

122 KILLED, MANY INJURED IN EXPLOSION

SCENE OF CLEVELAND HOSPITAL DISASTER



Graphically pictured above is the scene at the Cleveland Clinic hospital where more than 100 were killed and many were injured when explosions and fire swept the building. Many of the dead and injured were carried down ladders from their rooms. Others had been rushed to the roof where firemen, doctors and nurses worked desperately to resuscitate them. Powerful gas fumes poured from the building, hampering rescue efforts.

Rescuers at Work



Doctors and firemen worked desperately trying to save the lives of victims of the explosion and fire that killed more than 120 people at Cleveland Clinic hospital. Victims are shown as they were stretched on the lawn in front of the building. In the center, volunteer stretcher bearers are carrying an injured patient to be taken to another hospital. Below, doctors and firemen are applying the pulmotor to one of the injured patients.

Closeup of Rescue



Carrying down victims on ladders after the explosion and fire that claimed more than 80 lives at Cleveland Clinic hospital is pictured above. Firemen and police made many during rescue and fought gas fumes to reach the patients.

An Explosion Victim



Bodies were dragged from the fire after explosion and fire at Cleveland Clinic hospital at Cleveland, Ohio, killing many workers and the Cleveland people. The picture shows a young woman who had been a patient at the hospital, after she was brought from the building. Many of the victims were rushed to other hospitals where they died from the effects of the overpowering gas fumes.

HOSPITAL TRAGEDY DEPICTS THE NEXT WAR'S HORRORS

BY BRUCE CATTON
NEA Service Writer
CLEVELAND, O., May 20.—

While 200 fighting airplanes of the U. S. army and other large military units were assembled in England today to show how efficient the next war would be, an unlooked-for accident at Cleveland's most famous medical institution was showing, in an unforgettable way, how horrible that war would be.

The airplanes showed how quickly and easily a flying feet could rain bombs on a defenseless city. The accident in the Cleveland Clinic, where poison gas killed 122 men and women, showed what would happen after the bombs got down.

Down at the flying fields the spectacular, heroic side of the new warfare was on exhibition. Cretling planes high in the air, great formations of quick flying machines that came up from the broad fields in thrilling, breathtaking array, powerful bombers that became alive and graceful when outlined against the sky. This was the sort of thing the army put on view.

The other side of the picture was on view at Cleveland. There, in the four-story white brick and the building occupied by the Cleveland Clinic, something went wrong in a room devoted to X-ray studies.

There was a long row of filing cases there containing X-ray films. Fire, starting from some yet undetermined cause, touched them off. They flared up in a shattering explosion—and then, on the heels of this explosion, the chemicals of which the films were made united to form a poisonous gas as deadly as the gas that bombing planes would drop.

The gas filled the building. One hundred and twenty people—perhaps one or two more, perhaps one or two less—died in a few minutes. The gas overtook them, cornered them, struck them down before they knew what was happening to them.

One building . . . a small amount of gas . . . 120 people—Two hundred airplanes . . . half a dozen bombs to a plane . . . a whole city—

Anyone who studies these two things together—the aerial demonstration by the army flyers, and the catastrophe in the Cleveland Clinic—can get a pretty good idea of what the next war will be like.

The drifting yellow gas clouds that sent thousands of American soldiers to Dr. George W. Crile's hospital unit in France during the war caught up with him again after 11 years.

He thought he had put all of that sort of thing forever behind him when the war ended. Poison gas, the last ingenious method invented by scientific men to kill soldiers—Dr. Crile's Lakeside hospital unit had seen plenty of it. But when peace came Dr. Crile, one of the world's most famous surgeons, returned to Cleveland to renew the war to which he had dedicated his life—the war on disease.

Then, 11 years later, the poison gas struck at him again. The institution that Dr. Crile founded after the war—the institution that ranked with the famous Mayo Brothers' hospital in Rochester, Minn., as a place of healing, the institution where science had left off making poison gas and had devoted its energies to devising elaborate and complicated methods of saving lives—became a death trap filled with the filmy yellow vapor that was such a curious, poisonous

Dr. Crile



Dr. George W. Crile, noted surgeon, head of the Cleveland Clinic whose hospital was destroyed by an explosion and fire that killed 122 persons, is shown after he had escaped to the street. Dr. Crile said he did not know what had caused the blast.

what the next war will be like.

On the lawn in front of the building was Dr. Crile. Thousands of people jammed the streets. Overhead there were the spindly ladders of firemen, rising to poke their blunt tips into the open windows; and down these ladders came a steady stream of firemen, carrying dead people and dying people out of the death trap. The injured lay in rows on the lawn. Dr. Crile, dressed in his white operating robe, hurried back and forth among them.

"Have we oxygen enough? Better round up all we can get. Operator—call Mount Sinai hospital and tell them I said to use oxygen."

So he worked, turning back the years to fight poison gas once more in the heart of a peaceful continent. As he worked he asked for news of his associates, caught in the building at the time of the explosion. Dr. Charles E. Locke, clinic brain specialist, had been overcome by gas, but was all right now, they told him. Dr. John Phillips, who had helped Dr. Crile found the institution, had also been overcome, but was recovering. Dr. Crile nodded and looked relieved. A few hours

later both of these doctors were dead, after Dr. Crile had worked desperately to save them.

Dr. Crile founded the Clinic in 1921, in association with Dr. William E. Lawer, Dr. John Phillips and the late Dr. F. E. Banta. He had not been back from France a great while. The Clinic was brought as close to perfection as a hospital can be brought. From all over the world people came to be treated. From all over the world doctors came to study. Dr. Crile and his associates pledged themselves to give, each, one-fourth of his annual income to its support.

The idea had been born during the war. Dr. Crile devoted his life to it. Perhaps it was a good omen for the things that an army surgeon had to see and do in France. It was a dimly lit, stuffy place. Patients waited in a high-ceilinged reception room. Doctors quietly came and went, making examinations and diagnoses, keeping human bodies alive and well in ways that most surgeons cannot use.

Then, on a bright spring day came a fire, an explosion—and the creeping, deadly yellow gas that turned the great white brick-and-tile building into precisely the same kind of death trap that German gas shells made of the horror-infested forests, and thickets of Argonne forest.

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Whatever the gas was that spread through the Clinic, it struck with deadly effect. Cleveland's cozier, after examining the bodies of a number of victims, said he believed the gas to have been hydrocyanic gas or bromine.

Professor Walter Straub, twice winner of the Nobel prize for medical achievements, head of the medical committee of the League of Nations and inventor of the formula used in the manufacture of X-ray films, diagraphs, however.

In Cleveland at the time, Prof. Straub said, the gas was generated by the burning of the film were responsible.

"From my experiences with film chemicals, I am convinced that the death-dealing gas was nitrous and was not prussic, hydrocyanic or any other," he said.

He added that the antidote for poisoning with this gas is ridiculous simple. A 2 per cent solution of bicarbonate of soda in water will give off fumes which, if inhaled by a sufferer, will give quick relief. A similar solution of borax will also do the trick. "I am now working," he said, "on a formula to replace the dangerous film now in use with a non-inflammable article."

Hamburg, in Germany, got a taste of the next war a year ago, somewhat as Cleveland got it.

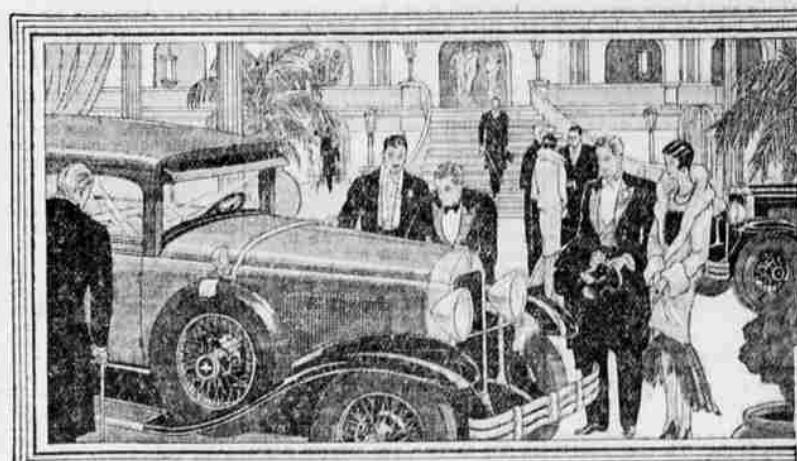
In Hamburg there were stored great cylinders of deadly phosphene gas. One night the cylinders burst and the gas leaked out and filtered through the streets.

No one noticed it, at first. Then, as it spread through the streets, mysterious death began to strike. People toppled over as they walked along the sidewalks. Live-stock in nearby fields fell dead, cropping the grass. The neighborhood of the place where the gas had been stored became a zone of death.

The nitrous gas that filled the Cleveland Clinic is not as deadly as phosphene. Phosphene is not as deadly as the gases now used by the chemical warfare units of the various nations. The whirling airplanes in southwestern Ohio, and the gas-filled clinic building in Cleveland, give only a hint of what to expect in the next war.

S. L. Moorhead of San Francisco, Pacific coast representative of the Illinois Glass Co., is a business visitor in this vicinity.

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.. what would hard carbon from burned oil do to it ?

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It is Shell Motor Oil. The little carbon it does form is only a soft soot that blows easily away through the exhaust.

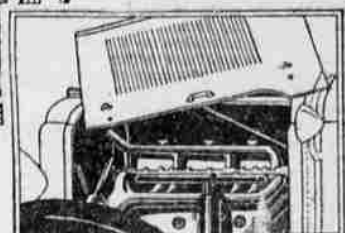
It saves you the knocking, engine strain and valve trouble which carbon forming oils cause. No gritty particles of carbon are left to chafe bearings and cylinder walls. Shell Motor Oil forms no hard, gritty carbon.

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