
In Memory of My Beloved Wife

Mabel B. Lewis

and Children

Florence and Ray



Mr Otto S. Lewis.



Mrs. Mabel B. Lewis.



Florence Carr Lewis.



Ray Carr Lewis.

To My Friends and Relatives :

After selling out my saw-mill and lumber business at Gold Bar, and giving up possession of the business on May 1, 1906, we made up our minds that we would take a vacation of at least one year, or more if we wanted it, and pledged ourselves that we would do no business other than to settle up our accounts



Our Home, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis', Gold Bar, Washington.

and take care of our property for at least that time. As soon as our accounts were settled, myself, wife and our two children, Florence and Ray, and Mr. Holman, father of Mrs. Lewis, took a trip through eastern Washington, visiting the Lake Chelan country, Waterville, Soap Lake near Euphrata, Wenatchee and Cashmere; then back to Gold Bar in time to spend the Fourth with our friends and relatives there. A few days later we went to Seattle, staying at Hotel Diller about a month. While there we enjoyed visiting old friends and acquaintances and taking side trips, one being to Victoria on the steamship Indianapolis, Mr. Nicholas and his two daughters being of the party. From Victoria we went to Nanaimo and Vancouver on the steamer



The Lewis Home, 99 N. El Molino, Pasadena.

Joan, and thence back to Seattle on the Princess Victoria, arriving on the 26th of July. This was the first long trip on the water for my wife and the children.

After visiting my sister in Tacoma, we took the train on August 22nd for San Francisco. After spending three days there, looking over the effects of the earthquake and fire, visiting the Cliff House and roaming through Golden Gate Park, we took the train for Los Angeles, arriving on the 29th, where we met our friends, Mr. H. G. Krock, Mr. J. W. Heffner and Mr. Francis Fiorini, who had already made this city their home.

After taking temporary quarters for a month, I, with the assistance of J. W. Heffner, purchased an auto, in which we took our trips while viewing Southern California, Mr. Heffner joining us in all of them.

On the 1st of October I purchased a home at 99 North El Molino, Pasadena, where the children attended school, Ray at the Franklin and Florence at the Wilson. Both children took great interest in their studies and enjoyed their schools very much, their reports showing that they had not been tardy once during the term and that they had a high standing in their grades.

When we located in Pasadena, Mrs. Lewis and I promised the children that when school was out we would take a trip, visiting our friends at and near Portland, Oregon, my sisters at Tacoma and Sherlock, my brothers and the children's schoolmates at our former home in Gold Bar, Washington.

In March my brother, Truman, and cousin, Mrs. Goodsell, came down from Washington to visit us; Mr. H. L. McCaughey of Seattle, and Mr. Henry Royce of Tacoma, both old business friends; also Miss Dugan and other friends visited us at different times.

We had many enjoyable trips in our auto, going to such places as Monrovia, San Bernardino, Arrowhead Springs, Redlands, Riverside, Sherman Indian School, Ocean Park, Venice, Soldiers' Home, Long Beach and other beach towns. We took great pleasure in showing all places of interest in Los Angeles and Pasadena to our visitors during their stay with us. A trip to Catalina was also enjoyed.

During the spring and summer a number of accidents happened on the Southern California railroads, wherein many lives were lost. This made us a little fearful of travel, and we talked seriously of giving up our proposed trip North. With this end in view, we planned a month at the beach. On June 19th we rented a cottage at Tent City, Long Beach, for ourselves, children, Mrs. Goodsell and Mr. Holman. On the 8th of July we went in the auto to the Salt Lake Station, Los Angeles, to meet my cousin, Mrs. Clara Paul and her husband, Dr. J. E. Paul, of Columbus, Nebraska. We took them to our home in Pasadena, and the following day we went in the auto to our cottage at Long Beach, where we had left the children and Mr. Holman, and rented a tent for Dr. and Mrs. Paul. A number of our Los Angeles friends and Mrs. Lockwood of Santa Ana, a sister of Mrs. Lewis, visited us at the cottage, enjoying the surf and other interesting features of beach life.

My wife and Florence, with Dr. and Mrs. Paul, took the auto to visit Mrs. Lockwood at our walnut grove in Santa Ana, then to our home in Pasadena, by way of Whittier, leaving Florence in Santa Ana. The next day Mr. Holman and Ray also went to Santa Ana, where the children had a good time.

Dr. and Mrs. Paul were kept busy viewing different parts of the country until the night of the 17th, when they began preparations for their return trip home. Their tickets to Los Angeles via the Salt Lake, purchased in Columbus, Nebraska, on July 4th, called for the return trip by way of Portland on steamer Columbia from San Francisco; then the Northern Pacific to Olympia, Tacoma and Seattle, then back to Columbus via Billings. On the morning of the 18th I phoned to Mr. Holman and the children at Santa Ana to come to Pasadena, where they arrived at noon. After consulting with Mrs. Lewis and the children, we decided to take the trip north with Dr. Paul and wife. We purchased our tickets for the same route as the Pauls, they consenting to wait for us until the morning of the 19th.

At 7:15 Friday morning we left Pasadena, via the Southern Pacific Coast Road, for San Francisco. We had a very pleasant day and enjoyable ride. Being in the observation car, Florence

took a number of snap-shots of the different scenes and people on the way.

Mr. Holman's sadness when he bid us good-bye at the station seemed to impress my wife, for in a conversation later in the day, she requested that upon our return home from this trip, I should give Mr. Holman money to make a visit to her brothers in Pennsylvania. This, her last request, has been complied with.

We arrived in San Francisco about 2 a. m. Saturday, stopping at the Golden Eagle Hotel, where we had breakfast about 8 o'clock. Dr. Paul and I went to the ticket office to secure our staterooms on the steamship Columbia, but the passenger list being full, we were obliged to take berths in different rooms, Dr. and Mrs. Paul, Florence and Ray taking stateroom No. 7, Mrs. Lewis a berth in room No. 18, and I a lower berth in a room on the opposite side of the boat. This arrangement was rather unsatisfactory, but it was the best we could do.

Returning to the hotel, we engaged a carriage and rode through the ruined district, stopping at the ruins of the City Hall, where Florence took several pictures with her kodak. After riding around for an hour, we were landed at the dock, and, after checking our baggage, we boarded the Columbia. My wife and Mrs. Paul spent the short time before departure writing postals to friends, which were mailed before we sailed.

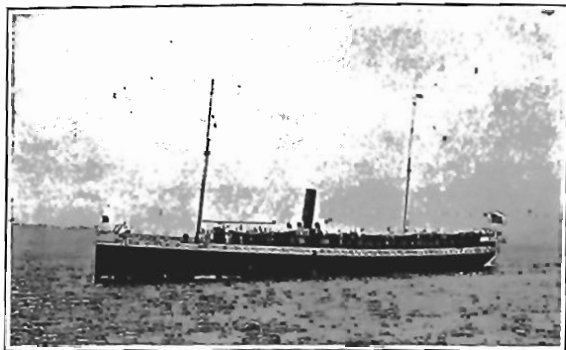
As soon as we left the dock, Florence began snapping her kodak at all objects, in which we, including Ray, were very much interested. The weather being fine, everything looked favorable for an enjoyable trip as we steamed through the Golden Gate.

The first thing in order, after we got out upon the broad Pacific, was to line up at the Purser's window to secure seat tickets in the dining-room. We were fortunate in securing tickets for the first table, as some were unable to get at the table until 2 p. m.

After lunch we all went on deck and talked and had a good visit until my wife began to feel sick and went to Mrs. Paul's room, which, being large, was used as a social hall by our party. Soon after, Mrs. Paul was taken sick and came to the room, followed by Florence, who did not feel very good. But Dr.

Paul, Ray and myself felt good all day and went to our dinner, but the rest stayed in the room. Ray and a little boy wearing a blue sweater played together all afternoon, having a fine time. He stayed out until about 9 p. m., when I went after him and put him to bed; there being no berths vacant on the boat, the steward brought bedding and we made a bed for him on the floor of No. 7, Dr. Paul's room. He cuddled down for the night as happy as could be.

Dr. Paul and myself went out on deck, walking out to the bow of the boat and then to the dining-room, where we had



S. S. Columbia.

quite a visit with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Riggs, of Bloomington, Illinois. Mr. Riggs had been quite sick during the afternoon and needed someone to cheer him up. Leaving them about 10 o'clock, we went to bed, and I soon fell asleep.

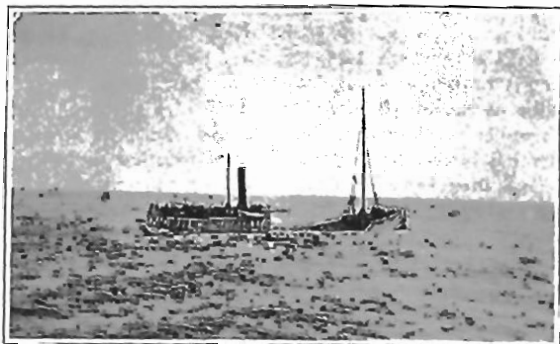
I was awakened, I think, by the stopping of the engines; then I heard the engines reverse, which I knew by the jar of the boat. Then came the crash, which was very light. I knew we had struck something, but had no thought of it being anything serious, and made no attempt to get up. In about one or two minutes someone came running through the hall, crying out: "Everybody on deck with their life-preservers!" I got up and

dressed as quickly as possible. My wife came to the room, which was occupied by myself and two other men, and shouted: "O Otto!" I told her to go to room 7, where the children were, and I would be there. I followed her to the room, where I found Dr. and Mrs. Paul and Florence dressed and putting on life-preservers. There was no life-preserver for Ray, as he was an extra one in the room, and only one life-preserver to a berth is furnished. I think I got excited over the fact that I had none for him.

We all went on deck by way of the rear stairs, going to the left side of the boat, which was sinking by the time we reached the railing. Mrs. Paul climbed over, the Doctor following, thinking I was in the lead, but Mrs. Lewis, the children and I did not have time to get outside of the railing. I was still thinking of the life-preserver for Ray as we all went into the water under the hurricane deck. Down, down we went, at a most rapid rate—it seemed hundreds of feet, but probably was not more than forty or fifty. I had no thought that it was possible I would come to the surface again, but the cabin or all of the upper woodwork part of the boat came loose and came to the top and I with it, and I believe my wife was with me. I do not know anything about the children.

When I came up, I spit the water out of my mouth and gasped a few times for breath. I took hold of a small piece of board. The long black silk coat which my wife had on (Mrs. Paul said it was on over her life-preserver) came up over her head, and I could not get it off, as I did not have power enough to do it. I tried all the ways I could think of, but failed. I had her hand in mine and she squeezed my hand hard at two different times, but did not speak a word. Finally I got hold of a large piece of wreckage that had an iron rod on it, which gave me something to hold on by. I took a part of my wife's coat or skirt and wound around this iron rod and held it with my left hand. I tried very hard to get on top of this piece of wreckage, but could not do it; I did not have the strength, but I clung to it and to my wife for at least two hours and a half. I was so numb and cold that I had no feeling in my body, and could scarcely breathe.

When the life-boat came near me, I gave them my wife's body, which I believe had been dead for some time, as I had felt no movement or signs of life. The last thing I recollect was having the body taken from me and pulled into the boat. I do not remember being pulled in myself, nor do I remember that anyone was taken in after me. The first I knew after being in the life-boat was seeing the lights of the San Pedro and hearing the whistle blow. Wreckage was floating in the water very thick. The crew in the life-boat were paddling us toward the



The Wrecked San Pedro.

San Pedro, and I thought we were to be put aboard that, but they went on past it and my heart sank within me, as I did not know what they were going to do.

I could scarcely get my breath at all as I sat up in the boat, but as it was so full there was no room to lie down. We kept on going, and when it became light enough for them to see, I think they said it was about 4:20, they got out the supply box that is supposed to be in every life-boat and opened it. They found about a ten-pound tin of sea biscuit, a box of matches, a quart can of stuff said to be turpentine, a hatchet, compass, two water pails and a keg of water. They put up a sail and got the compass into service and started on a northeast course; but

there was no wind and the sail was of no use, so the oars had to be used. Slow progress was made and in about an hour they took the sail down. By this time it was broad daylight, and I could see that there was a woman lying in the bottom of the boat, and I believed it to be the body of my wife. There were four women, twelve men and two bodies in the boat.

While the sea was what is called smooth, there were very large heavy swells, and the boat would take water so often that two men were kept bailing it out nearly all the time until after



Life-Boat from Steamer Columbia.

daylight, when they got the boat under control. The weather was cold and chilly, with a fine mist or fog, and we were all cold and wet. Worst of all, the water in the keg was so old and stale that it was not fit to drink, though we had to use it. They would not give us much at a time, and my tongue was so swollen and my mouth so pasty that at times I could not move my tongue at all; did not have power enough to get it from the roof of my mouth. I used salt water a number of times to wash my mouth with. At times it seemed almost impossible for me to get my breath, my right lung and chest being so sore.

Everybody that could helped at the oars, six rowing at a time. About 11 o'clock we began straining our eyes for shore,

as we could hear the roar of the surf, and about noon we heard the first sound from the Delgada bell buoy. The course we were sailing was south of the bell, so we changed to the north and soon found the buoy and saw the outlines of the shore, and then there was a shout for joy. We passed close enough to the buoy to read the name "Delgada" on it. Then came the question of finding a place among the rock to land; but we were lucky in locating a very nice sandy spot, although the rocks were close on each side. The passengers were asked to get to the rear of the boat as much as possible and a long rope was fastened to the bow, and as soon as the boat struck land, all that were able got out and pulled the boat in on the next surf wave. I got out, but could not stand, and the surf caught me and wet me to the arms. I crawled up to the bank and got to the foot of the cliff and lay down, feeling as though I did not care to ever move again. When all were landed and the two bodies brought ashore, two men were started each way to look for help. The parties that went north, one of them being Paul Hinner, the quartermaster, found a store and a hotel. While they were gone the others got a lot of driftwood together and built a big fire. One of the ladies asked me to come to the fire, but I did not have life enough or care enough to do so.

When the parties got back from Shelter Cove, where they found the store and hotel, they brought some beer, sardines and canned apricots. Somebody brought me some of the beer, and I drank quite a lot of it, it tasting the best of anything I ever drank; it did me a lot of good. In a short time I went to the fire and pulled off my coat and spread it on the ground. I tried to eat some of the sea biscuits and sardines, but I did not want anything but the beer or the canned apricots, which tasted so good.

I went to look at the body of my wife, but one of the ladies called me back, saying they had taken good care of the body and that I had better not see it then; so I went back and lay down by the fire. I think I was in the worst condition of anyone, or at least I gave up the most. I think Miss Cooper was the next, but the others seemed to keep up good spirits.

Before long a grocery delivery wagon came and the two

bodies were put in it, covered with salt from the life-boat. Paul Hinner came to me and asked me to get in the wagon, but I told him to let some of the ladies go and to leave me there. He said there was another team coming for them, so I got in, but the driver insisted on one of the men going with me. We rode to the store, where I met Mr. G. A. Notley. Mr. Hinner, the quartermaster, told Mr. Notley that I wanted the team to take my wife's body to Eureka. He told me it was at least ninety miles and over a mountain road, it being nine miles to Briceland, the nearest town, and seventy-five to the railroad. Mr. Notley gave me ten dollars in cash, a hat, two bottles of beer and two cans of apricots, and we started for the trip over the mountains about 4 p. m. All the others stayed there all night.

As we went up the west side of the mountains the sun shone very warm on us, and it was good for me as it helped to warm me up and dry my clothing. I could not sit on the seat, so sat on the foot-rest, using the seat for a back. It was nearly dark when we reached the top and as we went down the other side we were in thick woods, and as night came on it was quite cold.

We got to Briceland about 9 p. m., where I met very kind people. They put ice on the dead bodies. Mrs. Bowden made hot coffee and fried some eggs for me; I could only eat about half of an egg, but drank two cups of the coffee. Mr. Bowden took my wet shoes and socks off and put a new pair of woolen socks on my feet, and they did feel good. I had quite a chill while there, but as soon as the wagon was ready I got in and started on. The good people of Briceland would not take any money at all for what they had done for me. Another man went with the teamster and myself to Garberville, the next town, where we arrived about 1 o'clock, Monday morning, July 22nd. I was very nearly used up, so asked for a doctor. One came and took me to a hotel; took my clothes off and rubbed me with alcohol. He said I had strong symptoms of pneumonia, some fractured ribs, one ankle sprained and several bad bruises. He gave me a dose of morphine. By this time Mrs. Belle Jones and some of the other ladies of the place had made hot coffee for me, which I drank with a relish.

The bodies had been changed to another wagon with a fresh team, and the driver asked if I was ready to go. The doctor said I could not go any further that night, and went outside with the driver. He returned soon with a liveryman, who said he had a good team and light carriage, and if I would go to sleep now, he would start at 8 o'clock in the morning and be able to catch the rig with the bodies before they got to the railroad. I consented to stay, and being under the influence of morphine was soon asleep, only to be awakened by Dr. L. P. Rassier, who helped me to dress, giving me a bowl of egg-nog and a large dose of morphine. I got into the buggy and rode all day, only stopping in the woods by the side of the road to feed the horses. The woods had the largest and finest redwood timber I ever saw.

We reached the railroad at Pepperwood about 5:30 p. m. and found the other team with the bodies, which had just arrived. A special train was waiting for us, also Coroner Oliver, who took charge of the bodies. I got on the train and arrived at Eureka about 8 p. m., where, to my great joy, I found my cousin, Mrs. Paul and her husband waiting for me at the depot with a carriage. We drove to the Vance Hotel, where I was taken at once to a room. I said that I did not want to go to bed until I had seen a doctor, so Mrs. Paul called Dr. Roy Felt, who came to the room in a very few minutes. About his first words were: "You must not go to bed here; you must go to the hospital." He ordered a carriage, and I was taken to the Sequoia Hospital, where I was put into a bath-tub of hot water, given a good rubbing and put to bed with a lot of hot water bottles. The doctor gave me morphine, and I went to sleep. Tuesday morning he examined me and said that I had two broken ribs, my right lung torn loose, an ankle badly sprained, my face and lip cut and bad bruises all over. I was kept in the hospital ten days and had the best of care while there. I had for visitors several ladies of Eureka, who supplied me with the nicest of flowers. Dr. and Mrs. Paul were with me all the first week. Mr. Martindale and wife, who were both badly cut and bruised, were in the room adjoining mine; they left the hospital one or two days ahead of me.

I want to say that everyone connected with the Sequoia Hospital did all that could be done for me; my dearest relatives could not have been kinder.

I cannot tell how I felt on Tuesday night when Dr. Felt told me that the body of the woman I had brought with me was not that of my wife. The world that was dark grew darker still.

I was so pleased to see Mr. J. W. Heffner, of Los Angeles, come walking into the room on Thursday, and was still more surprised when my brother Truman and Mr. Seth Morford, of Seattle, came in on Sunday. I can say it did me lots of good to see them.

On Wednesday morning, after bidding my new-made friends at the hospital good-bye, J. W. Heffner, Seth Morford, my brother Truman and myself started about 8:30 o'clock in an auto, with Mr. Fred Meyers as chauffeur, for Grant's Pass, Oregon, about two hundred miles over the mountains. We stopped the first night at Mrs. DeMartin's, where we were kindly cared for. We arrived at Crescent City about 10 a. m. Thursday, and after lunch started nearly east, arriving at Monumental Mine for the night. The next day we arrived at Grant's Pass at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. We were told that it was almost impossible to go over these mountain roads in an auto, yet we averaged about ten miles per hour. This trip from Eureka to Crescent City took us through the heart of the great redwood timber of Northern California.

We left Grant's Pass at 7:35 p. m. on the "Flyer" for Portland, Oregon, but as all sleepers were full, we were compelled to rest the best we could in the day coach. From Portland we went to Tacoma, Washington, arriving there at 3 p. m. Saturday. After visiting my mother and sisters and attending to necessary business, I left for Portland on the 20th of August, from which place I went to Comas to see the sister of Florence and Ray, and Mr. Carr, their father. Then back to the home in Pasadena, which we had left such a short time before with joyous anticipations for the trip; my cousin, Mrs. Etta Goodsell, the only one left of the happy household, being there to meet me.

RESOLUTIONS

Passed by Ladies' Aid Society of Gold Bar, Washington

Gold Bar, Wash., Sept. 2, 1907.

Mr. O. S. Lewis,
Pasadena, Cal.

Dear Sir: The Ladies' Aid Society of Gold Bar, Wash., of which Mrs. Lewis was President and a member for so long, passed the following resolutions in memory of her:

Whereas, The great and supreme Ruler of the universe has in his infinite wisdom removed from this world one of our worthy and esteemed co-workers, Mrs. Mabel Lewis, and whereas, the long and intimate relation held with her in the faithful discharge of her duties in the Ladies' Aid Society of Gold Bar, Wash., makes it eminently befitting that the members of this society record our appreciation of her; therefore,

Resolved, That the wisdom and ability which she exercised in the aid of our organization by service, contribution and counsel, will be held in grateful remembrance;

Resolved, That the sudden removal of such a life as hers leaves a shadow that will be deeply realized by all the members and friends of this society, and will prove a serious loss to everyone who knew her;

Resolved, That with deep sympathy with the bereaved husband of the deceased in this time of sorrow, we express our hope that even so great a loss to us all may be overruled for good by Him who doeth all things well;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the records of this society, and a copy forwarded the bereaved husband.

The Ladies' Aid Society,
Mrs. H. G. Prichard,
Mrs. E. J. Watson,
Committee.

The following accounts of the Wreck
are taken from the Daily Papers
of Eureka, San Francisco
and Los Angeles.

FIRST WRECK NEWS

Briceland, July 21, 1907.

To Life Saving Station, Eureka, Cal.:

Steamer Columbia sank at 12:20 this morning about 15 or 18 miles southwest of Degada bell buoy, Shelter Cove. Steamer San Pedro is standing by. Is waterlogged. Is in sinking condition.

(Signed) Paul Hinner.

The first accurate news of the sinking of the Harriman liner Columbia was brought to Eureka this morning by Captain C. H. Saunders, master of the steam schooner Signal. His story is to the effect that the sacrifice of lives on the ill-fated sister ship of the St. Paul must have been great.

Following in the immediate wake of the Columbia, Captain Saunders knew of the wreck almost at daylight yesterday. A heavy wind kept him from making faster time. Chief Engineer Harrington of the Signal got the Signal to make the engines hum, and Captain Saunders said this morning that the cylinders creaked under the heavy speed. At that time hundreds of life-preservers, portions of life rafts and superstructure could be seen floating on the ocean.

The Columbia, according to Captain Saunder's locations, lies at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean under 1,212 feet of water and sixteen and three-quarters miles southeast by south, one-half south from Point Gorda.

The wreck occurred at 12:20 a. m., Sunday morning in Captain Saunder's reckoning. A heavy fog was prevailing. The steam schooner flitted about the courses of the larger ships phantom-like.

About noon yesterday the Signal sighted the steamer George W. Elder, with the disabled schooner San Pedro in tow. Hailing Captain Jessen of the Elder, Captain Saunders asked if he could be of any assistance. Captain Jessen replied no, and put about for Eureka, telling Captain Jessen that he would report the disaster in Eureka, which he did.

As the Signal left the Elder, one of the hawsers parted between the Elder and her tow.

The San Pedro has a heavy list to port. Her mainmast is gone altogether and most of the deckload is gone.

It is doubtful in the mind of Captain Saunders if there was sufficient time to launch any of the ship's life-boats or rafts.

Captain Jessen reported to the Signal that he had rescued fifty people.

The Roanoke bound for San Francisco from this port stood by, and it was not known to Captain Saunders whether she succeeded in rescuing passengers or not.

The Columbia carries a crew of about 70 men. Travel at this time of the year—the summer—is very heavy.

Elder's Arrival at Eureka

The Elder arrived at the dock at about 10:30. Her ensign flew at half-mast, for on the forward deck, wrapped in a flag and in a crude box, lay the remains of George Sparks, an aged man who died from exposure.

Among those who were badly injured were the following: E. H. Janney, Portland, Ore., timber cruiser; leg crushed. John Swift, San Francisco, fireman; left leg broken in two places. Miss Hetty Goedjen, Wisconsin, hand bruised. C. H. Martindale, Guthrie, Oklahoma; legs badly bruised. Unknown woman, shoulder dislocated and internal injuries; may die. Mrs. Martindale, Guthrie, Oklahoma; badly bruised.

JUDGE CUTLER'S STORY

Judge F. A. Cutler, one of the passengers of the incoming steamer Elder, tells a graphic story of the disaster. Judge Cutler says:

"The steamer Columbia, Captain P. J. Doran, left San Francisco, bound for Portland, at 11:30 Saturday morning, carrying 168 cabin passengers, 22 steerage and 59 crew. At a point 30

miles south of Cape Mendocino at 12:15 o'clock yesterday morning, she was struck by the steamer San Pedro, and in 11 minutes had disappeared. The weather was foggy, but not thick. Both steamers were going full speed ahead when the San Pedro struck



The Steamer George W. Elder, with the Disabled San Pedro in Tow.

the Columbia on the starboard bow between the forward rigging and the steam steering gear, tearing a hole in her bow plates near the water's edge. The Columbia sank bow down. The San Pedro opened her seams and became water-logged.

"Captain Doran and Second Officer Agerup were on the bridge of the Columbia at the time of the collision. Captain Doran proved himself a hero. He ordered the boats cut loose

and ordered that women and children be first taken care of. The time was so short that only four boats could be cut loose. Passengers were aroused from sleep and hurried on the deck and donned life-preservers. All that could do, so got into the boats. The San Pedro's after housing stayed above water and some of the wrecked people got aboard this. At 6 o'clock yesterday morning the steamer Elder arrived at the scene of the wreck and picked up the survivors. Many of them were drenched to the skin and were bruised and bleeding. They were taken aboard the Elder and made comfortable by the crew and passengers. The women and children were in a pitiful condition, many of them being but half clad. From the survivors it was learned that when the steamer was struck, Captain Doran remained on the bridge with his hand on the whistle cord and went down with the ship, calling 'good-bye' as he disappeared from sight. The San Pedro was in such distress that Captain Jessen turned his attention to her when the passengers had all been taken aboard, and he finally took her in tow and brought her to this city, where he arrived at 10:30 a. m.

"Last night aboard the Elder divine services were held in the salon. Rev. Dr. Talmage of Los Angeles conducted the service and the passengers joined in singing 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' and 'Rock of Ages.' It was an affecting scene and one long to be remembered.

"One Chinese rescued from the Columbia knelt beside a fair woman, but the utterances of the divine were understood alike. The heathen had lost his shipmates, all cousins, and the other survivors did not know whether their friends were dead or alive.

"Among the passengers of the Columbia were a number of teachers who have been in attendance upon the National Educational Convention at Los Angeles."

MEMBERS OF THE CREW TELL STORIES OF WRECK

Eureka, Cal., July 23.—O. Swanson, a sailor of the San Pedro, was at the wheel Saturday night when the fatal collision occurred. In his report to Agent John Erickson, the blame is laid upon the shoulders of the Columbia's officers. Other members of

the crew of the San Pedro substantiate the story of Swanson. He says that the order was given to him when the lookout sighted the Columbia to put the wheel hard aport. Three points aport carried the San Pedro seaward, apparently out of the way of the approaching vessel, whose name at that time was not known.

Short toots from the whistle of both vessels warned the skippers. The Columbia was on the coast side, the San Pedro on the sea side. Apparently both vessels were proceeding at full speed. If all had gone well, the San Pedro would have cleared the Columbia, but it is evident that an order "put the wheel hard a-starboard" was given on the Columbia, which sent her directly across the bow of the steam schooner.

Whether the speed of either vessel was slackened is immaterial, for the crash of the vessels was terrific. The Columbia, an iron vessel, bore the brunt of the impact on her iron plates, cracking a gash seven feet across the forward hatch, allowing the water free ingress at a great velocity.

CAPTAIN JESSEN'S STORY

Captain Jessen of the Elder made the following statement concerning his part in the disaster:

"When the Elder arrived on the scene of the disaster, the Columbia had already gone down, and the deck of the San Pedro was awash. Our first work was to pick up as many of the survivors as we could from the rafts and in the boats of the Columbia. The water was pretty smooth, and the fog was just lifting. This was about 6 o'clock in the morning. We did all we could for the poor people, and succeeded in saving many lives, as you already know. When we had done all we could for the shipwrecked passengers, we made ready to take the San Pedro in tow. This was a difficult task, and once the San Pedro broke away from us. Finally everything was made fast, and we towed her into Eureka. The San Pedro had as many people on board as she safely could carry."

PRAISE CREW OF SAN PEDRO

The survivors say they want justice done to the crew of the San Pedro, the vessel which has caused so much anguish. The crew of the San Pedro worked to a man to rescue the Columbia's people, even while it was feared that the steam schooner was herself going down. The survivors also unite in paying the highest praises to the citizens of Eureka, who not only clothed, fed and sheltered them, but even gave them money.

In all charity to the memory of a brave man, there is the suggestion in the public comment that, inspiring as was Captain Doran's manner of accepting death, more lives might have been spared had he survived.

In the absence of officers, the Columbia's sailors did all that men could, but with some one blessed with the gift of command in charge of the rescue work, there is no doubt that more lives could have been saved.

Had Doran been there, for instance, say men who knew him, Captain Hansen of the San Pedro would have been "persuaded" in short order to take all the rescued passengers on board the water-logged coaster. The reason given by Hansen for his refusal to take more from the lifeboats was that he feared the San Pedro was going to capsize. A man of Doran's experience could have told him that there was no record on this coast of a water-logged vessel laden with lumber either sinking or turning turtle.

Had the men in charge of the life-boats been able to transfer their human freight to the schooner, they could have taken many more from the water.

"The last load I took to the San Pedro," said Quartermaster Lindstrom of the Columbia, "I was not allowed to put on board. My boat was too full to take any more, and I was compelled to sit there in idleness and helplessness while in my ears rang the cries of men and women struggling for life in the water only a few yards away. I can hear those cries yet. The George W. Elder appeared six hours later, but it was too late then. The cries had ceased long before."

COLUMBIA OFFICERS' SWORN STATEMENT

(By the Associated Press—P. M.)

San Francisco, July 23.—Three of the officers of the Columbia, who arrived here on the steamer Pomona, made statements under oath to Inspectors of Hulls and Boilers Bolles and Bulger. Second Officer Richard Agerup said:

"At 12 o'clock, midnight, Saturday, July 20, I relieved First Officer W. F. Whitney on the bridge of the Columbia, being sixty-eight miles to the north of Point Arena, by the ship's log, and steering 3 by 4 northwest by pilot-house compass. Captain Doran was also on the bridge, as the weather was foggy, but he went to his room for a few minutes, and then went to the bridge again.

"About 12:15 a. m., Sunday, I heard a whistle on the starboard bow, and I reported to the captain, who said he had heard it, too. We kept our whistle going regularly, and so did the other steamer. The sound apparently still came from the starboard bow, which proved later to be the case, for about 12:20 o'clock we saw the other steamer's headlight and her red sidelight about two points on the starboard bow. We were going full speed ahead, as shown by the indicator on the bridge.

"The captain ordered me to blow two blasts. While blowing the second blast, the other steamer answered with one blast. The captain then ordered the engineer 'full speed astern.' His order was answered from the engine-room, and the captain himself blew three whistles.

"Soon after the steamer collided with the Columbia and struck her about thirty feet from the stem on the starboard side. This was about 12:22 o'clock, as I looked at the clock.

"Captain Doran shouted: 'What are you doing, man!' and told the other steamer to stand by us, as she was loaded with lumber.

Captain's Orders

"Captain Doran whistled down to the engine-room, but got no answer; so he sent down to the engineer on watch to learn if the ship was making any water.

"I went down to the engine-room and asked the first assistant

engineer, M. Burpee, if there was any water there. He said there was not. Returning to the bridge, I reported to the captain. Just then the watchman came on the bridge, and reported water streaming in forward.

"The first officer came on the bridge and the captain ordered him to take the bridge and me to take off the head covers and get the boats ready for hoisting.

"By this time the ship listed to starboard, and started to go down by the head. Several men were by this time getting the boats over. The captain ordered me to cut the after life raft adrift.

"While doing this I heard the whistle blow, and looking around saw the bridge nearly under water. I saw there was no time to spare, so I threw a life-buoy overboard and jumped over the stern into the sea.

"As I struck the water, the Columbia disappeared, and the suction brought me down with it. I got to the surface, and about thirty minutes later was picked up in No. 10 boat by one of the quartermasters."

AWFUL SCENES

It took but eleven minutes for the steamer Columbia to sink to the bottom after the San Pedro crashed into her. In those eleven minutes the veritable hell hole that raged, the cursing of men and the shrieks of women and children, are indescribable. It is the worst wreck that has occurred on this part of the Pacific Coast.

Women were torn from their children. Naked people stood upon the deck. Men were seen gritting their teeth as they stared death in the face.

Life counted but little with brave Captain Doran of the Columbia. The story of his fortitude would make the blood tingle through any man's veins. Imagine a man sinking slowly with his ship, holding to the whistle cord with one hand and to the engine signal with the other.

Captain Doran at His Post

When that fearful crash occurred, Captain Doran was, at his post on the bridge. Several of his officers surrounded him.

"Listen! Listen!" he yelled with fury. "Take your time. I am commander of this ship. If you will but take your time, all will be safe." Then he pulled upon the whistle cord until the the rushing water drowned the fires.

"Good-bye," he calmly cried, and in another minute he sunk with his ship, true to his trust.

Aboard the vessel scores of people were scurrying. Shrieks, unimaginable groans and death-like cries only lent to the confusion.

Fighting for Life

Eleven minutes was scarcely time to launch two boats. They practically launched themselves when the boat was sinking. Into these floating rafts scores of people clambered. From the upper deck life rafts were thrown overboard and bucket racks, serving the purpose of buoys, were thrown into the seas. Upon these also survivors fighting for their lives clambered. There was not time to dress. The hissing sounds emanating from the engine-rooms told the passengers that it was time to get out at once, if their lives were dear. And out upon the deck they scrambled, men, women and children.

RESCUED HER FRIEND

Miss Mabel Watson, a young girl who does not appear to be very strong, was one of the heroes. There were others, but they did not care to recount their experiences. Miss Watson jumped from the deck of the sinking liner with a woman friend clasped in her arms. Neither one was a swimmer, and the great shock accompanied by that fall into the icy waters rendered Miss Watson's friend unconscious. Struggling with the limp body of her friend, Miss Watson, buoyed up by a life-preserver, managed to keep afloat. The dead weight of her charge almost cost Miss Watson her life.

But she clung to that form, refusing all offers of assistance

until both should be rescued together. Third Officer Hawse of the Columbia happened along in one of the ship's boats, and picked up the two women.

CLAMBERED ON A RAFT AS THE STEAMER SANK

Eureka, Cal., July 23.—Prof. William Hardy Lucas of Seattle gave the following account of the wreck:

"As nearly as I can learn from those who did not lose their watches, the collision occurred at about fifteen minutes after midnight. The shock was hardly noticeable, but I heard the crash and the scraping sound that followed. For a few seconds I heard no other sound and decided to wait developments or information. Soon I heard one of the crew shouting, 'All hands on deck.' Still I supposed only the crew was wanted, and did not leave my berth until the cry was changed to, 'Everybody on deck, she's struck.'

"From the scraping sound I inferred that the vessel was aground on a rock or bar, and concluded that I would not join in any panic or stampede for the boats, but would rather wait until all the women were put off and take my chances of getting one of the boats that might come back after going to shore, or trust to a life-preserver and what swimming I could do.

"As I climbed the stairway the vessel lurched considerably to one side, and I quickly felt the seriousness of the situation. But I carried all my luggage up and shoved it under a bench along the rail so as not to have it cause anyone to stumble. The vessel was tilting more every second, and I moved forward along the side. Several men and some women were running about asking for life-preservers, and I told them all to look in their own berths. As I passed along, I noticed a boat filled with people, and others were trying to clamber into it.

"Those inside were pleading that no more get in because the boat would surely sink, so I left them and climbed over the ship's rail just in time to keep from sliding across the steep, sloping deck down into the water on the lower side. Within a very short time the vessel sank until the water touched my ankles, when I

sprang into the ocean, hoping to swim far enough away to escape the whirlpool which I thought surely must follow the ship when it sank. I had taken about twenty-five strokes and began to be in dismay, because I seemed to make so little head-way, when the side of the ship toppled toward me.

"As the water covered the boilers, a great hissing, followed by an explosion which heaved a large quantity of water and wreckage toward me. I was carried farther from where the ship was sinking, but the rushing mass of tangled timbers caused me fresh alarm, so I continued my efforts to swim away until, on turning my head, I saw that the pile had spread out nearly flat and some logs had almost overtaken me. A few strokes brought me to a raft, on which I scrambled, and as I looked around no one appeared within twenty yards of me.

"All I could do was simply to await results, for I had no means of moving the raft about nor a rope that could be thrown within reach of anyone. After the noise of the sinking vessel subsided, I heard a most heart-rending wailing mingled with piercing screams of those in their last struggles, and some of these were shrieking the names of friends from whom they had been separated. Words cannot convey any adequate idea of the scene nor express my feelings of pity and dismay. To be a witness of such distress is indeed a frightful experience, especially when one cannot possibly render assistance.

"Although the catastrophe was concluded within ten minutes after the collision, I am sure there was plenty of time for all to have left the ship with life-preservers had they merely known where they were stored and how to put them on, and that could easily have been learned by all who were willing to take the time for reading the conspicuous signs that were on the walls of all the staterooms."

A PATHETIC STORY

A story of deep pathos comes from Mr. and Mrs. Martindale of Guthrie, Oklahoma, who had been spending a vacation in San Francisco, and were enroute to the north. In the wild panic

that ensued, Martindale with his wife in one arm and his baby girl Ruth in the other, jumped from the upper deck of the Columbia into the sea. When he fell into the water, the struggle was too much, and the little daughter was swept from his arms.

As she related the story, Mrs. Martindale broke into deep sobs. "Spare no expense in finding her if she is alive," she murmured, for the heart-broken mother was injured in the awful struggle. "She has a little bracelet on her arm with her name engraved upon it. Oh, do find her!"

The little child wore a life-preserver, but it is doubtful if the sad mother will ever see her again. Besides her daughter, Mrs. Martindale lost her sister, Mrs. E. E. Butler. Mr. Butler and their two children were also lost.

ARRIVAL OF ELDER AT PORTLAND

Portland, July 24.—Bearing survivors of the wrecked Columbia, the steamer George W. Elder made fast to her dock in this city precisely at 6 o'clock this evening. Hours before the big steamer touched at her dock, thousands of people had gathered to welcome the fortunate survivors of the catastrophe, and relatives and friends were there to prove by sight and touch the safety of their loved ones. And there were those who were impelled by a final hope that by some miracle a father, a wife, a son or a brother might have been overlooked in the preparation of the roster of the saved.

When the big boat made fast, a great cheer arose, and by what seemed mutual consent the crowds divided, forming a line on either side of a narrow lane through which the survivors walked as they left the vessel. They were seized as fast as they were recognized and smothered with hugs and kisses, and not a few tears found refuge on the shoulders and breasts as loved ones were reunited.

There was no organized celebration, just a spontaneous welcoming of the shipwrecked people.

STORY OF W. L. SMITH, OF PORTLAND

Vividly descriptive is the story of the Columbia wreck told by W. L. Smith of Portland, whose narrative is the most connected and lucid of any told by survivors brought to Astoria by the steamer George W. Elder. Smith was one of the few people who actually saw the collision.

"I had been in the room of the first engineer, William Jackson," he said, until after midnight. It was a cold, black night, and there was a heavy fog. The captain and first officer were on deck. Shortly after midnight I retired, and was undressed when I heard the whistles. The San Pedro blew about five short toots and the Columbia two or three. Despite my scanty attire, I ran on deck and saw the San Pedro upon us. I was amidships, and saw the lumber schooner strike. It was not a sharp compact, but a sort of long, soft grind. The collision was so light that I was not thrown down. The fog was so thick that when the San Pedro backed away, I could not distinguish a man standing on the schooner six yards away.

"We had been going at full speed, but when we were struck the engines were stopped. Some one shouted for life-preservers. I ran down into the cabin and kicked in door after door. Many of the people were seasick and did not want to save themselves. The shock being light, when I kicked open stateroom doors and told people to get out, many were still fast asleep. These passengers scarcely had a chance for their lives. They had but three or four minutes in which to get out.

"Dozens did not know how to adjust life-preservers, and this consumed time. I aroused one family, consisting of a father, mother and three small children. The last I saw of them they were standing in the cabin holding hands. All were lost. There were many who did not hurry or did not consider the alarm serious.

"Only two life-boats were saved, as those on the other side of the steamer could not be gotten at. Right here I want to praise the Swedish seamen. Before the officers came, two of these men got the life-boats out and saw that they cleared the ship. They did not wait for their officers to give instructions.

"Among the passengers there was no special panic. I heard but one call for help, the other cries being shrieks of terror.

"Terror did not end with the rescue by the San Pedro. When there were many of the Columbia survivors on board and a feeling of safety came, one mast of the San Pedro fell and carried with it six people. The deck load of lumber also went. Those who had just been rescued were hurried on deck again, most of them nearly naked, as it was believed the San Pedro was going down. She settled in the waves until the water was on



Another View of the Wrecked San Pedro.

the deck. The fires were extinguished and the lights were out. A more desolate, dismal and discouraging situation could scarcely be imagined.

"There were boats still filled with people in the water which could not be taken on board, as the San Pedro was in a dangerous predicament. Eventually a couple of lights were set out, and served as beacons until daylight. Then the Elder came.

"About daylight a tramp steamer was seen in the distance, and one of the life-boats started after it, but saw the case was hopeless and returned. When the Elder came, there was no one seen afloat.

"Too much praise cannot be given the crew of the San Pedro, nor the people of Eureka. The latter offered food, shelter, clothing and money.

"The people downstairs on the port side had little chance to escape, and only a few of the steerage passengers got out alive. Those who got out of the steerage cannot tell how they did it. Outside of those who did manage to get in the first boats, all others saved were saved by accident, or I may say, by a miracle.

"On the whole, the women were braver than the men, and deserve a great deal of praise. Most of them were comparatively cool, despite the circumstances. I believe that a number of people will die as a result of exposure. The water was bitter cold and the wind was cutting, so that the survivors were numbed and exhausted."

BY CHIEF ENGINEER J. Y. JACKSON

As soon as I could get into my clothes after the collision, I rushed down into the engine-room and found everything all right there, until the boat listed to starboard, when I ordered all the crew out of the engine and furnace-rooms to the decks. I am quite positive that the boilers did not explode. I would have known it if any one did, as I stood directly above them when the ship pitched head foremost into the sea, and was there until she was well under water before I was able to get back to the surface.

After my first rush to the engine-room, when I returned to the deck I heard the captain calling out his orders to have everyone taken from the staterooms. The next moment the Columbia threw up her stern and, quivering a moment, dived straight into the sea.

As we went down I noticed that everyone near me had on a life-preserver. When we came to the surface we had no trouble keeping our heads above water, as the sea was almost quiet and only slightly choppy. The survivors came to the surface within a half minute, and aside from them there was nothing seen of the ship or her crew again. Some wreckage was floating about, but that came loose when the Columbia went down. Most of

us were able to find boards and rafts to cling to. But we lay for hours in the fog, and the suffering among the rescued was intense. The San Pedro could not take us aboard, as she was in a precarious condition herself. Finally at 6 in the morning the Elder hove in sight, and took us aboard.

TELLS THRILLING STORY

Mrs. O. Leidelt, clothed from head to foot in a dark brown ulster and her features hidden by a brown veil tied over her hat and under her chin, came falteringly down the plank and made her way uncertainly through the crowd. She held a handkerchief to her eyes as she walked, and when asked by newspaper men for a recital of her experiences, she burst into tears.

"When the crash occurred, I got out of my stateroom," she said. "Everyone was excited—everyone except the captain. He stood on the bridge, his arms extended, begging the passengers to be cool. The crew stood at the boats, cutting away at the lines that held them. There was no chance to lower them. All who could, piled into the boats. Lots of people jumped over the sides, trying to climb onto bits of wood which were floating in the water. I didn't have time to think. I ran to the side. There, under the side, was a raft. There was nobody on it. I jumped. How I got on to it I don't know. But I struck the raft and injured my hip. Other women got on the raft also. I don't know how they got on—some crawled from the water, others jumped from the boat.

"Then the Columbia went down, bow first, and then over her whole length. The raft whirled around and the water washed over us. Two women and a little child were washed off, and I never saw them again. One woman was left. Her hold was weak. She begged me to help her. I leaned over and tried to hold her on, but I was too weak. She died before my eyes. Oh, I can't forget that. I'll never forget that. She drowned and I couldn't help her. Who she was, I do not know. Now and then I got a glimpse of another raft or a boat. We got some pieces of

wood after awhile and used them for oars, and finally, it must have been hours afterward, we climbed on the San Pedro. It was a terrible climb up her side.

"Men helped, but I felt so weak I never thought I would get over it. The waves kept breaking over us. We were dripping wet and it was so cold. On the San Pedro we were sitting on the little narrow pieces of lumber. Suddenly a wave carried away the lumber we were sitting on. We managed to stay on the ship, however, but there were some who got that far who got no further, for without any warning the rear mast of the San Pedro gave way and swept several into the sea. One or two were brought back alive, but of the others we saw nothing. And the darkness hanging over everything made it terrible. We did not know if the San Pedro would hold together, although the officers and crew tried their best to cheer us up. The day broke.

"The fog still hung thick, and the light only appeared gradually, but then we could see who was saved and who was not. That sight I can't tell you about it. Everything was so desolate and dismal. And then the Elder came up. They got us aboard, cared for us, and at Eureka I secured the only remaining berth on the Pomona to come back home."

STORY OF C. A. MURPHY

San Francisco, July 23.—C. A. Murphy, a waiter, one of the survivors of the Columbia, who arrived here today, said:

"When the San Pedro struck us, the shock awoke me. The next moment the second steward, Marks, called us to our fire drill posts, and I ran to the deck on the starboard side toward the stern, where my post was. When I saw the San Pedro, I knew what was up. I was pretty sure she was sinking, so I ran into every cabin, shaking the people in the bunks and dragging out their life-preservers.

"I remember putting life-preservers on eight women on that side. Everybody was cool, but nobody knew what to do. They stood around dazed and let me put the straps over their shoulders just like children, without asking any questions or trying to help themselves. I would not let them stop to dress.

"The boat lay on her right side until she sunk. When we were all clinging to the port rail, hardly any of us with any clothes on, the captain stood on the bridge and looked down on us and said: "Well, boys, I did all I could for you, and I can do no more. She's a goner. Good-bye."

MR. ROBINSON'S EXPERIENCE

Alameda, July 24.—Mrs. Reginald Robinson of 1912 Clinton Avenue, whose husband was a cabin passenger on the Columbia and survived the wreck, has received a letter from him in which he tells of his experiences after the collision. The letter was written on the steamship George W. Elder, while that vessel was conveying survivors to Eureka, Sunday morning. Excerpts from Robinson's letter follow:

"I got into a boat which a dozen of us had been trying to free from the davits. Most of the party had left it for another, but with a superhuman strength, three others and myself at last freed it just as the big boat dived into the depths of the sea. It was all so sudden that I can hardly realize it. It seems like a bad dream. I escaped in my pajamas only; lost everything but my life. Dozens were lost—about 125—and about 95 saved. I will go on to Portland by this boat, probably, as I cannot get there any other way.

"I have a friend who was in my room, No. 58. I saved his life, and he won't leave my sight for a moment, nor I his. I pulled him into the boat and hurt my legs and head, but not much. A passenger on this boat (the George W. Elder), which stops at Eureka before going to Portland, gave me a suit of clothes.

"I saw the San Pedro laden with lumber ram the Columbia on the starboard side in the bows. I had heard the foghorns and had gone on deck, but there was very little fog. I could tell you many terrible things, but what's the use? People died of exposure and went crazy, and I don't wonder at it. I was on the San Pedro from 12:30 a. m. until 5:30 a. m. just in my

pajamas. While the San Pedro was breaking up and the waves breaking over her, the mast and boom fell by my side and five men were knocked overboard. I was the next man, but I didn't go. We had a very impressive service at 8 a. m.

"After the first few minutes I kept cool and used my head, or I would never have escaped. The people on this boat have treated us fine and we could have anything in Eureka at the hotels."

MR. AND MRS. DECKER

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Decker of Tesla, Cal., were among the survivors of the Columbia who returned on the City of Topeka. Decker had this to say:

"We are a reunited couple. When the Columbia went down, I just had time to kiss my wife good-bye, when she was washed off the deck and I followed her. Hours later when I was aboard the Elder, a doctor called out my name. I followed him to the cabin, and there was my wife, her right eye blackened, and she was rolled up in a blanket."

STORY OF MABEL GEIGER

Miss Mabel Geiger, sister of Principal W. F. Geiger of the Seattle High School, said:

"My traveling companion, Miss Hattie Wright, and I had plenty of time to dress and put on life-preservers before the boat sank," she said this morning. "Many, however, were scantily clad, and others were thrown into the water by the waves washing over the deck, without a stitch of clothes to protect them from the cold.

"I was awake at the time of the collision. There was no shock whatever to indicate that anything unusual had happened, and I did not know that we had been struck by another boat until the engines stopped running. This startled me, and I shortly afterwards learned the disaster that had befallen us. I woke Miss Wright, both of us dressed and put on life-preservers, and

went on deck. There was but little commotion, and I heard advice given to the effect that there was no danger and that all could with safety return to their staterooms. We did not take the advice, but as soon as a life boat was placed on the deck, we got into it, in order to have a place when it was lowered.

Grasped by Hand in Darkness

"Meanwhile the steamship was gradually sinking, and the water was washing over the deck. Unexpectedly a large swell carried the row boat and both of us over the side of the boat and into the water. For a few moments the life-preservers held both of us up. It was so dark we could see nothing. Suddenly a hand grasped me around the throat and I sank in the embrace of a person, who apparently did not have a life-preserver on, and was trying to save herself by grabbing for anything. Miss Wright sank at the same time.

"I cannot say how long I was under the water, or how far down I went. I know that I came up again and floundered about in the cold water for more than half an hour, the life-preserver working perfectly. I never saw my companion after we both sank in the pitchy darkness. At the end of about half an hour I was picked up and taken on board the San Pedro. It also seemed to be sinking. As the water began covering the deck, I made for the post nearest at hand and climbed it to the upper deck, where I remained six hours until we were picked up by the Elder. The survivors were then taken to Eureka.

"I cannot say too much for the hospitality of the citizens of that place. They were generous beyond description. There was nothing that the survivors could wish for that was not given them, even without asking. They furnished them with clothes, food, lodging and even money to pay their expenses in first-class way to their homes. It was a veritable paradise after the time spent in the cold, wet darkness.

"I shall never forget my half hour's experience in the cold, black water. It was a frightful sensation when that hand out of the darkness grabbed me. I thought my last moment had come, and I suppose it was the fright that rendered me oblivious to all

that happened during the next few seconds. I cannot figure out how my companion, poor Miss Wright, lost her life. She must have been pulled down, as I was, and never came up."

MANY CHILDREN HAVE PERISHED

According to the figures furnished yesterday by Purser Burns of the Columbia, of the number of people aboard the vessel, and the list of survivors obtained aboard the Elder upon her arrival here, together with the list from Shelter Cove, the number of missing from the wrecked Columbia was 93. These figures, according to Purser Burns, however, related to adults only. The survivors say there was an unusually large number of children aboard, and Purser Burns corroborates this, but is unable to give the number, as the children were not enumerated on the list, the entry being simply the names of the parents or guardians, followed by the rather indefinite "and children." Only one child was among the survivors brought on the Elder, Effie Gordon, who proves to have been the only child saved.

The saving of Effie Gordon is a miracle of the horror. Her parents went down with the hulk of the ill-fated passenger steamer. No one saw her jump from the heaving hulk into the dark waters, and she cannot herself tell how long she drifted about. Unable to swim, the childish form floated. The superstitious sailors along Eureka's water front are greatly excited over what they believe to be a miracle. The child floated alongside the San Pedro, where the white speck on the waves was seen and a boat sent to investigate.

H. S. Allen, one of the refugees taken to Eureka, has a sad little story to tell of one of the Columbia's child passengers, all of whom went to death save Effie Gordon.

"After the blow, when the officers began yelling for everyone to quit the berths and get to the hurricane deck, I was running through a passage when a woman screamed to me to save a child. I looked around, and there by a door, was a little thing in white night clothes staring around, lost, I suppose, by its parents. I don't know whether the woman crying at me to

take it was its mother or not—I just grabbed it and dashed for the companionway, for the ship was listing badly. When I got on deck, the slant was so great that I fell clear down to the starboard side, hanging to the baby, which never cried a bit. Then I saw the ship going under head first and I jumped. The little child never whimpered when we struck the water. We went down a frightful ways in the suction, all tangled in the drift and stuff, and before the whirlpool sea ceased, the baby was jerked away from me. I got to the top finally, and was on a raft until taken on the Elder."

CHARGES INHUMANITY

San Francisco, July 24.—Charges of gross inhumanity and the sacrifice of many lives have been made by third Officer Robt. Hawse of the sunken Columbia, against Capt. G. M. Hansen of the steam schooner San Pedro. Hawse in his thrilling and terrible tale of the awful marine disaster severely scores Hansen and the entire crew of the San Pedro for their failure to rescue survivors of the wreck.

After telling of the delivery of his first boatload to the San Pedro, he said:

"I continued to pick up isolated floating people, and when I had got four ladies and six men in the boat, which made a total of 15 with the crew, I proceeded back to the San Pedro, but the San Pedro refused to take more passengers. I repeatedly asked them to take the women, one of whom was half naked and delirious, but somebody sang out they were full up. If the San Pedro had taken these passengers, I could have saved many more lives. I could take no more, as my boat was fully loaded.

"I lay to until daylight, taking such care of my passengers as the circumstances would allow. I covered the women with sail, and although I had much trouble with the delirious one, the other three gave me no trouble at all, although they were wet through and almost naked, and must have suffered terribly during those long hours.

"I desire to speak in the highest terms of praise in regard

to these noble women and in the lowest terms of contempt for the men passengers, who would not inconvenience themselves to make the lot of these women more bearable."

STORY OF WRECK FROM GARBERVILLE

Garberville, July 23.—The remaining 15 passengers and seamen of the steamer, who landed near Shelter Cove Sunday noon from one of the life-boats of the Columbia, remained at the Cove until yesterday, when they managed to get to Briceland, coming on the freight and bark wagons from here. Fred Fearrien brought them to this place in a four-horse wagon. After remaining at the Exchange Hotel over night, Fred this morning started with them for Harris, where they will take the stage for Sherwood and San Francisco. With the exception of one woman, who had lost a sister in the disaster, and one man, the little crowd of shipwrecked people were making the best of their misfortunes. All of them were without means to pay their way, although one woman, Mrs. W. D. Ingels of Oakland, received money by telephone from Eureka after she arrived here, her husband having been rescued by the other life-boat and taken to Eureka, and it was only when the telephone message came that they knew both were saved.

STORY OF EDWIN WALLIN

Edwin Wallin, a lad of 15 years, gave the most connected report of the awful times they all had passed through. When the steamer struck, he was upon deck fully dressed, even to his overcoat, so was well clothed. But when he found himself a few moments afterward struggling in the water, it was some time before he could remove the heavy coats in order to keep afloat. He had succeeded in getting both coats and one shoe off when he found himself in the grasp of a drowning man, who was clinging to the dead body of a little boy. The man caught Wallin by the foot that had the shoe on, and he could not loosen

the man's grasp, who was begging in the most piteous tones, "Help me save my little boy." He told the man the child was dead and that they would do well if they saved themselves, but the man still clung to the child, and it was fortunate for Wallin they were soon picked up by the life-boat, as he could not have kept up much longer, for he was still in the grasp of the man. The body of his little boy was left in the water.

THE LEWIS FAMILY

James and Joe Thomas arrived home this evening from Elinor, where they met the special train with Mr. O. S. Lewis and the two bodies. We were pleased to read in the list of those saved the names of Dr. and Mrs. Paul of Nebraska, relatives of Mr. O. S. Lewis, as he was grieving over their loss and the sad death of his wife and little children, as he was nearly positive the little ones had perished before they could be picked up by a boat. The little boy Ray, nine years old, had on no life-preserver, and the father grieved over the thought that he would not even have the consolation of finding the little lad's body. The girl Florence, twelve years old, had on a life-preserver, so he tried to believe that she might have kept afloat and been picked up by some of the boats. Mr. Lewis was injured quite severely by the wreckage, having been struck on the head and was nearly exhausted from his efforts to keep his wife and children afloat that he had no recollection of when the children were missing. He was in a serious condition, when he left here yesterday, and the newly made friends here are much concerned about him, as aside from his injuries he was threatened with pneumonia.

A special train over the N. W. P. Railway, secured by the Eureka Relief Committee, to bring in the boat-load of survivors who were expected at Camp Five from Shelter Cove, arrived at 7:30 o'clock last evening, but the only living Columbia passenger aboard was O. S. Lewis, bringing the dead body of his wife and that of the unknown man from the boat that came ashore

at the Cove. His story is a particularly sad one, for at one fell swoop he was bereft of wife and children, even while heroically struggling to save them.

At the time the vessel took the last fatal plunge, Lewis, with his wife, a boy of nine and a girl of twelve, were outside on the berth deck, with the hurricane deck as a roof. He had succeeded in placing life-belts on his wife, daughter and self, but had not yet placed one on the boy, when they were engulfed in the water as the vessel pitched down head first, and, clinging together, were dashed up against the deck overhead.

SMALL BOY DIES IN ARMS OF HIS FATHER

Lad Freezes to Death Ere the Life-boat Arrives

Eureka, July 24.—Jacob Kurz, a farmer of Coldwater, Kansas, who was journeying to meet his brother at Falls City, Oregon, whom he had not seen in twenty years, is the only one to arrive here from Shelter Cove able to give a clear account of the landing of the ship's boat with fifteen people at that place. Kurz arrived in Eureka this morning. He had leaped into the sea from the Columbia with his seven-year-old son, and the boy died in his arms. Kurz said:

"I was not awakened by any crash, but by the scurrying of people on the upper deck: I took time to dress, not realizing that the vessel would sink. My boy Charley was in the room with me, and I dressed him partly and ran toward the deck. The water was by that time up to the grating and, with Charley in arms, I climbed up the rail until the water reached that point, then dropped into the sea with my son. I tried my best to keep afloat, but the water was icy and the cold soon got the best of us. First my little boy grew cold and unconscious, and then I lost my senses. At the last moment I could see no boat in sight, but when I awoke, I was safely landed in one of the ship's boats with a lot of half-clad women and men. The sailors were rowing to get to the shore. First they tried the sail, but this didn't work, and once or twice the boat came near capsizing.

"But those good sailors, under the direction of Quartermaster Hinner, kept on rowing, changing about and receiving relief now and then from passengers who were strong enough. When I came to my senses I looked about for my boy, but they told me that he had died in my arms and that they could not pick up the body. I want to lay particular stress upon the bravery and chivalry of Watchman Else McAlpine, Quartermaster Hinner and other sailors. McAlpine stripped himself of his shirt in the freezing wind and put it upon a woman.

"At Shelter Cove we were all taken care of and given clothes. Next day we started out in a bark wagon, hauled by seven mules, for Briceland. We changed horses and team and went on to Harris, where the other survivors took the stage to San Francisco."

Kurz and O. S. Lewis, at the Sequoia Hospital, are the only survivors who reached the shore at Shelter Cove to come through to Eureka.

NOT THE BODY OF MRS. LEWIS

A startling discovery was made at the Oliver & Sanders Co.'s undertaking rooms this forenoon when the body supposed to be that of Mrs. O. S. Lewis of Pasadena, was declared to be that of a total stranger to the friends of Mrs. Lewis. This was the body landed at Shelter Cove and brought here last evening by Mr. Lewis in the belief that it was that of his wife, whom he supposed had died alongside of him, as told elsewhere in this issue.

How the mistake was made can be explained by the fact that it was dark when Lewis and the supposed body of his wife were taken out of the water, and immediately that the body was gotten into the boat it was covered with canvas and remained that way until given over to the undertaker at Shelter Cove. Evidently Mr. Lewis, who was ill and almost distracted from his experience, did not attempt to look at the features of the dead, and last night immediately after his arrival here was taken to Sequoia Hospital, where he is suffering from pneumonia.

The discovery that the corpse was not that of her aunt was made this forenoon at the undertaking rooms by Mrs. Paul, who with her husband, Dr. J. E. Paul of Columbus, Nebraska, was traveling with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, and were among the survivors brought here on the Elder yesterday.

The discovery has not yet been told to the bereaved husband, owing to his critical condition at the hospital. From the experience the husband went through after sinking with the wreck, it is probable that his wife is really among the dead, but that her body will never be found.

S. C. LEWIS

S. C. Lewis of Los Angeles, stepson of the late W. A. Waller, whose body was brought to this city from Shelter Cove, where it was brought ashore in one of the Columbia's life-boats, arrived on the steamer City of Topeka, Sunday, to look after the proper interment of his step father and see if it were possible to learn any more facts regarding his mother's fate.

Mr. Lewis stated that his father had between \$2,500 and \$3,000 on his person when he went on board the Columbia, but it is now probably at the bottom of the ocean with that vessel, as Mr. Waller had on only his underclothes when picked up by the life-boat. Besides the cash, Mr. Waller also had the store fixtures for his new place of business in the cargo of the Columbia.

DEPOSITION OF O. S. LEWIS

Probably the most graphic story of the wreck of the Columbia and the incidents following it, is contained in the deposition of O. S. Lewis of Pasadena, the retired saw-mill man of Washington, who came ashore in the life-boat at Shelter Cove with fifteen persons, the bodies of W. A. Waller and the unknown woman. This deposition was taken by Deputy Coroner Oliver at Sequoia Hospital, where Mr. Lewis is lying threatened with

pneumonia, and was for the use at the inquest held last night over the two bodies. Except for the usual preliminary questions, it is here given, and is as follows:

Q. Yes, what I want to get at is your own experience from the time the vessels collided until you got into that row boat, the life-boat; there are things about that life boat I want to inquire about.

A. Why, I was on the boat. I went to my berth between nine and ten o'clock, undressed and went to sleep, and all of a sudden I woke up by, I presume, the stopping of the engines. When the engines stopped, the jar stopped. And then the engines were reversed; of course that is imaginary in part, but I am positive it is true, because the quiver of the boat would indicate that the engines had been reversed, and probably in a few seconds, there was time enough, so I knew it; I heard the jar, which was very slight; and probably one or two minutes later there was someone ran through the halls calling out, "Everybody on deck with your life-preservers," and I jumped up—

Q. (Interrupting). Was that a member of the crew?

A. Of course I don't know.

Q. You simply heard someone calling out, "All hands on deck with your life-preservers?"

A. I jumped up and dressed myself in full, put on my shoes and coat; just before that time I was in room 13. My wife was in room 18, and she came to the door and helloed out. I told her to go to room 7 and I would be there. That was the room Dr. J. E. Paul and wife were in, and our two children were in room 7.

I followed her right up. I went there, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul were dressed and my wife had her clothing on, but I do not know how complete, and had her life-preserver on. I helped the little girl with her life-preserver, and I tried to find one for the little boy, but there was none to be had.

Q. Where did you look for the life-preservers at the time you were looking for one for the boy?

A. I didn't look anywhere; I kind of called for one, and went in room 9, which was just across the way, and the parties

came out of there. Of course we were hurrying. These life-preservers were back of the bed. I felt along the wall there, and just at that time they were all going out of the room, rushing to get up and we went on up to the next deck; but as we were going up the steps the boat had lurched so much that you could not stand up, it was so steep, and I went on the left-hand side of the boat—

Q. The port side of the vessel?

A. The left-hand side going toward the front. But just went to the corner and the boat was going down this way (shows). I grabbed hold of the rail, and had a hold of my wife and the boy, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul climbed over the rail right there, and we all went into the water, and we went down at an awful rapid rate, down into the water, and it seemed a long ways, too.

Q. The suction carried you down?

A. No, we were under the roof of this deck; the roof caught me and carried me down with the boat, and then some way—I don't know how—we were let loose.

Q. Probably by the explosion?

A. I don't know. And we went back up. When I came to the surface I had a hold of that body, that I supposed was my wife, and I really believe the children were there, and I tried to save this body. The skirts were over the head, and I tried every way that I could, with all the efforts that were in me, to get the skirts from over the head. It seemed as if they were tied down or caught on something, and I could not do it.

Q. Mr. Lewis, how long do you suppose you had been in the water before you were taken into this boat?

A. I would presume—the only way I could figure on the length of time is by the time when they started ashore, they said it was twenty minutes to four, but after we were pulled in the boat they did quite a little paddling around there.

Q. Approximately, what was the length of time from the time you went into the water until you were put in this boat?

A. I went in the water at 12:17; my watch stopped at that time.

Q. About how long was it before you were taken into the life-boat?

A. I suppose it must have been at least two hours and a half.

Q. Did you manage to get hold of any wreckage to cling to after?

A. Yes sir.

Q. And you still clung to that body that you supposed to be Mrs. Lewis?

A. Yes sir.

Q. Was she dead when she was taken into the life-boat?

A. Yes sir, I believe so. I had given up the idea but that she was dead; there was no movement or anything.

Q. How many people were in that boat at the time you were taken into it, Mr. Lewis?

A. That I could not say.

Q. You haven't any idea, don't know whether there was two or a dozen?

A. There was more than two, and I should say more than half a dozen.

Q. Perhaps seven or eight people.

A. Yes sir, there might have been more; I was too near gone to tell.

Q. Did you lose consciousness after being taken into the boat?

A. As near as I know, I don't remember them pulling the body in that I had; I saw it go up the side of the boat, but I could not get in—

Q. Did they take you in first or the body?

A. They took the body first. I would have stayed there with the body before I would have left it.

Q. Mr. Lewis, was there any provisions in that boat?

A. Yes sir.

Q. What were they?

A. There was a kind of a sea biscuit, I suppose that is what you call it.

Q. Hard tack?

A. Yes sir.

Q. Was there any water there?

A. Yes sir.

- Q. About how much?
- A. There was plenty such as it was.
- Q. Was there a gallon or half a barrel?
- A. There was a keg that the water was in; it was a five-gallon keg, and I presume a little more.
- Q. Probably ten?
- A. Yes sir.
- Q. Was that water fit to drink?
- A. No.
- Q. It wasn't.
- A. That water was awful.
- Q. You didn't hear any of the crew say how long it had been since that water was changed?
- A. No sir.
- Q. Was there some of the crew in that boat?
- A. Yes sir.
- Q. Did they drink any of the water?
- A. I don't know.
- Q. Was anybody able to drink any of it?
- A. Yes sir; there was a woman sat right next to me that drank quite a lot of that water, but this quartermaster he told them not to drink that water any more than they could help, only to rinse the mouth and spit it out.
- Q. Why did he tell them that?
- A. Because the water wasn't fit to drink.
- Q. And he knew it?
- A. Yes sir.
- Q. Was there anything in the way of medicines?
- A. There was a bottle or tin keg that they said was turpentine.
- Q. That they said was turpentine?
- A. Yes sir.
- Q. You didn't examine it?
- A. No sir.
- Q. You really don't know whether it was turpentine or what it was?
- A. I don't know, but then I know it was a fact they said it was there to build fires with. I heard that expression made

- Q. I should think they would have used coal oil for that purpose. Was there matches in the boat?
- A. Yes sir.
- Q. A hatchet or axe?
- Q. How was the working paraphernalia of the boat, the oars, sails and row locks?
- A. The oars, I believe, were good; the row locks were bad. The pins were broken. The little piece that was nailed or tacked to the boat that the pins went into was pried up so they would not hold.
- Q. When any strength was put on these pins they gave way?
- A. They patched them up and got along with them.
- Q. Was there any extra pins in the boat?
- A. That I could not say.
- Q. You know that the man that was brought in that boat with you has been identified as W. A. Waller?
- A. No.
- Q. You were not in the boat when his body was taken in?
- A. Well, I am not positive about that.
- Q. Did you converse with him at all after you got into the boat?
- A. Yes sir, in a certain way. I could not talk to carry on a conversation, and the fellow was lying in the bottom of the boat, and he tried very hard to get up out of there, but he could not do much. I had no more strength than a cat. I could not do it.
- Q. Did he complain of any pains?
- A. No, I don't think he did, no more than to moan and groan, which he kept up till within a few minutes or seconds of the time he died.
- Q. You have stated that your watch stopped at 12:17, and that you were probably in the water about two and a half hours before being placed in this life-boat?
- A. Yes sir.
- Q. Can you give me any idea what time Mr. Waller passed away?
- A. That is awful hard to tell.

- Q. Was it before or after daylight?
 A. It was after daylight; I would think it was after 8 o'clock.
 Q. After 8 o'clock?
 A. Yes sir.
 Q. Then he must have lived about eight hours after the vessel went down?
 A. I think so.
 Q. Now in your own condition, judging from the condition you were in at the time, don't you think a stimulant of some kind, such as a drink of brandy, would have done you a whole lot of good?
 A. I am positive it would.
 Q. There was nothing of that kind in the boat?
 A. No sir.
 Q. Was there any coffee in there, ground coffee from which you could have made a cup of coffee?
 A. No sir.
 Q. No cooking utensils at all that you know of?
 A. No. I think there were two pails, but there wasn't any dipper to drink out of, or cup. We saw, I don't know what it was for, a little galvanized iron can about four inches in diameter and ten inches deep, and that was jammed nearly together, but it would hold water, and that was all they had, but that would have been good enough if the water was good.
 Q. Was there anything done at all to assist Mr. Waller in his helpless condition?
 A. No.
 Q. He was simply allowed to lay there in the bottom of the boat until he died?
 A. He was allowed to lay there.
 Q. How many members of the crew of the Columbia were in that life-boat, Mr. Lewis?
 A. Now of course I could not say as to that, but by what I see in the paper I suppose there was five.
 Q. Mr. Hinner, the quartermaster of the Columbia, was in charge of the boat?
 A. Mr. Hinner, yes sir.
 Q. What time did you land on the beach, Mr. Lewis?

- A. About one o'clock in the afternoon.
 Q. Of Sunday?
 A. Yes sir.
 Q. Who was it that went up the beach to notify the farmers up there of the wreck?
 A. This quartermaster.
 Q. How long was it before aid finally reached you?
 A. I don't suppose he was gone much over an hour.
 A. No, he came back alone. He brought some beer and he brought some canned apricots, some sardines, and I guess that was all; that is all I remember of. I know there was nothing I wanted but the apricots.
 Q. After this wagon arrived to convey the bodies to Camp 5, before I met you, you yourself had left Shelter Cove?
 A. Yes, sir.
 Q. About what time did you leave there?
 A. I think about four o'clock.
 Q. Four o'clock p. m. Sunday?
 A. Yes sir.
 Q. This was about 5 o'clock p. m. on Monday that you reached Camp 5, wasn't it?
 A. It was later than that; it was 5:30 anyway.
 Q. Did you not know that you were not conveying Mrs. Lewis' remains until Tuesday night?
 A. No, the first I heard of it was when the doctor who was taking care of me told me in the evening?
 Q. Did Mr. Hinner, the quartermaster, or any other member of the crew or officers in the boat make any effort to ascertain the name of this dying man?
 A. I don't think so.
 Q. Was the body allowed to remain in the bottom of the boat after he died before you landed?
 A. He laid in one place there all the time.
 Q. Did he have any covering of any kind?
 A. Nothing, but there was a life-preserver placed under him and one over him.
 Q. Was the clothing of all the crew wet?
 A. Well, that is more than I could be positive of, but I

don't think that all the crew were wet, that is above their waists at all.

Q. You didn't hear them offer this man any clothing or anything to protect him from the cold?

A. They didn't have any to offer.

Q. Didn't they have clothing of their own on?

A. They had taken their clothing off; there was two women that didn't have any clothing. One of the men had given his shirt to the woman and the other one had given a coat to the other one.

Q. There was no attention paid to the man at all?

A. No sir.

Q. Did you know Mr. Kurz that was in that boat?

A. No, not by that name.

Q. He has been told, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Kurz has been told that when he and his little boy came to the surface they were taken into this life-boat and Mr. Kurz was unconscious when he was taken in, and his little boy was thrown from the life-boat into the sea again because there was not room for him. You didn't see or hear anything of that kind?

A. No. This Mr. Kurz that had the little boy and girl that were lost?

Q. Yes.

A. Who wears whiskers, I think so. I know the man by sight then, but not by name.

Q. You didn't see any occurrence of that kind?

A. I didn't hear a word said of that kind, no sir.

Q. He didn't say he witnessed this matter. He told me that the passengers in that boat told him that this occurred. Mr. Kurz was unconscious when he was taken in the boat, and he was told that the boy had been thrown overboard because there was not room for him. Do you know anything about that?

A. No sir.

Q. You know nothing about that?

A. No sir.

Q. Do you know of anything else that would be of use to the jury or interest to the jury?

A. Well, I don't know that I do.

Q. The only complaint you have to make then was the lack of good drinking water on board the boat?

A. That is all, the drinking water and the stimulant. I don't think I needed it as much as some others, but if I had had something to stimulate me, it would have been a big benefit to me, and all the rest of them, too, I feel sure. There was lots of things that could have been done as it was if they had only strength to do it. I put that life-preserver myself under that man. He rolled over on the edge of the boat and I got the life-preserver and spread it out. Of course he was there entirely naked and they got another preserver and put over him.

O. S. LEWIS VERY GRATEFUL

O. S. Lewis, one of the survivors of the Columbia wreck, who arrived from Shelter Cove on Monday, the 22nd, was able to leave the Sequoia Hospital and proceed on his way to Seattle today. He goes by automobile to Grant's Pass, Ed. Myers of the Pioneer Garage doing the driving.

Mr. Lewis has nothing but praise for the people with whom he has come in contact since coming ashore unknown to anyone in the community.

He said yesterday:

"I could not have been treated better or with more consideration by the people along the road and here in Eureka if every one of them had been my blood relatives. They brought me here and put me in the hospital, although they had never heard of me before, and would not take a cent. Mr. G. A. Notley of Shelter Cove even gave me \$10 in case I should need it.

"Since reaching the hospital, I have had every care and attention it was possible for human beings to give me, and for the management and nurses I cannot say enough.

"I have also been much impressed by the way the people of this city responded to the call for help. They provided for and took care of every one of the unfortunates who came here, and while there will be a sad thought in our hearts, not one of us can ever think of Eureka except with thankfulness to your generous hearted people."

GRATEFUL FOR OUR KINDNESS

A set of resolutions passed by the survivors of the wrecked steamer Columbia in appreciation of the services rendered them by the people of Eureka and the crews of the Columbia, San Pedro and Elder, was received yesterday by Mayor Ricks. The resolutions were sent to Mayor Ricks by J. P. Eccles, who had been authorized by the survivors to carry out their wishes.

July 24, 1907.

The survivors of the Columbia, assembled on board the steamer George W. Elder, passed the following resolutions today submitted to them by their committee:

Whereas, We believe that the highest aid in living or dying is unselfish service of our fellow beings, and that noble deeds are wrought in times of crisis by those only whose natures are true to this high principle, that such natures are schooled through right thinking upon great ideals so that they spontaneously arise in acts of self-forgetfulness, and therefore all worthy examples of such peaceful followings of the highest duty should be fittingly commemorated; and,

Whereas, In the perils through which we have passed since the collision of the steamers Columbia and San Pedro on Sunday, the 24th of July, 1907, we were witnesses of many generous actions, performed in disregard of danger or exertion; all for our benefit; and,

Whereas, We desire to express to all who rendered assistance in our distress our abiding appreciation of their efforts in our behalf; therefore be it

Resolved, That we acknowledge our appreciation of the efforts of officers and crew of the Columbia who assisted in the work of rescue; through their activities many were assisted in adjusting life-preservers; some boats were launched and passengers were lifted from the waters;

Resolved, That we express our sincerest thanks to the officers and crew of the San Pedro, who so promptly came to our rescue and labored to the point of exhaustion to save the unfortunates

who were struggling in the sea. For their generous heroic efforts we will ever remember them with affection;

Resolved, That we confess the debt of gratitude which we owe to the officers, crew and passengers of the steamer George W. Elder for the kindness and substantial comforts which were rendered under circumstances most trying alike to the survivors and rescuers; especially are we grateful to the stewardess, Mrs. Deselle Wood, whose patience and womanly tenderness soothed many an aching heart; and to the physicians who attended the sick and wounded;

Resolved, That we extend to the Mayor of the City of Eureka, California, its relief committee, the citizens, Masons and Elks, our heartfelt thanks for the many kindnesses and material favors shown us while in their city. Our memories will fondly cherish the place where we found a haven, and the hearts which answered so feelingly even beyond our real needs;

Resolved further, That copies of these resolutions be furnished to the Mayor of Eureka, to the captains of the San Pedro and George W. Elder, to the senior surviving officer of the Columbia, and to the press.

Signed by the Committee:

J. C. Orr, Chairman,
Mrs. Chas. A. Eastman,
Geo. L. Hoodenpyl,
Joseph P. Eccles,
Wm. Mardin Lucas, Sec.

Quartermaster Hinner Tells of Awful Night in Open Boat After Columbia Sank

In the aftermath of the Columbia disaster it is becoming clear that the officers and crew of the ill-fated steamship behaved in a most heroic manner. From the lips of the survivors who arrived in the city last night, after making the journey overland from Shelter Cove, come stories that make the blood tingle with pride in the American merchant marine, and the male passengers also, as far as can be ascertained from the many harrowing tales

of shipwrecked people, behaved for the most part as men should when death looks them in the face.

As to the women, they seem to have exhibited surprising fortitude and courage. They are unanimous in their praises of the officers and crew of the Columbia.

Thrilling Story of Rescue

The story of the rescue of the last boat-load of eighteen people by Quartermaster Hinner, in boat No. 2, is one of the most thrilling tales of the sea that could be penned. Every man and woman in this boat is loud in praise of the bravery and coolness of this seaman.

Hinner's own narrative of the disaster, told with the modesty of a man who is conscious only of having done his duty, follows:

"I was at the wheel of the Columbia when the collision occurred, it being my watch in the pilot-house, and Quartermaster Ellis was on the bridge with Captain Doran and Second Officer Agerup. We were steaming along at full speed through a dense fog, and our course was north by northeast. It must have been about 12:15, I think, that I heard a steamer's whistle off to starboard. Then I heard our whistle blow twice, signaling. The next thing I saw the red light of a ship close on the starboard quarter. Our whistle blew three times, the engines were reversed and sent full astern, stopping the headway of our ship, but almost immediately there was a crash between the first and second starboard cargo ports, and I could see the bow of a ship grinding into us. Captain Doran, on the bridge, shouted to the captain of the San Pedro, "Stand by now, don't leave us." but the San Pedro backed away, paying no attention to the request. Then I saw the captain jump down and examine where we had been struck on the starboard quarter. He gave orders to find out how much water the ship was making. I still kept my position at the wheel. The shock of the collision was so light that I did not think we were in great danger at the time. Captain Doran went back on the bridge and ordered the boats lowered to the main deck, which was done by the members of the crew, who were mostly on deck by that time.

Ship Begins to Sink

The ship was sinking rapidly by the head and had a bad list to starboard. The captain shouted to get the lee boats out, but I could not see whether this was done from the wheel-house. The ship was sinking so fast that I knew she would go down in a few minutes, so I left the wheelhouse and went up on the hurricane deck. I found three of the crew trying to launch the starboard boat, but as it was easier to get out the lee boat, I ordered them to cut the lee boat loose. Several passengers, partly dressed, with life-preservers on, stood around waiting to get into the boat. I told the men that the women and children must be the first looked after, and placed all the women I could find on the forward part of the hurricane deck in the boat. There were only three women in the crowd, and we hardly got them into the boat when the ship went down. Just before the Columbia sank, there was a slight explosion, but I am quite sure that there was no explosion after she sank. The sea was full of wreckage and people floating about. We picked up as many as the boat could hold, I should judge about twenty, and took them to the San Pedro. The members of the crew in my boat were: Emil Mann, seaman; David Easton, fireman; C. McCoy, oiler; and D. S. McAlpine, watchman. We picked up Easton from a piece of wreckage, where he was clinging with a woman he had rescued, Miss Ruby Cooper. Miss Cooper had two life-preservers tied about her, and we had a job cutting her loose from the wreckage, for the strings of the preservers had become entangled in it.

Cruises About to Rescue Passengers

"After emptying my first load of passengers on the San Pedro, I cruised about picking up persons until the morning came, and then I found we were out of sight of the San Pedro and about eighteen miles off the shore. The boat was leaking badly and I had to set all hands bailing. The women in the boat were: Miss Ruby Cooper, Mrs. W. H. Ingels, Mrs. Blanche W. Musser and Mrs. A. Winklebeck-Dunn. We also had the dead body of Mrs. O. S. Lewis, which we had taken from a

piece of wreckage. Her skull was crushed in. Her husband was in the boat, and it was terrible to see his grief. He had almost lost his own life trying to rescue his wife, and after he had succeeded in reaching a piece of floating wreck with her, the sea dashed some heavy timbers on them and she was killed in his arms. When we took them on board the boat, we found them clasped in each other's arms, the one living and the other dead.

"Miss Cooper was hysterical for four hours while we were cruising about; she screamed for her sister, who she feared was drowned. All the provisions we had were a keg of water and one of biscuit, which would not go far with eighteen people to feed, but the shore was eighteen miles off, and, rigging up a sail, I steered for it. How we ever kept that boat afloat until we reached that shore, I do not know. Every man took his turn bailing, and the women, who were the bravest of all, wanted to help, but I would not let them. We got out the oars, and the men rowed until they were ready to drop. At last, when we were almost exhausted, we made the Nolty's Landing.

Patrol Beach for Help

"I sent a couple of men south along the beach to get assistance for the party, while I and another man went north about a mile, when we struck G. A. Nolty's place. Nolty sent wagons down to the beach and brought up all the people in the party. They were given every attention, food and clothing and shelter. Considering the experience through which the women passed, I must say that they bore up remarkably well. We were sent by stage to Sherwood, and all along the line were most kindly treated by everybody, who supplied us with everything we needed for the time. I forgot to mention that we brought the body of one man ashore with us, which was not identified, as far as I know.

"As far as I could see; every man on the Columbia did his duty, but as I was in the wheelhouse all the time until the very last moment, I could not tell what was going on down below or on the hurricane deck behind me."

Hinner is a native of Germany, twenty-seven years of age, and has been a seaman on this Coast for five years. This was his eighth trip as quartermaster of the Columbia. He resides at 806 Third Street.

The other members of the crew in Hinner's boat corroborate his story in almost every detail. Fireman Easton, who saved the life of Miss Cooper, modestly disclaims any especial credit for his act.

"You saved my life," sobbed Miss Cooper, throwing her arms around the neck of the burly stoker at the Tiburon ferry landing, where the members of the little party bade each other farewell to go to their homes.

Relatives and friends, overjoyed to clasp their loved ones in their arms, waited in the nave of the Ferry building. Tears gave way to smiles and shouts of thanksgiving for those who were saved from the sea.

"It is Paul that deserves all the credit," cried the women, some of whom kissed the big sailorman with a fervidness that made him blush.

MISS BLANCHE MUSSER

"There will be always in my ears," said H. S. Allen, son of Mr. Allen, a merchant at Sixth Avenue and Clement Street, now living at Larkspur, "the sound of Blanche Musser's voice when she sang while we were clinging to that raft. It was an hour after the Columbia had gone down, and there were no more sounds of drowning people coming through the dark. Mrs. Winklebeck-Dunn, Miss Musser and the steerage steward of the ship were on my raft, and after we had floated a long time and were chilled and could see the red light of the San Pedro away off so that there seemed no hope of being found by her, Miss Musser began to sing. She knew a lot of old Southern songs like 'Swanee River' and 'My Old Kentucky Home,' and all night, as we clung to the ropes of the life-raft, she gave them to us. At 3 o'clock Quartermaster Hinner's boat came out of the fog and took the women in, but the steward and I stayed on the raft until a boat from the Elder got us after daylight."

Carried Down in Ship

Miss Blanche Musser, the courageous girl who sang for the comforting of the few clinging to a life-boat until rescued, eagerly asked when she arrived of the whereabouts of her cousin, Miss Winona White, with whom she started on the ill-starred voyage. Nothing has been heard of the latter girl, but Miss Musser still hopes that she will be found in one of the northern ports. Miss Musser had the remarkable experience of being carried directly down in the sinking ship. She was above and hanging to the rail alone and uncertain what to do when suddenly the Columbia plunged bow on under the sea. A great mass of wreckage on her decks, along with scores of passengers, were engulfed, and Miss Musser was shot straight down, as she says, and then up to the surface. Like the others, she testifies that the life-preservers were very efficient, and, like the other women, she praises the sturdy Columbia sailors who manned the life-boats. "Every man was waiting at his post for the orders to lower, and none offered to save himself. I didn't see a single instance of cowardice."

W. J. Greenwood of Salt Lake City, met Miss Musser at Petaluma, and will see that she is taken care of, pending her return to her Utah home.

TRIBUTE TO THE SAILORS

Mrs. Winkelbeck-Dunn, a comely woman of under thirty, is the sole one of the survivors who does not show traces of the terrible night. Happy in finding, after twenty-four hours of anxiety, that her husband, torn from her arms by the suction of the water, is alive in Eureka, she laughed cheerily over some incidents of the landing, showing the old cravenette coat that a country woman had given her. "What I remember best is the grand way the sailors acted. After I was pulled in from the wreckage, they stood in the bow and shouted: 'Where are the children? Where are the women?' And when they pulled about in the dark telling the men on the life-rafts not to mind but to point out the women and children first. And when Mr.

Hinner's boat was loaded the last time and we came back to the San Pedro, and he saw the confusion on her decks with the women screaming and the San Pedro's crew uncertain whether or not she would sink next, Paul Hinner said: "That settles it—we're better off here!" And he steered straight for the shore. There were eighteen in our boat, twelve of them men, and all did what they could for us four women, even though some of the men were dying of exposure. One old man died in the boat and a woman expired by daylight when we landed. We could hear the breakers roaring a long ways off in the fog, and the boat had a hard time getting in. The men leaped out and dragged on the ropes and pulled us through the surf. Then they built a fire, and Paul Hinner went off at once to find help. He came on the little hotel at Shelter Cove, a mile and a half away, and by 5 o'clock they had taken us there, and we women were in bed. Everyone was splendid to us, only we were anxious about our friends."

STORY OF MRS. INGELS

Among the later stories of wreck escapes, that of Mrs. Ingels of Oakland is remarkable. "I didn't think it much of an accident at first," says the lady. "My husband got out of his bed and said he would investigate, and then the watchman shouted for all hands to go on deck. Then we hurried and tried to dress. Hazel, my twelve-year-old daughter, dragged a life-preserver from under the berth and put it on coolly as could be, and when her father cautioned her to get it on right, she stopped and read the directions carefully and then told us. By that time we could hear people running above and the ship was tipping. We all ran up and stood hand in hand along the rail, not knowing what to do next. People were jumping in all around us, and then Willard, my husband, said, 'Hold on together; let's go.' And we jumped hand in hand, with Hazel between us. But as the ship sank the next minute, the awful whirlpool jerked us apart, and when I came up I was in the dark hanging to my life-preserver. After a while a door with

a boy named Michael Radamen floated near, and he helped me fix the life-preserver on. Mr. Hinner's boat picked us up an hour later, and we all landed at Shelter Cove, thanks to that brave and cool quartermaster. Mr. Ingels and Hazel were found by other boats and taken to the Elder at daylight, but it was not until Monday, when we telephoned to Eureka from Birdland, that I knew my loved ones were saved."

EXPERIENCE OF MISS RUBY COOPER

Miss Cooper brought with her the most remarkable of all the tales told by the survivors of the disaster. Miss Musser went down in the whirlpool created by the last plunge of the sinking steamer, but Miss Cooper also went down, grasped her sister while far beneath the surface, and was only separated from her when a huge dog, desperately seeking a life-saving foothold, tore the two sisters from each other's embrace. Miss Cooper again seized her sister and then fainted. When she recovered she was in Hinner's boat, but her sister was missing. The body of a dead woman lay beside her in the crowded boat, and this added greater strain to her shattered nerves.

That she was saved at all Miss Cooper believes was due to the prayer that she uttered as she took the plunge overboard, and to the fact that she remained aboard the doomed vessel long enough to procure the little bible she brought from her home in Fayette, Mo. That little copy of the scriptures has accompanied Miss Cooper on all her journeys. It went with her to the teachers' convention in Los Angeles and she deserted the life-boat long enough to return to her stateroom and snatch it from her berth.

"And it and my prayer saved my life," she declared last night. "When the crash came," she said, "my sister and I bounded out of our berths and rushed to the deck in our night clothes. Somebody shouted, 'There's no danger,' and we went back to our room. As we entered we heard an officer shout to hurry to the boats, and we ran to one.

"Just then I remembered my bible, and I ran back and got it

from under my pillow. It was natural that one should pray at a time like that, and I prayed, prayed fervently for my life and my sister's. God preserved my life, and I have prayed constantly that he would also save my sister's life so that we might go home to Missouri together. We had never been separated before, and I cannot bear it now.

"When the boat was cut loose from the ship, it was so overcrowded that it capsized. Nina and I had on life-preservers, and we rose to the surface together, hugging each other close. We had been carried under water together.

"I can never forget the horror of the night," continued Miss Cooper. "It was rent with the screams of drowning men and women and little children. I saw a man grasp a woman as we floated about. He begged her for God's sake to share her life-preserver with him, but she kicked him away and he went down.

"A moment afterward a boat came up to us and a man called to me to catch his oar and let my sister go. He couldn't take two of us aboard. I refused, and the boat drew away.

"Then came the dog. It seemed as if he fell upon me. His weight tore us apart as he climbed upon me. I went down again and when I arose my sister was gone. I saw her again and tried to grasp her, and I think I did, but when I came to in Mr. Hinner's boat, she was not with him. Instead, the body of a dead woman lay beside me.

"That body was the one Mr. Lewis of Pasadena took away with him, thinking it was that of his wife.

"All the way from Shelter Cove that man mourned. He and his wife and two children jumped overboard hand in hand. The roof of the cabin fell over them, sending them down. A beam, he told us, hit him and his wife on the head. Down, down he went.

"While under water, he said, his wife, who still held his hand, squeezed it to let him know that she was still alive.

"When a boat came to their aid, he and his wife were dragged aboard, but the beam had hit the little boy, too. He was dead, and they let his body slip back into the sea to make room for one more of the living. The woman died during the night."

Hinner, whose boat cruised for two hours amid the wreckage from the foundered vessel, finally started for Shelter Cove with his freight of fifteen panic-stricken passengers. The shattered survivors left there Monday afternoon for Sherwood, ninety miles away. The only vehicles available were ten bark wagons, and these jolted them over the rough roads for nearly twenty-four hours.

When they arrived here and found no agent of the steamer company at the ferry to meet them, the helpless wreck victims were indignant and voiced their wrath at the treatment accorded them.

INQUIRY INTO CAUSE OF COLLISION

All Details of Disaster Will Come Up Before Supervising Inspector Bermingham

San Francisco, July 30, 1907.—Beginning this afternoon at one o'clock, Captain John Bermingham, Supervising Inspector of Steamships in this district, will conduct a rigid investigation into the causes which brought about the collision of the Columbia and the San Pedro off Shelter Cove on Saturday night.

In the notice which was posted yesterday by Captain Bermingham, no mention is made of any proposed inquiry into the conduct of the officers and crews of the two steamers subsequent to the collision, and it has been stated from Washington that the Government does not consider the circumstances, as they have been narrated by the survivors, to warrant such an inquiry as was held after the Slocum disaster at New York.

The charges which were made yesterday by Third Officer Hawse of the Columbia, against Captain Hansen of the San Pedro, for refusing to take more of the rescued on board his vessel, are not confirmed by the other surviving members of the crew. There is sufficient corroboration of the fact that the officers of the San Pedro advised those in charge of several boat-loads of the rescued to remain in their boats rather than to come on board the water-logged steam schooner, but it is

claimed by some of those who were thus turned away from the San Pedro's side that Captain Hansen was justified in his judgment.

In fact, the one notable feature of the story of rescue as it comes from many lips is the good order, sense of duty and heroism that prevailed during the hours of the night that tried men's souls.

When the court of investigation takes up today the task of placing the blame of the disaster "where it belongs," it will have more material to adjudicate, and apparently the navigators of the San Pedro will find themselves, from the force of the evidence, on the defensive.

All the narratives agree that the Columbia sounded the signal to pass to starboard, and that the navigator of the San Pedro ported his wheel with the intention to pass to port, and that if he had acquiesced in the signaled course of the Columbia and held on his original course, there would have been no collision and no loss of life.

Testimony of F. Peterson

An investigation into the cause of the wreck of the steamship Columbia was begun yesterday afternoon by Captain John Bermingham, supervising inspector of steamships in this district.

The first witness called was F. Peterson, lookout on the Columbia. He testified that at the time of the collision the weather was foggy and he could see only two ship lengths ahead, but he heard the whistle of the San Pedro about fifteen minutes before the vessel was sighted. The San Pedro's whistle was sounded about every minute to starboard of the Columbia. When Peterson first saw the San Pedro she was about 150 feet distant and was coming "square on" to the Columbia.

On sighting the approaching steam schooner, he leaped to the bridge, where he was at the time of the collision. He believed that the Columbia floated for eight or nine minutes after she was struck before she went down. He reported to Capt. P. A. Doran when he first heard the whistles.

In answer to questions he said he could not tell whether or

not the Columbia was going at full speed. There was no wind and the Columbia blew her whistle regularly. After the collision, Peterson said, he was told by Captain Doran to arouse the passengers. He called those in the forecabin and then started to the life-boat to which he had been assigned, but found it was gone. He had no time to call the persons in the steerage or the cabin. He ran to another boat, and was there alone when he saw Captain Doran standing near and was asked to give a hand in launching the boat.

Quartermaster Paul Hinner, of the Columbia, testified that he came on watch at midnight. He said the Columbia floated for from five to seven minutes before going down. The shock of the collision was not very great, and he doubted whether one standing in the middle of a stateroom at the time would have been thrown down.

Charges Against Hawse

The Bulletin says that Third Officer R. M. S. Hawse of the Columbia, whose sworn report of the disaster filed with the federal inspectors charged Captain Hansen of the San Pedro with refusing to aid in the rescue of the stricken passengers, is now charged by survivors who occupied the same boat with him with conduct more cruel than that specified by him in his formal report against Hansen. Here, in brief, are the charges made against Hawse.

1. Refusing to give his coat to an unconscious woman rescued from the water in a freezing condition, his remark being, "My coat is my own."
2. Ordering a sailor to strike a crippled man, whom he believed occupied too much space in the life-boat.
3. Sitting calmly in the stern sheets of the boat and refusing to assist in dragging men and women from the water.

These charges are made separately by members of the party of survivors, who reached here yesterday morning on the steamship City of Topeka from Eureka.

Testimony of Chief Mate Hendricksen

San Francisco, July 30.—The testimony of the officers of the steam schooner San Pedro, before Captain John Bermingham today, demonstrated clearly that the habit of Coast skippers, said to be practically universal, of running their vessels at full speed regardless of fog, was mainly responsible for the wreck of the Columbia and its terrible consequence.

Chief Mate B. Hendricksen, who was in charge of the San Pedro at the time of the collision, testified that when he first heard the fog signals of the Columbia, he did not slow down and that when the passenger loomed out of the fog it was too late to do anything but try to make the collision as light as possible. He appears to have acted with dispatch and good judgment when he sighted the Columbia, but at that time, according to his testimony, the ships were not more than a boat's length apart and not much was possible. There was no time to go to starboard. He therefore blew the danger signal, four short blasts, ordered the engines stopped, and threw the helm hard apart.

He did not order the engines reversed, he explained, because he hoped to throw the San Pedro around so as to strike only a glancing blow, and in order to do this, it was necessary to keep sufficient way on her. The San Pedro had been making about eight knots and was probably making five when she struck the Columbia.

The mate said, in answer to a question, that when the fog signals were heard close by it was the custom to slow down, but that the Columbia's signals seemed far away.

The question of passing signals seemed very uncertain in the chief mate's mind. Close cross-examination by Attorney George A. Knight brought out only one thing clearly, that the mate did not know whether the last signal he blew, preceding the Columbia's starboard passing signal, was a fog signal or a single blast to go to port.

Captain Bermingham was most interested in the mate's explanation of his failure to slow down when he first heard the Columbia.

"Why didn't you slow down when you heard the fog signal?"

he asked over and over again, and the answer each time was, "Because she seemed so far away."

The witness testified that he had been a seaman on the Coast for twenty-four years and that he had held a master's license for two years.

The testimony of Captain Hansen and Second Mate A. L. Shaube corroborated that of the chief mate as to the direction from which the Columbia's first whistles sounded, but as they were below at the time, they could throw little light on the events leading up to the collision.

Captain Hansen's Testimony

Captain Hansen testified that when he was roused by the shock and hurried to the deck, he found the Columbia wallowing to her last plunge and the San Pedro so badly crippled that she was kept afloat only by the load of lumber she carried.

Captain Hansen said:

"We launched our deck load in about two and a half hours after the collision. The lashings were not cut until the San Pedro had a starboard list of about 45 degrees, when the top of the upper house touched the water.

"The San Pedro took about an hour and a quarter to fill. At that time the main deck was under about a foot of water, which reached the top of the main deck-house and swept the booms.

"Did you refuse to take more people on board?" asked Captain Bermingham.

"I did not refuse," Hansen replied, "but I told them I thought they were safer in the boats than on the upper decks of the San Pedro. There was danger that the metal boats would be stove in if they came too near the floating lumber, and I was afraid my ship might turn over."

Second Mate Shaube of the San Pedro created some amusement by insisting that he was instrumental in saving only forty-one persons, refusing to take credit for the nine he took from the Columbia's boat.

"They had already been saved," he said, deprecatingly, when Captain Bermingham was trying to count how many lives he had to his credit.

"I saw a statement in the press," said Captain Hansen, "in which Hawse was quoted as saying that had he been allowed to place his passengers on the San Pedro, he could have saved many more. Why didn't he take them when he had a chance? He could have carried twenty or more in his boat. Another of the Columbia's boats only had four in it."

PETER A. DORAN WITH SAN PEDRO'S SKIPPER AND MATE CHARGED

San Francisco, Sept. 5.—Three men are held responsible for the collision between the steamer Columbia and San Pedro off the Mendocino coast on July 21, by the decision of United States Supervising Inspector John Bermingham.

Captain Peter A. Doran of the Columbia, who went down with his ship; the master of the San Pedro, Magnus Hansen, and B. Hendricksen, the chief mate, are the men upon whom the blame for the terrible catastrophe is fixed. Hansen is suspended for one year and Hendricksen for five years.

Captain Bermingham scored the dead captain, and recommended the passing of a law that would make those responsible for such accidents guilty of manslaughter. He says in his opinion that if the Columbia and similar vessels were provided with water-tight bulkheads, there would be no danger of their sinking.

Third Mate Hawse of the Columbia is exonerated by the inspector from any charges of cowardice, and he gives it as his opinion that the charge that Hawse was addicted to narcotic drugs were false. After a careful review of the wreck, the indictments connected with it, a digest of the testimony of the surviving officers of the ship and of the passengers, Captain Bermingham says:

"After a careful consideration of the evidence in this case, I find that Captain P. A. Doran in charge of the bridge on the Columbia, and Chief Mate B. Hendricksen in charge of the watch

on the San Pedro, each hearing the fog whistle of the other about five minutes before the collision—the Columbia a little on her starboard bow, and the San Pedro a little on her port bow—glaringly violated the second paragraph of article 16, of the international rules of the road; and rule 15 of the pilot rules.”

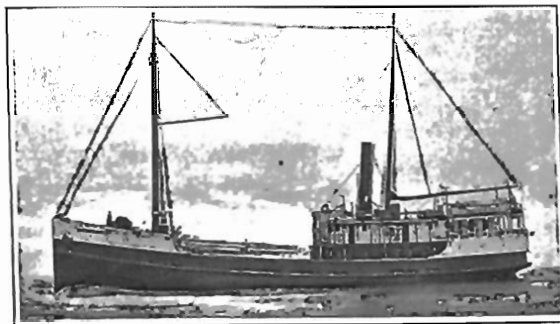
The Columbia was a steel vessel of 1,746 tons, and was 309 feet in length, 38.5 feet beam and 14.4 feet in depth. She carried a crew of seventy-four men under Capt. P. A. Doran, who had been master of the vessel for the past five years. The vessel was built at Chester, Pa., in 1880, and was owned by the San Francisco Steamship Company.

When she sailed from San Francisco last week she was what the inspectors term a perfect steamship. She was an oil burner and capable of making fourteen knots an hour, with a single propeller.

The Columbia had sixty staterooms and 284 berths and lounges. She was permitted to carry 382 passengers—182 first-class and 200 second-class and steerage. Her crew consisted of master, three mates, four quartermasters, seven seamen, one deckhand, one chief engineer, three assistant engineers, three junior engineers, three water tenders, three oilers, six oil tenders, two watchmen and thirty persons needed in the stewards' department, consisting of cooks, waiters, stewards and commissary men.

The vessel was equipped with one compound condensing engine and four steel boilers, which carried 130 pounds steam pressure. She had four water-tight bulkheads, eight metal life-boats, one wooden life-boat, a working boat, five life-rafts and 537 life-preservers.

The San Pedro is owned by the San Pedro Lumber Company, and San Pedro is her home port. Captain Hansen, who is in command, lives in that city. She is a modern vessel of 318 tons and is 166 feet long, 31 feet beam and 12 feet deep. She was built in San Francisco in 1902 for the J. R. Hansey & Sons



The Steamer San Pedro.

Company, and was recently sold to the Eastern and Western Lumber Company.

The vessel carried cargo consigned to the Salt Lake road, which would have been delivered at San Pedro.

CAPTAIN P. A. DORAN WELL KNOWN UP AND DOWN THIS COAST

San Francisco, July 22.—Captain Peter A. Doran, commander of the Columbia, who bravely mounted the bridge after the vessel had received her death blow, in order to more quickly direct the work of rescue or save the steamer, if that were possible, was an experienced navigator, and well known all along the Pacific Coast. For years, in sun and fog, he had carried his steamships in safety from port to port, and no man knew the rocky coast better than he.

Captain Doran was years ago master of steam schooners running in and out of this port, and later had the steamship Charles Nelson. Still later he was in command of the Pomona, of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's line, running to Eureka.

In 1899 Captain Doran was selected to command the steamer George W. Elder on what was known as the Harriman voyage

to Alaska, at the time E. H. Harriman and a party of scientists made an extensive tour of Alaskan waters and Behring Sea. The voyage extending over a period of two months.

He showed such an accurate knowledge of the northern coast during the time of this trip that he was appointed soon after his trip to the command to the Columbia, the finest ship running to Portland. He had since been constantly on the route.

Captain Doran was 46 years old. He leaves a widow, whose home is in this city. She is temporarily absent on a visit in the country.

COAST WRECKS IN FIVE YEARS

Steamer Alameda, Sept. 30, 1905, ashore at Fort Point; floated week later. No lives lost.

British ship Algoa, ashore at Point Bonita, June 7, 1904; off in twenty minutes. No lives lost.

Steamer Albion River, wrecked April 2, 1903, at Bodega.

Schooner Alice Kimball, wrecked at entrance to Siuslaw River, Oct. 15, 1904.

Steamer Argo, ashore Oct. 8, 1905, at Eel River; floated two days later; aground again July 4, 1906, mouth of Eel River.

Schooner Alice McDonald, ashore Dec. 30, 1906, at Clatsop Spit, near mouth Columbia River; floated Jan. 14, 1904. No lives lost.

Schooner Alpha, Feb. 3, 1907, ashore eight miles north of Umpqua River, but floated later. No loss of life.

Steamer Alcazar, wrecked at Needle Rock, July 10, 1907. Crew saved.

Ship Balcleutha, ashore Geese Island, Alaska, May 16, 1904; afterward floated.

Schooner Bella, wrecked Nov. 26, 1905, eight miles north of Siuslaw River. Total loss.

Steamer Barracouti, Jan. 14, 1907, ashore at Corinth, Nicaragua; later floated, undamaged.

Schooner C. A. Klose, abandoned March 18, 1905, in waterlogged condition; went ashore March 16, sixteen miles north of Columbia River. Crew rescued.

Schooner Challenger, towed into South Bend afire, Nov. 7, 1904. Total loss.

Bark Coryphene, wrecked August, 1905, off Cape Prince of Wales. Crew rescued.

Steamer Crescent City, wrecked Jan. 30, 1903.

Gas schooner Bessie K, with crew of eleven men, lost at sea about Feb. 27, 1907, between Coquille River and San Francisco.

Schooner Bonanza, wrecked at King's Point, near Herschel Island, Alaska, Aug. 24, 1905.

United States steamer Bennington, at San Diego, July 21, 1905, badly damaged by explosion. Sixty-five of crew killed.

United States steamer Boston, ashore on Peapod Rocks, Rosario Straits, Sept. 3, 1906; pulled off by Paul Jones, undamaged.

Steamer Cascade, ashore May 7, 1905, at Point Dume; pulled off by tug Collis.

Steamer City of Topeka, sank at dock in Seattle, Sept. 11, 1904; floated and repaired.

Ship Centennial, damaged by fire in Oakland harbor, Dec. 2, 1904.

Steamer City of Para, struck Oregon Point, July 10, 1906; slightly damaged.

Steamer Chico, wrecked at Shelter Cove, July 17, 1906.

Steamer Corinthian, grounded on Humboldt Bar, July 11, 1906.

Steamer Celia, wrecked Aug. 29, 1906, on Seal Rock, two miles south of Point Pinos lighthouse; captain and crew saved.

Steamer City of Seattle, ashore at Treat Island, Sept. 20, 1905; floated next day.

Bark Colma, lost off Cape Beale, Dec. 6, 1906; crew saved.

Steamer Corona, wrecked on Humboldt Bar, March 1, 1907; one sailor drowned; vessel total loss.

Barge Chinook, ashore north of Cape Arago, April 12, 1907.

Schooner Del Norte, ashore at Siuslaw, June 11, 1904. Was saved and run down later by steamer Sea Foam; later went ashore near Coquille River.

British ship *Dumbarton*, ashore at Point Pedro, Sept. 4, 1904; total loss.

British ship *Ditton*, went ashore near Cliff House, Sept. 13, 1904; not damaged.

Steamer *Del Norte*, ashore on Point Gorda, Dec. 26, 1906.

Steamer *Jeanie*, in collision with steamer *Dix* at Seattle, Nov. 18, 1906; *Jeanie* sank; forty-five lives lost.

Schooner *Frank W. Howe*, wrecked Feb. 23, 1904, near Columbia River.

French bark *Francisco Coppe*, wrecked Nov. 20, 1903, at Bird Island, Tomales Point.

Steamer *Gipsy*, wrecked near Monterey, Sept. 27, 1905.

Steamer *Geo. W. Elder*, struck rock in Columbia River and beached Jan. 21, 1905; floated May 22, 1905.

British bark *Galena*, wrecked Nov. 13, 1906, on Clatsop Beach, near Columbia River; crew saved.

Ship *Great Admiral*, abandoned at sea Dec. 9, 1906; two of the crew lost.

Steamer *Daisy Freeman*, struck Columbia River bar June 2, 1907; slightly damaged.

Schooner *Emma Utler*, wrecked on Leonidas Island, Feb. 16, 1904.

Schooner *Excelsior*, ashore at Nelson's Lagoon, Bering Sea, Oct. 1, 1906; crew saved.

Schooner *Emma Claudina*, abandoned at sea, north of Gray's Harbor, Nov. 17, 1906.

Schooner *Endeavor*, struck in Gray's Harbor, Jan. 19, 1907.

Schooner *Fannie Adele*, burned in San Francisco Harbor, May 23, 1904.

Schooner *J. M. Colman*, went ashore at San Miguel Island, Sept. 3, 1905, and was a total loss.

Schooner *Kailau*, foundered off Vancouver Island about March 12, 1904, and the entire crew lost.

Schooner *Louis*, went ashore on Farallone Islands, June 19, 1907, and was total loss; crew saved.

Steamer *Manchuria*, ashore at Rabbit Island, Aug. 20, 1906, but was floated Sept. 16, 1906; no lives lost.

Steamer *Mongolia*, ran ashore at Midway Island on Sept. 16, 1906, but was floated Sept. 21; no lives lost.

Steamer *Newsboy*, water-logged on Humboldt Bar, March 31, 1906, and was sunk by steamer *Wasp*.

Steamer *Northwestern*, wrecked March 22, 1907, on Latouche Island, Alaska; all hands saved.

Steamer *Oregon*, wrecked Sept. 13, 1906, on Cape Henchenbrook, Alaska; all hands saved.

Bark *Robert Sudden*, wrecked at Surf, Southern California, on June 11, 1905; crew saved.

Steamer *South Portland*, wrecked Oct. 19, 1903, on Blanco Reef, and about eighteen lives lost.

Steamer *St. Paul*, wrecked Oct. 5, 1905, on Point Gorda; all hands saved.

Transport *Sheridan*, went ashore Aug. 31, 1906, at Barbe's Point, near Honolulu; no lives lost; vessel floated later.

Steamer *Shasta*, wrecked on Point Concepcion, Oct. 5, 1906; crew saved.

Steamer *Valencia*, wrecked at Pachena Bay, Puget Sound, Jan. 23, 1906; driven on the rocks; 123 drowned.

Steamer *Volunteer*, wrecked at Bodega Heads, June 5, 1906, and Captain *Bressem's* two children lost.

Steamer *W. H. Kruger*, water-logged, off Fort Bragg and went ashore near Greenwood, Jan. 15, 1906; no lives lost.

Schooner *W. F. Witzeman*, went ashore Feb. 5, 1907, at Duxbury Reef; all hands saved.

PASSENGER LIST OF THE DOOMED STEAMER

San Francisco, July 22.—The following passengers sailed from San Francisco on the steamer Columbia, July 20:

Akeeson, Miss Anna.	Eccles, J. P.
Allen, H. S.	Ewart, R. H.
Anderson, Mrs. R.	Fagalde, K.
Ashford, Philip.	Fagalde, Mrs. K.
Aulf, Franklin.	Fitzgerald, Miss B.
Austin, B. C.	Geiger, Miss Mabel.
Bachman, W. J.	Gordon, Mrs. B. R.
Bahleen, Miss Alma.	Gordon, Miss Effie.
Barbee, Mrs. W. L.	Goedjin, N. G.
Beaham, C. H.	Goedjin, Miss N. L.
Beebe, Pearl.	Goslinsky, P. E.
Benson, J.	Graham, B. W.
Bernal, Miss A.	Gray, Mrs. A.
Best, Dr. B. C.	Griese, Miss Emma.
Best, Mrs. B. C.	Hager, Frank.
Best, Mrs. Jane E.	Hanson, Miss L.
Biegel, A. L.	Happ, Mrs. A.
Booker, Miss Eva.	Harrington, C. H.
Brotherton, J.	Hatt, A.
Butler, E., and wife.	Hayden, Miss K.
Butler, Gertrude.	Hill, L. E.
Buxton, Miss M.	Hite, Miss W. W.
Cannon, L. O.	Hoodnepyl, George L.
Cannon, Mrs. R. B.	Ingals, Miss Hazel.
Cannon, Miss S.	Ingals, W. H., and wife.
Carpenter, Miss Clara.	Janney, E. H.
Carpenter, J. W.	Janney, P. M.
Cassner, Dwight.	Johnson, J. A.
Churchley, Miss H.	Johnson, C. R.
Clarke, T. T.	Johnson, Miss Ethel.
Clarke, Mrs. T. T.	Kavanaugh, R. T.
Clasby, L., and wife.	Keever, H. L.
Clasby, Marion.	Keever, E. P.
Clasby, Steven.	Kellar, Mrs. G. A.
Cooper, Ruby.	Kellar, Miss Effie B.
Cooper, Lena.	Kellar, Miss Alma B.
Cornell, A. B.	Kellar, Miss Grace F.
Cornell, Mrs. A. B.	Kline, J. Grant, and wife.
Cornell, Miss A. F.	Klodt, William.
Cox, Mary.	Lanney, E. H.
Decker, H. H.	Lewis, O. S.
Decker, Mrs. H. H.	Lewis, Mrs. O. S.
Drake, L. L.	Lewis, Ray.
Drake, Mrs. L. L.	Lewis, Miss Florence.
Drake, L. L., Jr.	Lehay, Miss May.
Dodson, W. C.	LeRoy, ———
Dodson, Mrs. W. C.	Liedelt, Mrs. O. S.
Durham, J. C.	Ligget, E. O., and wife.
Eastman, Mrs. C. A.	Lippman, B., and wife.

Lucas, W. H.	Smith, L. P., and wife.
Martin, Miss Carrie.	Smith, W. L.
Martingale, C. H. and wife.	Smith, William H.
Maudlin, ———	Soules, Mrs. William.
McFayden, John D.	Sparks, George T.
McKearney, Miss Margaret.	Sparks, Miss Madera.
McLennan, Miss N.	Springer, J. D.
Matek, Julia.	Stone, Miss Elsie May.
Maulkus, Lewis, and wife.	Thompson, Miss F.
Mehiw, C. E.	Todd, Miss A. S.
Mero, L.	Todd, W. C.
Mosh, Chew.	Townsend, E. G.
Musser, Miss B.	Townsend, Alma.
Nake, Mrs. Louise G.	Wahlberg, H. C.
Nake, Miss Nellie.	Waddy, J. W.
Orr, J. C.	Waller, William.
Osterberg, Alma.	Waller, S.
Parsons, Miss Mary K.	Walter, Miss Mary.
Paul, J. E., and wife.	Wallace, Edna.
Pinney, William.	Wallace, Miss B.
Rateman, M. J.	Watson, Alice.
Riggs, J. W., and wife.	Watson, Mabelle.
Robertson, P.	White, Mrs. W.
Roberts, Sarah A.	Wilson, G. F.
Rockwell, E.	Winkelbeck, A.
Rockwell, Mrs. E.	Winkelbeck, Mrs. A.
Rowland, C. C.	Winslow, C. A.
Rogers, Fred.	Winslow, Mrs. C. A.
Schoeber, A.	Winters, H. P.
Schroeder, Miss Frances.	Winters, Mrs. H. P.
Schull, Sarah.	Winters, Roland.
Schull, Cora.	Woodward, A. C.
Shaw, Miss H. C.	Wright, Miss H.
Shouldice, Miss.	Young, J. K.
Smith, G. A.	

Steerage Passenger List

Craler, A. W.	Rumley, Joe.
Eivers, A. L.	San, J.
Giune, Frank.	Schallhorn, H.
Hyers, T. H.	Silva, Mrs. E.
Kiunst, H.	Silva, E.
Mayo, M.	Spieler, A.
Merrill, C. W.	Truesdale, W. H.
Miller, John.	Wallin, E. A.
Nop, F. K.	Williams, W. F.
Peurson, O.	Viants, B.
Premus, J.	

List of the Columbia's Crew

Agerup, R., second officer.	Carrera, Alexander, waiter.
Allen, R. J., waiter.	Christensen, C., quartermaster.
Alley, J. G., waiter.	Claus, Max, second asst. engineer.
Blocker, A. L., waiter.	Codorette, A., waiter.
Burpee, M. C., first asst. engineer.	Curran, W., quartermaster.
Byrnes, J. E., purser.	Davis, Frank D., second cook.

Doran, P. A., master.
 Drayer, E. R., pantryman.
 Easton, B., fireman.
 Eastwood, C., fireman.
 Ellis, J., quartermaster.
 Engman, Robert, waiter.
 Foggarty, J. J., steerage watchman.
 Funk, S., first steward.
 Gustarson, R., seaman.
 Harrison, Mrs. E., stewardess.
 Hawse, R. M., third officer.
 Hinner, P., quartermaster.
 Hock, A., second steward.
 Holland, C., waiter.
 Jackson, J. S., chief engineer.
 Larkin, S., fireman.
 Larson, A., seaman.
 Lawrence, W. T., steerage steward.
 Linnstrom, J., seaman.
 Madison, M., fireman.
 McAlpine, D. F., watchman.
 McKay, G., carpenter.

Murphy, C., waiter.
 Norris, N., boatswain.
 Peterson, C., seaman.
 Peterson, S., seaman.
 Roosler, Charles, chief cook.
 Ross, J., fireman.
 Simon, _____, seaman.
 Schneider, A., baker.
 Showler, C., waiter.
 St. Clair, A., porter.
 Swift, John, fireman.
 Tedteen, W., messman.
 Thomas, R. J., third asst. engineer.
 White, J. P., waiter.
 Whitney, W. E., first officer.
 Three water tenders, names unknown.
 Three oilers, names unknown.
 Third cook, name unknown.
 Mess boy, name unknown.
 Second pantryman, name unknown.

SAVED

Passengers known to be saved are the following:

Akesson, Anna, Litchfield, Minn.
 Allen, H. S., San Francisco.
 Ashford, Philip, Livermore, Cal.
 Austin, B. C., San Francisco.
 Beahm, C. H., San Diego.
 Beebe, Pearl, Portland.
 Best, Dr. B. C., and wife, San Francisco.
 Biegel, A. G., Portland.
 Booker, Miss Eva, Franklin, Ky.
 Brotherton, J., Muskogee, Ind. Ty.
 Buxton, Miss Minnie, Portland.
 Conner, Louis O., San Francisco.
 Cannon, Miss Stella, San Francisco.
 Casner, Dwight, Lead, S. D.
 Churchley, Miss Helen, Portland.
 Clarke, T. T., Jacksonville, Tenn.
 Clarke, Mrs. T. T., Jacksonville, Tenn.
 Copeland, Mrs. F., Oakland.
 Cornell, A. B., San Diego.
 Cox, May E., Elwood, Ind.
 Decker, H. H., and wife, Tesla, Cal.
 Drake, Mrs. L. L., Portland.
 Dodson, Mrs. W. C., Portland.
 Eastman, Mrs. C. A., Portland.

Eccles, Joseph P., Oakland.
 Evers, A. L., Portland.
 Ewart, R. H., Johnston, Penn.
 Fitzgerald, Miss Bee, Los Angeles.
 Gieger, Miss Mabel, Peoria, Ill.
 Gordon, Miss Effie, Portland.
 Goedjen, Miss Hetty, Manitowoc, Wis.
 Goslinsky, Phil E., San Francisco.
 Griese, Miss Emma, Cleveland, O.
 Hager, Frank, Johnston, Pa.
 Hanson, Miss Lulu, Minneapolis.
 Hardin, William, Seattle, Wash.
 Hardin, Lucas William, Seattle.
 Hil, L. E., Santa Ana.
 Hoodnepyl, George L., McMinnville, Tenn.
 Ingels, Miss Hazel, Oakland.
 Ingels, W. M., Oakland.
 Janney, E. H., Portland.
 Janney, M. H., Portland.
 Johnson, Mrs. J. A., San Francisco.
 Johnson, C. R., San Francisco.
 Johnson, Miss Ethel, San Francisco.
 Kavanaugh, R. T., San Francisco.
 Kever, M. S., Denver, Colo.
 Kline, J. Grant, Sanger.

Kline, Mrs. J. G., Sanger.
 Klodt, William, Seattle.
 Klunst, Henry, Merced.
 Ligget, E. O., Kansas City.
 Lehn, Miss May, San Francisco.
 Leroy, J., Denver, Colo.
 Lidell, Mrs. Orville, San Francisco.
 Lippman, Bert, and wife, San Francisco.
 Manedini, F. A., Enid, Okla.
 Martin, Miss Carrie, Eugene, Ore.
 Martindale, C. H., and wife, Guthrie, Okla.
 McClellan, Nannie, Waco, Texas.
 Mehiw, C. E., Enid, Okla.
 Modentyle, G. L., McMinnville, Tenn.
 Myer, L. C., Porterville.
 Malkus, L., and wife.
 Orr, J. C., Schuyler, Neb.
 Osterberg, Alma, Cleveland, O.
 Paul, Dr. J. E., and wife, Columbus, Neb.
 Pinney, William N., Portland.
 Riggs, J. W., and wife, Bloomington, Ill.
 Rockwell, E., and wife, Guthrie, Okla.

Robertson, R., Alameda, Cal.
 Rowland, Clyde S., Spokane, Wash.
 Roberts, Sarah A., Spokane, Wash.
 Rogers, Fred, Enid, Okla.
 Schoober, A., Denver, Colo.
 Schallhorn, J., Portland.
 Shaw, Mrs. H. C., Stockton, Cal.
 Shonendice, Miss, San Francisco.
 Smith, Fred, Porterville.
 Smith, L. R., and wife, Oakland.
 Smith, W. L., Vancouver, B. C.
 Smith, William H., San Francisco.
 Sparks, Miss Medera, Fort Smith, Ark.
 Thompson, Mrs. J. M., Napa, Cal.
 Thompson, Miss Florence, Napa, Cal.
 Townsend, E. G., North Yakima, Wash.
 Wahlberg, Hans C., Portland.
 Waddy, J. W., Portland.
 Walter, Miss Mary, Minneapolis.
 Watson, Alice M., Denver, Colo.
 Watson, Maybelle, Berkeley, Cal.
 West, Dr. E. C., and wife, San Francisco.
 Winkelbeck, A., Poplar Bluff, Mo.
 Woodward, A. C., Oakland.

Steerage Passenger List

Meyer, T. H., San Francisco.
 Knox, Fred, San Francisco.
 Pearson, Olaf, San Francisco.
 Rumley, Joseph, Oakland.

Sun, Joseph, Oakland.
 Silva, Emil, Aberdeen, Wash.
 Truesdale, W. H., Richfield, Ill.
 Williams, W. F., Enid, Okla.

List of the Columbia's Crew

Agerup, R., second officer.
 Byrnes, J. E., purser.
 Carreva, Alexander, waiter.
 Clem, Lewis, waiter.
 Curran, W., quartermaster.
 Eastwood, Charles, fireman.
 Ellis, J., quartermaster.
 Engman, Robert, waiter.
 Foggarty, J. J., steerage watchman.
 Funk, M., first steward.
 Gustafson, R., seaman.
 Harries, Mrs. E., stewardess.
 Hawse, R. M., third officer.
 Holland, Charles, waiter.
 Jackson, J. F., chief engineer.
 Larson, A. L., seaman.
 Lawrence, G. W., steerage steward.
 Lindstrom, J., quartermaster.

Lewis, W. T.
 Mack, A., second steward.
 McKay, G., carpenter.
 Murphy, C. F., waiter.
 Nolan, Charles, second pantryman.
 Norris, N., boatswain.
 Otto, Henry, third cook.
 Peterson, S., seaman.
 Porter, F. G., oiler.
 Von Roessler, Charles, chief cook.
 Ross, John, fireman.
 Russell, Thomas, water tender.
 Simons, Frank, seaman.
 Shawley, J. E., waiter.
 St. Clair, A., porter.
 Swift, John, fireman.
 Thomas, R. J., third asst. engineer.
 White, J., waiter.

Following are the names and addresses of the sixteen people who came in the life-boat at Shelter Cove, Sunday afternoon, with two bodies:

Kriever, B. B., Prescott, Iowa.	Winkelbeck, Mrs. A., Poplar Bluff, Mo.
Kuro, Jacob, Goldwater, Kan.	Ingels, Mrs. W. H., 1315 Oak St., Oakland.
Cadorette, Armand, New Bedford, Mass.	Musser, Miss Blanche W., 561 E. 9th S. St., Salt Lake, Utah.
Daston, David, fireman on Columbia.	Cooper, Miss Ruby, Fayette, Mo.
McCoy, Charles, oiler on Columbia.	Rodman, Michael, 317 Third St., San Francisco.
McAlpine, D. S. watchman on Columbia.	Graham, B. W., 125 Front St., Portland.
Mann, Emil, sailor on Columbia.	Nef, Frank, Kane, Pa.
Hinner, Paul, quartermaster on Columbia.	Fedsted, William, messman: Crater, A. W., Portland.
Lewis, O. S., 99 El Molino, Pasadena.	Premus, J.
Wallin, Edwin, 39 Noe Street, San Francisco.	

SEVENTY-SEVEN ARE STILL MISSING

(By the Associated Press—P. M.)

San Francisco, July 30.—The San Francisco and Portland Steamship Company's official corrected list, furnished to the Associated Press, shows that of the 189 passengers carried by the steamer Columbia, sixty-six were drowned. Fifty-nine of these were cabin passengers, and seven had taken steerage berths. Only eleven of the fifty-nine members of the crew are now missing.

DEAD

Latest List of Those Known to be Dead or Who Are Unaccounted for

Agalde, Mrs. K. F.	Carpenter, J. W.
Anderson, Mrs. R.	Clasby, Marion.
Bashman, W. H.	Clasby, E., and wife and son, seven years old.
Dahleen, Alma.	Clasby, Steven.
Benson, Mrs. J.	Cooper, Nena.
Best, Mrs. J. E.	Cornell, Mrs. A. F.
Butler, Gertrude.	Dodson, Mrs. W. C.
Butler, E., and wife.	Drake, Jr., L. L., and son.
Burnal, Miss A.	Durham, J. C.
Cannon, Mrs. R. B.	Fagale, Mrs. K.
Carpenter, Clara.	

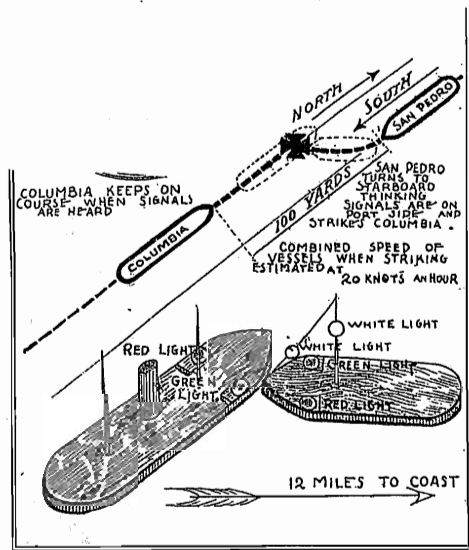
Giune, Frank.	Parsons, Mary K.
Gordon, Mrs. Blanche R.	Radenman, M. J.
Graham, B. W.	Schroeder, Miss Frances E.
Gray, Mrs. A.	Schull, Cora.
Happ, Mrs. A.	Schull, Sarah.
Hayden, Miss K.	Silva, Mrs. E.
Harrington, C. H.	Smith, G. A.
Hatt, Mrs.	Soules, Mrs. William.
Keever, E. P.	Spieler, A.
Kellar, Alma B.	Sparks, George T.
Kellar, Miss G. A.	Springer, J. D.
Kellar, Grace F.	Stone, Elsie May.
Kellar, Effie B.	Todd, Miss A. S.
Lewis, Mrs. O. S., Pasadena, Cal.	Todd, W. C.
Lewis, Florence, Pasadena, Cal.	Viants, B.
Lewis, Ray C., Pasadena, Cal.	Wallace, Miss B.
Liggett, E. O.	Wallace, Edna.
McKeaney, Margaret.	Waller, William.
Mayo, M.	Waller, Mrs. S.
Mauldin, ———.	White, Miss W.
McFayden, John D.	Wilson, G. F.
Matek, Miss Julia.	Winters, Roland.
Merrill, C. W.	Winters, Mrs. H. P.
Mero, L.	Winslow, C. A. and wife.
Miller, John.	Wright, Miss H.
Nake, Louise G.	Young, J. K.
Nake, Nellie A.	

The following members of the Columbia's crew were also lost:

Alley, Waiter J. G.	Easton, Fireman D.
Alley, Waiter R. J.	Larkin, Fireman Ed.
Blocker, Waiter A. L.	Maddison, Fireman J.
Burpee, First Asst. Engineer M. C.	Schreider, Baker A.
Claus, Second Asst. Engineer Max.	Tedtson, Messman W.
Davis, Second Cook Frank D.	Whitney, First Officer W. F.
Doran, Master P. A.	Christenson, Quartermaster C.
Drayer, Pantryman E. R.	Four sailors, names unknown.

The foregoing lists have been compiled and revised as carefully as possible, but it is entirely probable that they contain some inaccuracies.

It is the consensus of opinion among wreckers and seafaring men that none of the bodies of the drowned passengers and crew ever will be recovered. Should any be washed up on the Mendocino coast, the inaccessibility of that unfrequented stretch would make their recovery improbable. It is thought that, inasmuch as the Columbia turned completely over as she went down, many of the unhappy victims are held fast in her wreckage and hull.



The accompanying drawing is a sketch explanatory of Captain Birmingham's understanding of the collision between the San Pedro and the Columbia, and shows how the San Pedro ran into the Columbia while trying to cross her bow. The diagram was drawn by Captain Birmingham.

