

SURVIVORS TELL TALES OF HORROR

One Man Saw Eight Freeze
and Last Companion
Kill Himself.

A FIGHT OVER BOATS

Rescued Men Refused to Save a
Woman—Men Pounded
Each Other.

Special to The New York Times.

BLOCK ISLAND, R. I., Feb. 12.—Such survivors of the wreck of the Larchmont as could talk had terrible tales of privation to tell.

Oliver Janivier, 21 years old, of 343 Montgomery Avenue, Providence, came ashore with nine dead men in a small boat. He was more dead than alive when he landed, waist deep in the surf near the Sandy Point Light. He managed to reach the life-saving station on the shore and was aided by the life guardsmen, who applied oils and other remedies to relieve his suffering. His feet, hands, face, and ears were badly frozen.

"I was going to New York," said he, "to get a job. On the boat I met an Indian named Henry Rock, who is a member of Pawnee Bill's Wild West show. We engaged a state room and went to bed rather late. I can't tell what time it was.

Tried to Save an Indian.

"Rock was going to Jersey City to see his wife. He had fallen asleep when I heard a crash. I got up and put all my clothes on. When I got into the saloon deck I found that it was filled with steam, and men and women were rushing about, shouting and screaming and fighting each other, and begging God to save them. They all seemed to be rushing to the rail, where the officers of the boat were calmly directing the work of getting them into the life-boats. I gave a hand in this work, and then I remembered about the Indian in the stateroom. I went down to him and was almost suffocated by the steam with which the cabin was filled. I tried to make him realize that our lives were in danger, but instead of trying to save himself he started to fight with me.

"At last I saw that it was up to me to save my own life or go down with the boat, and after hauling the Indian out into the passageway in the stateroom tiers, I went out on the hurricane deck again. I found a boat with a canvas cover over it, and had a hard time getting the cover off. It didn't take long to get the boat into the water after that, and people began to pile in. I saw men push women out of the way in an effort to get into the boats.

"Finally with eight of us, all men, on board, we got into the water and rowed away from the Larchmont. Two men grabbed the side of the boat and I hauled them in with a rope tackle.

Last Companion Kills Himself.

"After that a woman floated by and said 'For God's sake, save me.' I asked the two men that I had saved to help her. They were the nearest to her. They refused to do so, and I continued to row on. Pretty soon one of the men fell over with a groan and died of cold. The others followed him, and then I was left in the boat with another live man and eight dead men.

"The other chap looked at me peculiarly and said, 'My God, this is terrible. I cannot live, and might as well end it now. I am going to cut my throat.' Before I could prevent him he pulled out a razor and gashed his throat. He fell on his face in the bottom of the boat and died with an insane laugh on his lips."

"The boat rose upon a wave shortly after this and I could not see any land. Soon after I saw the lighthouse and sailed by it. The sea was running too heavy for me to land there. I kept bathing my feet and hands in the ice-cold water to prevent them freezing. Soon the wind changed, and I was blown on to land. I jumped out and waded ashore. The boat, with nine dead companions in it, followed me. It was 7:30 o'clock then, and I managed to get to the station, and here I am. I don't know how I lived to tell the story."

The surfmen who cared for Janivier and who found his companions in the boat, said that the bodies were all incrustated with spray and resembled cakes of ice more than human bodies.

Men Pounded Each Other.

The schooner Elsie from Block Island picked up Samuel Lacombe of Manchester, N. H., Harry Feldman and wife of New York City, Sadle Gallop of Boston, and David Fox of Bridgeton, N. J. All of these were alive and were found floating on some spars and a portion of the deck two miles to the

east of Sandy Point. Of these, Lacombe was the most seriously ill. His hands and legs were frozen badly. It is thought that both of his legs will have to be amputated.

David Fox told the story of these survivors. He was returning to his home in New Jersey after having attended a Bible convention in Beverly, Mass. He said that he heard the crash which came when the schooner struck the steamer. He had been asleep in a bunk on the lower deck. Looking about him he saw the water rushing into the cabin and before he could escape it was waist deep. He got to the door and was forced by the water through a porthole out on to one of the promenade decks.

The passengers were in a panic at that time. He managed to cling to a piece of the deck which fell into the water when the vessel sank, and held tight to his place until he was rescued by the crew of the schooner. He said that the men saved with him climbed aboard, and that they managed to keep themselves alive by pounding each other and using other rough means of keeping the blood in circulation.

BODIES ALONG THE SHORE.

Joy Line Gets Word of the Disaster from a Vessel Sent to Aid.

Beyond an early morning dispatch by wireless and a telephone message from Capt. McVey of the Larchmont saying that he had reached Block Island in a small boat and knew of another small boat following close behind, the local offices of the Joy Line were practically without news of their steamboat all day yesterday. About 10 o'clock last night, however, Capt. Foster Gray, who was sent out from Fall River yesterday morning in command of the Joy Line steamer Kentucky to carry succor to the survivors of the wreck and bring them back from Block Island to the mainland, called up Supt. Noble on the long-distance telephone.

Capt. Gray reported that he had left the Kentucky at the Block Island Landing. He had found in all, after a thorough search all day, a total of forty-two dead and nineteen living.

"I am taking every means to get the survivors to the Kentucky as quickly as possible so as to remove them to hospitals in Fall River. For this purpose I am using every available hack and carriage in the vicinity."

Supt. Noble said that from what he learned from Capt. Gray the collision had occurred about three miles west of Watch Hill, and that the Larchmont had foundered in about 100 feet of water.

The Salvation Army Headquarters in this city called up the local offices of the Joy Line last night and asked if anything had been heard of eight members of the Salvation Army who had left Providence on the Larchmont. It was said that they were on their way to attend a meeting of the social and industrial branches of the Salvation Army in Newark yesterday afternoon. Supt. Noble regretted that he could give no information as to the fate of these passengers.