

RESCUERS BRING MINERS TO TOP

Men Trapped by Cave-In of
Last Week Are Alive
and Well.

(Continued From Page 1.)

found "alive and well" today half a mile from the earth's surface in the G. Pabst iron mine, where they had been imprisoned five days.

A plea for light greeted rescue workers who crossed a shaky 30-foot "cat walk" and penetrated the prison of the men. The miners reported they had subsisted on birch bark tea which they made in their lunch buckets over the fire of their miners' lamps.

Sirens and horns of the town sounded the hopeful note which thousands waited for since noon last Friday, when a cage dropped in a shaft, loosening tons of rocks and earth, killing three men outright and trapping the 43 miners on the eighth level of the mine almost a half mile from the surface.

Chasm Is Bridged.

Shortly before noon miners and rescue workers from Chicago worked their way up to the eighth level from another level almost a mile from earth's surface and found ladders extending to the eighth level in fair condition. They threw rails and power lines across a 30-foot chasm, and with the daring of tight-rope walkers skipped across to the hole of imprisoned men to be greeted by Tom Trewartha, a sturdy mine boss, who reported all hands well.

Signal Is Answered.

Rescue workers tapped a signal on an iron pipe shortly before they reached the men, received a signal in reply.

George Hawes, assistant director of safety of the Pullman company of Chicago, who formerly worked here and who volunteered for rescue work, was the first across the "cat walk" and was greeted by Trewartha, who grasped his hand. "How are you?" Hawes asked.

"We are all o. k. Forty-three men all right. We lived on tea made from birch bark."

Hawes shouted the news to his companions who hurried to an outer shaft and reported the men "alive and well."

Shortly thereafter food and carbide lights were en route to the men, while preparations on the surface were made to remove them to hospitals for treatment and to relieve them of their damp and soggy clothing.

Soup, coffee, cigarettes, chewing tobacco and fuel for their lamps comprised the first load of relief supplies.

Hundreds of anxious relatives and rescue workers on the surface were overjoyed when rescue workers reported the men were "alive and well."

Some cried and wept for joy, while others rushed to their homes and prayed in thanksgiving. Rescue workers dropped their tools in other shafts and smiled grimly and sank to cots to rest, thankful that their efforts had not been in vain and in knowing they had carried out the miners' code—"never abandon hope."

ALL WANTED A SMOKE.

By the Associated Press.

IRONWOOD, Mich., Sept. 29.—All but three of the 43 miners slept soundly today in the G. Pabst mine as four rescue workers greeted Tom Trewartha and two other imprisoned aides who stood guard awaiting rescue from their "home of darkness." They did not sleep long, however, and nearly submerged George Hawes, safety expert, who was first to greet them, with their tumultuous welcome.

"Give us a smoke," they demanded of Hawes, and seven men immediately enjoyed the cigar he passed to one.

Hawes was greeted by Trewartha.

"You don't know me," Hawes explained, then introduced himself. The sleeping miners were certain of their rescue, they said, because they heard the blasting operations of their mates and rescue workers.

Following Hawes into the level was Capt. Gust Erickson, in charge of the Pabst mine, Capt. Harry Byrne of the Tilden mine at Bessemer, Mich., and Oscar Olson, chief mining engineer of the Oliver Mining company, owner of the Pabst mine.

"C'mon and have a look at our restaurant," one of the miners shouted. In a corner of the level Hawes and his companions found a lamp made of a tobacco can and other improvised oil-burning lamps and cans used in making tea. Shortly before the shaft was blocked last Friday, a supply of oil had been sent below to be used in oil-burning engines.