

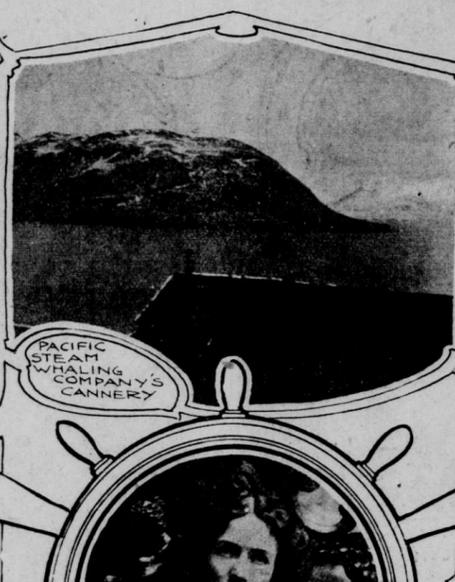
Scenes Aboard the Wrecked Steam Whaler Wolcott

RAN NINE MILES WITH THE WATER POURING INTO THE SHIP

WITH three great holes in her hull, through which the water poured in tremendous volume, threatening every minute to sink her with all on board, the steam whaler Wolcott, which was wrecked on Kodiak Island, Alaska, on the night of January 21, ran for nine miles around a rocky promontory in a desperate effort to reach a small cove where Captain Snow thought there was a fair possibility of beaching her. There was absolutely no alternative, for outside, where the vessel struck the rock, the wind was blowing a gale and the sea was running so high that it was impossible to launch the small boats. The engineer crowded on all steam, and with the faint hope of safety ahead and the certainty of death behind them on board the sinking ship waited and strained their eyes for a glimpse of



MRS. MAYON AS A CASTAWAY.



PACIFIC STEAM WHALING COMPANY'S CANNERY



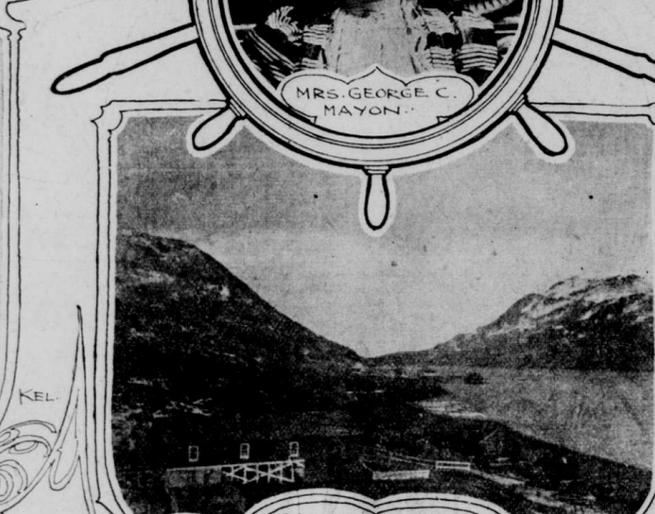
EDWARD H. BENJAMIN.

CREW AND PASSENGERS OBLIGED TO CAMP AT THE FOOT OF A GLACIER

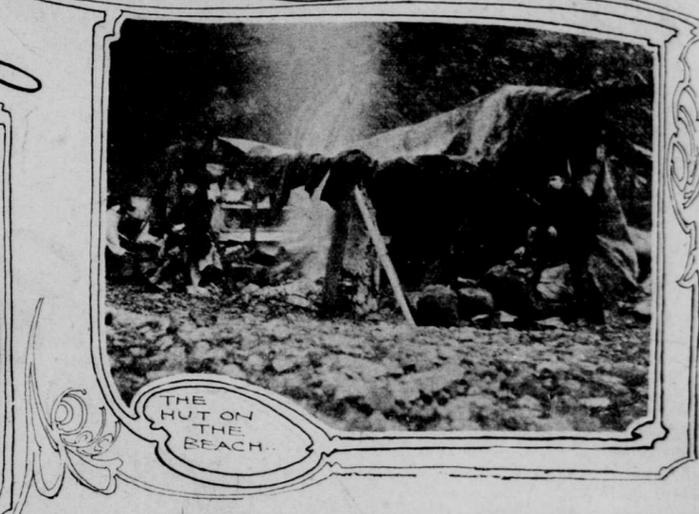
pendent of the Apollo mine at Unga, and his wife is an Oakland girl, daughter of John Murry, 974 Twenty-fourth street. They arrived from the north none the worse for their experience, although both declare they never want to repeat it. Mrs. Mayon gives a graphic description of the wreck of the Wolcott. "It was not a very stormy night," she said in describing the scene preceding the disaster. "We had passed the Karlik Heads, and then it grew very dark. I was lying wide awake when the Wolcott struck. I knew instantly that she had struck on a rock, though my husband believed it was a whale. I rushed to the door and, as compositely as I knew how, asked the purser what was the matter. I was perfectly cool; I had always heard that women get so excited during a ship-



STEAM WHALER WOLCOTT



CANNERY ON KODIAK ISLAND



THE HUT ON THE BEACH

the shore, which they knew was near, but which the intense darkness prevented their seeing. The water in the cove was rapidly and soon the firemen were up to their waists in water. A few minutes later the water rose to their shoulders and they were obliged to swim for it. Finally the water rose to the tops of their heads, putting out the fires, but almost at the same moment the keel of the doomed steamer grated on the bottom and the tension for the time being was over. The race against time was one of the most thrilling features of the wreck, but it was not by any means the most disagreeable. The landing of the passengers and crew was accomplished with difficulty and when they found themselves safely on shore their condition was but little improved. The spot where they landed was a narrow strip of beach not more than fifty feet long and fifteen feet wide at high tide. It was flanked on either side by precipitous cliffs, 500 feet high, and backed by an icy glacier wedged into a narrow gorge. For two days and three nights the unfortunate castaways were imprisoned on this small patch of beach, clinging to the projecting rocks to prevent being blown into the sea and climbing the glacier as far as they could whenever the tide rose to get plenty of provisions off the ship, so they did not suffer from hunger. They were also provided with blankets, but they spent the whole of the time in keeping out of the shelter from the elements of any kind. The next day the crew managed to get some cabin doors and timbers from the steamer and built a rude sort of a hut, which was immediately raised and snowed out. The weather was not severely cold, if it had been the whole outfit would have perished the first night. On the third night the storm abated and the boats were immediately launched and ran nine miles up Uyak Bay to the Pacific Steam Whaling Company's cannery. Here they found shelter and fuel and managed to exist with some degree of comfort until their rescue by the steamer Excelsior on February 27.

of my bunk and drawing on my gum boots, started out to see what was the matter," said Mr. Benjamin. "As I started up the companionway, the pilot rushed past me. I asked him what was the matter, but instead of answering me he went to his room and began packing his valise. I followed him and then went on deck. The water was though we would never make land. There was some excitement, but no panic. The engineer stuck to his post until the last, and one of the firemen proved himself a hero. His name is Charles Ehrick, and he was a gunner on the U. S. S. Trenton when that ship was wrecked in the great storm at Apia, Samoa. For some reason he had shipped on the Wolcott under the name of Rowell, but he showed that he was made of the right stuff. He shoveled coal into the furnaces as long as he could get any. I saw him at work with the water up to his shoulders. Finally he went clear under the water in search of one last shovelful. When he appeared above the water again he said to the engineer, 'It's no use, sir.' But his work had been well done, and the ship rounded almost before he had finished speaking. The captain ordered the boats cleared away at once, and this was done under the direction of Second Mate Wood. We had one woman aboard, Mrs. George C. Mayon of Unga, who was coming down to visit her parents, accompanied by her husband. Naturally, we wanted her to be the first to enter the boat to go ashore. Just as she was about to step in, Deputy United States Marshal L. L. Bowers, another passenger, rushed up, and pushing her aside, jumped into the boat. It was a cowardly thing to do, and we felt like skinning him. Bowers was taking three prisoners from Unga to Sitka, and when

the ship struck the rock they were locked up in a room. Bowers was so busy trying to save himself that he forgot all about his prisoners, and they would have drowned like rats if they had not succeeded in smashing the door to their prison. "I went in the first boat with the Mayons. We could not see the land, and did not know how far away it was. We rowed about a mile and a half and then in the other direction, and finally, after about an hour, the boat bumped against the rocky cliff. Mayon and I jumped out and dragged the boat up on a little strip of beach, where the other boats soon followed us. The sailors made several trips

back to the ship and secured a good supply of provisions and blankets, but we had a rough time of it. We could not climb the cliff, for the walls were almost straight up and down, and we could not climb the glacier, except for a few feet until we had cut steps in the ice. The next morning we found that there was no hope of getting away until the storm abated and we could venture forth in the boats. At low tide the ship was high and dry and at high tide the water was over her upper deck. Whenever the tide came in we had to climb up on the snow as far as we could and drag our baggage after us. The work gave us plenty of exercise and prevented us from suffering from the cold, although the weather was comparatively mild. "On Friday after midnight the storm blew itself out and we at once took to the boats and rowed to the cannery, nine miles distant. It was a hard pull, but we knew we were safe when we got there. There were only three men stationed at the cannery at the time, two watchmen and a cook, but there was plenty of fuel and shelter, such as it was. We arrived there on the afternoon of February 2 and remained there until the 27th, that is the rest of the day. I chartered a fishing smack to go to Kodiak, ninety miles distant, and carry the news of our wreck and to send down a schooner to pick us up. The schooner came along in a few days, but Captain Snow said the Excelsior was due along that way any hour and he was afraid if he left he would miss her. The others concluded to remain also, but I went to Kodiak on the schooner and the Excelsior arrived there at about the same time and received the first news of the disaster from me. We then went down and picked up the rest of the Wolcott's passengers and the crew and sailed for Unga and thence came home by way of Seattle. "Mr. Benjamin was sent to the northern region five months ago by the Alaska Commercial Company to examine some mining properties. He was ready to come home last January, but could not get a vessel coming down until the Wolcott came along. "George C. Mayon is the son of the su-

Brown's Feelings.

Continued From Page 4.

Miss Feltram was turning from white to red and then to white again. She turned away with a quick little gesture and no words. "Do you—do you find them much changed at Ferries?" she asked, with a desperate attempt at an easy demeanor. "Not a bit," he answered. "The children have grown up, of course; I don't count that. For the rest, the fifteen years I have been away seem to go for nothing; I don't know how to believe that it is fifteen years," he went on in a low voice. "It seemed to me yesterday that not a day had passed since I saw you last." He paused, and then he suddenly stood still and looked across the bicycle at Miss Feltram. "I must be mad, I suppose, to speak so soon," he said. "Of course, I meant to have waited and—felt my way—but when I saw you yesterday I knew that I was a cowardly thing to do, and we felt like skinning him. Bowers was taking three prisoners from Unga to Sitka, and when

Denton met Brown as he came out of the drawing-room. "Been having your say about Colonel Manly?" she asked. "Doesn't seem to have done you any good, anyway." Some hours later Denton rushed down into Brown's pantry. She had just finished dressing her mistress for dinner. "Says is off," she cried. "Miss Feltram's just told me she and Colonel Manly's engaged to be married!" But she spoke to an empty pantry. Brown had been summoned to the drawing-room. "I must tell him myself," his mistress had pleaded. "I hurt his feelings this afternoon, and I don't want to do it again, poor old Brown! Besides Dick," she added, half laughing and half crying, "do you know that this—that it is really Brown's doing? Just before you came he had told me that he felt that it was his duty to warn me against you, and—and the worm will turn!"

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wreck that they confuse the men. The purser told me he would go and see what had happened. "Suddenly I heard the water rush in torrents into the hold of our vessel. Presently the bells rang an order to back her. Then Captain Snow came down and told them to get me up and ready to leave the ship. In a moment I was dressed and we got upon deck, where the truth was very soon realized. The small boats, under the direction of Second Officer E. B. Wood, were launched with great difficulty, as the tide rose and fell and the waves washed over the vessel continually. "I was the first passenger into the little boat, and I can't say too much in praise of the sailors and men for the kind treatment they accorded me. What a contrast it was to the Bourgeois affair. It is quite true though that Pilot Keen did rather lose his head and he did make the remark, 'Every man for himself.' But if all men act like they did at this wreck it isn't so bad after all. "One of the sailors in our boat had no more than shouted 'There isn't any beach' than we struck against a small cliff. My husband jumped out in his big rubber boots, and in five minutes we were ashore, although the breakers were still dashing over us. "I shall never forget how hard those men worked removing the baggage and provisions. Soon pieces of the shattered and torn bottom of the wrecked ship drifted ashore and we built a fire, but Captain Snow stayed by his ship for over three hours longer and displayed exceptional bravery. "There was only about fifteen feet of beach between the water and the cliff, towering 400 feet high. Up this incline we had to climb as the tide rose, and as we clung to the projecting sharp rocks frequently pieces would crumble off and strike us. "On the third day the men managed to launch the boat and they rowed nine miles to the cannery, returning with a big dory. Into this we packed everything that was high tide and new homes we started for the Pacific Steam Whaling Company's cannery on Kodiak Island. There we remained until the 27th, when we went aboard the Excelsior up to Unga, for she had to take the mail up. From there we returned to Unga and then to Seattle, a journey of eight days. From Seattle we came home by rail. "So far as Deputy United States Marshal L. L. Bowers' crowding aside those who were trying to get me into the first boat is concerned, I did not notice it. It seemed to me as if there was considerable prejudice existing against him. But it is true, he got into the first boat, and after a while I heard him say, 'Oh, I've forgotten my three prisoners.' We were told afterward that these prisoners kicked down the door of their cell and were also rescued. "Mr. Mayon is justly proud of the courage exhibited by his wife during the trying ordeal. "It was pretty tough on that beach without shelter except bedclothes, but we managed to get along very well under the circumstances. We had plenty of hot coffee and plenty to eat. We picked up driftwood and got some coal that washed ashore from the wreck. We made a grate of the sticks, piled on the coal and had a hot fire. At night we lay down with our feet to it like a lot of Indians. We could not get out of that hole on account of the tide and the storm. At low tide we could walk around the wreck, but at high tide we were driven back upon the snow and we had to exercise our muscles dragging our baggage up after us. "When Mr. Mayon loaded the vessel at Unga he was charged in pursuer Leyshon a \$10,000 gold brick from the Apollo quartz mine at that place. The brick and all the valuable mail was saved by the purser and brought down by the Excelsior. "The steamer Golden Gate, in hunting for which the Wolcott met an untimely end, arrived at Seattle on the very day that the Wolcott's survivors reached Kodiak. It appears she had broken her shaft when off Kodiak Island and had at once turned back for Seattle under sail to get the damage repaired. "The Wolcott was formerly a revenue cutter, and was sold to the Pacific Steam Whaling Company several years ago. She was considered a good vessel and thoroughly seaworthy. The passengers, officers and crew of the Wolcott when the steamer was set were: "Passengers—George C. Mayon and wife, Unga; E. H. Benjamin, San Francisco; L. L. Bowers, Deputy United States Marshal; Unga; John Wild, Unga; James Toomey, Unga; Triffin Lukauen, Unga. "The crew—Captain Samuel F. Snow; J. H. Leyshon, purser; James Rand, first officer; E. B. Wood, second officer; Theodore Morris, chief engineer; George J. Murphy, first assistant engineer; J. W. Keen, pilot; Charles Rowell, fireman; W. F. Van Foreman, O. Kitamura, steward; W. Goshme, cook; M. Matsumi, cook; R. Johnson, Thomas Seaton, William Henrys and John Crosby, seamen.

Two Clever Little San Francisco Favorites to Appear at the Orpheum.



Arnold Grazer and Little Hazel.



Arnold Grazer.



Just a Little Song to Baby.

When the crash came the passengers tumbled out of their berths and started on deck to find out what was the matter. They did not need to ask, however, as the sound of the rushing water and the rolling of the vessel told the story only too plainly. The pilot appeared to lose his head completely for the time being and sang out "every man for himself," as he dived into his room for the most valuable of his possessions. Edward H. Benjamin, the well-known mining engineer of this city, was a passenger on the Wolcott and he gives a very vivid description of the happenings on that eventful night. "When I heard the crash I jumped out