

As he waited for the remaining charges to blast him into eternity, he gasped a prayer and buried his head under his arms. Then he heard his alarmed

partner, Harry Boyer, starting into the shaft from 18 feet above

to see what was wrong. "Don't come in here!" Rasfaulty fuse.

Wham! With each blast two sticks of dynamite went off. Rocks and dirt flew. The noise was deafening; the concussion, terrific.

Rasmussen counted the explosions. One, two, three-ten in all, counting the first one which had slammed him right badly his back was injured.

ing blood. Then he packed the injured man up a ladder and drove him to the nearby village of Skidoo.

Rasmussen, from his hospital bed here, told the story Wednesday night. In traction with a leg broken in two places, he was waiting for X-rays to show how

1959 Gold miner needs rescued after injury caused by faulty blast fuse

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