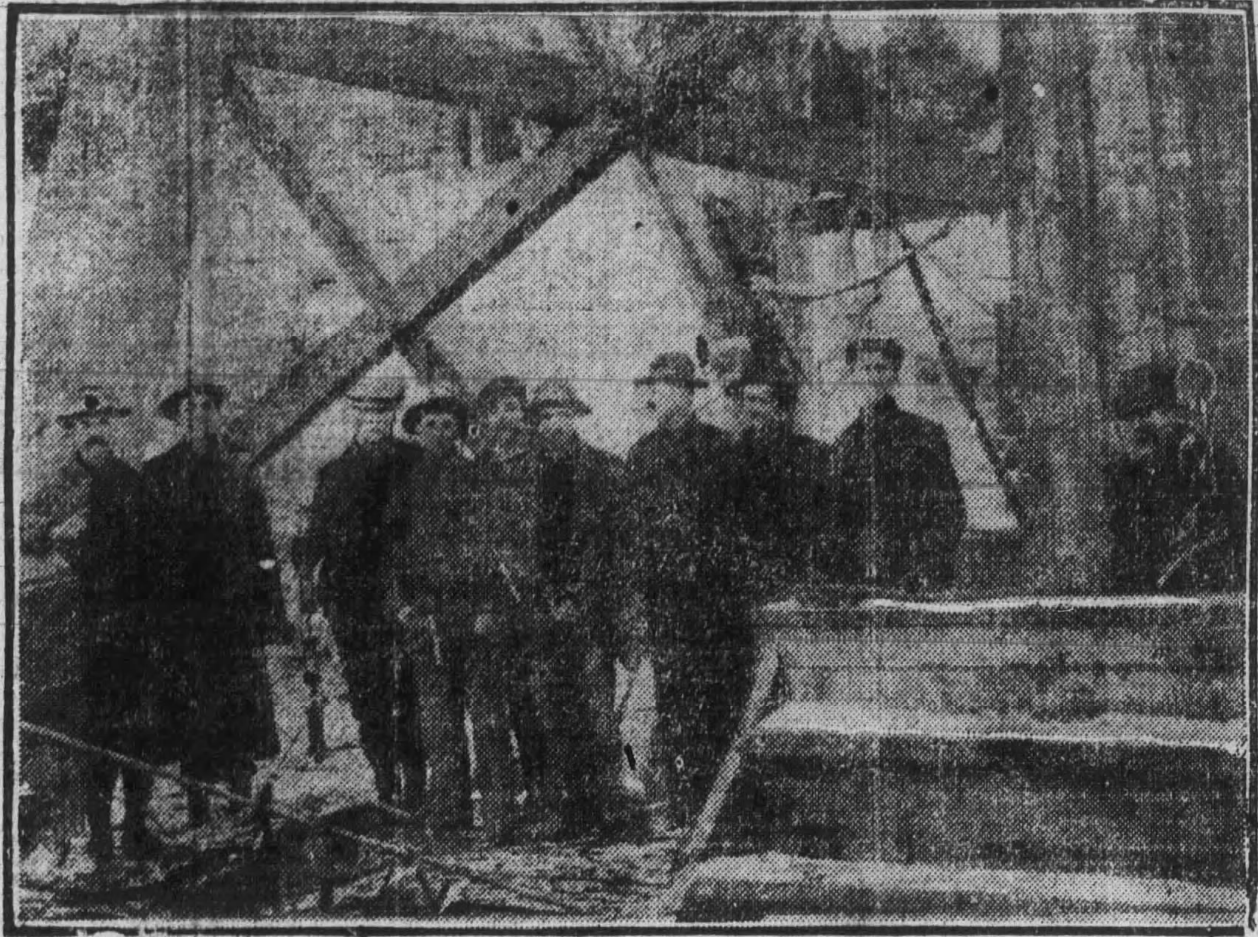


MINERS IMPRISONED, IN AN ELY, NEV., GOLD MINE SINCE DECEMBER 4, HAVE BEEN RESCUED



Photograph Taken Especially for this Newspaper at Ely, Nev., by Gallagher & Gutler.

At the pit mouth of the Alpha mine. Here are the heroes who fought frantically for many weeks with death at their elbows all the time until they had rescued the men entombed in the Alpha mine. J. A. Gallagher, the foreman, is on the left.

The Omaha Daily News
Omaha, Nebraska
Monday, January 20, 1908

"HOW WE LIVED WEARY WEEKS 1,000 FEET DEEP

Special Story by Three Men Rescued at Last From a Nevada Gold Mine.

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: The following remarkable statement by the three men rescued, :
: after many weary weeks imprisonment in their living tomb in the :
: Alpha mine shaft at Ely, Nev., was written especially for this news- :
: paper. It tells the story of their life during all those days of :
: mingled hope and fear, shut up as if, indeed, in another world.— :
: Editor Omaha Daily News.) :
.....

By R. A. Bailey, Peter McDonald and Fred Brown.

To the Editor of The Omaha Daily News:
Ely, Nev., Jan. 20.—Suppose you had been fighting off darkness with the weak aid of tallow candles for two months. What would you give for a glimpse of sunlight and a clear sky above you?

There were moments with us since December 4 when we would have given ten years of our lives.

You can't imagine till you've tried it, the terrible monotony of such imprisonment as was ours. A seven-up game gets mighty stale when you keep it up for a month. You want to get out and walk and walk and walk as if you couldn't ever tire.

And it isn't pleasant to know that any moment another cave-in may bury you deeper than ever, and maybe cut off your food chute. No more of it for ours.

Our friends stood with us finely. They left nothing lacking. Everything we asked for we got.

At first we had to sleep on the damp ground. It was anything but pleasant. When they sent us a roll of canvas we made cots, and afterward slept in comparative comfort.

Just after the cave-in the air conditions were terrible. We nearly suffocated and how we lived through it is more than we know. The dust was stifling. It settled over everything, almost an inch thick.

We were in utter darkness and attempted to burn a torch made of waste saturated with oil. The fumes only increased the distressful conditions and the idea was abandoned instantly. We had no light for twenty-four hours.

It was Bailey's idea that we might communicate with the folks outside by means of the pipes. First the steam pipe leading into the engine room was tried. It brought no response. Then we pounded with a hammer on the big water pipe. Maybe we weren't happy when back came an answering signal.

We leave this to your imagination. We danced about in the dark, arms around each other, like a trio of maniacs.

We had all kinds of trouble in disconnecting the pipe, but finally got it loose. Then we could talk, but it was almost impossible to understand. Words came bellowing in a jumble through the big pipe.

After that it was easy. We made it plain that we needed air and they hitched up the fans to the pipe. We had fresh air in a jiffy. Then came the first food supply. Maybe we didn't eat. Then Bailey connected the telephone wire to the other cable and we were in touch closer than ever with the world again.

From then on it was a case of waiting, finding occupation as best we might. We played cards; used up a score of decks, but the championship is still in dispute. We read the papers and more novels than I had ever seen before. We took turns about on watch at the opening of the pump station, and used what timber we had bracing up the dirt at the opening.

For exercise we would walk back and forth in the thirty-foot tunnel beyond the pumps. It was the best we could do. We tried using a pair of hammers for club swinging, but the entry top was too low, and besides we could only get one or two motions. It was a new game to us.

Toward the finish the strain began to tell on our nerves. All of us suffered somewhat from insomnia, Brown particularly. We fought this with some success by taking more exercise, but it was one of the trying features of our imprisonment.

The last twenty-four hours before our release none of us slept more than a few winks. We simply couldn't go to sleep. And when the first opening was made into our prison I think we were about the weakest lot of men who ever looked upon the faces of friends.

When we saw the blue sky once more, breathed the mountain air, felt the firm old earth beneath our feet and heard the cheering, we felt like men who had been traveling in another strange world.

They Had Been Im- prisoned for Forty- six Days.

ARE IN GOOD HEALTH

Ely, Nev., Jan. 20.—After forty-six days' imprisonment deep down in the shaft of the Giroux mine, A. D. Bailey, P. J. Brown and Fred McDonald have been rescued.

The cheers of crowds and blowing of whistles greeted the appearance of the miners.

As Bailey saw the light, he gasped "Ah," tottered and fell into the arms of comrades.

McDonald greeted his brother affectionately, and commenced to tell the story of his imprisonment.

Brown asked for a chew of tobacco.

At 9 o'clock on the morning of December 4 the cave-in happened. Thousands of tons of rocks and dirt fell into the shaft.

There were five men in the shaft when the accident occurred. Two of these, Greeks, were killed, but Bailey, McDonald and Brown succeeded in reaching the pump station, 1,000 feet underground.

By tapping on an uninjured water pipe, they let those above know that they were alive. The miners above ground immediately began the work of rescue.

Ever since the accident occurred, the rescuers have been working day and night in four-hour shifts.

Air was pumped to the imprisoned men through the water pipe, and when not used for that purpose, a chain of four two-inch pipes six inches long, with screw tops, was used to send down food, books, papers, decks of cards and other things for the prisoners.

A portable telephone was also lowered, and by means of this the prisoners kept in communication with the outer world.