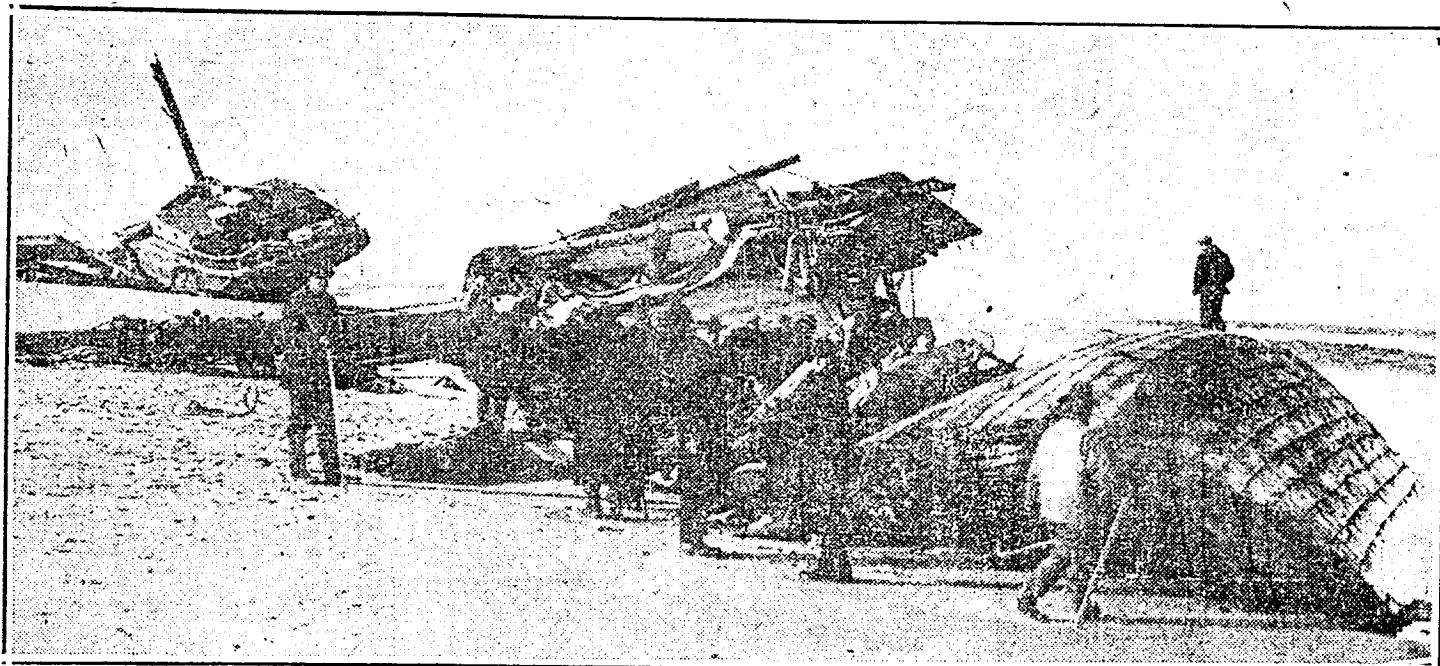


FIVE LOST OFF CAPE TWO SURVIVE WRECK

Three-Master **Montclair** of **Nova Scotia** Driven Ashore on "Graveyard"
Off Orleans and Is Pounded to Pieces by Terrific Surf—
Two Sailors Hauled to Safety by Life Lines



HOW THE WRECK OF THE MONTCLAIR CAME ASHORE
At Left—The Stern. Right—The Bow and Sides

Bagg and Short Are Saved— Captain McLeod's Body Is Soon Washed Ashore

By JAMES J. NEARY

ORLEANS, March 4—This part of Cape Cod once more today proved its title as one of the graveyards of the Atlantic when the trim three-master **Montclair**, hailing from Halifax, N. S., was wrecked in a fearful 69-mile northwest gale, five of her crew of seven losing their lives.

Tonight the splintered wreck lies high and dry on the beach opposite Coast Guard Station 40, and two members of the crew, the only survivors, are under the kindly treatment of the veteran life savers.

Captain's Body Found

The rescued men are mate Nathan Bagg and Gartland Short, an able seaman, both of Newfoundland. The body of Capt William McLeod of **Nova Scotia**, master of the schooner, was recovered from the surf about

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CAPE CODDERS TURNING OUT TO SALVAGE LATHS FROM WRECK



LATHS FROM THE SCHOONER MONTCLAIR WERE PILED HIGH ALONG THE SHORE FOR MILES. THE VESSEL CARRIED 2,000,000 OF THEM

FIVE LOST OFF CAPE, TWO SURVIVE WRECK

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600 yards south of here. Bodies of the other four members of the crew were not picked up at nightfall, and there is little likelihood they will be recovered before high tide shortly before noon tomorrow.

Capt McLeod was drowned, and those familiar with the coast here and the peculiarities of the currents feel positive that the other four sailors are also drowned. Those reported missing are: Mate William Dowling of Newfoundland, William Stewart of Newfoundland, George Cairns of Newfoundland, and Jerome Butler, cook, of St John, N. B.

In view of the fact that the gale diminished considerably this afternoon, the shore here is being patrolled by surfmen from the Coast Guard stations at Nauset and Old Harbor. Executives of the Coast Guard feel it is impossible for any bodies to be cast ashore tonight, but no chances are being overlooked.

Wreckers in Force

Hundreds of persons gathered here tonight, many out of morbid curiosity to view the wreckage cast up on the beach, but the majority for the purpose of salvaging the large cargo of laths which the vessel carried for New York. Beachcombers that came here expressly for the purpose of recovering the bundles of laths have been thwarted in their efforts by the vigilance of the Coast Guardsmen, under the direction of Capt E. L. Clark.

Capt Clark is a veteran in the service, having spent the past quarter-century on active duty. Today was the first time during his service that any lives have been lost here while he has been on the job, and he takes the disaster as much to heart as though members of his family were concerned.

This morning about 5 Capt Clark was awakened by the howling of the gale. He happened to glance out of the observation windows and just at dawn noticed the schooner pounding with the terrific force of the surf on a sand bar about a mile offshore. This bar is part of what is known locally as "the graveyard," and is composed entirely of sand. Contiguous stretches of sand bars, shoals and charted and noncharted rocks, constitute a menace feared by coastwise sailors. All try to avoid coming too close to shore here, but the *Montclair* had lost two masts, the fore and the mizzen, last Wednesday right during the height of the gale, and the crew were unable to control the movements of the craft.

Can't Launch Boat

From that time until this morning all stood the watches. Just a few minutes after 5 o'clock Gartland Short, able seaman, and the captain made a futile attempt to swing the vessel clear of the "graveyard." There efforts were of no avail because of the heavy seas, and they were thrown high on the sand bar.

Capt Clark on sighting the unfortunate schooner immediately aroused his two men, surfman Wilbur C. Chase and John Adams. The three sturdy lifesavers, all veterans of more than 20 years' service, hauled their surfboat to the shore in the cold, gray dawn, but were unable to launch it.

Several times the trio battled the giant combers in vain. Capt Clark rushed back to the station and notified his immediate superior, the supervisor at Provincetown, of the disaster, and details from the Nauset and Old Harbor stations, under Capt George G. Nickerson and Capt Wright, respectively, were rushed to the scene in automobiles.

The breeches buoy outfit was brought into play, but because of the great distance it was impossible to successfully land the weighted line over the deck of the pounding schooner.

Begins to Break Up

A little more than two hours later, the tide, an exceptionally high one, started to flow. This lifted the helpless craft with each angry wave and tossed it on the hard sand.

In less than an hour after the tide started inward the schooner split amidships due to the resistless power of the seas. The forward end began to break apart and Capt McLeod ordered the entire crew to set up safety lines along the rear deck and stay there until assistance arrived.

Before the *Montclair* split amidships, the Coast Guardsmen managed to shoot three weighted lines over the stern. As the vessel parted five members of the crew, the captain and those now missing, grabbed one line and Bagg and Short held onto the second.

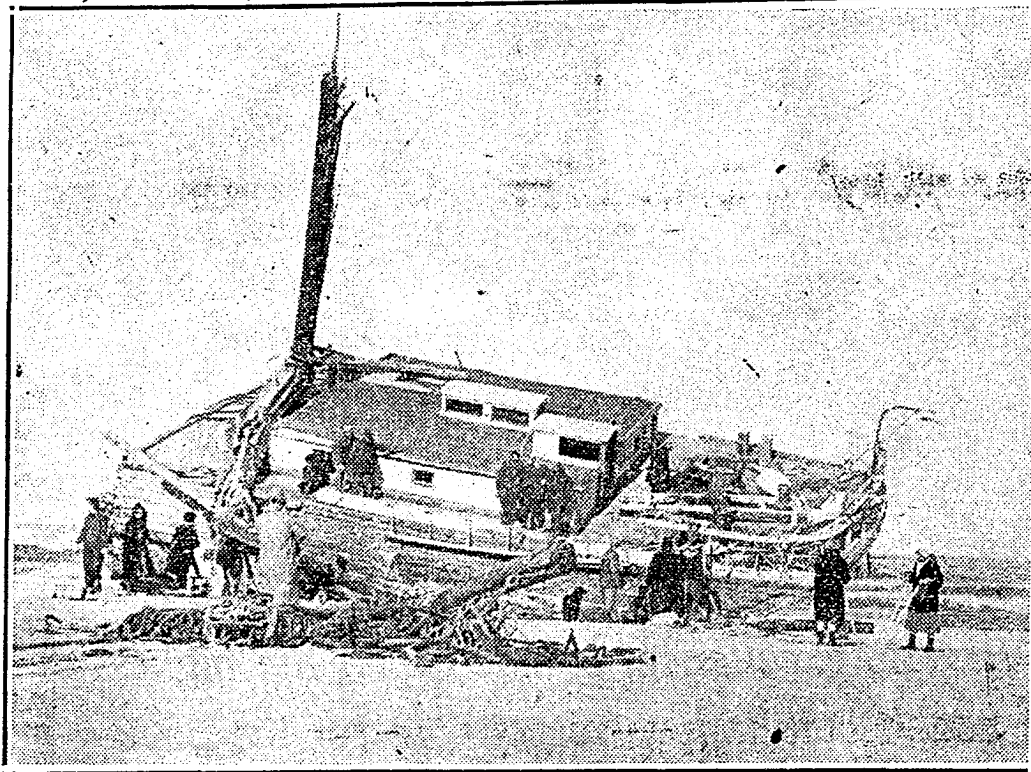
A mountainous comber then broke over the bar and washed the five holding onto the same line into the sea. One of these men was seen by Bagg to release his hold on the line and sink, while the other four were tossed about and finally disappeared.

Another huge wave washed the now separated stern and carried Short overboard. Bagg continued to hold on to the line, and the pluck of Short climbing hand over hand brought him back onto the battered stern. The other five were never seen again.

Two Hauled Ashore

Combers, increasing in size with the incoming tide, soon lifted the remains

STERN OF THE MONTCLAIR, FROM WHICH TWO SEAMEN WERE SAVED



of the schooner, hurled it over the sand obstruction and started to carry it to shore.

Fearing their chance for safety would be lost, Bagg and Short waited until the pounding stern came to a standstill and then leaped far and clear with the next comber.

Coast Guardsmen, with the aid of glasses, saw the men leap when the wreckage was almost about 200 yards off shore. Without a moment's hesitation they heaved on the lines and finally brought Bagg and Short to safety, but exhausted and chilled. Year-round residents, who had gathered to offer assistance to the life-savers, carried the two sailors through the deep sand more than 300 yards to the Coast Guard station. There they were given first aid and after consciousness was restored they fought to return to the shore to help rescue their comrades. They were restrained, however, and their clothing was taken from them. After being restored to a state in which they could talk rationally they were questioned and finally gave details about their craft.

Stern Cast on Shore

A half-hour or more after they were hauled ashore the stern of the *Montclair* was picked up and heaved on the shore high and dry. Members of the Coast Guard clambered aboard and made a thorough search, but were unable to find any bodies. The rear end was loaded with bundles of laths.

Surfman Adams and several residents formed a posse which patrolled the beach southward for about a mile. They had not gone far when a gigantic wave washed the body of Capt McLeod ashore.

Signals were set, and the station caisson responded and took McLeod's body to the station, where it was viewed by Dr H. D. Handy of Harwich, medical examiner, and later turned over to a local undertaker, pending action of the British authorities.

When the body of the captain was being carried into the station, Short and Bagg became hysterical. They were given medical treatment by Dr Handy, and tomorrow, in case no more bodies are recovered, will present themselves before the British consul at Boston for transportation back to their homes, providing they are physically able to make the trip.

As soon as the Coast Guard headquarters at Provincetown received the communication from Capt Clark regarding the predicament of the schooner, the officer in charge communicated with the customs officials. Deputy Collector Thomas Finnegan of Boston, who has been investigating several cases in New Bedford, reported here with a squad of eight special agents. The questioned the two survivors, but were unable to secure much information.

Mr Finnegan said that the *Montclair* has been under suspicion for some time of being a rum runner, but nothing definite had been secured against it.

Clark Sorrowful

After supper tonight Mate Bagg was in condition to speak for himself and also for Short. His was a matter of fact story.

The troubles of the *Montclair* started Wednesday night when the craft was caught in the gale. The skipper, who had great confidence in his craft, refused to run out to sea for safety. He was bound for New York with a cargo of 2,500,000 laths and he felt they had to be delivered on time.

When the boat struck the sandbar, according to Bagg, the skipper ordered all hands aft, but within a few moments the five men were washed overboard. He refused to jeopardize the opportunities of those in a position to be saved, ordering all ashore.

Tonight Capt Clark was downhearted. He has an enviable reputation in the Coast Guard service. Just a quarter of a century ago he signed up for service and had always saved those he went after until today. He shed tears over today's deaths.