

The Queen backed out from Pier 9 at one PM and we started to back out at the same time. We ran alongside as we started for the Golden Gate. "Red" Carson wearing a big white bandage over his right ear, was on deck and as we moved up the bay, he saw me on the deck of the Pomona and he shook his fist at me in an unfriendly manner. Our two vessels stayed very close together until we passed Blunts Reef and then the Queen stood offshore as we headed for the Humboldt Bar.

Tom Thornton, our new Boatswain, was a fatherly sort of a fellow and I liked him very much and I was very happy to sail with him.

Johnny Johnson and, the deckboy, now back on his old ship again, and "Red" Carson seemed to get along very well together and as the Queen proceeded north, we crossed the Humboldt Bar and landed our passengers at Eureka.

The Queen approached the Oregon coast and when about off the Columbia River Bar, discovered fire in the after hold. The fire seemed to be quite out of control and the life boats were lowered and the passengers were taken a safe distance from the burning liner, while the crew fought and conquered the fire. The fourteen life boats returned to the ship and the passengers were again safely aboard and one by one the lifeboats were raised to the deck levels, that is, all but Number 14 boat which seemed to have trouble coming alongside. Two sailors and one deck boy and the boatswain handled this boat and as it came alongside the ship, the Queen ~~momentum~~ rolled to starboard and dips her ironwood fender deep into the ocean just as "Red" Carson brought the bow of Number 14 lifeboat close to the ship, so closely did he bring the bow of the lifeboat against the ship that the large fender plunged the life boat deep into the sea. The two sailors clinged to lines which had been cast to them but Johnny Johnson, the deckboy and "Red" Carson disappeared into the depths of the Pacific and their bodies failed to surface and the Queen proceeded on her way to Seattle, not too badly damaged.

Had the writer transferred to the Queen some two days before, he would have perished as did the other to crewmen of the Queen.

The writer is now seventy eight years old and his memory of these incidents is very vivid in his mind, after all the years which have passed.

Edward D. Stevens

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