

MORRISON-STREET BRIDGE SIDEWALK COLLAPSES WITH OVER ONE HUNDRED SIGHTSEERS

(Continued from First Page.)

the water. Several swimmers in bathing suits were at hand, and a number of men intrepidly dropped or climbed down from the bridge, to help. Fortunately the walk connecting the bathhouse with the bridge was wrecked, else the place would have been overcrowded with anxious and excited helpers and spectators.

No one who saw the accident but would have sworn that at least a score must have been crushed to death, yet not one dead or unconscious person was taken out of the wreckage. A line was quickly formed from the two small boats to the clubhouse, and one after another people were passed out. About a dozen had to be carried. All the others, with some help, to a number, were able to walk.

In the debris in each of the two damaged floats, several people were found caught under timbers and woodwork. They were extricated without difficulty. The seriously injured were borne into the clubhouse, and laid on the floor. In an incredibly short time everybody appeared to have been rescued, and men were searching the wreckage for lost hats, purses, clothing, etc. One woman in some fashion lost the shirtwaist she wore, her skirt and silk undershirt. She was not much injured, but was so bewildered that she did not realize her condition until a man handed her a skirt which she recognized as her own.

Blood was sprinkled about the wreckage and on the floor of the clubhouse. Many of the injured presented a most distressing appearance. All were deadly pale from the shock alone. A score were bleeding from cuts and bruises about the face and head. One elderly man, with a horrible bruise, which seemed to have crushed his nose and cheek, was observed resolutely dragging out of the water a stout lady, evidently his wife. A poor, little chap, about 12 years old, was carried to a chair on the float. His face was a mass of bruises, he was shivering from the water and blanching from what appeared to be internal injury. He showed a bad-looking wound in the abdomen, where he had struck on a timber. Though in great pain, he shut his teeth and replied feebly to questions. Another boy, a year or two older, lay screaming near, with a broken leg. A beautiful, young woman, too stunned to speak, writhed on the floor, biting her lips in agony.

One strong looking woman who had received a cut over the eye, was rescued at first to be one of the most seriously injured. Willing hands dragged her from the water and carried her into the clubhouse. She lay as one near dead for some time, groaning feebly. When moved gently, she screamed, but all at once she sat up.

"Why, I guess, I am not hurt," she said.

And forthwith she arose and walked about, somewhat unsteadily. A white-faced woman, bleeding a little at nose and mouth, walked about, crying:

"Where is my little girl? I can't find her! Oh, what will I do? She is not mine; I just had her in charge."

With some difficulty, it was learned from her that the child was a boy, 12 years, scarce able to walk, and that his name was Evelyn Howe. Some one was at last found, who said the little one had been rescued uninjured and taken ashore in a boat, and the woman was comforted.

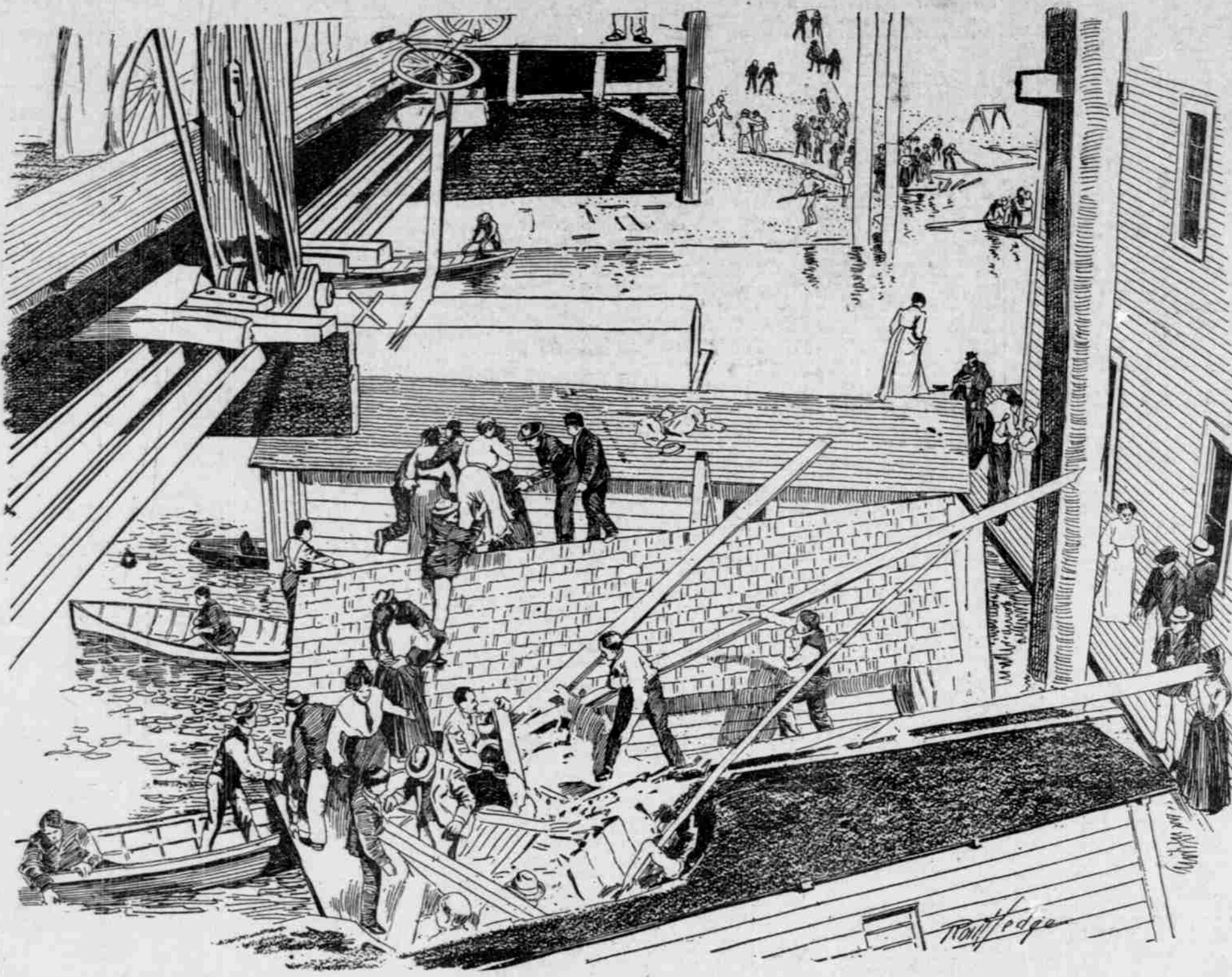
Injured Sent to Hospitals.

A man, observing that the crosswalk from the bathhouse was wrecked, and noting the number of launches handy, soon started the work of getting the injured placed aboard the launches, to be taken across the river, where they were met by ambulances; so that within a few moments after the accident the injured were on the way to the hospital.

What with the crying and groaning and the number of bewildered people, there was a good deal of confusion about the clubhouse for a time. On such occasions everybody is anxious to help, but most people fly about from one thing to another and accomplish little. Not so yesterday with one young lady in a dainty white bathing costume. She was on board one of the launches when the accident happened. Landing at the bathhouse, she at once proceeded to do things in a practical, clear-headed fashion, attending and assisting helpless women and children. As a man pulled a child aboard the float she caught hold of it.

"Get another; I'll take care of this one," she said. Afterward she located and restored lost ones to mothers or friends. Among the women present she was the only one who seemed to have wit enough to be of much assistance. Her name is Miss Alice Egger, but she refused to give it to a reporter on the ground that she

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TERRIBLE DISASTER ON MORRISON-STREET BRIDGE



SCENE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ACCIDENT THAT PRECIPITATED MANY PERSONS ONTO THE BATHHOUSE AND INTO THE WATER.

The above picture was taken immediately after the disaster by G. T. Pratt, of San Jose, Cal., from a point on the bridge immediately west of the break. The roofs upon which the men are working are the roofs of the bathhouses moored below the bridge. Upon these the broken sidewalk, with its burden of men, women and children, fell. Many of the victims crashed through the splintered timbers, fracturing their limbs and sustaining serious cuts and other injuries, while many others were precipitated into the water between the floating pontoons. The men in their shirt sleeves in the picture are generally volunteers, who swung down on the wreckage from the bridge to rescue the victims. In the

immediate foreground the naked arm is shown of a bather searching for injured. He has descended into the bathhouse through the hole in the roof. On the roof of the middle bathhouse is shown a group of men, assisting a girl to escape from the wreckage, while just in front of them a woman with disheveled hair is being helped up the incline by one of the rescuers. At the right of the picture is the float of the Portland Rowing Club, to which the injured are being carried. The bicycle hanging to the bridge at the top of the picture belonged to a man who stood at the east end of the break. Although the sidewalk on which he stood did not fall, he lost his balance in the excitement, and was carried down with the others. The cross marks the broken end of a stringer, which supported the fallen sidewalk.

did not care to be "mentioned in the newspapers."

Within a few minutes after the accident Detective Jack Kerrigan, of the city detective force, was on hand and taking an active part in helping the injured. Soon after came Chief Campbell, of the Fire Department, and several other officers. A considerable number of pocketbooks and purses were gathered up. These were placed in charge of Chief Campbell for the time being, but later were sent to the police station.

Four or five-score hats of every description were recovered, dripping with water, as was also a lot of parasols, handkerchiefs and articles of clothing.

A. La Broche, property man at the Empire Theater, and Mr. Hayes, the timber man, were among the first to jump to the rescue. The steam launch chartered by the Empire Theater people to attend the swimmer, Lutz, steamed quickly to the bathhouse dock and was the first to take a load of injured to the West Side. The police, arriving quickly on the scene,

kept the crowd back from the broken walk and perhaps averted a second accident, for it was evident that the bridge timbers at that point are none too strong. There are two main supports, or girders, 3x12 inches, side by side under each 20 feet of bridge. One of these only, on either side, runs out from the main bridge roadway to support the walk. A sound timber of such size ordinarily should bear up 140 pounds of an average weight of 100 pounds, when it is considered that the weight is distributed over 40 feet supported at each end.

RESCUE WORK PROMPT.

Portland Rowing Club Men Save Scores of Lives.

Nothing but the immediate presence of a dozen members of the Portland Rowing Club saved a score of persons from being crushed like eggs between the heavy bathhouses, or from being pushed down to a terrible death in the murky waters of the Willamette. These men, aided by a few occupants of rowboats that were near the club float, greatly mitigated the extent of the horror, and were the means by which countless severely injured persons were taken to places of rest and safety.

Directly under the section of the walk that fell were located the bathhouses of J. C. Ainsworth, Tom Robertson and W. Graves. The roofs of these structures acted like funnels, and piled the mass of humanity that came from above into spaces but two feet wide between the sheds. Here there was a twisting and a struggling of arms, legs and bodies, and it was no doubt in this limited space that most of the severe injuries were sustained.

Of those who worked at the Rowing Club, hauling unfortunate from the water, and dragging screaming, injured people from between the pressing houses, particular mention is made of M. E. Norcross, A. G. Labbe, Tom Robertson, W. F. Grimes, Walter Irving, David Paquet, Lem Parker, R. A. Lamberson and John Huber, better known as simply "John," who has for years been the caretender of the boat club.

All stories of the accident agree on the point that these rescuers did heroic service. Ainsworth's electric launch, the Saltair, was pressed into service as soon as those who were saved were in a condition to be transported to the west side of the river. Walter Irving attending to most of the transporting. David Paquet immediately rushed to the telephone to call for outside help, but as the telephone wires had been carried away by the falling walk, he was unsuccessful. With rare presence of mind, however, he dispatched a small boy to the nearest fire alarm, and it was through this branch of the municipal service that the first ambulances and police protection were secured.

Those who were the principal actors in the work of saving the injured victims of the disaster from what might have been death in the muddy river waters, dwell with intensity on the point of the suddenness and the awfulness of the whole catastrophe.

The only warning those on the float below the bridge had of the falling of the people was a peculiar sound, described by all as a sort of groan of terror. Then as the timbers and beam cracked, and the pedestrians were precipitated to the roofs of the bathhouses, and into the hungry flood below, there came shouts of agony, and screams from the injured. Women in a state of panic, groveled in the mass of beings, searching for lost ones. A number of mothers hurried into the water under the bathhouses for missing babies.

The bathhouse of J. C. Ainsworth's elec-

tric launch, Saltair, suffered the most damage below the fallen walk. The heavy beams and planking hit the shed amidships, and cut through it. Only when the wreckage reached the launch itself did its momentum stop, and the vessel was not injured in the least. Several people fell inside the shed and in the launch, but these were not severely injured.

The broken walk started falling in the middle, and doubled up like a V. Those who occupied positions near the middle of the falling section were crushed between the planking, and under the heavy mass of people above them. It was the lower point of the V that caught the bathshed, and it cut into it like the beak of a Roman war galley.

Immediately after the accident the river was covered with small boats and launches. Many of these were on hand so quickly that their occupants were able to render signal service in the work of pulling injured victims from the river. Launches were used to pull the bathsheds away from the clubhouse, so that the locality of the accident would be as clear as possible, thus making the search for the dead easier.

RIVER DRAGGED FOR THE DEAD.

Hugh Brady and Volunteers Recover Bodies of Two Children.

Within a very short time after the last injured person had been removed from the house of the Portland Rowing Club, Deputy Coroner A. L. Finley arrived with Hugh Brady, the riverman. Mr. Finley had heard of the accident while driving past the corner of Third and Yamhill streets, and finding that there was probably loss of life, he immediately drove to the new gas tank by the east approach of Burnside-street bridge and got permission from the foreman, George Wiekman, to take Mr. Brady and his tools with him. They arrived at the scene of the accident at a little past 4 o'clock.

In the meantime Mr. A. L. Gill, aided by J. D. Paquet and others got a grappling hook and started to explore the bottom in the immediate vicinity of the accident. John Huber, keeper of the boats, aided by Robert Lamberson, captain of the club, and Thomas Robertson, took a launch and towed the wrecked sheds away. After grappling unsuccessfully for a while, a young man named Howland volunteered to dive and see if any bodies were under the float. He made a dozen trips, but was unable to locate any. Mr. Gill then resumed his grappling, and in a few minutes caught the body of Miss Lottie Cameron, aged 16 years, daughter of W. H. Cameron, of Tenth and Gilman streets. The hook had caught in her shoelacing, and it was with some difficulty that the form of the girl was finally landed. Mr. Finley arrived at this moment and took charge of the body and directed subsequent operations. After grappling for five minutes, Hugh Brady brought to the surface the body of a small boy, afterward identified as that of Eddie Shank, son of L. Shank, of 545 Second street.

From this time on until 5 o'clock Mr. Brady carefully went over the bottom of the river beneath the break in the bridge, and when he finally stopped on account of the darkness, he said he would resume operations this morning, when the bathhouse would be moved out of the way.

Whether or not more bodies still rest in the waters of the Willamette cannot be told, as it proved impossible to verify all reports of the missing, and until this is done there will still be doubt as to how many more, if any, have not been found. Mr. Brady seemed to think last night that there might be still some of the dead under the bathhouse. "The water is too shallow," he said, "for them to float far. The depth of the water here is only 15 feet, and the two bodies recovered were

really from under the bathhouse. I think the small boy had hold of a wire cable, and I thought once or twice that I felt another body there."

While the search was being prosecuted many telephone messages came in stating that various people were missing. Deputy Coroner Finley made note of these, but was unable to verify any of the reports at the time.

FEARS MANY NEVER CAME UP.

G. I. Gheen, Rescue-Worker, Believes More Than Two Were Drowned.

G. I. Gheen, who was cruising in the vicinity with his launch at the time of the disaster, is firmly convinced that some of those who slid into the water never rose again.

"It couldn't be any other way," said Mr. Gheen. "The whole walk kept cracking and binding until it was almost in the shape of a half circle. Then it broke in the middle and the people all slid down as they would down the sides of a funnel. They were just poured into the water, and those who were underneath were forced down by the others. It would be a miracle if some persons are not found to have been drowned."

Mr. Gheen and the men who accompanied him in the launch rescued a great number of people.

"I stepped on the pontoon," said Mr. Gheen, "and reached into the water after a girl's hand. Before I could grasp it another hand grasped my arm, and then

another. When I went to pull back I found that three people had hold of me. Some man dressed in a bathing suit caught me round the waist, otherwise I would have been pulled into the water."

One incident of the falling bridge was a parachute descent made by a little girl in a red dress, who clung to her open parasol as she fell. This served to make her fall slowly and she floated down on top of the struggling mass of people in the water. She was picked up by Mr. Gheen, who also found her brother in the water, and returned both children uninjured to the shore.

One woman was separated from her child in the fall. She herself was immediately picked up by kindly hands and placed on a pontoon. Hysterical from the shock and excitement, the woman immediately jumped into the river again, crying for her child. Three times she was rescued, and as often jumped overboard. Finally her little girl was also placed on the float and the woman was pacified.

AGED MAN SAVES TWELVE.

H. H. Duff, Forgetful His Own Injuries to Join in Rescue Work.

H. H. Duff, who lives at 522 Couch street, an aged man, who went down in the crash, gives a graphic account of his experiences. He saved about 12 people although he, himself, was badly bruised. He said: "I was first standing on the outer edge of the sidewalk when I thought I

noticed a slight giving of the walk, and tried to move back toward the iron rods of the bridge. My thought was that in case of a collapse I might get hold of the iron rods and save myself from going down. I had hardly got to the rods when there was a crash, and I felt myself going downward. Instinctively I reached for the iron rods, but failed to get a firm hold, and fell with the mass of people. The horror of the situation was beyond all description. It seemed as if the whole mass of the crowd was sliding down or top of me. As I went down the thought flashed through my mind: 'This is the end! However, I struck something. I don't know what it was. Perhaps it was the barge that was lying near the bridge. At any rate I didn't get into the water at all. I was slightly stunned by my fall, but quickly gathering myself together I saw many struggling in the water all around, and started in to help people out. Some seemed to disappear before I could reach them. I seized a little girl by the hair and landed her safely on the float. A heavy woman came up near me, and I managed to lift her up out of the water. She clung to me so tightly I had to say: 'My God, let me go. Don't you see others are drowning out there?' Then I helped one poor fellow, who was terribly injured. He said his name was J. H. Klein. He was a member of the Ancient Order of United Workmen and the Oddfellows order. His right leg was broken below the knee, and he was terribly bruised about the body. His left ankle also seemed to have been broken. He came recently from California. I saw that he was sent away to a hospital. He would have drowned had I not succeeded in getting him out of the water in time.

"I continued to pull people out for some time before any help came. It seemed an awful long time before any help came to those struggling human beings. I don't know how many I helped out of the water, but it must have been a dozen or more. One big fellow who was not hurt at all, but fell in the water literally climbed over the backs and shoulders of the struggling men, women and children. I called out to him: 'You'll drown these people,' but he paid no attention at all and continued pushing his way out among the struggling people, and even thrusting them to one side to save himself. As soon as he got out, he left without making the slightest effort to assist the people whom he might have helped. How many went down? Well, that would be a hard question to answer. It seemed to me that there were more than 200, but of course there may have been much fewer than that. I never saw anything so heartrending as the scene of those struggling people—little boys and girls and women—who went down in the wreck. It seemed to me that many must have drowned.

"I feel rather sore in my back, but I don't think I sustained any serious injury. Mr. Duff was bruised on his left arm. Blood flowed freely, but it proved only a slight bruise.

BRAVE BOY SAVES BABY.

Thirteen-Year-Old Max Brachvogel, Displays Great Presence of Mind.

Thirteen-year-old Max Brachvogel, son of Max A. Brachvogel, of 120 Gibbs street, is a hero of the catastrophe. While bravely was displayed on every hand in the work of rescuing the injured and helpless, there was no more heroic act than that of young Brachvogel in rescuing a baby from the water. Immediately after the crash and fall in which he was thrown onto a heap of debris in the river, the lad saw a child struggling, and, forgetting his own painful injuries, he reached into the water and seized the baby by the hair, pulling it safely onto the debris upon which he was floating. He held the baby in his arms until he was taken onto a scow and ashore, when it was taken in charge by some one he does not know. The brave rescue was witnessed by several of those who were standing on the east bank of the river at the time.

Last night after he had recovered from the shock of the fall the lad was able to relate his experience and he modestly told how he saved the baby from the river.

"I remember feeling the bridge give way and hearing an awful crash," he said, "and then I landed on a lot of old boards in the river. I did not have a very hard fall, but was pretty well bruised up. While I was lying on the timbers I saw the head of a baby come to the top of the water. The child was trying to breathe and seemed to be struggling. I forgot all about my hurts then and reached over and tried to grab the child. The first time I missed, but the second grab I caught it by the hair, and by pulling hard got it onto the timber with me. I held it until some one else took it from me. I don't know whose baby it was. As soon as it was ashore I began to feel pains again, and I started home. Then some one stopped me because I was limping and kept me in an office until a delivery wagon came. I was then driven home."

The brave lad's injuries consist of a sprained ankle and numerous bad bruises about the body. He says he feels he was very lucky to escape alive.

SWIMMERS' NARROW ESCAPE.

V. Hatcher and Harry Wilson in the River When Sidewalk Fell.

V. Hatcher, of 23 1-2 Pine street, and Harry Wilson, of 28 Davis street, had a narrow escape from being buried by the falling bridge as they swam in the river within a few feet of the spot where the sidewalk fell.

While swimming under water when I heard a crash and came to the surface just in time to see the bridge go down

WHAT THE POLICE HAD TO DO



ASSISTING ONE OF THE INJURED TO CROSS A PLANK TO THE PORTLAND ROWING CLUB'S FLOAT.

RESCUERS ON THE WAY TO THE BRIDGE



ONE OF THE NUMEROUS PARTIES WHICH HURRIED TO THE SCENE.