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# THIRTY HOURS IN A YACHT WITHOUT FOOD

## Thrilling Experience of a Party of Thirteen Young People on the Sloop Aloha. 42 ft overall

A yachting party left this city Saturday afternoon bent on pleasure and incidentally determined to disprove the old tradition that attaches a hoodoo to the number 13. There were exactly thirteen in the party—thirteen bright, merry young people, everyone of whom disclaimed the slightest leaning toward superstition. They counted on returning after a few hours of sailing about the bay.

Late Sunday evening they came back, cold, wet, hungry and otherwise miserable, after a thrilling experience and a narrow escape from death. During the thirty hours they were on the water their belief regarding the number 13 underwent a remarkable change. Henceforth and forever no one who was on the sloop yacht Aloha during that memorable "pleasure trip" will venture to defy the combination of figures that formed the subject of their mirth at the outset of the voyage.

Included in the thirteen passengers of the Aloha were Fred Witzel, Roland Fontana, George Snyder, Mark Fontana, Gustave Snyder, six other young men and two young ladies. The yacht left Meigs' wharf at 3:30 Saturday afternoon. The intention was to return about 8 o'clock in the evening, but the wind and the tide, to say nothing of the hoodoo, willed otherwise. The pretty little sloop sailed over to Paradise Cove, and after a stay of half an hour skimmed lightly over the waters of the bay until Belvedere was reached. Then she was allowed to drift down between Goat Island and Alcatraz, and it was there that the ebb tide got hold of her. About this time the wind died out completely and the sails were useless. Commodore Gorge Snyder, who was in command of the expedition, could do nothing more than steer his craft clear of obstructions. As for tacking or attempting to get close to land, it was impossible. The yacht was at the mercy of the tide.

It was now dusk and the ladies of the party began to feel a bit frightened. They were reassured, though, when the gentlemen told them that they would probably meet with a launch and be towed ashore.

When darkness settled down over the bay the Aloha was off Port Point, and a little later Mt. Rock was passed. A tug steamed by and an effort was made to attract her attention, but the crew of the steamer apparently paid no heed to the signals from the yacht. Fearful of being carried out to sea, the party

on the Aloha made a fiery signal of distress by burning their handkerchiefs and a number of newspapers. The blaze must easily have been seen from the shore, but no response was received. The lookout at the Port Point Life-Saving Station, if he saw the signal, ignored it.

By 9 o'clock the yacht had passed through the Golden Gate and was being tossed about in an alarming fashion by the heavy swell that prevailed at the time. The sea was very rough, and as there was no wind, the yacht was helpless. All that night the thirteen members of the party shivered with the cold and trembled with fear, there being very little hope that they would be rescued from their perilous plight. At frequent intervals during the night a distress signal was shown in the form of a blazing bit of paper, but there came no response.

The pangs of hunger and the torture of thirst added greatly to the distress of the party. They had been without food or water since early Saturday afternoon.

When morning dawned the Farallone Islands were seen about a mile or so away. The yacht had been close to the Farallones all night. The entire party were exhausted with hunger and the trying vigil of the night. It was hoped that some passing vessel would perceive the predicament of the Aloha and come to the rescue, but the hope appeared in vain. All day Sunday the men and women in the yacht looked and prayed for succor, but no boat of any kind passed near enough to see the signals made from the little sloop. The day passed and the people on the yacht were face to face with the probability of having to spend another night on the sea without food or drink.

An hour after the sun set a young Italian put off from the new Fishermen's wharf in a gasoline launch. He passed out through the harbor entrance and saw a flutter of something white over toward the Farallones. Steering his boat that way, he came up to the exhausted and almost despairing party. The young fisherman fastened a line from the Aloha to his own boat, and as the tide had by this time turned toward the city, he had little difficulty in towing the yacht in.

When the young people failed to reach their respective homes Saturday night their families were greatly alarmed and Sunday a party of friends started out to trace, if possible, the movement of the yacht. They obtained no information and were forced to wait in the greatest anxiety. When the members of the missing party returned Sunday night the fear was dispelled.

Before the budget had been finally fixed, each

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