LIFE-SAVING CREW'S WORK CONDEMNED

Captain Westphal, of Wrecked Mimi, Says Garibaldi Men Were Negligent.

GUN 'THREATS' ARE DENIED

Charles S. Fisher, of McMinnville, Corroborates Statements of Officer of Ill-Fated Bark on Efforts of Rescuers.

Still sore and stiff from hardships of 29 hours in the water as prisoners on the German bark Mimi, which carried 16 men to their death in a wreck off the Nehalem sand spit early Sunday, Charles S. Fisher, of McMinnville, and Captain J. Westphal, of Germany, two of the four who were rescued, arrived in Portland yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Fisher was accompanied by his son, J. A. Fisher, and Captain Westphal by friends, including Thomas Watt, one of the working force which was on the shore when the disaster took place. After 24 hours' rest, both men were able on the train yesterday to relate the stories of their experiences with all the harrowing details of suffering, struggling and exposure on the wrecked boat.

Both men condemn the Garibaldi life-saving crew as having been negligent, declaring that had the lifesavers made an attempt they could have saved at least three more persons.

"On the first morning after the wreck," said Mr. Fisher, "the lifesaving crew in a surfboat came almost up to us, and we shouted to them and they shouted back. They knew we were there. Ahead of their boat was an almost level stretch of water caused by the wrecked boat breaking the high waves. While we clung to our steel supports in our frigid prison we expected to be rescued and could have been had the lifesavers pulled up. Instead, they swerved off to one side and were caught in the breakers and driven back. It actually looked as if they did not want to rescue us.

More Lives Could Have Been Saved.

"We saw them later making attempts to get to us, but they did not seem to be working in earnest. The waves were not high, and I can see no reason why a boat could not have been manned to us. I have pulled boats through worse surf than that myself.

"Had the boat come to us when the crew got within hailing distance that first time, we could have rescued, in addition to the four who were saved, W. C. Koen and two Germans, one who died later and another who jumped overboard, unable to stand the tortures any longer."

Captain Westphal corroborates the statement of Mr. Fisher regarding the work of the crew. He asserts that the sea was not rough and that the boat at one time was pulled over the worst of the breakers and turned back when it had a straight pull to the wrecked vessel.

"The water between the wrecked ship and the lifeboat was no rougher than the surface of the Nehalem River," said Captain Westphal, on the train yesterday, as he pointed to the Nehalem, just out the car window. "I can see no reason why we were not taken off at this time. Then I saw the life crew put boats into the water from the shore later, and saw the boat beaten back by the waves. I noticed that the oars of the men were in the air all the time and it seemed as if they did not want to push into the breakers. The sea was not rough and I can see no reason why there should have been any trouble experienced in getting to us."

Townspeople Join in Criticism.

Residents of Brighton, Nehalem, Wheeler and other towns thereabouts condemn the lifesaving crew for their lack of action early in the first day of the wreck.

Captain Westphal denies the report that a gun was used in forcing the men to stay aboard the ship when she was floated into deep water, when the accident occurred. "I not only did not insist on the men staying aboard, but I asked them if they wanted to get off," said the captain. "I went to Mr. Fitzpatrick and Mr. Estes, who later were drowned, and asked them if they wanted to leave. They both said no.

"There were several men on shore when we started to pull on the lines with the donkey-engines, and all seemed to have no uneasiness about the safety of the ship. The men on board all took up their duties at the donkey engines on deck with a will and seemed confident that everything would be all right. We were in constant signal with the shore. Had any man desired to get off the boat he could have jumped. We were scattered all over the deck and in the darkness, it is silly for anyone to say that I or anyone else could have held the men on deck with a threat that the first to jump would be shot.

"As the big boat was pulled out to sea, I and Captain Albert Crowe, who later was lost, walked to the forward end of the boat and examined the lines. I left the captain on the forward end while I ran back to signal the donkey engineers on shore to let more slack in the cables. The signal was received, but before anything could be done the boat swerved broadside to the waves and pitched into the air. The rocking rolled a heavy steel bar onto my foot and held me pinioned for a few seconds, until the boat rolled the other way and the bar rolled away.

Boat Topples With Crash.

"The next I knew the boat rose into the air and came down with a crash, turning on her side. The deck was wrecked and the water was covered with a network of ropes and debris from the boat. I am almost sure that one of the donkey engines exploded in the water. It was all over so quickly that it is hard to say just what did happen. I don't know for sure.

"I remember standing on the side of a cabin and having it collapse with me. It was then that I and Mr. Koen and a German caught hold of ropes and pulled ourselves onto a perch consisting of a rather thin steel bar. Later we were joined by Mr. Fisher and two other Germans.

"We never saw any one else nor did we hear anyone. What became of Captain Crowe or Mr. Russell Blackman I cannot say. The last I saw of Captain Crowe was about five minutes before the accident on the forward end of the ship. I had not seen Mr. Blackman for about 10 minutes before that.

"And then came the terrible struggle against death in the water. The tide was high and we were sitting all cramped up on a pole with our heads bent over against the side of the ship which was above us as the boat rested on her side. For 29 hours we perched there, hanging to a steel bar, which was our only support. The icy water kept us soaked through all the time.

Water Almost Over Them.

"At times we had but a few inches of space in which to keep our heads above water. Still we clung. We knew that it was suicide for us to plunge into the water, possibly not because we could not swim, but because of the mass of wreckage and the ropes below us. We were sure of getting tangled in it and drowning if we jumped into the sea.

Early Rescue Expected.

"When daylight came we saw the lifesavers and others on the shore. I could recognize persons I knew, including Mr. Watt, who had been working with us in getting the boat off the sand. We expected to be rescued in less than an hour. I could see no reason why a lifeboat could not reach us. I thought it would be easy.

"You can imagine our surprise and disgust and terror when the lifeboat turned back after getting so close that we could talk to the crew. We could not imagine what was wrong.

"Mr. Keon, who had been sick some time before, was weak from the exposure and that afternoon he became delirious and begin to talk at random. He had hold of the iron bar which held us all and we were afraid he would plunge into the sea, so we worked our way about and put a rope around his body under his arms to hold him up. Soon afterward he died. We could see him still clutching the steel bar, but knew he had breathed his last. Then one of the German boys became delirious and we lashed him to the bar to keep him from going into the water. He raved all Sunday night and died Monday morning from exposure. He did not drown, nor did Mr. Keon.

"Sunday night was full of terrors. As the light gradually faded away and darkness hid our terrorized faces from one another we knew that we had to stay in our place at least until morning. We had to plead with the three German boys on board with us to keep them from jumping into the water. One of them saying he could not stand it over night, bade us goodbye and plunged into the water.

Tortures Are Indescribable.

"The night set in and we could see campfires on the shore and could hear people shouting. We perched in our watery prison until morning. I cannot describe the tortures we went through. At high tide the water came up around us and it looked as if we would be drowned right on our perch. At times the water was almost in our faces. After the high tide the water gradually crept down, but the swelling caused by the waves kept us wet to our necks.

"During that horrible night, which seemed years in length, the wind howled about us and the breakers dashed over the boat, resounding like a thousand cannons. I heard the German boy who was lashed to his perch raving madly in German. On both sides of me the men were delirious at times. Mr. Fisher was out of his head for a time. He was muttering to his wife and son and daughter. It was too horrible to describe.

"I am going to clear up matters in Portland and then go back to Germany."

The two German boys who were rescued along with Mr. Fisher and Captain Westphal remained at Brighton yesterday, with other Germans, who will attend to the burial of the German boy who was taken from the ship Monday evening. They will then be sent to Germany by Captain Westphal. They have entirely recovered from the effects of their siege in the wreck.

Survivors' Stories Correspond.

The story told by Mr. Fisher corresponds in the principal details to that of Captain Westphal. He says he was near the vessel's poop when the rolling and lurching began and that he grabbed the side of the poop and held tight. When the vessel went on her side with a crash he found himself standing on the side of the poop, which was up above the water. He remained here until it collapsed and left him hanging to a spar, which he climbed and held to with others. It was some little time, he says, before he worked himself along gradually away from the rising water to where Captain Westphal and the others were perched.

Particularly horrible is his description of the suffering of Mr. Keon. He was in such a place that the water dashing over the vessel dripped on his head. He had lost his hat. This fact and the inability of Mr. Keon to move caused his early demise. Mr. Keon, he says, was the first to die among those who managed to get to the spars above water.

Family Meets Fisher.

The case of Mr. Fisher is probably the most unusual of all, inasmuch as he is 61 years of age, and had been working particularly hard before the accident occurred.

When he arrived in Portland today his wife and daughter were waiting for him at Fourth and Yamhill. There was a joyous family meeting when the aged man stepped down from the train unassisted. The family left later for Lafayette, Or., where they live.

The two German boys who were rescued with Mr. Fisher and Captain Westphal remained at Nehalem yesterday to attend the funeral of the German whose body was recovered. After this is over they will come to Portland and sail as soon as possible for Germany. They will be accompanied by W. Fisher, R. Goldman and F. Hagge, the three mates on the vessel, who were not aboard at the time of the accident.

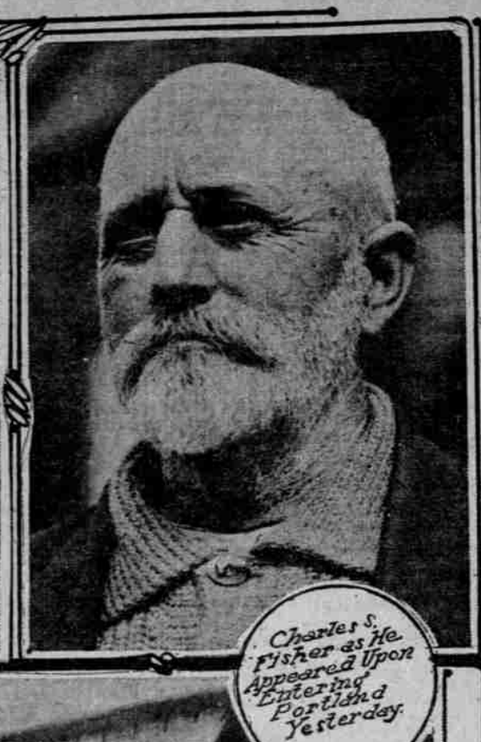
The body of Mr. Keon is at Brighton. Undertaker Finley, of Portland, will go there today to take charge of the body. The funeral will be held in Portland.

Much Wreckage on Shore.

It is believed that other bodies may be found later. Captain Westphal and Mr. Fisher and others believe there are bodies under the tangle of ropes and wreckage at the vessel, and that others have gone to sea and will be washed ashore somewhere south of Nehalem Bay, there being a strong south current in the sea at this point at present.

SNAPSHOTS BY OREGONIAN PHOTOGRAPHER OF MEN RESCUED FROM ILL-FATED MIMI.

Capt. Westphal of Wrecked Bark Mimi.



Charles S. Fisher as He Appeared Upon Entering Portland Yesterday.

Capt. Westphal Greeted by Friends as He Reached Portland.

SEARCH PLANS FAIL

Wheeler Party Unable to Get to Wreck of Mimi.

GIGANTIC WHITECAPS MET

Captain Jenkins in Henrietta No. 2, Reaches Mouth of Nehalem, but Is Driven Back—Another Attempt to Be Made Today.

BY R. E. CARNES.

WHEELER, Or., April 8.—After having chartered the 15-ton gasoline launch Henrietta No. 2, for the purpose of going to the wrecked Mimi, to ascertain if possible whether or not there remain any bodies aboard the wrecked hull of the German bark Mimi, the searching party left here early today in company of Captain Jenkins, of the Henrietta No. 2, and Engineer Oliver. We were joined at Lower Wheeler by volunteers, Captain Reed, of the George R. Vosburg, and Chief Engineer S. V. Leavoe and First Mate William Fisher, of the wrecked vessel Mimi.

We had no hopes of rescuing any living soul aboard the wrecked vessel, but hoped to be able to ascertain whether or not the bodies of Captain Crowe and his noble crew were still hanging to the rigging or remained in the hold of the wrecked vessel.

Gigantic White Caps Met.

Arriving at the mouth of the Nehalem we confronted gigantic white caps, which threatened to capsize the sturdy little Henrietta. Captain Reed, of the Vosburg, stationed at her bow, called out her soundings to Captain Jenkins at her wheel.

"Fifteen feet, 12 feet, 10 feet, eight feet, 15 feet, 15 feet, 12 feet, 10 feet, eight feet," came from the ever-alert captain at her bow, as he slowly but surely threw out the soundings. The measurement caused Captain Jenkins to hesitate. His face was a study. Before us was a veritable mill-race; great streaks of yellow sand loomed directly ahead; a quick ring of a bell caused her engines to reverse quickly; great breakers towered in front of her; would she take those gigantic waves? No, another bell and a turn of her wheel, and she slowly rode the towering breakers, turning directly in the face of a huge white cap, and began her trip back up the river, followed by a rushing mountain of angry waves.

"We had better make another attempt tomorrow," remarked Captain Jenkins, and coming on deck this time I was struck by the ferocity of the terrible southwester which was blowing. Rain came down in torrents. Fog was so low that the jetty of the Nehalem bar was barely discernible.

Another Attempt Planned.

Arriving at Walters Landing, a mile up the river, we walked across the sand spit to where lay the wrecked Mimi. Great mountains of waves were breaking over her and it was soon seen that the judgment of the seafaring men was not to be disputed. Should we have continued and even had we made the bar we would have been dashed to pieces upon the treacherous beach where now lies the remains of the once beautiful German vessel.

It was Captain Jenkins' intentions of coming in from the sea anchoring bow on the Mimi and the shore and putting out with a small boat, boarding the wreck and ascertaining if possible the true condition of whether or not Captain Crowe, of Portland, or any of his crew were aboard. We patroled the beach for a half mile each way from the vessel and found a man's coat, which was probably wrenched from the body of some sailor entombed within her hold. It has been the general opinion that all were washed overboard. However, it is the opinion of the seafaring men that when the Mimi turned turtle the majority of the men had an opportunity of grasping some parts of the deck and lowering themselves underneath her gunwales.

Tomorrow morning the Henrietta No. 2 makes her second attempt to reach the wrecked vessel.

OREGON GETS FRATERNITY

New Journalistic Chapter Will Be Instituted at University.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, April 8.—(Special.)—Sigma Delta Chi, the leading National journalistic fraternity, which granted a charter to the Press Club of the University of Oregon about a month ago, will be instituted here tomorrow evening. There will follow a banquet at the Hotel Osburn.

Carl H. Getz, a member of Zeta chapter of the University of Washington, will officiate. The new chapter will be known as Omicron. It will be the 15th, the 14th chapter having been instituted at the University of Texas the past month.

Sigma Delta Chi was founded at De Pauw University, April 17, 1909, and admits to membership students from the upper classes and from the sophomore class during the latter half of the year who have won distinction in journalism. This is the first honorary fraternity to enter Oregon.

The members of the Press Club who will be initiated into Sigma Chi tomorrow night are: Leland G. Hendricks, of Salem, president; Franklin S. Allen, of Eugene, vice-president; Henry Fowler, of Portland, secretary; Sam Michael, of Baker, treasurer; Carleton E. Spencer, of Cottage Grove; Donald B. Rice, of Portland; Harold Young, of Eugene; Karl W. Onthank, of Hood River, and Fendel S. Waite, of Sutherlin.

DEPUTY WARDENS WARNED

Roseburg Justice Acquits George Talley and Rebukes Factions.

ROSEBURG, Or., April 8.—(Special.)—That the private prosecutors will hereafter be compelled to pay the costs of prosecution in fish and game cases which are brought into court through malice or jealousy was the declaration of Justice of the Peace Reuben Marsters here late today, when he acquitted George Talley, a Portland deputy fish warden, on a charge of violating the fish laws.

Talley was arrested on a charge of fishing at Winchester without a license by E. H. Burchfield, also a fish warden and recently commissioned Deputy Sheriff. During the trial it developed that each of the fish wardens had a following at Winchester and that the evidence was most conflicting.

As a result the defendant was acquitted and the several fish wardens present were warned against bringing future actions of an unmeritable nature into court.

ABERDEEN MAN IS SUICIDE

Polander Leaves Letter Bequeathing Property and Assailing Kaiser.

ABERDEEN, Wash., April 8.—(Special.)—Writing a letter criticising the German policy in general, deriding the German army and ending with an unmentionable insult to Kaiser Wilhelm, Andrew Lewandowski, a Polander, born under German rule, killed himself late Saturday night in a lonely gulch near this city. A revolver fired upward from under the chin insured instantaneous death. Persons hearing the shot found the man's body lifeless a minute or two afterward.

The letter, which was addressed to a friend, ordering that Lewandowski's farm be left to his uncle, bitterly assails the German policy regarding enforced service in the army. For the Kaiser Lewandowski declared he entertained undying hatred. It is believed that the man was led to commit suicide because he was jilted by a sweetheart living in Berlin, to whom he had been sending money for many years. Lewandowski owned a farm of 20 acres, little of which is under cultivation. Burial will be made here.

HORRORS COME FAST

MIMI WRECK FOLLOWS CRY OF JOY OVER FINISHED TASK.

Tom B. Watt, One of Contractors, Relates Sensations After Roar Sounding Bark's Disaster.

A story of how glee was suddenly turned to the most horrifying excitement and gloom on Nehalem sand spit Sunday morning at about 2 o'clock, when the bark Mimi was wrecked, was brought to Portland yesterday by Tom B. Watt, one of the contractors who had charge of the work of floating the Mimi and who with two others heard the crash after they thought the big ship was safe.

"We had started the boat out to sea over the sand," said Mr. Watt, "and were answering light signals sent by those on board in charge of that work. We received a signal to pull on one of the lines, and immediately responded. Our lines slackened and we knew immediately that the boat was in deep water.

"J. E. Holyfield, one of the contractors, ran to me and grasped my hand, shouting: 'Who said we couldn't float the Mimi?' A moment later one of Holyfield's young sons came running up to me and shouted: 'I'll get my launch; I'll get my launch.' He explained that his father had promised to buy him a launch if the Mimi contract was put through and was successful.

"The boy turned several handsprings on the beach and ran jubilantly about, cheering and dancing. We were so happy we ran to one of the donkey engines and told the engineer to toot a salute. The whistle pierced the air with a series of shrill shrieks.

"I was just saying to Holyfield we can go now and have a real good, long, comfortable sleep, when we saw a signal on the boat. 'What's that?' shouted Holyfield.

"The words had no sooner come from his lips than the boat lights went out and we heard a terrific roar. We stood on the beach almost too horrified to move. 'She's wrecked,' finally shouted Holyfield.

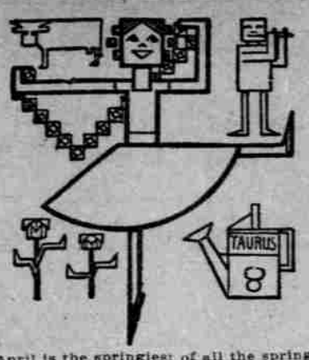
"A minute later we all three parted and ran along the edge of the water to rescue any persons who came ashore. We expected every man on board to come ashore. While we thought some would be exhausted and nearly drowned we thought we could lay them across logs and they would come to.

"It was about ten minutes before the wreckage began to come ashore. In the darkness we ran wildly up and down the beach looking for men to come ashore. Every minute or so we saw a black object in the water and ran to it up to our knees only to find that it was a board.

"It would be hard to describe the horrors of the hours between then and daybreak, when we could see what had happened. All this time we worked the beach for bodies, but all without avail. Not a soul came in. It was terrible.

"I ran to a boat and hurried across the bay and sent word to the Garibaldi lifesaving crew. When I sent in the message I really did not know what had happened. My only thought was to save lives.

"The last man I saw on the boat was Russell Blackman, a chum of mine. As we got ready to haul in the lines and send the big ship into the sea Blackman waved his hand and shouted good-bye. I yelled 'Good-bye, Blackie,' and that was the last."



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