

# The Sentinel

A GOOD PAPER IN A GOOD TOWN  
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The League of Nations is an expensive association. It costs \$4,500,000 annually to man it and at its last meeting the question of defraying expenses was the most troublesome problem that arose.

The pseudo-science of astrology hasn't been boosted at all by the trial and sentence to death of Arthur Covell. The movie colony at or near Los Angeles in California probably didn't realize that they were qualifying as degenerates when they were getting horoscopes from the Bandon astrologer.

While in the newspaper business in the east we used sometimes to publish a list of unclaimed express packages, which were to be sold to pay charges. At a recent sale of this sort at Omaha, Nebraska, the purchase of a trunk full of black mud was ridiculed until a chemical analysis of the mud proved it to be worth \$1,800.

At our former home, Independence, Kansas, the heaviest snowstorm in years is reported on Thanksgiving morning. It was only nine inches, and the weather was mild, but we never remember to have seen a Thanksgiving snowfall during the thirty years we lived in southern Kansas, and some years were practically without snow.

Our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, formerly of Independence, Kan., whose Polynesian and African pictures have frequently been shown at the Liberty Theatre here, have just started on another African trip, during which they expect to spend five years in East Africa, one of the most unwholesome parts of the dark continent. We were much interested in seeing their former African pictures made in the Sudan, at the Liberty a few months ago.

The Fort Orford Tribune appeared with a new head last week underneath which is the very appropriate legend "Out Where the West Ends," Fort Orford being the westernmost town in Oregon, and with the exception of northwestern Washington, the farthest west of any town in the continental United States—though all of Alaska is farther west. When the latter territory, or any part of it, achieves statehood, however, that statement will have to be revised.

Common law marriage was recognized at Salem this week by the state industrial accident commission allowing a claim for \$70 a month to a woman who lived 14 years with a man without being married.

Five children born out of wedlock will be benefited. The case is from Southern Oregon, names withheld. Recently the man, a sawmill worker, was killed in an accident and the woman made a claim for the state compensation. Neighbors said the woman was a good mother.

Though the senior editor of the Sentinel never had any inclination to become a seaman, he once spent six months in making a voyage to South America on a sailing vessel. Born on the east end of Long Island within a mile of the coast and familiar with many seafaring men, he was between twenty-five and thirty years of age when he left home and settled in the Mississippi valley, so that after forty years in the interior he felt more at home again on the coast of Oregon, where he could once more breathe the salt air from the sea.

The wreck of the lumber steamer, C. A. Smith at the entrance of Coos Bay last Sunday night affords another instance of the perils that lie in wait for the men who go down to the sea in ships. Of the 23 seamen who started out on that lumber carrier which set sail for San Francisco last Sunday morning, nine had found a watery grave by Monday—simply because they were not sufficiently conscious of the dangers they faced to avail themselves of the opportunities they had to escape.

# TEN LIVES LOST IN SHIPWRECK

## The C. A. Smith Started Out of Coos Bay Sunday Morning, But Was Wrecked on the Jetty. Lumber Carrier Broke up Tuesday

The following thrilling account of the loss of the lumber carrier, C. A. Smith, at the entrance of Coos Bay last Sunday and Monday we copy from the Daily News:

Death to ten men in the foaming water of the bar followed the wrecking of the steamer C. A. Smith Sunday morning on the submerged north jetty at the mouth of Coos Bay. Nine men were lost in one of the lifeboats from the C. A. Smith, and one from the tug Oregon.

No bodies have yet been recovered and the C. A. Smith is a total loss. The life guard saved the remainder of the crew.

A strong wind and heavy breakers were rolling across the bar Sunday morning when the C. A. Smith arrived at the mouth of the Bay to cross to San Pedro. Captain Blomberg of the C. A. Smith was told by Captain Harvey of the tug Oregon that the bar was rough, but the skipper of the lumber boat decided to cross out. The tide had almost reached high water when the C. A. Smith proceeded through the channel, bucking the high breakers and shipping water which sprayed across her.

The ship with her heavy deckload of lumber plowed her way forward through the great swells. When almost to the whistle buoy the C. A. Smith struck the rocks of the south spit, tearing away her propellers, and putting her engines out of commission.

Those on board knew at once that she was crippled. Water began to seep into the engine room, and controls failed to work. The heavy sea swept the vessel to the north and the hull crashed onto the submerged north jetty.

With her stern aground, and high waves breaking over the decks, the ship swung with each large wave. The firemen and oilers were forced out of the engine room, and efforts of the deck crew were futile. At once the captain blew the whistle and distress signals went out to those on shore.

Probably the first definite notice of the plight of the C. A. Smith Sunday morning came from the coast guard lookout on the promontory to the south of the channel. He at once telephoned word to the life guard station inside the bay.

Captain Jensen immediately took six men of the life guard crew and ran his power boat over the mountainous swells and through the heavy breakers to the side of the C. A. Smith. The Coos Bay life guard boat was able to reach the side of the distressed vessel shortly after the a. s. signals had been sent out.

They pulled up to the leeward, cast a line fore and aft, getting a rope ladder aboard. When the life guards first pulled alongside, a bare half dozen men could be seen on deck. The waves washed high, and lumber, broken from the deck of the C. A. Smith, piled in jumbled masses and separated in the heavy movement of the water.

The six men under Captain Jensen of the life guard endeavored to hurry the escape of the crew on board the distressed vessel. The swells washed them against the side of the C. A. Smith, and away again in each rush of the oncoming waves.

The first man came down the swaying rope ladder, and the second. On deck the crew was running back and forth, gesticulating, undecided. The men had placed all their belongings in the storeroom, and many of the C. A. Smith crew wanted their luggage before departing. Calls from the life guards for speed in departing were unheeded, and time was passing, with the little power lifeboat swinging back and forth. The C. A. Smith was also suffering from the crushing weight of the waves.

One of the last of the men to attempt to board the life launch tried to jump to the deck of the small launch. He disappeared in the water, and was given up for lost.

The coast guard crew thought he must have been smashed when the two boats came together in the waves. He came up on the other side of the life launch, and was hauled dripping into the boat.

The tide had swung the C. A. Smith around, and she was still fast on the breakers with a possibility of the life launch being dashed to pieces. Captain Jensen had seven of the crew aboard, and called for the rest. No one showed up on the rope ladder, and it was time to cast off in order to save those who had already been taken into the launch.

The recovery of their possession when the crew were still engrossed in a last call was given and the lifeboat drew in her ladder and lines, pulling away from the slowing filling C. A. Smith. With seven men rescued and the rest remaining at their own volition, the task of the life guard was not over.

The waves were still mountain high and every breaker sent a cloud of water and spray over the little craft. The launch pulled out toward the center of the channel where the tug Oregon stood by, when signals were received on the launch that a man had been washed overboard from the tug boat.

He was floating near the life guard launch, and the boat pulled alongside, rocking in the high waves. A grab was made for the man, and he was pulled aboard. His eyes were glassy, and his body rigid. First aid was applied. The work was hardly begun when the open craft was again struck by a volume of water that drenched the occupants, and washed the man just rescued into the sea. Charles Nordstrom, veteran of 28 years, was also carried out of the boat.

Captain Jensen with a quick movement saved his life guard's life by grabbing his heel. Two members of the crew pulled the old sailor aboard.

After a moment of readjustment from the shock of the heavy wave, it was noticed that the man upon whom they were working had been washed overboard. He was not to be seen anywhere, and it is thought by the life guards that he sank at once. The man was Charles N. Prescott, mate on board the tug Oregon.

Prescott had gone out on his ship with Captain Harvey, to stand by in case the life guard launch needed assistance. While at the stern with Captain Lund, port pilot, a heavy wave washed over the ship, throwing Prescott overboard, and knocking Captain Lund down. Lund received a bad bruise, but was saved from the foaming water of the channel.

At once a cry of "man overboard" brought all hands to attention, and the first mate was sighted a few yards from the tug, lying on his back. The crew of the Oregon called to the man to take a rope which was in the water.

It was the rope which Prescott and Captain Lund had been hauling in, and coiling on deck. The man in the water did not heed them. It is probable that he was stunned. A moment later, however, he was sighted floating near some lumber from the C. A. Smith, which he put his arms around.

At this time the life guard launch was coming away from the C. A. Smith with seven of the crew, and Prescott was washed by the heavy swells near the launch. Men on the tug signalled for the life guards to pick up the mate, and a moment later he was in the life launch, only to be swept out to a watery grave before he could be brought to consciousness.

It was futile and dangerous for the life launch and tug to stand by, with the tide ebbing rapidly. They proceeded inside the bar, and the wet crew of the C. A. Smith was put aboard the Cleone, where they dried their clothes, and received what aid they needed.

Men from the C. A. Smith rescued by the life guard stated that they did not expect to get in alive from the tremendous waves that washed over the lifeboat after it left the lumber steamer. Captain M. F. Jensen had six of his own crew with him who braved death in the high breakers.

About noon Sunday part of the crew of the C. A. Smith put off in one of the steamer's lifeboats. Almost at once the boat was swamped, and nine men drowned. Their bodies were washed out with the tide, and the frail craft disappeared completely.

That afternoon the Cleone, with three members of the life guard, crossed to the C. A. Smith about 3:30. The sea was still running high, but showed signs of moderating. The Cleone passed by and turned to come back. Signals between the captain of the C. A. Smith and the Cleone were given, and it was decided that it was not safe to try to rescue the men.

With the appearance of better conditions in the morning, the crew on board the C. A. Smith was left to spend the night. The ship was headed to sea, and it was thought that the steamer might last for three days, at least.

In the morning, with the tide right for attempting a rescue, the Oregon put out to the wrecked C. A. Smith,

where a lifeboat with the remaining survivors was picked up. The men were brought in to Marshfield. The coast guard was ready to go out, when the men on the C. A. Smith cast off, soon to be picked up by the port tug.

With nine men lost out of a crew of 28, the C. A. Smith is a total loss. She is reputed to be worth \$200,000, and her cargo of lumber as worth \$40,000.

The C. A. Smith was off the regular California-Marshfield lumber trade of the Coos Bay Lumber company. This trip she was headed for San Pedro. Regret and sorrow at the loss of life has been expressed by many members of the Coos Bay Lumber company, most of whom knew the crew well.

The following additional stories of the disaster are from the details published in Tuesday's Oregonian in a press dispatch from Marshfield:

"A. Leland, the wireless operator, was a man with but one leg and the other men were all solicitous for him, being a cripple. It was therefore thought advisable to put him in the lifeboat and he chose to go.

"After the upset of the craft, members of the crew who stayed on board watched Leland for all of a half hour, swimming about the wreckage. Leland had taken the precaution of belting himself with a life preserver and adjusted it with the help of men on the steamer. Finally the current changed and Leland floated out of vision.

"A superhuman fight for life was made by the third mate, H. Bodahl. Bodahl was a powerful man, a good swimmer and full of blood. Soon after the lifeboat overturned, those left on board noted that he had gathered together some floats from the lumber that had been washed overboard, and packing it together clung to it and kept afloat. With his improvised raft, Bodahl was swept here and there on the crest of the swells, occasionally encountering breakers, but he stayed by his frail raft when it was believed that each swell would separate the man fighting for his life and his few sticks of lumber.

"Bodahl, the crew hoped, would be washed near enough to the wreck to be saved by a line, but he failed to come back near the ship. The last the crew saw of him, he was still clinging to the raft and floating northward along the beach. They had watched him for four or five hours. It is expected his body will be found somewhere along the beach between Coos Bay and Ten Mile creek."

"William Denman, of the Coos Bay Lumber company, took a philosophical view of the disaster and looked at it from the viewpoint of a seafaring man. He had, in a newspaper career in California, learned all there is to seafaring, all the dangers, all the hopes, all the lighter and heavier problems of wrecks and ship troubles, and so, as many sailors hold, he thinks 'anything is liable to happen'."

"Mr. Denman had no censure for Captain Blomberg, who took a chance and was bested.

"Captain Blomberg has been a faithful and loyal employe and we all like him," was the way the head of the company expressed himself. "Our steamer was fully insured and was valued at \$200,000. The cargo was worth somewhere between \$40,000 and \$50,000. But, that doesn't repay us, for our steamer are constructed especially for package loading, and we cannot replace her without building a new one, or purchasing and remodeling. Ship construction takes time and we are short on time."

One of the sailors who was discussing the wreck, said that it was probable nothing would be saved, for the wreck is liable to go down in the channel and all the engines and apparatus be lost.

"Captain Blomberg was so affected by the experience and the results of the tragedy that he could sob out the details only at intervals. I received some of the reports from men of the crew."

"Huberts, one of the seamen, was evidently overlooked somewhere in the records, for he had been sailing on the Smith some time, but his name did not appear in the roster furnished by the company yesterday. His tale was similar to that of Captain Blomberg, but from another angle. Huberts, although not listed, is well known on Coos Bay, and is another man full of blood and good judgment. He was one of the sailors who preferred to remain on board rather than hazard getting in the ship's lifeboat when the sea about the wreck was raging and threatening death to any who might essay to escape ashore while the chances were so uncertain.

"We were fearful last night, when the last attempt to save us was abandoned by the Cleone, which could not hold her position in the channel, that we were candidates for Davy Jones' locker. The sea was still running high and it appeared that the vessel would break up during the night."

"The steamer was resting square on the sunken jetty and we thought that

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the high tide would probably float her off and that would end the only hope we held of being saved. Fortune favored us and the wreck stuck on the rocks. When we went onto the jetty a break occurred amidships, and we thought all day Sunday that it was only a question of a short time when the vessel would separate into two halves and bring death to us all. "Seas were breaking from the stem of the vessel, which stood seaward, and over the after part, and before night we had been driven to the bridge and finally had to roost on top of that to escape the spray which was constantly breaking over the vessel. When the steamer struck it was but a few minutes until the boiler rooms were filled and the craft was wholly waterlogged. The water soon was in the galleys and so there was no food left to sustain us. That, however, did not worry us as much as the probability of getting ashore, for we always have the lifeboats supplied with hard tack and there were three boats still hanging to the craft.