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# Photographic Contemplation of One of Nature's Cataclysms

With Respect To An Inland City, The Deluge at Dayton, March 25, 1913, Was The Greatest Since The Days of Noah.



March 25, Dayton, strong and buoyant in its more than a century's growth, hopeful and planning in the bright sunshine of past achievements and industrial possibilities; righteous and profane in accordance with the temperament of its cosmopolitan population, was unmade. Flood and fire, undreamed of and appalling, bore its beauty to the mire, dashed present hopes to the depths of stunning loss, and made its population objects of the same kind of pity and abundant charity which had touched the quick of its human soul so many times when its business, church, fraternal and commercial kin in other places suffered. In one short week Dayton was unmade and born again. Her rippling Miami, unharnessed and rebellious, wrought the destruction and now the placid, yet still murky stream, sighs a mellow and eternal requirem over the havoe she

wrought and chimes entrance to Paradise of the hundred souls she claimed. Forty-seven years ago the stream went on a similar rampage, and fifteen years ago water flowed through the streets of Payton; but not since 1789 to 1792, when the troublesonic Miami Indians gave cuming, daring and relentless wartare to early settlers, has there been such desolation and despair upon her classic banks. Major Benjamin Stites, Major John Stites Gans and Judge William Goforth negotiated for the strip of territory lying between the Miami and Mad rivers on June 13, 1789, and they called the site Venice. Yet only once during half a century has the community ever taken on the

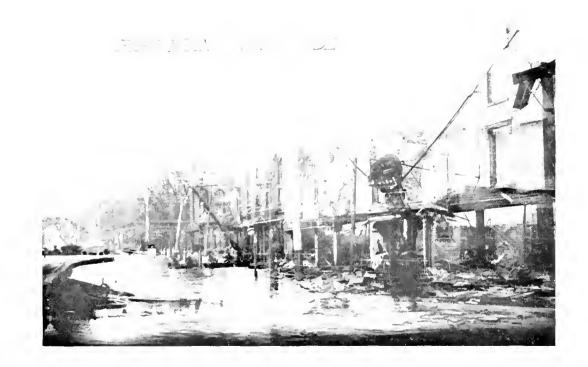
appearance of a Venice, with boats and rafts and barges floating in her streets. Major Stites once wrote: "What can give its current such velocity in the midst of so level a country is a matter of astonishment to all who behold it". Writers of to-day voice the same sentiment, nor do they attempt to explain the phenomenon of the deluge. The rain appeared to be only normal, yet the flood But there remained in the embattered hulk of the Gem City that spark of virgin strength, determination and plan which will undoubtedly make it a real gem in the diadem of its country's municipalities. Although Davton was well-nigh mortally wounded, yet she girded her tattered garments about her shivering and bleeding form and pitched into the battle of reconstruction and rehabilitation The Gem City had to do it - there was no other course open, if she was to live. To-day she has practically recovered from her wounds, and gains strength steadily. Through the kindly offices and gentle ministrations of sister cities and communities, she has thrived on the charity nursing and stands erect and without a totter. The city has buried her toll of dead; through large forces she wiped away the last vestige of her unpleasant battle with the elements: properly aided by State and National authorities, and her own inherent desire, she safeguarded her health until she stands a pillar of strength on the ashes of her past. It is probable that no city on earth ever took such rapid strides as did Dayton, once her flood waters receded. The majesty of her enterprises has asserted itself, and her citizenship has taken hold with a firm determination to retrieve the losses. Memories alone will retain the herrors of the occasion, and events of the future have been dated from March 25, 1913. What a short time ago was a washed path of destruction is to-day a hive of industry, just as before the fatal day. Wrecked businesses and sundered homes have been transformed into real commercial centers and havens of abode for a contented and happy people. In the presence of a great disaster, the human mind is appalled, the human tongue is silent save in supplication for aid, and the human pen is often paralyzed. However, the flood of 1913 directly affected 93,000 persons, 20,000 homes and entailed a property loss of approximately \$200,000,000, the stretch of water was two miles wide, with a depth varying according to elevation and depression of land from 4 to 26 feet; while the lives of thousands were in jeopardy, and many answered the inexorable fiat of Nature - Emblazoned across the heavens are the pames of innumerable ones whose deeds of heroism mark them as men and women of real character, who meet the full measure of God's own plan. So, to the memory of the souls who passed through Death into Life Eternal amid the flood, and to the service of their surviving kin and sorrowing neighbors, who cherish their memory while mourning their departure, in humble submission to the will of an All-Wise and Inscrutable Providence, this booklet is dedicated.

Clarence B. Greene.



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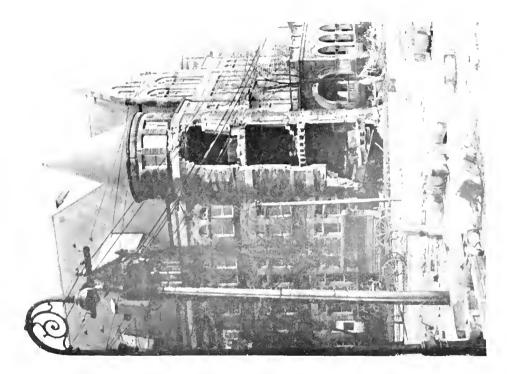






## HAYES' ST. RIVERDALE





# WASHOUT of TRACKS at UNION DEPOT



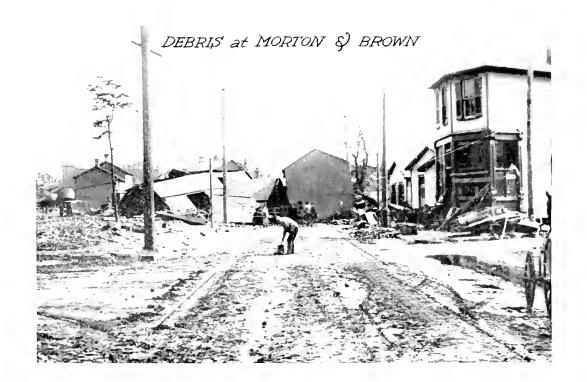






#### VIEW OF FIRE ZONE LOOKING WEST FROM STCLAIR















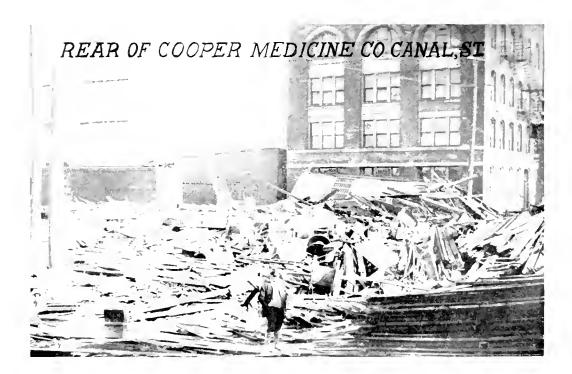
## LEHMAN ST, RIVERDALE











## VIEW IN EDGEMONT OR GREENCASTLE









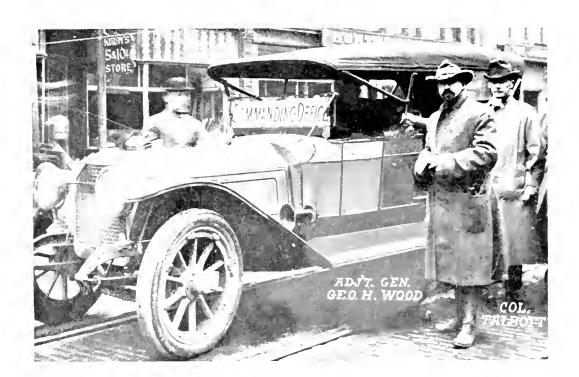
#### CATHERINE ST. NOTTH Ross FAIR GROUND







BROADWAY S. of GERMANTOWN



















## VIEW NORTH DAYTON FROM WEST END HERMAN ST BRIDGE





TROY ST. WEST





THE OLD MULE CAR IN SERVICE AFTER FLOOD

## TROY ST. LOOKING EAST





## MAIN ST NORTH FROM EMMETT







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