

FORTY-THREE ENTOMBED MEN FOUND ALIVE

Were Caught by Cave-In Five
Days Ago.

BROUGHT TO SURFACE
AND SENT TO HOMES

Cheering Thousands Greet
Men as They Emerge From
Shaft After Long Imprisonment—None Injured.

IRONWOOD, Mich., Sept. 29 (AP).—Forty-three miners were returning to their homes tonight after a successful five days' battle to release them from their underground prison in the G. Pabst iron mine where they were trapped last Friday.

The first man to come out of the mine shaft was greeted by the cheers of thousands, the ringing of bells and blowing of whistles.

Police protected the rescued miners as they were brought up or walked out of the shaft one by one.

They went immediately to the mine rescue car where they were examined.

The first man out of the shaft was Samuel P. Synkelman, 38, the father of eight children. He was caught alone on the thirteenth level by the cave-in. He was brought all the way from the eighth level through thousands of feet of tunnels and shafts by Matt Wicklund, of the mining company force.

Ten thousand persons jammed the vicinity of the mine shaft tonight, many of whom came many miles when word came that the rescue was effected. Automobiles lined the roads for great distances from the mine.

Mining company officials sent the imprisoned men to their homes in automobiles, in the company of their wives and children, who eagerly pressed against the guard ropes near the shaft as they came to the surface.

A plea for light greeted rescue workers who crossed a shaky thirty-foot "catwalk" and penetrated the prison of the men. The miners reported they had subsided 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 forty-three miners on the eighth level of the mine almost a half-mile from the surface.

Shortly before noon miners and rescue workers from Chicago worked their way up the eighth level from another level almost a mile from the earth's surface, and found ladders extending to the eighth level in fair condition. They threw rails and power lines across a thirty-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.

Rescue workers tapped a signal on an iron pipe shortly before they reached the men, receiving 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 "catwalk," 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."

With Hawes going up the shaft was chief Engineer Oscar Olson, of the Oliver company, and Capt. Gust Erickson, in charge of the Pabst mine.

It was Erickson who had supervised the construction of two tunnels around the shaft obstruction, and who, at considerable risk, bridged the shaft from the twelfth level after it had been wrecked by two days of hard work across hundreds of feet of open shaft to the shaft ladders, some of which remained in good condition. He left the mine shortly before the accident last Friday.

When the party going up passed the thirteenth level they signaled with eight raps to the men on the eighth

level, who replied. When the party reached the eighth level, Hawes was unknown to any miners there.

Capt. Erickson rushed down the shaft and across the bridge to the surface with the glad news that the men were safe and gave instructions concerning their needs.

The men requested carbide for their lamps, as the parafine burning lamps they had taken off the electric tram cars had not given the sharp illumination to which they were accustomed from their miners' lamps.

Dr. William MacCani, company physician, went down with the first detail of rescue workers and supplies which were carried in canvas sacks slung over their shoulders, to enable them to climb down the ladders more easily. The soup and coffee were carried in vacuum bottles.

The men were fed late today, and were given a few hours to rest, while the safety work was being done in the lower part of the shaft and the ladders repaired.

The weary miners, their faces covered with red ore dust and a heavy growth of beard, came to the surface through a shaft adjoining the opening which was clogged Friday by an avalanche of rock and slate.

Leaving their improvised camp on the eighth level the miners, one by one, started slowly on their perilous descent to the bottom of the wrecked shaft. There, a half mile from the surface, they entered the adjoining shaft and were hoisted in the cage.

After Sykelma came up the crowd surged forward almost to the entrance to the shaft. Police experienced difficulty in restraining them.

Cynosure of all eyes, Sykelma went to the mine rescue car and told a nurse he wanted "to get washed up before he saw his wife," who was in the waiting crowd.

Asked how he felt, Sykelma said:

"I feel just like last Friday. When we heard the first blasting everybody said it would be all right. We figured we would be up Saturday night. We set off one stick of powder as a signal and pounded on the iron pipe.

"We were careful about taking care of our watches so we could tell the days of the week."

After greeting his wife, Sykelma posed while cameras clicked and motion picture machines turned.

MINERS WERE ASLEEP WHEN RESCUERS ARRIVED

IRONWOOD, Mich., Sept. 29 (AP).—All but three of the forty-three 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 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 the rescue workers.

Following Hawes in, were Capt. Gus Ericsson, in charge of the Pabst mine; Capt. Harry Byrne, of the Tilden mine at Bessemer, Mich., and Oscar Olson, chief mining engineer of the Olifer 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.

Rescue of the men was the culmination of combined efforts of the miners of the entire Gogebic range whose rescuers for five days have concentrated on extricating the men. Mining has been practically at a standstill, while competitors worked shoulder to shoulder.