

## ALONG THE COAST

BY CAPTAIN ANDREW RASMUSSEN,  
KEEPER SALURIA LIFE SAVING STA-  
TION, PORT LAVACA, TEXAS.

I was born in Denmark May 5, 1856, and came to the United States as an immigrant in 1874. I was then fifteen years of age and went to Milwaukee where I had two brothers who were engaged in trading in a small schooner on the lakes. I went with them and for five years engaged in that business on the lakes. I experienced considerable hardship and had numbers of thrilling experiences during the fall and early winter season on the lakes where the furious gales sweep the waters and cause great disaster to shipping.

I left the lakes on a small schooner named the Stella, built by my brother, loaded with oak staves for Portland, Me. Going down the St. Lawrence river and through the canal we had a good trip but we met bad weather when we got outside the Gulf of St. Lawrence but arrived safe at our destination. From Portland we sailed for New Orleans with a cargo of cabbages and potatoes, arriving there after a passage of twenty days. The schooner was then chartered by the British government to carry a cargo of building material to Honduras, British West Indies. We then went to Port Capello in ballast and loaded a part cargo of coconuts when we were obliged to get out of the place on account of a revolution on the island. We got our clearance through a British war ship in port and set sail for Galveston, Texas. When I was twenty-two years of age I was made mate of the Stella and sailed her between New Orleans and ports in Mexico, Progresso, Tampico and other places. I lost the vessel on the coast of Mexico in a furious northeaster in January, 1883. Later I became master of the schooner Laura Lewis and engaged in the same trade along the gulf ports.

This vessel was lost on the Brazos Santiago Bar. She was in charge of a pilot at the time he was taking her into port. I then became master and part owner of the schooner Doris and Doria. Misfortune seemed to follow me, however, and this vessel foundered off Port Lavaca in a storm Sept. 3, 1885. We all had a very narrow escape getting away from the vessel in our boat as the schooner was loaded with railroad timber, which broke loose from her and floated and was tossed about in all directions. Our boat was stove in and after a hard struggle, three seamen and myself arrived at the Saluria Station destitute. We were nobly cared for by the keeper and the crew. It was at that time that I first took interest in the Life-Saving Service and in September, 1886, I entered this station as a surfman, under Keeper H. Tolland. I served for two seasons of eight months each. During the great storm of August, 1886, when a hurricane struck this part of the coast, the station was washed off its foundation, swept away, turned half over, and thrown into a hole nearly ten feet deep. We had a hard time getting things straightened out after that storm. District Superintendent W. A. Hutchins took the lead in the work and stayed with us for two months, in the very hardest struggle, to get the building back and set up on a good foundation. I served at San Luis Station part of one season and was appointed keeper of this station Nov. 24, 1888. I have served as keeper continuously



CAPT. ANDREW RASMUSSEN AND CREW.

over twenty years. In the time of my keepership here the record shows 62 wreck reports. The worst disaster that took place within the patrol limits of the station was the Mexican steamer Cozomalopan. She stranded and completely broke up June 24, 1903, eight miles northeast of the station, the captain, Roman Camano of Vera Cruz, Mexico, was drowned and killed in the wreckage; the balance of the crew of thirteen men were saved by clinging to the parts of the ship which broke up immediately. This was during the inactive season, but all possible was done from this station, and our work was greatly appreciated, as is shown by the letter of acknowledgement to Mr. Kimball, General Superintendent, in the report of the Life-Saving Service of that year. This is the only loss of life that has taken place within the limits of this station since I have been in charge.

I am married and have four children. I lived in Massachusetts ten or eleven years, when I provided a home for my family at Port Lavaca, Texas, in order to give my children a chance to attend school. We have to go for our mail, supplies and forage for our horses to Port Lavaca, which is thirty miles distant by water. We have a small auxiliary which we use as a supply boat, and we make a trip each week, weather permitting. In this way the inspectors and officers who from time to time visit the district are transported to and from Port Lavaca.

Boston is to have its \$1,800,000 for the custom-house tower. In the House Congressman Weeks of Massachusetts moved that the House concur in the Senate amendment to the sundry civil bill, which appropriated \$1,300,000 for beginning the work on the tower and makes available for that purpose the \$500,000 already appropriated for a site for a custom house, but which can now be used for the tower, making \$1,800,000 in all.

### U. S. LIFE-SAVING SERVICE

(Continued from Page 10.)

Island (as shown by the records of this station) There is not an organized wrecking service now existing on the island. This demonstrates very clearly the valuable work the life-saving crews have done to save property as well as several hundred lives that made up the wreckage of these two hundred or more vessels.

Somewhere under the shifting yellow gull wings Sandy Point, Block Island, lies all that remains of the good ship Warrior. Seventy-eight years ago she met her fate on that peninsula which proved the grave-yard of many vessels, great and small, and of all those who watched her burn in the gray light of a stormy April morning she is now living.

"Seventy-eight years ago a two-masted vessel such as the Warrior, carrying a large square topsail, was looked up to and watched by the crewers from the time she drove in sight until she disappeared from the curvature of the earth beyond the horizon. The size she might in those days have been a galleon, for she was a trim craft, built of heavy material, shapely in form for speed, and equipped with all conveniences for carrying passengers and valuable general cargoes of merchandise from the great cities of Boston and New York.

"It was from the former port for the Warrior was bound, when she met her fate. Captain Tolland, who commanded her, was perhaps perhaps prouder than her real owners, although he owned a share of her, as was the custom of captain and crew days more than now. Her first and second officers like her captain, also took great pride in her.

"The Warrior had cleared from Boston to sea early in the latter half of April, 1886, took the outside course, for dreaded shoals in those days were not so well lighted as now. She had on board passengers, usual, which with her crew numbered 27 all in all a general cargo. She had, of course, a pilot and some fog to contend with, as might be expected in the springtime.

"All were happy on board when Block Island was sighted and the schooner, with light and favorable winds and favorable currents, was carried landward and by sundown there was a flat calm.

"Those on board, especially the passengers, noticed the smoke from the the garden fires on the island as the gallant Warrior was being swept north part of it by the treacherous spring breeze. The island looked beautiful and too picturesque to mean them harm. The ship's barometer was rapidly falling, and as the sun dropped, the weather was fine, to the experienced mariner the conditions looked bad, for it is true, that

