

WRECKED TOWN NOW DESERTED. AMBOY VILLAGERS FLOCK TO NEIGHBORING PLACES WHERE WELCOME AWAITS THEM. BRAVE IN THEIR MISERY. RED CROSS AND Y. M. C. A. GIVE SPLENDID EMERGENCY SERVICE TO REFUGEES.

WRECKED TOWN NOW DESERTED.

Amboy Villagers Flock to Neighboring Places Where Welcome Awaits Them.

BRAVE IN THEIR MISERY. Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. Give Splendid Emergency Service to Refugees.

One old man, who refused to be judged, and the Chief of Police MacDonald were the only inhabitants of South Amboy who remained in the wrecked village last night. Before the dreary twilight fell the gray uniformed girls of the Red Cross Motor Corps had whisked away the last of the bewildered, homeless people, and the town that got the worst of the fearful explosion at Morgan was a deserted village indeed.

But through the roads and fields everywhere toward Perth Amboy and Woodbridge and Elizabeth and the other communities that lie to the north in that part of New Jersey trickled streams of human misery—mothers and fathers, sick and frightened children clutching one another along, all with the same sad expressions on their faces, as if they scarcely realized what had happened.

A great noise, a great glare, the windows crashing in upon them—and then out they were upon the streets, parents separated from children, wives from husbands, everything confusion and horror. All the horrors of war were there, indeed, except the worst horror—German soldiers. But in the minds of all who could gather their wits together hung the same black cloud of certainty that the enemy had caused this disaster. None could explain why, but "this thing was all planned out," was what one said everywhere.

Red Cross Mobilizes Quickly.

The training American women and men have had in war work had a chance to show their mettle in the Atlantic division of the Red Cross mobilized all its forces immediately upon the news of the explosion, and early in the afternoon twenty-five ambulances, carrying doctors, nurses and workers went from New York, Newark Red Cross sent another twenty-five ambulances, and a hospital car was established in the Board of Trade Building on Smith street, Perth Amboy. But that tells a small part of it. If every woman who could drive a car was on the spot, carrying refugees, feeding refugees, trying to comfort and direct the scared people, of course every Y. M. C. A. building, every church and armory and city hall within miles around was opened to take in the 7,000 homeless people, to say nothing of the hundreds of refugees who were coming in from the outside of the town without seeking delectable parties on lawns and in fields. And as long as daylight lasted most of them walked, just walked, seeking help, dimly hoping they would be allowed to go back to their wrecked homes.

Seek Their Missing Soldier.

"But we've got to find my brother," she insisted. "He's a soldier and he had leave from Camp Dix. He was sick last night, very sick, and when the explosion came and the doors were blowing in and the windows and we all got cut, we thought the world was at an end—and when I came to my senses my brother was gone."

All Lost, but Still Cheerful.

"The dressing is the worst," she said. "My home is wrecked and I don't know as we can ever go back to it, and we wouldn't mind so much if we had some decent clothes and a comb and a place to fix ourselves. Close by her head she had a baby in her arms, and she was crying and sobbing and crying and sobbing and crying and sobbing."

Woman of 90 Rescued.

The thing that struck one who was the great number of old persons in the crowd of refugees. And when it was supposed that every one was out of the danger zone two young men came into Red Cross headquarters in the Board of Trade Building, said leading half supporting, a woman half blind and looking nearly ninety. She was Mrs. Mary Lawton, and she was found in a wrecked house in South Amboy from which it was thought every one had gone. Her son is a mail carrier, and no one knew where he was in the confusion. The poor old woman sank into the chair they put her in, and the pathos of it—lifted a trembling smile to the Red Cross girl that tended her. "You're very kind, dear," she quavered, "but I don't know what to do with you. I was taken from South Amboy were Daniel Applegate and Mrs. James Giffro, who were found cowering on the porch of a house from which every hospital had sent what it could. In spite of the fact that the authorities declared that another and much worse explosion was expected in the evening from the streets in Perth Amboy, they exploded yet, the people, many of them, went unwillingly from their homes. "I was a fool to let them make me leave," muttered one man, who stood aimlessly on the streets in Perth Amboy. "I want to go back." Others begged the Red Cross to care for their children so they

barrow, from which he dumped the few household belongings he had been able to save when the explosion ordered the people out from the wrecked houses of South Amboy, and valiantly started to wheel his family toward shelter and medical attention. They were soon picked up by an ambulance.

Lost Four Children in Woods.

One woman, clutching a child in either hand, the Red Cross people last headquarters that she had lost her four children "in the woods." Dazed, almost wild with anxiety, "in the woods" was the most definite description she could give of the place where they became separated. A man who said his name was William Jones was frantically beseeching everybody to take him back to South Amboy. "Where my four children have been since early morning, with nothing to eat and no one to take care of them."

Frightened Animals Slink About.

"Ah, what's the use of being afraid?" he said. "But look here, I know a German in this country; you don't watch 'em close enough."

Yes, the horses in that region were being frightened and so were other dumb animals. Dogs and cats stunk furiously around, knowing with what wonderful sixth sense of theirs that something was afoot. And someone, as if every refuge, lurged along a trembling dog or cat.

One little woman in black came into the M. C. A. building in Perth Amboy with a small boy who led a tiny, trembling mongrel. She said her name was Mrs. Williams and her husband was employed in the same works. They lived less than half a mile from the Gillespie plant and everything in their house that could be blown away in the explosion was smashed in upon them. But they saved their dog, and the small boy hugged it fondly, giving it bites of the sandwich a kind Y. M. C. A. worker had given them.

At the little woman in black couldn't say. "I'm too anxious about my husband. I haven't seen him and he was in the works every day in the afternoon. Y. M. C. A. in Perth Amboy had fed 300 people. Sixty-five refugees slept in the building. Fifty were in the works. Cots for Trenton, placed in every nook and corner of the rooms, helped as many homeless people.

Scene One of Terror Bit Beauty.

"Friday night was a night of hell," said Mrs. Charles Seguire, who was waiting on the refugees who crowded into the shelter, while her husband was on duty with the State Militia. "A night of hell," she repeated, "and it isn't swearing to say that. Our home is on the bluff; I had a clear view of the explosion, and when it came down it exploded made a different color—the TNT made a color I can't describe. It was like a burst of flame, a sword of flame darting up into the heavens, and then—'I timed it with my watch, and when it came down it came down like a bomb, and when it came you fell to the ground; it seemed as if you couldn't live. The walls of my house, which are wood, bent six inches from the explosion, and the ceiling came down, it seems impossible, but they did."

Mrs. Seguire said that truckloads of food had been sent to the "Y" from Woodbridge, and that she had seen that every one was giving lavishly. Even as she spoke a prosperous looking citizen rushed up, demanding, "Do you want my wife? My wife wants to send my 'Send it along," said Mrs. Seguire, and the prosperous one disappeared, calling back that it would be there in ten minutes.

The little grounds around the Grace Lutheran church, opposite the "Y," were full all day of drooping, homeless people. And an instance of how the feeling for the amputees has been demonstrated, a middle-aged daughter was found carefully combing her old mother's hair with her fingers and trying to do it up neatly again.

Women Display Heroism.

Everywhere one heard tales of marvellous heroism of the women workers, some of them mere girls, who had rushed to the call of duty. There was Marjorie Scales of Totenville, Staten Island, for example. Marjorie is a yeoman, and at 9:30 P. M. Friday she had her automobile in the garage, and she had had knocked her down when her home without stopping till 2:30 the next morning along such scenes of horror as girls in America don't often see. Once a woman's body fell from her side in the road, but she drove straight on with her load of the living.

Survivor Dazed by Shock.

A dazed man crossed the reporter's path in a darkened lot and the reporter asked him where he had been when the explosion occurred. He said he was at work in what was known as Unit 6-1-1, a machine shop of the Gillespie plant, when the first blast went off. "I don't know how many men were there at the time," he said. "It was terrible. I just turned and ran as the building came falling down on my side. I don't know what happened to the other. I didn't see anything. I just ran as fast as I could."

An aged tender of a railroad bridge in the town of Morgan was his post when the first explosion occurred. He still was there at 10 o'clock yesterday morning. His younger assistant at the bridge became terror stricken and fled. Shells poured all about the old man. The bridge was pierced by several of them, but it did not collapse.

With his head flag in his hand he stayed on his job, without wavering. But when he left the place yesterday morning, he was stone deaf and remained so for seven hours. He could scarcely hear when the reporter spoke to him last night, and he was so dazed he could do little more than give a vague idea of what his experience had been.

"I heard a big explosion and saw a lot of people dead," he said. "That's all I know," was the extent of his description of the terrible ordeal through which he had passed.

In Morgan a man was found who had

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RESCUERS FACE DANGER. Locomotive Engineers Drag Tons of TNT Through Fire in Heroic Style.

Lightless, structureless, except for here and there a stark chimney but sticking up amid the debris of the building of which it once was a part, and in-lashed from by all around debris protecting it from ghouls and other marauders, South Amboy rested last night a blackened canyon of death, when a reporter of the Sun, who had been covering the accident, looked at the scene and said: "It's right over there. And if you see my daughter Jennie will you tell her father is looking for her? Richard Kipling is looking for her. When the explosion came, knocking everything in the house all over us, we got out, and then I says, 'Jennie, I says, 'you ain't got on, never go back and get some clothes.' Well, ain't seen her since, but I'll find her."

"Two little girls, dancing up and down on the steps as gleefully as if the explosion was a lullaby, were in the spasms of laughter over the memory of their older sister's scant attire when they fled from their home.

Carrying the Bodies Away.

As the pitching automobile on its mission of mercy swept past the outer guard of soldiers a long string of other automobiles approached it from the opposite direction. They were bound out of the city, and their load was composed of the bodies of the dead just drawn from the wreckage. Some of them were wounded, some of whom had lain for hours where they fell victims of the first blast Friday night.

Here, there along the road the automobile passed solitary figures sitting crunched by the roadside, their heads in their hands. Occupants of the automobile spoke to several of them. When they answered they spoke coherently, as if they could not understand what was said to them. Further along the road physicians treating these victims of shell shock as complete and sense shattering as that suffered by soldiers on the actual battle fronts in France.

Working among the ruins The Sun reporter came across Chief of Police McDonald of South Amboy. His case was typical of hundreds of others who worked incessantly inside the town from a brief time after the first blast of the explosion rocked the whole district for miles around. He was suspected of Chief McDonald said he was visiting an ill friend in a hospital at Perth Amboy when the first explosion occurred Friday night. He was in the town in an automobile in which he was travelling pitched into a shell hole on the way to South Amboy and the engine stalled.

Passing Through Shell Fire.

The chauffeur climbed down to crank it and broke his wrist. McDonald placed in the chair of the automobile, and he himself, and drove on into the town. Miraculously almost the automobile missed being hit by any of the thousands of shells that rained down on all sides of it as it sped into the explosion.

Quickly the chief drove the automobile to his own home and placed his terrified wife and child in an automobile truck that was hurrying out of town with refugees that filled it to its utmost capacity. He has not seen his relatives since and with very little food, he and his wife and child were found where those experience was the same and whose families whereabouts are unknown to them.

"When I entered the town," Chief McDonald said, "women were running frantically through the streets. The whole place was alight with exploding shells, and the call of duty. There was Marjorie Scales of Totenville, Staten Island, for example. Marjorie is a yeoman, and at 9:30 P. M. Friday she had her automobile in the garage, and she had had knocked her down when her home without stopping till 2:30 the next morning along such scenes of horror as girls in America don't often see. Once a woman's body fell from her side in the road, but she drove straight on with her load of the living.

Dr. Thomas Riley was in full charge of the relief work. Dr. Frank Cuttinville of the New York Hospital was in charge of the ambulances.

The Red Cross had eight centres in Perth Amboy, and every public building in the place was opened to the refugees, while many families responded to the appeal called up in prominent places, "Take the refugees into your homes."

Dr. Commander D. Smiley, a woman doctor, saw that the scores of Motor Corps girls went where they were most needed. Motor Corps girls were there from everywhere it seemed, from every town in Jersey within many miles, from Richmond county, from New York. Their cars patrolled the three roads leading out of Amboy, and picked up all refugees who had not hidden themselves away behind woods and copes in their weariness and bewilderment. Many refugees were relayed on to Woodbridge, where the Quartermaster Freeman sent them to towns where they could find shelter.

Late last night the Red Cross declared it had plenty of food for every one and for the people to sleep. It estimated it had cared for 7,000 persons. Albert W. Staub, assistant manager of the Atlantic division, brought down to New York \$10,000 in small bills and homeless ones who had lost all their money were given something to meet immediate needs.

Gov. Edge of New Jersey took personal direction of the rescue work early in the morning. He arrived from Trenton last night at the same time as the vanguard of machines which by his order were commandeered from hundreds of automobilists, and saw to it that they combed the roads and fields for refugees, on the streets in Perth Amboy, and halls in Elizabeth, Newark and other towns should be opened to the people.

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gone through the place in the afternoon. He said that he had learned definitely of the heroic act of several locomotive engineers who hauled 200 carloads of TNT out of the path of the flames amid a veritable hail of shells of the very highest calibre. These men, the witnesses of their act said, had risked their lives more than a hundred times, but stuck to the job until the last car had been dragged wide of the danger zone. Had those cars exploded, soldiers and others said the effects of the disaster would have been multiplied many fold.

In Keypoint, a quarter of a mile from the scene of the first explosion, ten big locomotive trucks were seen in the roadway, twisted and torn and utterly beyond repair. They had been lifted from behind a military enclosure, thrown many hundreds of feet and wrecked. At Chesapeake, close to Morgan, hundreds of shrapnel shells were found scattered in the fields. Now and then they reached them as grass burned, and their steady explosion was the most picturesque being endured by the soldiers and other relief workers.

Here the strength of the explosion was so plainly visible that Morgan or South Amboy even, where nearly everything had been levelled. At Chesapeake trees three and even four feet in diameter had been cut off clean as if by a saw or ax. Telephone and telegraph poles had been snapped off as though they had been umbrella ribs and lay on the ground or swung suspended by the wires attached to them.

Shells Wreck Cars and Houses.

On a railroad siding between South Amboy and Chesapeake the reporter saw a line of loaded coal cars. A high explosion had struck one of the cars and cut it squarely in half. Others of the cars were punctured by shells. Not a house or a structure in any of these places was untouched. In South Amboy schools, churches and other large buildings were wrecked completely. There isn't a store in the place out of which the front had not been blown.

On the outskirts of Keypoint stood the famous Y. O. L. Spys Inn, where tradition says that in Revolutionary days two spies were caught and hung. Part of the inn was blown down, and before the devastating force of the explosion. It was a favorite stopping place for automobilists on their way to New Jersey coast waiting places.

In all of these towns and even as far away as New Brunswick, N. J., residents were sleeping last night on lawns in fear that their homes would add to the destruction and loss of life. This was especially true along the shores of Harbort Bay, where the bungalow colonies were almost entirely wiped out.

Major Helen Bastido of the Women's Motor Corps was on her way to this city from Deal Beach, N. J., Friday night, and the train on which she was travelling had just left Morgan when the initial explosion occurred. Major Bastido left the train and ran to the scene of the blowup.

For the next hour Major Bastido and a group of other volunteer workers helped in carrying the dead and injured from the ruins. Major Bastido was severely wounded and every workman and official the volunteers met warned them of the danger of other explosives. They disregarded the element of peril, risked, however, and stuck to their task.

Finally they had carried fifty injured persons into an emergency hospital at Keypoint, and the work of the shell loading plant. The place was equipped for just such purpose. But the building was shaken violently and partially destroyed by the explosion.

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"I heard a big explosion and saw a lot of people dead," he said. "That's all I know," was the extent of his description of the terrible ordeal through which he had passed.

Animal Victims Cared For.

Mrs. Beven procured her own automobile, loaded it with feed and four husky sailors and entered the explosion scene. Shells still were screaming overhead and dropping all about, but the horses were rounded up and fed. The stable had been raised, but the freed horses were found in nearby fields. A little later the Red Cross committee completing the vicinity organized what was called an animal refuge committee and the workers fed every four-legged creature that could be found.

The first way toward Perth Amboy, a flash of the whole series that marked the hours immediately following the biggest of the explosions occurred just after 5 o'clock yesterday morning. Hundreds of families still were fleeing from South Amboy and the nearby towns, panic stricken at the report then being circulated that an explosion was about to occur which would raise everything within a radius of twenty-five miles.

The bridge between Morgan and South Amboy was crowded with refugees on their way toward Perth Amboy. A flash brighter than all those that had preceded it lit up the sky. The following glare grew brighter, small objects in the air were seen, and a light of light and enlarged rapidly. It extended upward and outward, arched like a rainbow, but thinner and more nearly complete.

Those on the bridge threw themselves flat on their faces and waited. They feared it was the anticipated major explosion, and every one expected that the bridge would be blown to atoms and children there, face downward, every one expecting death.

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Then the concussion happened. The bridge shook violently. Its terrified occupants were in a state of terror. But the bridge held. The force of the explosion seemed to be upward and in the few moments the stream of terrified refugees was struggling again along the way to safety.

A transport car Private Frank Shamy of the Thirtieth United States Infantry back on American soil two was ago. He lost both his eyes in the fighting at Chateau Thierry. He was in the rear of the Packer House, at South Amboy Friday night when the first explosion occurred. He was visiting a friend there, having gone to South Amboy from his home at South River, N. J.

He heard the terrible roar of the explosion, but at first he was not sure what it was. He sat quietly, apparently caring little for the danger, when men rushed into the place and started to carry him off. He protested, and demanded to know what had happened to "Kitten." "Kitten," it turned out later, was a little girl, the daughter of the friend the blind soldier was visiting.

"I was trying to help them some," Private Shamy explained to his would-be rescuers, "but they wouldn't let me. They thought it was less dangerous here than outside, where I may help a little."

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OUTRANKS PREVIOUS JERSEY DISASTERS.

Morgan Blowup Recalls Black Tom and Kingsland Explosions.

BOTH SHOOK NEW YORK. Former Broke Windows Here as Far North as 84th Street.

The series of explosions which began at the shell loading plant of T. A. Gillespie & Co. at Morgan, six miles from Perth Amboy, N. J., Friday night and continued until yesterday marked the third great disaster the force of which has been felt in New York.

The other explosions instantly recalled by New Yorkers were the Black Tom Pier and the blowing up of the Canadian Car and Foundry plant at Kingsland, on the Jersey meadows. The former took place June 30, 1918, and the latter January 11, 1917. These two were the greatest disasters of the year, but both probably will be outranked in lives lost and damage when out of the confusion and wreckage at Morgan the results of the disaster are accurately known.

The Gillespie munition plant explosion is the thirteenth in various munition plants since the beginning of the war. The total monetary damage has been tremendous and the casualties have been numbered by the hundreds, an approximate estimate being in the neighborhood of 500 killed and wounded.

Black Tom Explosion Killed Five. Luck, courage and discipline have always been a part in these explosions or the casualties might have gone into thousands of lives. In the Black Tom explosion two persons lost their lives and it is supposed that three others, whose bodies were found, died in connection with the explosion. Many persons were more or less severely injured.

The property loss was very large. One hundred and sixty-one freight cars were destroyed; the bodies of thirty-four other cars were ruined and eighty-four other freight cars were damaged. Thousands of windows in New York City, Jersey City and Ellis and Bedoes islands were broken.

In New York City such damage extended as far north as Thirty-fourth street, four and three-quarters miles from the scene of the explosion. Structural damage was done to buildings in Jersey City and on Ellis and Bedoes islands.

The Black Tom disaster consisted of two explosions that resulted from a fire started maliciously or accidentally among freight cars on the terminal tracks of the Lehigh Valley Railroad at Black Tom awaiting transfer of their contents to Gravesend Bay for export.

Black Tom explosion had been fired in the Upper Bay, New York harbor, immediately back of Bedoes Island. The space between a former island and the New Jersey shore had been filled in. On Black Tom was 60,000 pounds of dry trinitrotoluol (usually spoken of as TNT) packed in wooden boxes, each containing 100 pounds of explosive, on barges or lighters tied up to the pier or near by were 100,000 pounds of dry picric acid packed in 100 pound wooden packages and 25,000 detonating fuses.

About 12:40 A. M. a watchman employed by the owners of munitions to watch cars and barges tied to their explosives noticed a fire to the westward. Three other watchmen and the captain of one of the barges were with him.

Shell's Hammer Firemen. They made a quick examination of the car they found burning and hurried on to the warehouse to sound the alarm. The Jersey City and New York city fire departments responded and efforts were made to pull out cars of explosives on the tracks.

Meanwhile exploding shell and shrapnel fell among the railroad men and firemen. In their desire to get the cars filled with explosives out of the way little attention could be given to the fire proper, which grew in intensity, with shells exploding in an increasing number. These exploding shells also kept the firemen from getting close enough to the blaze to use water.

The railroad yard, known as a "dead yard" because of its non-operation at which was equipped with fire hydrants, high pressure pumps, water mains and storage tanks with a capacity of 250,000 gallons of water, but the presence of explosives and firing shells prevented the attention could be given to the fire proper, which grew in intensity, with shells exploding in an increasing number. These exploding shells also kept the firemen from getting close enough to the blaze to use water.

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