the steamer *Queen* had passed us, presenting a beautiful picture, and now she was lying off Carmanah light-house and apparently exchanging signals with Keeper Daykin. Further in the offing was the *Czar* weathering the breakers with a grace that elicited admiration from both Captains Troup and Cox. We also stood into the light-house, but couldn't interpret the code used on shore. This, however, proved unimportant for the *Czar* heeded us to us and announced that the wreck was much further east, somewhere in the neighborhood of Seabird Islands.

We set off once more in the rear of the *Queen* and *Czar*, and after a couple of hours' steaming reached the scene of the disaster, the particulars of which have astounded the world. The *Czar* first went in as closely as safe; then the *Queen* stood in a little and backed out, and about that time we in the *Salvor* were within sight of all there was to see of the doomed vessel.

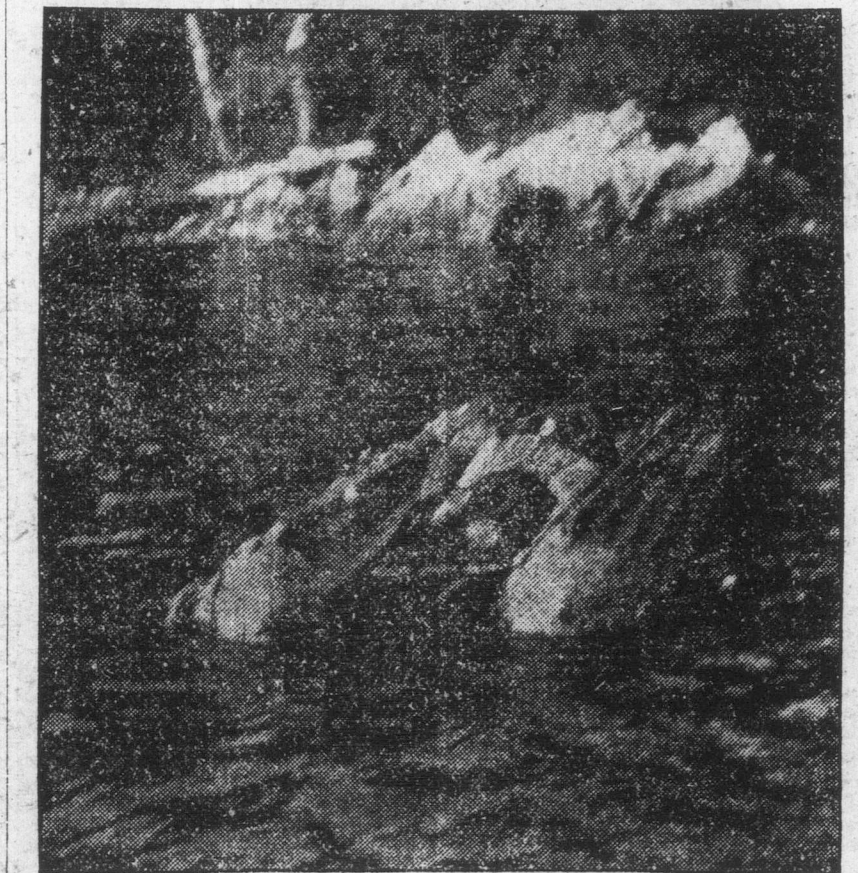
There has been so much said about what might have been done on this occasion that I would like to make the unfortunate circumstances so clear that there could be no misunderstanding. Besides the wind, which was so heavy that the vessels tossed and pitched like a chip in a rapid-flowing stream, and the atmosphere was thick with rain. From where we were, with

the use of a powerful pair of glasses, I could make out the outline of the ship's rigging at odd times. When the surf dashed against the rocks and formed a suitable background, the two masts and funnel were perfectly apparent. Then they were lost in blackness, and it took some time to again locate them. The *Czar*, Capt. Christensen, which had got in closer, came to us and reported much the same as what we could make out, except that what appeared to be a bit of old sail was flying from the rigging. Capt. Troup then ordered him to go and report to the *Queen* and then follow us as we had determined to do everything possible to send assistance around by trail.

Now, the failure of Capt. Christensen to get nearer to the hulk and to ascertain that there were people on board has been severely criticised. This certainly is most unfair. He went in as close as any rational seaman would have done under the circumstances, and even had he been able to get in far enough to see those then huddled together upon that part of the stern free from water and clustered in the rigging, it is doubtful whether any good results would have ensued. It wasn't a question of how near we could get. The point was whether or not a small boat could penetrate the boiling surf in safety. Such a thing was outside the bounds of possibility.

But it should be understood that nobody on the *Salvor* dreamt that there were human souls battling with the waves within a mile of them. The general impression was that those who had not already escaped were lost; and such a conclusion was only natural. What remained of the ship seemed to be completely submerged at times, and who could imagine that there could be life under such conditions?

The steamer *Salvor* reached Bamfield creek shortly after noon, and Capt. Troup and Cox, accompanied by Mr. Bullen and the newspaper correspondents immediately visited the cable station to learn the latest news. Nothing beyond the fact that there were a number of survivors and that the hulk was fast going to pieces was then available. Messrs. Richmond, McKwa and Mousley, of the cable station, had set out over the trail that morning with provisions for the sustenance of the rescued. It was at once decided that a party should be organized, with ropes and as complete an outfit as possible, to extend what assistance was possible to those who, according to a later despatch from Messrs. Logan and Daykin, the only ones then on the scene, were still alive on board and in imminent peril. The men were all prepared and Capt. Ferris was ready and anxious to start out when the information arrived that the hulk, unable to stand the pounding of the seas any longer, had fallen to pieces, carrying with it many valuable lives—nobody knows exactly how many. Of course this ended the expedition for the time. Next morning the wind had fallen, and the sea was much calmer. Accordingly it was agreed that something might be done from the sea, although



ONE OF THE LIFE RAFTS.

From a Photo Taken by Times Artist as the Raft was being Towed from Turret Island to the *Salvor*. On it are the Bodies of Wallace, Nelson and Gregory. It was Found by the *Salvor's* Men Under Log to Left of Picture.

Description of Some of Bodies Which Came Ashore.

Most of the Survivors and Corpses Taken to Seattle.

the majority were doubtful of the possibility of sending a boat through the surf even then. At daylight the *Salvor* got under way, and being joined by the *Orion*, the whaling boat from Sechart once more proceeded to the scene of the wreck.

On this occasion I did not accompany those on the vessel, judging that it would be better from a newspaper standpoint to proceed down the trail to Pachena bay, a distance of between five or six miles over the trail and just east of Cape Beale. However, Mr. Patterson remained with the *Salvor* and afterwards told of her trip: how she had met the steamers *Queen* and *Topeka*, the futile efforts made to effect a landing, and, in short, the utter lack of success attending those so earnestly endeavoring to reach the beach.

About 10 o'clock Messrs. Jennings, Topping, Cox and myself set off over the trail upon our own little enterprise. We carried with us some provisions and a telephone instrument for connecting with the wire in case of obtaining any further news. After walking for two or three hours over a well-marked but very difficult trail we reached Pachena hut. This is located upon a lovely sandy beach, fully a mile in length, upon which the immense waves boomed, dashing the spray well up towards the bank. At its extreme eastern end is the mouth of the Pachena river, ordinarily a small, insignificant stream, but then a large volume of water sweeping down from the mountains to the sea with great rapidity.

Before proceeding any further I would like to say something about that portion of the trail over which the nine survivors had to travel next day in order to reach Bamfield creek. Superintendent McLaughlin, of the cable station, informed me that the walk from his headquarters to the bay mentioned was a "carriage drive" compared to that piece—a stretch of about ten miles—from Pachena to Darling river, where the sadly small party of survivors had gathered. It is only necessary for me to say that the part I went over was marked by innumerable bogs in which one was likely to sink thigh-deep, small pools coming over the knees and windfall trees, over which one was forced to climb, and to ask the reader to multiply these by three or four to enable the latter to obtain some idea of the difficulties the already worn out shipwrecked men had to surmount before reaching Bamfield creek, to them a veritable haven of refuge. While on our way to Pachena we had to ford the river by means of a huge tree, which in one place was covered by at least fourteen inches of swirling water. We managed to get across without being swept off our feet, but later on had to creep through the bush a distance of a quarter of a mile to the beach, the trail proper being covered with water, it then being high tide. From this some conception of how badly an improvement in the trail along the coast is needed may be gathered.

Upon our arrival at Pachena we cut in on the telegraph wire and were fortunate enough to obtain communication with Richmond, who with the two others, having started the preceding day, had succeeded in reaching Darling and were now with the survivors. He gave me the information in reference to the failure of the boat's crew from the tug *Lorne* to reach shore and the condition of those on land, all appearing in the Times the same day.

Our return to Bamfield was uneventful. The river had already dropped considerably. That night it was decided that a party, including Dr. Hart, should set out for Pachena at daylight next morning, news having been received from Capt. Ferris, who was in charge of the party which started for Darling the same morning that we took the trail, to the effect that he would start back with all the survivors and endeavor to reach Pachena that evening. The doctor and those with him were to carry plenty of provisions and prepare a meal at the last mentioned place for the reception of the travellers who, it was concluded, would be extremely weary when arriving at that beach.

Dr. Hart's company performed their mission right worthily. They got a pot of soup ready, which Willis, the plucky American sailor boy, described as "fit for the gods." Capt. Ferris, with his party of saved and those who had gone to Darling to aid in the rescuing, arrived at Pachena earlier than anticipated, somewhere about 3 o'clock. As they staggered into the hut, a one-roomed structure, little more than four by five in size, all unkempt, their clothes in rags, cheeks sunken and eyes bloodshot, feet swollen twice their natural size from exposure and covered with rags torn from blankets for the purpose of walking, the sight was indeed a pitiful one and permitted a person to obtain some notion of the extent of their sufferings. The last bit of trail over which they had to come in order to reach Pachena is shown in one of the pictures published to-day. It is nothing but an almost perpendicular

(Continued on page 5.)