

Mass Saturday of St.
Mark, p. 793. One
collect. Mass 2nd..

University of Notre Dame
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..Sunday after Easter,
p. 459. 2nd col., p.
794; 3rd B.V.M., p. 660.

Brotherhood At Its Best.

Think over what has just happened at Moose River, Nova Scotia. It is one of the world's best examples of the lengths that men will go to to help their fellowmen.

Late Easter Sunday afternoon, two employers Dr. D. E. Robertson and Herman Magill, and Alfred Scadding an employee, were trapped at a 141-foot level in an abandoned gold mine. Tons of rock and dirt had caved in and shut off their only means of escape.

Naturally it was first thought by those above on the surface that the three men had been crushed. But soon blue puffs of smoke coming up from the shaft brought hope.

With the whole world anxiously waiting, 100 volunteer workers, under direction of the mine foreman and the provincial inspector of mines, set to work.

They dynamited--for life, not for death. They dug frantically in the treacherous, narrow, underground passages. They vied with one another to brave danger and to spend themselves that they might bring the three men up alive.

But on Tuesday a new slide of dirt and rocks multiplied their arduous work and sent the rescuers themselves hurrying out for their lives. Two electric mining compressors then set to tearing away tons of earth in an unsuccessful attempt to drive a new shaft.

Heavy mining equipment, including a 28-ton crane, was hurried from Toronto by train and then over almost impassably muddy roads to the mine. Expert gold miners rushed from Ontario by train and plane with other special equipment.

On Thursday, by drilling a five-inch hole down through the rock, rescuers attempted to establish direct communication with the entombed men. Saturday, sounds from the drill indicated that the mine was filling with water--that the trio might very soon be drowned.

On Sunday the drill broke through, and for the first time up came the faint sounds of weakening voices--voices of the doomed and tortured men themselves. Food, stimulants and a microphone were lowered down to them.

"How long?" they kept asking. "How long more must we wait?" To add to the pathos, it was learned Monday that Magill had already succumbed to hunger and exposure.

Finally, early yesterday morning, Scadding and Dr. Robertson were brought up to freedom and to life; they briefly thanked their rescuers, and then off they were rushed in an ambulance for treatment in a hospital.

Thus ended ten days of heroic human charity at the Moose River mine. Few in their admiration have stopped to reflect that Robertson and Magill were employers; that rescuers, for the most part, were the employed. Poignantly pathetic it is that the unselfish spirit of Moose River does not permeate the more common dealings of men with men.

Needed: More Money!

Last Sunday you contributed \$67 against a \$587 deficit at your pamphlet racks. All of you are back now, and if everybody comes through with 25¢ next Sunday the whole matter can be closed. If you believe in the work of the pamphlet racks, give your 25¢; if not, let it take you to the movies.

PRAYERS: (deceased) mother of Paul Yazaki (Morrissey); Bishop McCort, Altoona, Pa. Ill, Mrs. Timothy P. Galvin, Hammond, Ind.; baby of Dr. Ryan, Chicago.