

No Dignity in Deaths

Miners' Bodies Unnamed

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CANE CREEK MINE, Utah — There is no dignity in violent death.

It can be swept away in one swift, blinding second. There is so little time for dignity. It was that way at the Cane Creek Mine.

Eight relatives of the doomed men left the company compound and went to the mine shaft.

At first they sat on two canvas cots off to one side. Then they left their cots and moved as close as they could.

Officials tried to keep them behind a rope, but they wouldn't stay. They had learned the trick of watching the hoist cable for upward movement.

"They're bringing up a dead one," Mrs. John Tinall said, without emotion and to herself, almost. Her husband was down there.

No one had told Jessie Tinall they were bringing up a dead one, but she said it as if it were a fact.

A hearse and not an ambulance was backed up to the mine and then everyone knew Jessie Tinall was right. Four men held up blankets to shield the scene.

Mrs. Tinall cried, "Let us see!" But they didn't.

When they brought the body out three gray blankets had been wrapped around it. It once was a man, but now only a lump with all the glory of life gone.

"Who is it," This was the pregnant wife of one of the miners.

They pushed the body into the hearse and it was gone.

Mrs. Tinall was angry. "Why won't you let us know who he is?" she screamed.

"If isn't right! It isn't human!"

They didn't tell Mrs. Tinall or any of the survivors who was under the blanket. They didn't know.

The body was burned beyond recognition. There was little of a man left.

Not even dignity.

1963 Cane Creek Mine explosion NEWS

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