Collins Must Hold Life Till Sunday to Gain Freedom

Miners Drill Desperately to Sink Shaft but Strike Solid Rock Before Long.

(Continued from Page One).

the faint staccato ticking of a microphone.

It was the message made possible by the miracle of the age—radio—and it rekindled the spark of hope and faith which, as the dawn of the seventh day of futile rescue effort broke over these cavernous hills, was dwindling to the vanishing point.

Floyd Collins lives.

The word spread like wildfire through this little town.

It was the morning greeting of the grim-faced men who walk about its streets. Even the put-put of gasoline engines, sounding strangely foreign as they toiled among virgin rock about the floor of the cave pit, seemed to be shouting the news.

"He lives He lives He lives

New Shaft Progresses.

And the furious digging which, through the night, had put the "dead or alive" shaft down a total of approximately 15 feet, took a new aspect of grim determination.

It was W. H. Riley of Bowling Green and Morton Weldy of Glasgow, who brought about the revival of hope.

They arrived here late last night with a double radio amplifier—really a microphone in the strict sense of the word—a phone attachment which greatly magnifies all sound coming into it.

This they attached to an electric light socket plug which for a preliminary test they screwed into a socket in a farmhouse near the cave.

The phones gave out no sound. Then the light bulb was loosened and moved ever so slightly back and forth. And from the phones came a sort of ticking, like a muted telegraph sounder.

The apparatus then was moved to the cave and was cut into the circuit which goes down into the cave beyond the point where humans are now able to penetrate—two copper strands forming the only link between Collins and the world from which for seven days he has been separated by rock and sand as he lay imprisoned in a narrow crevice by a seven-ton boulder.

Circuit Into Cave.

This electric light circuit into the cave was installed during the early days of the rescue efforts. The line terminated at a point just above Collins' head—near enough so that by raising himself ever so slightly he cannot help but touch the protruding bulb.

A little group of men stood by near a flickering camp fire as Riley attached the phones. He listened a moment and announced the cave gave forth no sounds.

Then as he listened the plant installed on the crest of the cliff to provide power for the line, was suddenly cut off.

The pit cavern was plunged into darkness.

Riley at the phones raised his hands for quiet. A sharp staccato order was given.

Movement in the cave ceased and stillness vibrant with the tenseness of waiting humanity settled over sand cave.

Into the phones came one sharp snap, followed by a silence and then a series of grating sounds—rrrrrrr—rrrrrr—rrrrrr—Floyd Collins was talking in unmistakable language from the depths of the earth.

Lights Flashed on.

Lights flashed on again—and they brought silence to the phones.

The experiment was tried again, and again came the grating in the phones as darkness settled down on the cave, but this time, after a moment or two it ceased.

A third repetition of the test brought only a combination of the silence.

Then Riley interpreted the language of the phones.

The light socket above the point where Collins lies is known to be loose. It was found impossible, because of the nature of working conditions and the cave roof, to place it firmly. Thus, Riley said, it duplicated the conditions of the loosened light bulb at the farm house.

When the lights were first turned off, Riley believes, the shock of sudden darkness frightened Collins and he involuntarily jumped as much as his pinioned position would permit. It was enough he thinks to send the first sharp snap into the phones.

Then, as darkness continued, Riley believes Collins decided something had gone wrong with the fixture and attempted by fumbling against it to adjust it. This was the first rumbling that the phones gave forth.

When the lights came on again, Riley thinks, Collins believed his efforts had been successful, and, fearing to again extinguish the light, lay unusually still.

And the phones told of this.

They remained mute.

The second period of darkness brought a repetition of the movement, less lengthy than before because the prisoner was growing tired.

When the lights came on again, through no effort of his, Riley believes, Collins concluded some sort of an an experiment was being made and, therefore, refrained from further attempts to move the light. Thus the phones were silent.

Collins had delivered his message.

By International News Service.

Cave City, Ky., Feb. 6.—A little gray-haired woman, clad in the black calico of the housewife of this vicinity, leaned over the guard rail of a shaft being drilled into her native Kentucky hills today—looked at the yawning pit which busy workmen and modern tools are digging ever deeper and deeper—swayed as tears dimmed her eyes and collapsed above the spot where Floyd Collins lies in a living tomb.

She was Mrs. Jennie Collins, stepmother of Floyd. It was her first visit to the cave where Floyd has been imprisoned seven days.

Mrs. Collins was carried from the cave by a physician and soldiers and revived in a Red Cross tent erected near the scene.

She had completely recovered within a half hour and standing on the hillside overlooking the pit, the soft Kentucky breeze warmed by a summer-like sun fanning wisps of faded, graying hairs about a furrowed, care-worn face, she told the story of Floyd Collins, of his life, of his work and of her own hopes and her fears.

She believes Floyd is dead. She has no faith in these modern "doodads" which strange men are bringing into her country to try to rescue her boy. These things are new to her and people of these parts take unkindly to strangers and new ways.

Her only interest now lies in bringing out Floyd's body so "we can put him away right." It seems to take precedence over the question of life and death, and for some reason as she talks one gathers that this is one of life's most important things—to "put away right."

"We'd all feel so much better," she said, "if we could just know that Floyd has been put away with a preacher talkin'—just to think of him lyin' down there for ages and ages—don't you think that would be lovely if we could only do that?"

Mrs. Collins has had no hope that Floyd would be rescued since the first day she knew he had been trapped.

"The man walked up to our door and told me Floyd was a-caught," she will tell questioners.

"Yes, and I say," she goes on, "they'll never get him out."

Floyd had a premonition of the accident, she said—had dreamed of being caught in a cave with people "a-clawin'" at him.

This was just the day before he set out from home to go into the cave which may become his tomb.

"He come down in the mornin'," said Mrs. Collins, "and said to me: 'Lor', ma, I got three days' more work in that cave, and Lor', how I wish it was over. I been a-dreamin' of bein' caught in some rocks and some men a-clawin' at me'.

"And I says to him: 'You stay home here today. We ain't got no wood chopped and we need you here'.

"Well, suh, that boy he went down behind the house and chopped up a whole pile of wood—why we just used the last of it today.

"But he was set on a-going', and along about 10 o'clock he went away. didn't even see this figure, nor did she see them. She held her eyes on the new-made shaft. She turned, finally, and in a moment was lost in the darkness.

"Her tears, her expression and her walk told plainly that her hopes are no more, that she feels the cave which Floyd Collins set out to explore will not release its grip until he dies. It has held him seven days. It has held out hope to him time and again, but it shattered them beyond recall when it closed the one avenue to the world outside.

"Floyd Collins and Miss Alma Clark were to have eloped today, but only a few of their friends knew the secret. One of them, a man, saw the girl at the shaft tonight and saw the saddened face. He saw and knew; he understood, and he turned his eyes as she passed him.

"Others, of course, know of the friendship, and some might have known that the wedding day was set for March 2. But very few knew that Floyd Collins and Miss Clark had decided definitely to steal quietly away today and return as man and wife.

"It was said that objections to the marriage had been made and that the elopement was planned as a means of overcoming it.

"And this may be why Floyd Collins wouldn't give up his fight for life when he knew the fight seemed lost. It may explain why Collins kept courage when rescuers and friends were downcast. It may reveal how Collins endured torture with a smile at times through six days in the grip of a stone in the cave and it may show the power that kept alive that spark of faith he cherished."

"That night he didn't come back, but we didn't think nothin' of that. He's been away that long loads of times, but the next day we began to get worried and his brothers set out to look for him.

"I was at the door when Floyd's brother came back 'long 'bout dusk. He says, 'well, Ma, Floyd's got a-caught.'

"'Yes,' I says, 'and they'll never git him out.'"

Mrs. Collins planned to remain at the cave until nightfall and she "aims" to be there when they reach Floyd "If I can find any way to work it."

If Floyd is dead, Mrs. Collins said, th funeral will be held at Mammoth Cave church and burial will be in Mammoth Cave cemetery where his brother, Jim, is buried.

"That's what Floyd would have liked," she explained. "He loved the caves and he'd like best to put away among them."

Here's Floyd Collins and Diagram of Death Trap

Floyd Collins, a photo of the entrance to the cave, and a sketch showing how a falling rock pinned him in a narrow passage.

Today Was to Have Been Wedding Day for Cavern Captive; Girl With Whom He Planned to Elope Weeps Silently at Shaft Entrance Where Rescue Crew Works

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 6.—"A solitary figure stood in the glow of a hilltop camp fire last night watching silently the shaft being sunk inch by inch to Floyd Collins. The light's reflection revealed, after a minute, two streams of tears on the watcher's face, but they were never brushed away," says a copyright story of the Courier-Journal from Cave City today.

"This silent observer was Alma Clark, 22, living eight miles from Cave City, come to mourn on what was to have been her wedding day and for him who was to have been her husband. Alone she stood as scores of workmen exerted themselves to force a way through rock and earth into the cavern.

"Around her many were talking, calling to one another, and some were laughing. They didn't know, they

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Blest is he who may depend
On prompt assistance from a friend.
—Happy Jack Squirrel.

Peter Proves a True Friend.

It is dreadful to feel safe, and then suddenly find that you are not safe at all. That is how it was with Happy Jack Squirrel. When he had run up that small tree and so escaped from Reddy Fox he had felt perfectly safe. But when he discovered that he was a prisoner in that little tree he hadn't felt so safe. Now, as the Black Shadows came creeping through the Green Forest he didn't feel safe at all. So he was very much relieved when he saw Reddy Fox stretch, yawn and trot away without once looking back.

"He has given up at last," thought Happy Jack. "He knows I won't come down while he is around. He has gone to hunt for some one else. My, I wish those Black Shadows wouldn't come so fast! They make me creepy. I don't like being out after dark. I never did. I'll wait a few minutes longer. By that time I guess it will be safe enough for me to start for home."

Just then he heard a sound that sent little shivers chasing each other up and down his backbone and all over him. It was the fierce-sounding hunting call of Hooty the Great Horned Owl. It was some distance away in the Green Forest, but it

"I'll just stay around a while," thought Peter.

meant that Hooty had begun his nightly hunting and there was no knowing when he might happen over that way. Again he heard it and his teeth chattered. If Hooty should come over there, there would be no hiding from those wonderful eyes of his.

"I want to go home," sobbed Happy Jack. "I want to go home." Then he started down that tree. He had made up his mind that he would go home.

But hardly had he taken two jumps toward the nearest trees when there was a sharp thump over in the bramble-tangle. Happy Jack understood it. It was a warning from Peter Rabbit. It meant that there was danger very near at hand. Happy Jack turned and scrambled back up into that little tree. He just didn't dare do otherwise.

Peter Rabbit gave a little happy sigh of relief as he saw Happy Jack once more up in that little tree. You see, from where Peter was in that bramble-tangle he could see Reddy Fox. He knew just what Reddy was hiding there for. He knew that if Happy Jack had kept on Reddy would surely have caught him.

At the sound of Peter's thump Reddy looked over to the bramble-tangle and, drawing back his lips, showed all his teeth. He made no sound, but Peter knew that he was snarling under his breath. Peter grinned. He himself was safe in that bramble-tangle. As long as he remained there he had nothing to fear from Reddy Fox. He didn't feel at all uncomfortable. He isn't afraid of the dark as is Happy Jack. He knew that Happy Jack was frightened, but he had had no idea how frightened Happy Jack was.

"I'll just stay around a while," thought Peter. "I've saved Happy Jack twice, and perhaps he may need me again. Happy Jack may be thrifty but what good is thrift if it gets you into trouble?"

Next story: "Happy Jack's Bad Night."

COLUMBUS BUYS SEWER SYSTEMS

Columbus, Feb. 6.—Columbus, one of oldest cities in the state, a city of first-class for 15 years, is soon to enjoy the novelty of owning its sanitary sewer systems. More than thirty years ago the city granted three private companies franchises to construct sanitary sewer systems and throughout all the intervening years this has been the only city of consequence in Nebraska in which the sewer systems have not been municipally owned. The people recently voted a $60,000 bond issue to buy the sewers. The bonds have been sold to Omaha firms and the city will take over the three sewer systems in a few days.

Farm Sale Draws Crowd.

Beatrice, Feb. 9.—Nearly 500 buyers attended the James Hansen sale, southeast of Blue Springs yesterday. Five head of horses ranged from $61 to $81 a head, and cows went from $47 to $77 a head. Farm machinery sold well.

New Officers of Hardware Men

Newly-elected officers of Nebraska Retail Hardware association, elected Friday at Hotel Rome. Left to right: George Bischof of Lincoln, second vice-president; J. S. Rhein of Alliance, president; C. C. Johnson of Omaha, first vice-president.

J. S. Rhein of Alliance was elected president of the Nebraska Retail Hardware association at the closing session of the annual convention in the Hotel Rome Friday morning.

C. C. Johnson of Omaha was elected first vice president and George Bischof of Lincoln, second vice president.

D. D. D. Boyd of Columbus, Gale Lawson of Hastings and Ed Peterson of Minden were elected to the board of directors.

Invitations were extended by Omaha and Lincoln for the next convention but this decision will be made by the directors.

One member of the association pointed out the disadvantage in Lincoln because there is only one hotel near the auditorium where our hardware display is made, while in Omaha there are a dozen hotels near by."