

# GOT DYNAMITE IN CANADA; BRIDGE BLOWER'S STORY

## Says an Irishman Brought him Explosive With Which to Wreck Bridge.

Vanceboro, Maine, Feb. 5.—Werner Van Horn today told his own story of how he dynamited the Canadian Pacific railway bridge over the St. Croix river. He asserted that he alone was responsible, and that the German Government knew nothing of his plans.

"My country is at war," said Van Horn. "We are fighting Canada with the others. Canada has been supplying great numbers of men to the allies' ranks in Europe; from Canada have been shipped great cargoes of grain and other foodstuffs, ammunition and guns.

"No small part of these shipments have passed over this bridge. To destroy the bridge would at least interrupt the continuous line of freight cars bearing munitions of war to Canada's eastern seaports. That is why I tried to wreck the bridge.

"I am not married. My age is 37 years. I have been in America about five years, most of the time on a rubber plantation in what is known as Chiapas in South America. About three weeks ago I came to New Orleans and from there to New York. I was on Staten Island for a while. I left New York last Friday night to come back here, and I have been at the Exchange Hotel here since my arrival at 6.40 Saturday night. I came back here with the distinct purpose of wrecking the bridge. I met a man, an Irishman, who brought me the explosive from the other side of the river.

"It was all planned out. I was to meet him at the specified time, at the bridge. He was to arrive on the Canadian side of the river the same time I arrived at the United States end of the bridge.

"Saturday night, the first night I was there, I kept this appointment. We were to know each other by a password. The password was 'Two-mie'. I met him on the bridge and we made arrangements for his delivery of the explosive. He was to have the stuff in a suitcase all primed and with a fuse to detonate it.

"Monday night he met me on the bridge with the suitcase. I took it from him and he went back to the Canadian end of the structure.

"I fastened the whole thing to a trestle near the Canadian end of the bridge, suitcase and all. This hung down dangling. I had adjusted the fuse for three minutes. There was enough explosive to have destroyed the whole bridge, but I did not do a good job.

"In the first place it was too cold. But I felt that delay would frustrate the plan and increase the chances of detection. I waited until three trains had passed. It was very cold. The fingers on both my hands froze in spite of all I could do. I fell several times. I had to work about an hour. My hand by this time had no feeling at all. I had to just tie the case on the bridge and trust that there was enough explosive to be effective. That is the reason it did not work better. It was not effectively placed.

"I am not sorry for what I did. My only regret is that the damage done to the bridge was not greater. Now I am on United States territory—neutral ground. They can do to me nothing, absolutely nothing. The man who gave me the explosive gave

it to me from the Canadian side. I am not worrying. They must let me go."

Van Horn was perfectly cool in telling his story. In build he is almost a giant, standing six feet one inch stockinged feet; he weighs over 190 pounds. He is muscular with the short heavy neck of a pugilist. He stands erect, shoulders squared, with more than a suggestion of military habits. He was dressed in rough homespun clothing. He appears to be a man of education and refinement.