



KATIE J. BARRETT JUST BEFORE HER FOREMAST FELL.

effects. The schooner was driven high and dry on the beach, and when boarded the next day a warm fire was found in the cabin. The haste of the crew to leave the vessel had cost them their lives.

The first fearful disaster after the life-saving service re-organization, took place on Peaked Hill Bars, March 4, 1875, when the Italian bark *Giovanni* became a total loss and her crew of fourteen perished. The bark stranded too far from the beach to be reached by the wreck ordnance used in those days, and the surf was pounding on the shore with such fury that a boat could not be launched, much less live, in the sea. No assistance could be rendered the poor sailors, and one by one they dropped into the sea and were lost.

The most appalling disaster in the history of the life-saving service on Cape Cod was the wreck of the iron ship *Jason*, on the bars at Pamet River, Dec. 5, 1893. Twenty-four lives were lost. The ship was bound from Calcutta, India, for Boston, with a cargo of jute. Captain McMillan, who was in charge of the ship, had a crew of twenty-four men, including an apprentice, Samuel J. Evans, of Raglan, England. Thick weather prevailed off the coast for several days preceding the disaster, and Captain McMillan, not being in possession of reliable information as to his position, obtained it from a New York pilot boat.

When about one hundred miles off the coast he unfortunately shaped his course to the westward for the purpose of raising some landmark. When the *Jason* approached the Cape, the wind was blowing a gale from the northeast, and the atmosphere was thick with rain, which soon turned to sleet and snow.

The life savers along the shore at Nauset first saw the *Jason*, and word that a ship was in dangerous proximity to the shore was sent along the Cape to all the stations. The *Jason* was last seen just before five o'clock by the day patrol of the Nauset Station. The life savers, knowing that she could hardly weather the Cape, kept a sharp lookout for her, and at all the stations the horses were hitched into the beach carts and every preparation made to go to the assistance of the ship without a moment's delay. It was a fearful night along the shores of Cape Cod, the coast guardians having all they could do to go over their patrol. Nothing was seen or heard of the doomed ship

September 12, 1957

Cape Tip Native Dies In Maine

Frank L. Mayo, retired Coast Guard Warrant Officer and a native of Provincetown died early last Friday at his home in Wells, Maine, after an illness of several months.

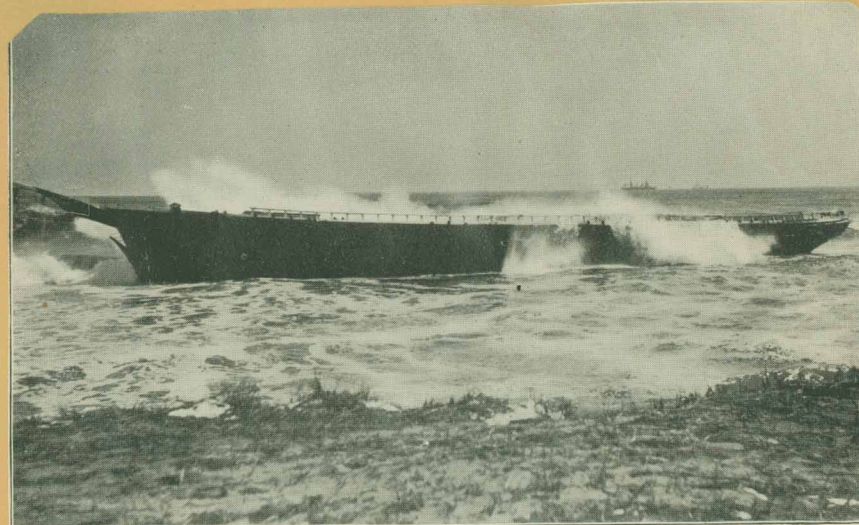
Born in Provincetown, the son of Reuben N. and Seina Mayo, Mr. Mayo, about 53 years ago, enlisted in the old Life Saving Service, which later became the U.S. Coast Guard. Before he retired about 23 years ago he had seen 30 years of service on the Cape and had assisted in many of the storms and wrecks on the Back Shore. At one time he was in charge of the old Peaked Hill Station and at Cahoon's Hollow Station in Wellfleet.

Mr. Mayo moved from Provincetown about 15 years ago to Wells, Maine, to make his home there. His son, Herbert F. Mayo of Provincetown saw his father the day before his death, when he had taken his son, David, to Kents Hill School in Kents Hill, Maine, and had stopped in Wells to see his father.

Survivors include his widow, Mrs. Jennie (Reed) Mayo; two sons, Edwin of Wells, Me. and Herbert of Provincetown; a daughter, Ida Mayo, also of Wells, and two grandchildren, David L. of Provincetown and Mrs. Katherine Hancock of Newton.

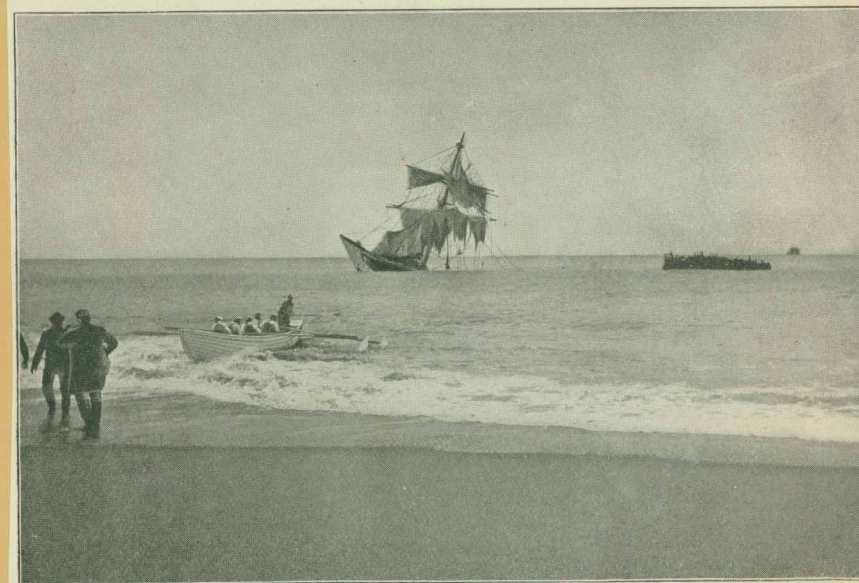
Funeral services were held at 2 p.m. Sunday at the Hayes Funeral Home, North Berwick, Me., with burial in the New Section Cemetery, Provincetown.

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AT THE MERCY OF THE SEA.

up to seven o'clock in the evening, and the life savers hoped that she had managed to work offshore or around the Cape. At half-past seven, however, Surfman Honey, of the Pamet River Station, burst into the station, and shouted, "Hopkins (the north patrol) has just burned his signal." A moment later Hopkins rushed into the station and reported that the *Jason* had struck on the bars about a half mile north of the station. Keeper Rich and his crew were ready for the emergency, and, with the beach cart, rushed to the scene. The shore was then piled with wreckage, and the slatting of the sails of the wrecked ship sounded above the roar and din of the storm. A careful lookout for the shipwrecked seafarers was kept by the life savers as



SHIP JASON THE MORNING AFTER SHE WAS WRECKED.

they hurried to the scene, and Evans, the sole survivor of the disaster, was found clinging to a bale of jute. He was clad only in his underclothes, and was almost totally helpless.

The wrecked vessel was sighted through the storm and a shot