

# AMAZING PHOTOGRAPH OF EASTLAND DISASTER.

This Photograph, Showing the Victims in the Water, Was Taken About Eight Minutes After the Catastrophe. The Photographer Had His Camera Trained on the Boat Before It Overturned, but Was Too Stunned to Make the Exposure at the Instant.

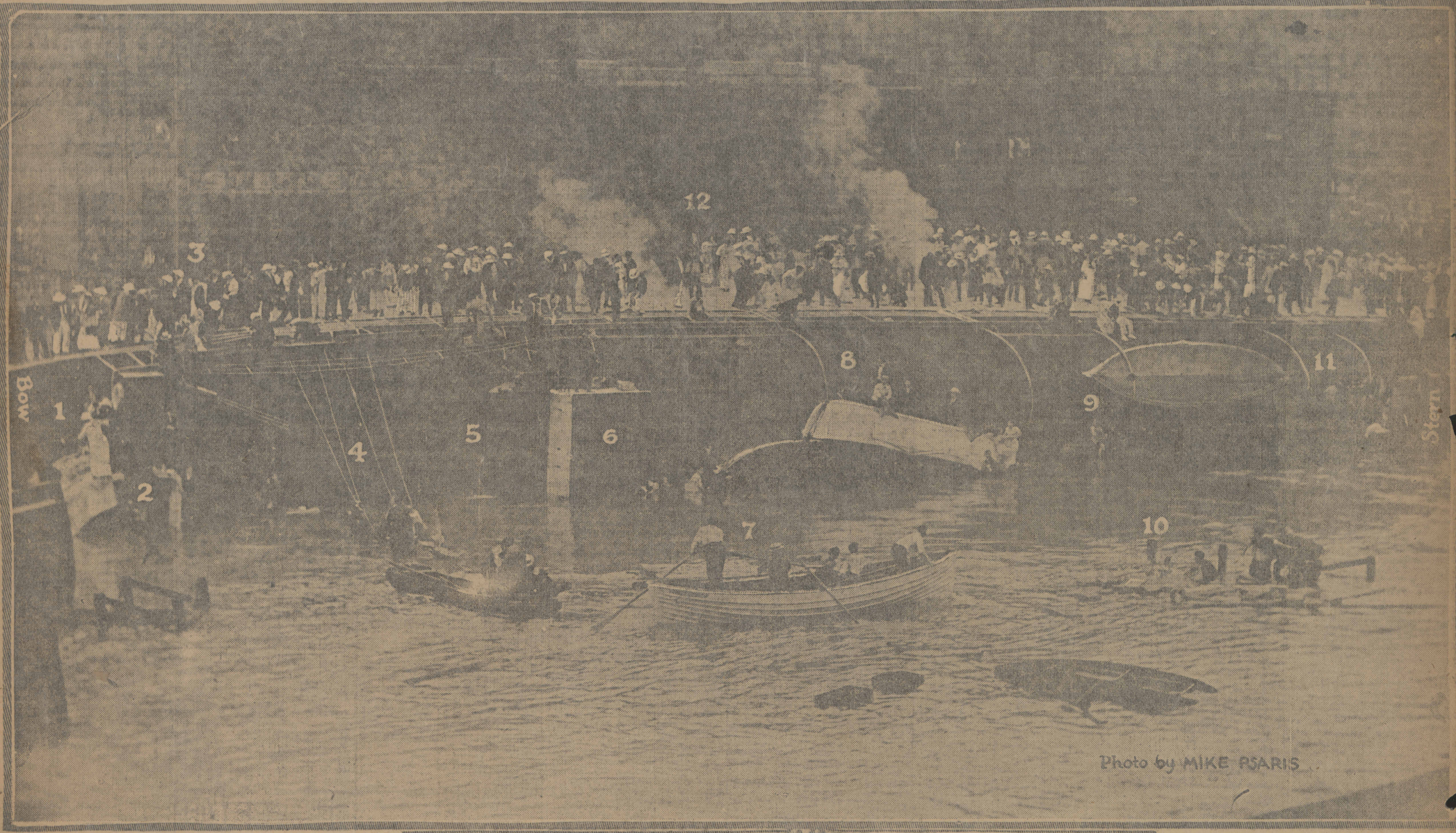


Photo by MIKE PSARIS

1—Main deck forward. 2—The bridge. 3—Removing body of women from starboard quarter. 4—Foremast stays. 5—Boat deck. 6—Deck housing for life belts. 7—Lifeboat from Theodore Roosevelt standing by. 8—Overturned lifeboat swinging from davits. 9—Lifeboat made fast. 10—Men and women on life raft. 11—Crew releasing lifeboat from davits. 12—Frenzied passengers gained safety on ship's side.

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## Women Calmly Await Death or Rescue While Men Battle in Panic.

**STORIES OF JOY**—a joy which found expression in tears—were told by those rescued yesterday from the river or from the death trap hull of the steamer Eastland.

In the crisis the women were the stronger. While men fought madly for their lives the women and girls, after the first panic, quickly recovered. Either they clung patiently to rails and bits of wreckage, or, if trapped in the hull, they waited calmly for rescue or death. Rescued, their thoughts for the most part were of those not so fortunate.

With the men it was different. They dragged the women from places of temporary safety in order that they might be saved. They struggled madly to save life, not for others, but for themselves. And some, when rescued, stood stunned and helpless watching others at work.

**RECOGNIZES HIS DAUGHTER.**

Fred Swigert, a city fireman, worked three hours lifting bodies from the hold. Then a diver handed him the body of a little girl. Swigert placed the little body on a stretcher and looked closely at the child's features. He gasped and fell unconscious across the body. It was his own daughter.

Swigert, unconscious, was carried from the boat, followed by the stretcher bearing the body of his daughter.

Similar tragic scenes were enacted throughout the day. Occasionally the body of a man or a girl would become loosened from the wreckage and float out from under the boat. Men with boat hooks would recover it. Frequently a hat or a coat would appear on the surface of the water, and the watchers would notify the life savers, believing the object was the body of a man or woman.

Not until after 4 o'clock did the divers recover most of the bodies from what was known as the second deck. Until that time they had made no attempts to locate bodies on the first and cabin decks.

**MADE TO BUY TICKETS?**

Instances multiply in which employees of the Western Electric company bought tickets for the Eastland excursion, they say, only because they thought they would lose their jobs if they did not do so. Numbers of survivors say the foremen of their departments intimated that they would be expected to go. Employees who did not accompany the excursionists last year were subsequently laid off without apparent reason, it was asserted.

"I was working for the Western Electric company last year, and did not go on the Eastland," said Frank Baubles of 1649 Wells street. "Shortly afterward I was laid off, and I was never able to learn why. Several other employees whom I knew had similar experiences."

**IDENTIFIES GIRL WIFE.**

Peter Frisina, white and trembling, identified the body of his girl wife, Anna, 25 years old, as it lay in the Second Regi-

ment armory. He dropped weakly into a chair and told his story.

"O, if I hadn't taken tickets, even if it cost me my job," he moaned.

"The employees of the Western Electric company held two big parades on the company's grounds just last week. The foremen of the various departments talked it over with us and then told them of the plan for the excursion.

"We'll all have a great time," they said. "Everybody will be happy. It will be the biggest thing we've ever done. The factory's going to close down and everybody's going. We will arrange it so you can each take your wife or best girl and two or three friends. Tickets for the trip will cost you only 75 cents each."

"The foremen themselves distribute the tickets. I was in the Japanese department. I got tickets for my wife and myself. The foreman's name was John Jensen. We got the impression that our jobs were no good unless we went along. Some of us didn't want to go, but we finally decided to because we didn't want to be fired."

**GEORGE MALEY MISSING.**

George Maley, office boy in Department No. 2136 at the Western Electric company, was everybody's friend. His cheerful smile, his rapid thinking, and his ability to please even under the most trying circumstances, inspired in all the stenographers and women clerks of the department a sisterly love and in the men a "big brother" attitude.

In the morning he was among the first aboard the Eastland, distributing programs, smiling a cheering greeting, and making himself the pet of the crowd. During the afternoon more than fifty women and girls tramped from morgue to hospital and from hospital to information bureau to inquire as to the fate of George.

At the bureau at 210 North Clark street three pretty stenographers gathered around the desk marked "Names from J. to N.," and asked about George Maley.

"A relative?" one of the clerks asked sympathetically, when no report was found in his index.

"No. But the best little fellow you ever knew," answered one, and led the group away.

**FAT MAN SCARED; 2 DROWN.**

"I heard her flop over with a crash and a splash," said William Raphael, manager of E. A. Aron's commission house at 74 South Water street.

"I jumped out to the door and saw what had happened. I saw two women come bobbing up to the surface not far from the shore piling. I jumped in to grab them."

Some fat man, his face green with terror, was making for them, too. I got hold of the women and started to pull them out.

"The fat man held onto the women's dresses, and I couldn't swim with the whole load. I yelled at him, treading water as I fought. He wouldn't let go.

"I kicked him in the face and made

him let go. I lost one of the women in the struggle, but I got the other woman to shore safely.

"All three of them might have been saved if that fellow hadn't been scared into a frenzy. I am glad that I saved one, anyway."

"I wonder what the coppers were doing. When I was in the river fighting to save the lives of these women I looked up and saw a whole row of them on the dock. There must have been ten of them there, not making a move."

**ALL EXCEPT SON SAVED.**

Casper Leinus Sr. of 318 Osgood avenue, his wife, and their daughter, Cecilia, 13 years old, were rescued, but their son, Casper Jr., 8 years old, is believed to have been drowned. The entire family was first reported missing.

The Laline family was in a stateroom when the boat began to list and water began to rush into the room. They climbed upon a table, whence all were pulled through a porthole to the upper side of the overturned boat. There the boy, Casper, disappeared, and it was believed he had slipped off the boat in the confusion and been drowned.

Mrs. Natalia Schroeder, Paul Schroeder, 9 years old, her son, address not given, and Mrs. Lena Roseland of 109 East Fourth street were rescued and revived with a resuscitating machine.

Frank Spencer of 5205 South Robey street saved two women companions, Mrs. K. Jena and her daughter, Anna, of 1708 West Fifty-first street.

"The instant the hawsers were let go the boat began to tip," Spencer said. "I suspected what was coming and lifted Miss Jena up over the rail. Then together we managed to get her mother up, and I scrambled up after them. We all crawled up on top of the boat as it turned over."

**POLICEMAN SAW TRAGEDY.**

With water dripping from his hair and clothing, Policeman John H. Secher, probably one of the first to go to the rescue of the passengers, stood on the Clark street bridge and gave a detailed description of the accident and of the scenes he witnessed as men, women, and children were flung into the water.

He said he had assisted about fifty persons to reach shore.

"I was standing on the bridge gazing at the boat," the policeman began, wiping the water from his eyes and wringing his hair.

"I noticed there was an awful crowd on one side of the boat and that it was leaning out towards the water. I believed there were about 600 men, women, and children on that side of the steamer. The promenade decks were lined. Then I noticed that the boat suddenly flopped. It just went over on its side without the slightest warning."

"I saw scores of men and women, many holding children, plunged into the water. I rushed down to the river and jumped into a rowboat. I pulled out the drowning as I reached them. I think I got about fifty ashore. Then came the fireboat,

and rowboats, and I believe that all together 100 or more were taken from the water. We grabbed those nearest us first and put them on shore. At one time I had four women in the boat with me. Others I sided by simply lifting them from the water to the landing."

**SENDS OUT BOATS.**

William Sisson, claim agent for the Anchor line, and John Rose, watchman for the same company, went on board the Schuykill and assisted in throwing lines to the people foundering in the current. Capt. John McDonald of the Anchor line steamer put two lifeboats over the side and went to the assistance of those in the river. They brought about two dozen to the shore.

"I hope I never see anything like it again in my life," said Sisson. "I have been as lumpy as a rag ever since. The horrible part of it was that the passengers didn't seem to feel their danger until it was too late. Then they were just dumped into the river like a load of sand dumped from a wharf."

**STORIES OF THE RESCUE.**

Other stories of the rescue follow:

Philip Fuchs, soda fountain man—I was at the soda fountain when the boat turned over and escaped through the same porthole with Lannan. What Bannan says about the women being braver than the men is absolutely true, as anybody who kept his head during the horror will say. There were three persons, an old man, an elderly woman, and a young girl, waiting beneath an open porthole. They had come on board together. I hauled out the woman and then reached for the girl. But she wouldn't let me lift her out until I had saved the old man first. Then she consented to be hauled out. They all three went away together. I don't know where.

Mrs. Albert Pearson of 2512 South Harding avenue—I was sitting on the side near the pier. My husband had just left me to go with some friends to the smoking room. Suddenly the boat began to sway, and then it turned over on its side. I hung onto a rail and was pulled out of a window onto the upper side of the boat. I have not seen my husband, but I am afraid he is lost. (Mrs. Pearson suffered a deep gash in her left arm while she was being pulled through the window. She was taken to the Hotel Sherman.)

**COULDN'T STAND SCENE.**

Esther Hartman, a stenographer in the office of the Chicago and South Haven line—I couldn't stand it to watch the crowd on the decks as they tried to climb up that sloping deck. The passengers on the Theodore Roosevelt were gathered at the stern and watching. Women shrieked and men shouted, both from the Roosevelt and the Eastland. When men began to clamber over the rail and women jumped right into the water right under the tipping steamer I felt as if I were going to faint, and I ran away.

May Pelubet, 11 years old, 4017 Potomac avenue—Papa and I were on the upper deck when the ship started to

turn over. We were on the side nearest the pier (starboard). First, the chair of the woman sitting next to me began to tip, and she grabbed the rail. Then, when I started to fall out of my chair, she took my hand, but the rail broke and we all slid across the deck into the water. I was in the water, and the next thing I knew I was standing on the smokestack. I looked around, and there was papa hanging onto the smokestack, too. He shouted to a man to help me, but the man just looked at me and then looked away again. Then a man came along in a boat, and papa shouted at him to pull me out. The man pulled me out, and then asked me if the man who shouted was my father. I told him yes; so he pulled papa out, too. (The Pelubet girl escaped with a badly bruised arm.) Her father, William Pelubet, suffered a few scratches and bruises. Both were taken to the Hotel Sherman and then went to their home.)

**NOTICED THE LIST.**

David Durand, 714 North May street, and Walter Perry, 973 West Eighteenth place, two employees of the H. F. Watson company at Watson warehouse on the north side of the river—I opened the window on the third floor about quarter after seven, when I noticed how the steamer was listing. I called Perry to the window, and we watched her for ten minutes or so. She was listing way over by 7:20, and the crowd on the decks swarmed over toward the dock side, out it was too late. After she reached the angle of about 45 degrees, she went fast. There wasn't any fighting or rough work on the decks. The crowd was orderly. Suddenly the boat fell flat on its side, and all these women and children were thrown into the water—the poor things. I saw one young man jump from the side of the boat, and the rest of the crowd attempted to climb over the side. I saw a couple of hundred people were there when she finally rested on the bottom. But it was awful to see that big boat just fall over on top of those helpless people. God, the screaming was terrible! It's ringing in my ears yet. A few moments afterwards the river was thrown into ladders, ropes, and anything that would float. The negroes downstairs in the Anchor line warehouses who were unloading stuff from the Schuykill did some fine work in throwing a lot of that merchandise overboard. I watched one woman who seemed to be thrown from the top deck come up. I saw her while she floated down the river, and that was all. I said, "That's the end of her."

**WOMEN PULLEY AWAY.**

Joe Lannon, who was at soda fountain on lower deck—When the ship

first started to turn over everybody took it as a joke. The dance floor on the lower deck was crowded with men and women, mostly the latter. Then when the boat listed over so far that the people began to slide across the floor the panic began. "Women and children first!" Not on your life! I saw men tear women and girls from where they were clinging to rails above the water in order to get to positions of temporary safety. There was nothing like chivalry. The stronger dragged down the weaker into the water and snatched their places, and usually the stronger were men and the weaker were girls and women. The soda water fountain was right at one of the portholes, and through this Philip Fuchs, the other four men, and I crawled to the upper side of the hull. Then we turned to help others out. O, if the men had only been as brave as the women, the loss of life would have been much less! I remember one girl—she was only about 16—whom I pulled out through that porthole. As she reached safety she fainted dead away. In another case I was lifting a woman out of the water. She was heavy and I could hardly raise her. A man grabbed my foot. I shouted to him that all three of us would be in the water and lost if he did not let go, but he hung on. Finally I raised the foot and kicked at him. The shoe slipped off my foot and he disappeared. I got my own footing again and hauled the woman out.

J. G. Winkel of 3256 Ogden avenue—I was on the lower deck, but managed to struggle to safety. I aided in rescuing about fifty persons and was in the water three times.

**ON SECOND SHIP.**

Andrew Krabel of 5513 Twenty-third street—My wife and I were on the second ship, the Theodore Roosevelt, when we saw the Eastland topple over on its side in the river. I started to throw life preservers off the Roosevelt into the river, so they would float down to the hundreds struggling in the water. One of the men on the Roosevelt jerked me back from the rail, telling me to "cut that out." I went to another place and threw over more life preservers. Then I rushed over to the Eastland to look for my sister, who was on the boat, and to help the survivors. I took about eight girls over to a coffee house at Clark and South Water streets, but when I tried to go back to look for my sister a policeman struck me with his club and told me to "get out."

Edward J. Arko of 2812 South Forty-eighth avenue, Cleere, who escorted Miss Anna Koren of 4159 West Twentieth place to the Eastland for the outing—We were below decks when the accident occurred. The vessel turned over on its side and the water poured in rapidly. Miss Koren slipped and fell in the water, and I was just able to grab her hair. I held on as best I could and supported another lady at the same time. Suddenly I felt the weight relax and found myself holding only a handful of Miss

Koren's hair. It was impossible to find her in the chaotic condition things were in, so I helped a couple of others get on deck and jumped over myself. I was saved by a rope thrown from shore.

Charles J. Ramond, a pantryman on the Eastland—I was busy in the pantry, and my first knowledge that anything was wrong was when the dishes began to fall off the shelves and racks, and I felt the vessel tip. I rushed up the crazy tipping companionway to the sloping deck and jumped. I sank five times before I was picked up by the tug Kenosha, which was to have taken the Eastland out of the river.

**HOW GIRL ESCAPED.**

Miss Lillian Heldeman, 2316 South Kostner avenue—I was one of the last to get on board. With me were Anna Tempanski, Elese Reinhardt, and Margaret Tomshen. We had just checked our lunches and were in the washroom on the middle deck when the ship started to lean over. We became frightened and ran up to the upper deck, where we found that the boat was leaning way over. The girls with me began to scream as the water came up about their ankles, and the next thing I knew we were all struggling in the water. I went down and down. Water rushed into my mouth and nose. Then I came up. A man pushed a plank in my direction. I reached for it, it slipped from my grasp; and down I went again. After what seemed ages, I came up again and another man threw me a rope. Somehow I managed to get the rope around me and I was pulled out.

**BURNS KILL MAN.**

Patrick Egan, chief of the first battalion, city fire department, heard a man calling for help. "I'm burning to death, I'm burning to death," screamed the victim. The chief climbed through a hatchway and found the man pinned to the wall by wreckage. The woodwork around him was on fire and he had been severely burned. With his ax Egan chopped the man free and carried him to the top. The man was burned so badly he died while on the way to the hospital. He is unidentified.

Henry Vantak of 3566 South Winchester avenue—I was in the river for almost half an hour before I was pulled out. My wife and daughter, Helen, scarcely 15 years old, were drowned. I saw my wife brought to the surface by a strong swimmer, but he couldn't save her. My daughter Frances is gone, too.

**LIFTED THROUGH PORTHOLE.**

Policeman Charles E. Balsom of the traffic squad—We lifted them through the portholes—the children and small forms. We got one young girl's head and arms through a porthole, then managed to get her shoulders through. We could not go farther. Then we put a rope around her and let her back into the water while we cut a hole in the side of the boat and rescued her from that open-

ing. Babies could be seen in the hold of the boat. Palmators brought many back to life.

**IN BOAT WITHOUT OARS.**

Policeman John Post of 5051 Bernice avenue, member of the traffic squad—Shortly after my arrival at the station the alarm came in requesting ten men to report at the Clark street bridge. Fifteen cries for help came from men, women, and children, many of whom were clinging to pieces of wreckage, chairs, and life preservers floating downstream. The only boat available was without oars, so I sprang into it and pushed it toward the stream, guiding it with my hands. I rescued a child and three men clinging to a piece of wreckage. I saw a young woman sink before I could reach her. We pulled three women through the portholes in the Eastland, which were about eighteen inches in diameter.

**SEES ANOTHER WOMAN.**

An elderly woman dressed in black was clinging to a beam under the same porthole. Just as I was throwing the rope through the porthole she lost her grip and sank back into the water.

Her head sank beneath the water, but one hand seized the rope. I dragged her to the porthole, but was horrified to discover that the porthole was too small to permit her exit. I made three despairing attempts to extricate her, but it was useless; the opening in the steel porthole was too small.

I encouraged her to cling to the beam until I could secure an electrical device to cut the opening larger. But with a moan of despair her head sank back upon her shoulders and she disappeared into the water. A half hour later, after we had cut through the steel walls, I found her dead body in the waters of the hold.

**CAST OFF LINES.**

The big steamer for the South Haven line stood on the deck and watched the steamer keel over. He said he had cut off one of two stern lines which held the steamer to the dock and was awaiting orders to cast off the other stern line. Three bow lines when it began to list.

"The big steamer began to list and crawl to safety to stay where they were until they could be taken off."

James Helman of 1810 South Keeler street and Charles Schud of 1968 South Avers avenue were two of the rescued who didn't even get their clothing wet. They were standing on the upper deck when the boat began to turn over. They caught hold of the rail and climbed up the upper side as the boat went over and sank on its side. They were taken off the boat and rescued her from that open-