

JOSH WISE  
SAYS:

"Gale Dornick's oldest son rigged up a wireless to listen to war dispatches. All he's ever heard so far is profanity."



# The Seattle Star

The Only Paper in Seattle That Dares to Print the News

VOLUME 16. NO. 156.

SEATTLE, WASH., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1914.

ONE CENT NEWS STANDS, 5c ON TRAINS AND

LAST  
EDITION

WEATHER FORECAST — No chance for anything new here; same as before—fair tonight and tomorrow. Westerly winds.

# Liner Admiral Sampson Rammed and Sunk in Sound; Eleven Dead

One of the most thrilling escapes from death on the Admiral Sampson was experienced by Miss Claire Buor, 5616 11th av. N. E., bound for Ketchikan to teach school.

The fact that her life was saved was due to somebody from the Princess Victoria throwing a rope, and to the fact that George Peterson, of Centralia, first seized the rope, then seized the school teacher.

Both went far under, but Peterson gripped Miss Buor in a vice-like grip with his legs, and held to the rope with his hands. After a time, choking and strangling, they came to the surface, and presently a lifeboat came along and picked them up.

"I awoke before the crash," said Miss Buor, as she huddled in the cabin of the Princess Victoria, her hair tousled, and a raincoat buttoned tightly under her chin. "The two boats whistled and whistled, and I guess that was what wakened me. I feared something was wrong, so arose and peeked out. It was fearfully foggy, but the steamers were still moving, so I concluded everything was all right, and climbed back to my berth."

**Feeble Terrific Crash**  
"Hardly was I back when I heard and felt a terrific crash. The Sampson shuddered, and then for a moment there was silence. I jumped up again and rushed for the deck, dressing as I ran."

"I don't know how long it was after the crash before the Sampson sank, but it seemed almost instantly. I think, though, it really was about eight minutes. The water was already near the deck level when I left my stateroom, and then just when that rope was thrown the deck sank from under me."

**Here Grins at Girl**  
"I clutched the rope, but missed, and I would surely have drowned if that man hadn't—Why, here he is now!"

A muscular looking fellow stroled up and grinned good-naturedly at the trembling, hysterical little school teacher. He was fully clothed, but he looked as if he had gone through fire and water. The front of his shirt, that had once been white, was spotted and streaked. A wilted white collar dangled like a rag from the shirt stud at the back of his neck.

A water-soaked hat sat rakishly on the back of his head. A fountain pen still held its clip in his coat pocket, despite the fact that coat, pen, and owner had been far under water.

## ALL KEEP HEADS

An outstanding feature of the disaster is the coolness with which the passengers faced their peril, and to this coolness and the courage and discipline of the crew of the Sampson is due the fact that, while but three passengers were lost, eight members of the crew gave up their lives.

**KILLED BY TRAIN**  
Frank P. Dell, a laborer, while crossing a railroad bridge near Skyhomish, was hit and instantly killed by Great Northern train No. 1 yesterday. A brother lives in Butte, Mont.

**MAN KILLED BY TRAIN**  
The body of an unidentified man, who was killed by a Great Northern train Tuesday afternoon at Alpine, near scenic, Wash., was brought to Seattle today.

**What I think about it**  
BEING JUST ONE MAN'S OPINION  
By The Spectator

I was out at Mt. Baker park the other day, where the kids splash in the lake and frolic about on the grass.

On the shore of the lake, a group of children were playing in the sand, and what do you suppose they were making?

Fort!

They had heard pa and ma discuss the war; no doubt, too, they'd studied the war pictures. And here they were, letting their imaginations revel in dreams of wholesale murder.

I wondered then, I wonder still, what the effect of so much war spirit will be upon the new generation.

In a few days the kids will be back at school and teacher will have a lot to do with shaping the bent of their thoughts and dreams. The chances are that teacher, too, will have war in her system—for where can you go these days to get away from it? I hope, though, teacher will lay herself out to sweeten this hellishness and keep aloft the in-ill will of peace. Teacher can help a great deal towards the ultimate universal peace we long for.

## PICTURES TAKEN WHEN PRINCESS VICTORIA DOCKED IN SEATTLE



One of the rescued passengers of the Sampson photographed as he came down the gangplank, robed in a white blanket.

## SURVIVOR TELLS HOW VICTIM, BURNING IN WRECKAGE, BEGGED HELPLESS MATES TO SHOOT HIM

"I'd sat up all night, chewing the fat with the bunch, as a fellow will," said J. H. Varley, ironworker, "and was taking a squint at myself in the looking-glass to see whether I should shave then or wait another day, when my head rammed into the mirror, smashing it, and I thought for a moment my skull was cracked."

"When I found that no bones were broken, I got out on deck in a hurry. It was getting light, but the air was thick with fog. I made out, just forward of the Sampson's smokestack, the sharp bow of a ship—the Princess Victoria it was—and she'd sliced the Sampson saw the poor fellow caught in

half in two.

"We'd been rammed on the starboard side, and, as I looked down over the rail, I saw Pete Curtin and Hank Pullen, pale of mine, struggling in the water."

"I threw them a line and got them aboard, and we turned to do what we could for others."

"Still another ironworker—there were 20 of us in our party, and all bound for a job in Juneau—called to me, that there was a man caught on the bow of the Princess Victoria, which had worked loose somewhat from the wedge in the smokestack, the sharp bow of a ship—the Princess Victoria it was—and she'd sliced the Sampson saw the poor fellow caught in

wreckage which clung to the anchor chain of the Princess Victoria. The wreckage was afire."

"The first thing I knew, Lindstrom had pushed the end of a rope into my hands and was dropping over the side. I lowered him. The man below was caught fast, and, though Lindstrom tugged and tugged, he could not get him free."

"We saw the fire creep upon him. His clothes began to burn. Then his hair caught fire, and his eyebrows."

"For God's sake, shoot me!" he begged. "I can't stand it—I can't, I can't!" His flesh began to burn, and when I saw Lindstrom's pants catch fire, I pulled him up, though he protested. Later they got the man up, but he was dying."

"The bow of the Princess towered high over the deck of the Sampson, and we were helping the crew of the Princess hoist passengers to her deck."

"By and by when all the women near had been lifted up to the Princess Victoria, we men climbed aboard. We were none too soon, for the Sampson turned her nose down into the water and made as pretty a dive as you ever saw. There wasn't any splash to speak of."

"The captain of the Sampson had retreated to the stern. He stood with hand raised. The last thing I saw was his hand as it sank beneath the boiling water."

## ESCAPES BY A DARING JUMP

At Paris, 4110 College st., Seattle, one of a group of 20 structural iron workers bound for Juneau, occupied a berth within a few feet of where the Victoria rammed the Sampson. He says his escape from death was miraculous.

Quick work on his part enabled him to dress almost completely and to grab his suit case.

He arrived on deck to find the anchor chain from the Princess Victoria invitingly near by.

He backed up, took a running jump, sailed across a space of water, and grabbed the anchor chain, still holding his suitcase.

Hand over hand he climbed the chain and got aboard.

## WOMEN THROWN INTO WATER

W. H. Pollum, who lives at 1822 Fifth av., Seattle, said he was awakened by the crash, which was so severe it jarred the vessel from stem to stern. He leaped from his berth, grabbed the clothes that came handiest and rushed on deck to find the steamer settling rapidly, and the big hulk of the Princess Victoria looming directly above them.

With most of the other men aboard, he went over the rail and swam until picked up by a life boat from the Princess Victoria. Others with women in their care experienced great difficulty, for the thing happened so suddenly and the vessel settled so rapidly there was little time to load the boats and get them away.

Pollum thinks most of the women aboard were in the water at one time or another.

## BIG DOG SHOW PROMISED

Entries for the dog show of the Seattle Kennel club closed last night after a rush which threatened to swamp the club officials. The list of dogs entered has not yet been completed, but the show management was confident today a sufficient number of dogs had been entered to insure the largest show which the club has ever held. The show will open on September 3, at First av. and University st.

Three passengers and eight members of the crew of the Admiral Sampson, Alaska-Pacific Navigation Co., including Capt. Z. S. Moore, were lost when the Princess Victoria of the Canadian Pacific line rammed the Sampson at 6:05 this morning off Point No Point, 18 miles north of Seattle, tore a deep gash both above and below her water line, and set it on fire at both ends.

The Sampson sank within 10 minutes. The collision was due to a dense fog.

To the judgment of Capt. P. J. Hickey of the Victoria is attributed the fact that no more fatalities occurred. He kept the pro wof the Victoria in the hole torn by his ship in the Sampson's hull. This gave the passengers and crew the chance to save themselves. When the Victoria backed away from the Sampson a big rush of water filled it and it sank in three minutes.

Practically all of the passengers were asleep at the time, but Capt. Moore took charge of the rescue work with unusual skill and dispatch. Boats were promptly lowered and ropes thrown out. The last seen of Capt. Moore was just as the boat sank.

He was raising his hand as though in token of farewell. As the bow of the ship dipped into the water, he was swallowed up.

With equal bravery, Chief Engineer Noon and Wireless Operator Reiger sacrificed their lives.

Passengers drowned include Mrs. Ed Banbury, bound for Skagway, and G. W. Bryant, bound for Seaward. The crew's dead are: Capt. Z. S. Moore, A. Sater, deck watchman; C. Marquette, sailor; Miss Campbell, stewardess; L. Cabanas, third cook; John G. Williams, mess boy; A. J. Noon, chief engineer; W. E. Reiger, wireless operator.

John McLaughlin, of San Francisco, is reported missing among the passengers, but his name does not appear on the company's passenger list.

Eddie Bracken, a passenger bound for Juneau, was so badly burned that he died at the Providence hospital, to which he was removed as soon as the Princess Victoria, bringing the survivors and dead of the Sampson, docked here, at 10:15 this morning.

The Sampson left Seattle at 4 o'clock this morning for Juneau. The Victoria, out of Vancouver, B. C., was due here at 8 a. m. There were 54 passengers and 65 members of the crew on the Sampson. The bow of the Victoria was slightly damaged. Ship carpenters patched up the hole and she was kept afloat. The Admiral Watson, sister ship of the Sampson, hastened to the scene of the wreck, and conveyed her to Seattle.

Most of the passengers and crew were able to get into life boats.

## CROWD GREET'S SURVIVORS

Like a phantom ship, the Princess Victoria limped out of the fog into her berth at the C. P. R. wharf, Pier 1, shortly after 10 o'clock this morning.

Her decks were crowded with people, half of them well dressed and the other half with only fragments of clothing protecting them from the cold.

A gaping wound loomed large in the vessel's bow, only two or three feet above the water line. The wound extended back from the bow 20 feet, sliced clean, as though a gigantic knife had done the thing.

In the breach hung a battered hatch cover from the Admiral Sampson. Half of it dragged under water, but the part that was stuffed into the hole was reinforced with a mass of burlap.

A ladder hanging from the deck above told of heroic and desperate work on the part of the ship's carpenters.

## ROLL CALLED IN SHIP'S CABIN

Hundreds of people crowded around the shore entrance of the pier, demanding news of relatives and friends. Other hundreds jostled each other on the lower floor, gazing curiously at the dead wagons drawn up in line.

Greeting were shouted as survivors recognized on the wharf friends who saw them off last night.

The survivors, clad in overcoats, kimono or whatever they were able to seize when the crash came, were held on board. One fat man nonchalantly strolled about the decks smoking a cigar, clad only in a blanket.

The injured were hustled into waiting ambulances and the regular C. P. R. passengers from Vancouver were sent ashore. Then the Sampson's passengers and crew were summoned to the ladies' cabin of the liner and roll call began.

A hush fell on the crowd as, one by one, names were checked off.

Some answered "present" calmly, as though it were an every-day affair. The voices of others shook. Women sobbed or laughed hysterically as they answered.

## DEFENDANT IN SUIT STRICKEN

While cross-examining Ida Feather, the plaintiff in a suit against him for a board bill, in Justice Wright's court today, Levi Dale was stricken with an attack of heart failure, dying a few minutes later in the city hospital.

Lot in D. T. Denny addition, North Seattle, sells for \$7,500.

**Robert Rounder's**  
Next Article Will Appear Tomorrow