

Selectman L. J. Mansfield, who owns the farm through which the tracks are laid, was walking through the field nearby with several men who had a camp on the land, just near Meadow Brook. Mr. Mansfield was one of the first men to reach the scene of the wreck, and was tireless in his efforts to lend assistance to the injured. In an interview with a Courier-Citizen reporter, Selectman Mansfield told the following interesting story:

"I was walking through a field a couple of hundred yards from the tracks of the Lowell and Pelham car which run right through my land, when I heard a sound like that of an explosion. I had just seen the Nashua car going along at a good rate of speed. I turned around, and there just near the curve I saw the cars close together, both of them with their roofs caved in. There was no screaming, but I knew that an accident of much seriousness had happened.

"It was only a few moments when I was right on the scene, and you can make up your mind that it was awful. A party of campers from Lawrence were present, and they pitched right in and did their utmost to relieve the people who were caged up in the cars. The roofs had fallen in, but not to the extent that the passengers were unable to get out. Yet no one made a move to leave the car for some time. Everybody seemed dazed, even those who had sustained no injury refusing to leave the car. There were passengers with blood streaming down their faces, others with broken legs and arms, and others with legs cut off.

"We found a rather stout man in the car, unable to move a muscle. He was in agony. Three of us carried him from the car, and as we did so, he said, Dear me, I'm dying.

"Oh, no, you aren't, I replied.

"But I'm all broken to pieces," he declared.

I tried to comfort him, but he kept repeating "I'm dying, I'm dying," until he became unconscious. Later when the car came to Lowell, he was aboard,

and had worked in Boston, and on the Boston & Lexington. Their last home, she said, was in Lexington.

Knapp entered the employ of the Pelham and Lowell road about three weeks ago, and was regarded as a competent man. The fact that the brakes were found hard against the wheels after the collision shows that he made an effort to stop the car before jumping off.



L. J. MANSFIELD

Pelham Selectman on Whose Farm Collision Occurred—He Was One of the Most Active of the Relief Workers.



and I was taking care of him. I saw that he was in a very bad way, so I forced a drink of whiskey down his throat to stimulate the action of his heart. But it had no effect. When within a short distance of Lowell, he died in my arms. I do not know his name. He was unable to tell it.

"In all my life I have not seen men work harder than those who assisted the passengers from the cars after the wreck. Most of the passengers were able to leave the car within a few minutes after the collision, but there were some who were pinned down by demolished timbers, and it remained for the rescuers to remove these timbers as speedily as possible. While the work was going on, the unfortunates were very patient considering the circumstances. They said very little, although in great pain. The arrival of the street car employes from Pelham was a great help, for they were equipped with the implements to remove the timbers. They worked like Trojans, especially Foreman Stevens, who took charge of the work.

"Of course, I did not stop to get names; we were too busy to think of that. We simply removed the injured who were unable to care for themselves, and saw them safely on the cars that were going to Lowell, Haverhill or Nashua. Bedclothes were brought from several houses, and everything possible, so far as we were concerned, was done to relieve the wounded."

Motorman Knapp's Case.

When Pliny Knapp, motorman of the car going to Nashua, saw the Nashua car approaching at full speed around the curve, he applied the brakes and, without a moment's delay, jumped off. He was injured by the fall, but had he remained on the car, he would doubtless have been killed, inasmuch as the Nashua car surmounted the other, Knapp's car, for fully 10 feet, carrying everything before it. Knapp does not remember much about the accident. He lives not more than half a mile from the scene. The route to his home takes one through a dense growth of woods, a rather indistinct path being the guiding line. Knapp made his way to this path and then staggered to his home. As he entered the door of the kitchen, he fell flat on his face and his wife, who knew nothing of the collision, almost fainted with him. She saw blood flowing from the man's ear, and she thought him dead. After a time, consciousness returned, but Knapp could give no lucid account of what had happened. He kept muttering something about "Sam Mayes," the motorman of the other car, and occasionally he called for ink and paper. A physician, who was called said that Knapp was suffering from shock more than from surface injuries, and was unable to say just how long before

very would follow.

Knapp informed a Courier-Citizen that his husband had