

BOYS LOST 8 DAYS IN OLD MINE

One Dead and Another May
Die From Terrible
Experiences

SURVIVOR LOSES MEMORY

Does Not Know When Death
Came to Playmate He
Held in His Arms.

When searchers, peering into the dark recesses of an abandoned coal pit, lighted only by their pit-lamps, saw a young boy staggering toward them, dragging a limp form that might have been a sack, a search that had continued a week ended and a ghastly tragedy came to light.

The boy who dragged his burden toward the dim flicker of the pit lamps was Albert Tomlinson, 19 years old, of Banksville. The limp form was Willie Hale, a five-year-old playmate.

"Willie is dead," the searchers heard the elder boy sob.

Last night the life of young Tomlinson was despaired of, for he and Willie had been in the abandoned mine eight days. Almost starved when found, bruised and cut from contact with sharp slate and coal as he had groped about in the unlighted work-pit, the boy quickly lapsed into unconsciousness. He was hurried to St. Joseph's Hospital on the Southside. There attendants said his recovery was doubtful.

BOYS NEAR HOME

When searching, March 8, the boys had been in the mine, the Banksville entry to which is on the yard of the Tomlinson home in Bedford avenue, Banksville. Although Willie, probably 100 yards of home, young Tomlinson and his companion had not been able to find their way out of the workings, and even daily search of the pit by members of the family and neighbors had been futile.

"I knew he was in there," sobbed Miss Mary Tomlinson, a sister of the rescued boy, yesterday afternoon, after her brother and the dead boy had been found by John T. Allen, David Johnson and Herbert Bradley, an uncle of the Hale boy.

Other members of the family, too, had felt certain the two boys were in the mine, and from the evening of their disappearance not a day had passed that searchers had not explored the mine.

MOTHER IN HOSPITAL

Only one in the Tomlinson family not here last evening of the tragedy is Mrs. Elizabeth Tomlinson, mother of the survivors, who is in Grace Reid Memorial Hospital, where she has been confined for several months with a permanently incurable malady. No member of the family had visited her yesterday or had evening and hospital attendants, not knowing whether she had been informed during the week of her son's disappearance, did not tell her.

"She is not in condition to hear such news," they said.

In the Hale home, in Banksville avenue, members of the family had helped to wash the bruised, semi-conscious body.

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IN MINE; ONE DEAD;
OTHER MAY DIE**

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of the little boy. His face was a mass of abrasions. His legs, below the knees, secured by contact with sharp walls and flooring of the mine, attested to his unswerving efforts to save himself.

UNCLE SEARCHES MINE.

Helen Connolly, a schoolmate of Tomlinson, had seen them together shortly before 2 o'clock that evening. So far as is known, she is the last person who saw them until yesterday afternoon. Search of Benksville falling, relatives and neighbors entered the mine Sunday, but without result. Three days the search was repeated. The county detectives were notified and the Pittsburgh police were told to be on the lookout for the youngsters.

Yesterday afternoon about 1:30 o'clock Hendley, an uncle of the Hale child, with Nelson and Aitken, entered the mine, carrying lamps, but having little hope of finding the long-searched boys.

CALLS FOR BROTHER.

They had gone a short way when the faint sound of a voice was heard. They listened, located the sound and hurried forward. The call was repeated and they distinguished the voice of Tomlinson calling his brother: "Oh, Thomas, oh, Thomas."

The men hurried on, straining their eyes to penetrate the darkness that hid the lost children. As they approached a small niche-like extension of the gallery, they saw the boys. Tomlinson, exhausted by his harrowing imprisonment and pitifully weak from lack of nourishment, had been sitting on the floor, holding in his lap the head of his dead companion. As he saw the approaching light of the pickpicks the rescuers bore, he had risen to his feet, calling and lifting the upper half of Hale's body.

LOSES TIME RECKONING.

He staggered toward the men and the feet of the corpse scraped along the floor. The men ran forward, relieving the boy of his burden. One carried the dead boy, another hurried with the almost starved survivor to the mine opening and the fresh air. Stimulants were administered young Tomlinson in his home.

Members of the Tomlinson family crowded about the boy, asking for news of his long imprisonment. When did Willie die? they wanted to know.

"About two days ago, I think," the boy answered, but he was not certain. The eight days had seemed ages to him. He had not been able to reckon time or day or night.

"We got lost," he told them. "We had a pit lamp and we hunted for the way out, but after a while it burned out and we were left in the dark."

That was all he could tell. His hands, his face, his knees, told how he had groped for daylight and safety and had bumped against walls, stumbled down "falls" or sharp descents in the workings.

Last night he was in too serious condition to be questioned. He frequently lapsed into delirium. In which he alternately cried for aid and spoke soothingly to Willie, telling him they would soon get out and go home.

MOTHER HYSTERICAL.

Mrs. Sarah Hale, mother of the dead boy, was at home when news of the finding of the boys in the mine came. She became hysterical and last evening her condition was precarious.

The mine had claimed her husband, William Hale, who was killed by the explosion in the Marthanna mine in Washington county about five years ago. The boy who lay dead had been born a short time after that disaster.

The abandoned mine, known as the Tomlinson pit, had been the favorite haunt of the playmates. The dark galleries seemed to have a fascination for them. Almost every day they played in the pit, exploring the entry and the work-out rooms and galleries. As Tomlinson's son of a mine, seemed to know the mine thoroughly the place was thought a safe playground for them.

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