

CAVE-IN

**BY HARRY
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PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

The coal city of Pittston, Pennsylvania, is fast sinking into the mines from which came the wealth that built it

NO ONE in Pittston, Pa., remembers much about February 8th of this year, except where they were when they heard little two-year-old Jule Ann Fulmer had been swallowed alive by a mine cave-in on Mill Street. Jim Fox, a mine blacksmith who lives next to the house in front of which the Fulmer child disappeared, says, "I go to work at one-thirty and that's how I remember it. I had gone down to the cellar to fix the furnace for my girls. While I was down there, I heard a commotion, and my girls began screaming. I came upstairs as fast as I could. I didn't know what had happened. My daughters were yelling that a little girl went down in the mines. I ran outside. There was the hole and neighbors running up and people calling for the firemen and it was too late, 'course, for the earth just caved in atop her."

It was forty-eight hours later that they found the child's body. A workman, thirty feet down in the hole, noticed something red sticking out of the earth wall only twelve feet from the surface. It was the child's red coat, and they found the body a few minutes later. Her tiny skull had been crushed, but death had been caused by suffocation.

That was months ago, and Pittston is still caving in. New holes open up daily. While we were photographing a new \$95,000 church which had been abandoned, a six-year-old boy dropped into a hole and was rescued by an older boy in another section of the city. In fact, after each day's work, we thought we were through, only to find that new cave-ins had occurred. One of them requiring two hundred tons of slag and culm to fill. New cracks opened up in the city's \$400,000 high school, abandoned a year ago.

So far, only the Fulmer child has died as a result of cave-ins, but others have had close brushes with death. When a

These slabs cover the filled hole which swallowed up Jule Ann Fulmer last February. Foundation cracked while we were there



Joseph Maria, who lived to tell the tale of feeling the ground cave under him. He suffered severe shock

cave-in collapsed a double house owned by Joe Cumbo on Railroad Street in the middle of the night a year ago, Mary and Josephine Proietta had to jump for their lives from second-story windows, and a policeman fired his revolver to rouse the neighborhood. The same cave-in, besides tilting other homes, dropped a near-by railroad bridge four feet, buckling its rails. Mrs. Elizabeth Eltus checked herself just as she was about to step into a deep hole which had swallowed up her sidewalk and part of her cellar. A few days after the Fulmer child died, seven-year-old Robert Adrian was plunged ten feet into the earth, but was pulled out unhurt.

Few people have come closer to death and lived to tell the tale than James McCabe, a motorman in the mines. Taking his 2½-year-old son Eddie to visit his mother, he had the child perched on his shoulder and was crossing a vacant lot, owned by the Pennsylvania Coal Co., next door to his mother's home. Suddenly he felt the ground giving beneath him. He hurled the child from him as he disappeared into the earth. Twenty-eight feet down he fell, dislocating a kneecap and straining his back. Through the hole he could see the sky and hear the child crying. Presently he heard his mother crying.

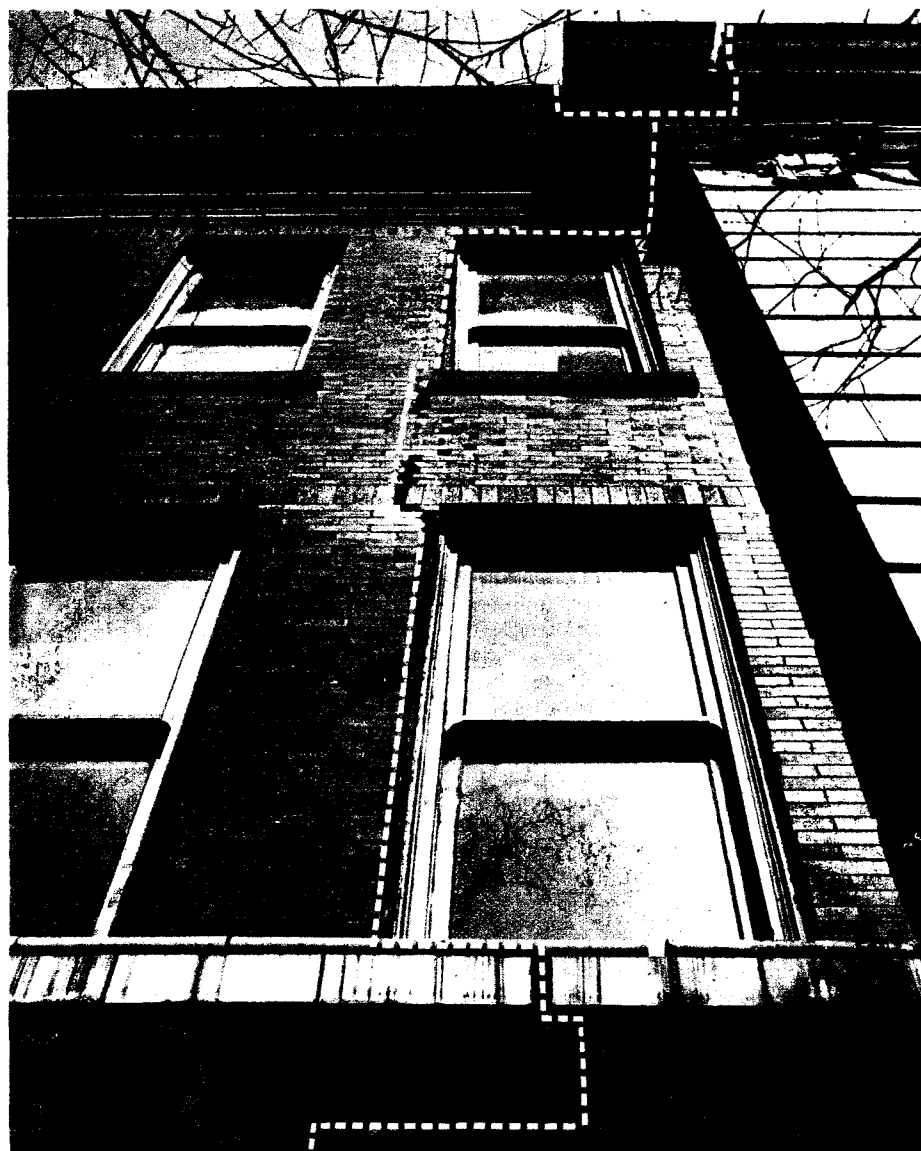
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James McCabe threw his son, Eddie from him when he felt ground giving, fell 28 ft. into earth, survived



This rubble is all that is left of a brick double house owned by Joe Cumbo. Collapsing after midnight, its occupants fled in their night clothes. A mine operator paid Cumbo for his house

One of the cracks in Pittston's abandoned high school. Officials hope flushing of mines will make it possible to salvage it





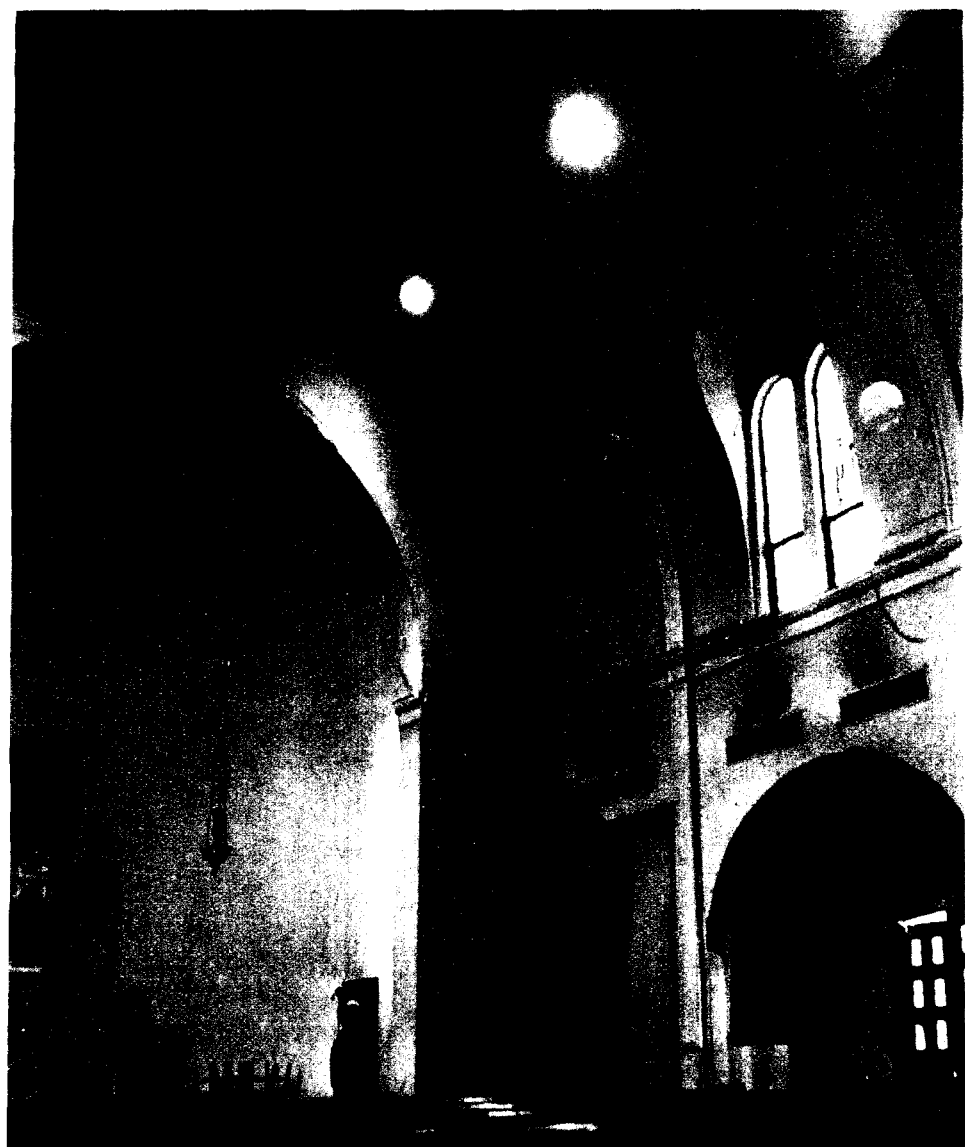
Mrs. James Lombardo and her children stand in the cellar doorway of their home. Entire rear of house and back yard settled four feet. The arrows indicate how far kitchen dropped before being shored up



Two more of the hundreds of homes which have been damaged in Pittston. Nos. 91 and 89 Spring Alley, they fell against each other when the abandoned mines under them caved in, causing their cellar walls to sink

Father Enrico Giovetto examines wrecked interior of the new but abandoned Our Lady of Mount Carmel Church for further settling

Louis Fellin and Father Giovetto inspect church's buckled walls. The cave-in of the \$95,000 church occurred after it had been in use two years



Beauty on the Beach

by Ruth Carson

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY TONI FRISSELL



Surf kicker, at right, can wash out her salty wet suit of pleated cotton, dry and iron just like new



THE next step," says Mrs. Bert Schnurer, designer of the two scanties at the left, "is just to paint ourselves, and that's out of my field, so I'm against it."

Actually the brief bathing suits that are now revealing pretty figures on the beaches shouldn't cause you more than a few gasps, because they've been inching up on you for years. You should be conditioned by now. Look back to those skin-fitting suits that caught your breath a few years ago and you will observe that the new suits, simply using girl instead of cloth for some areas, are no more startling and they're a sight more interesting and comfortable.

"The girls get complete coverage but are exposed to the sun and have a wonderful feeling of freedom," is the way Mrs. Schnurer puts it, pointing to the obvious fact that there is not a thing in the world between bra and pants to hamper a girl's swimming reach or to keep the sun from making her healthy.

A scanty pair of pants, and the narrowest possible bra, with straps that can untie, or simply slip off the shoulders, to be tucked under the bra out of sight for that much extra sun, is the general idea. Within this limited range, however, the designers have managed to pack a lot of fashion.

You can have your bareness Lamour-style with sarong, bra twisted to match. If you have the figure for them, you can wear knitted briefs that fit like a postage stamp and are about as big. Or you can be ultraconservative in a little pleated kilt, or in shorts that leave no more than a twelve-inch expanse of tan above your knee. A few bras spurn straps altogether, but most of them count on at least one for anchorage.

Suits Are Slick as Seals

One esthetic advantage to the close cut of these new suits is that there is no slack for a droopy-drawers effect when you come out of the water. Slick as a seal always. Even if you go in for the half yardage of a skirt, it's made of a crisp material, generally cotton, that will come out of the water as perky as it went in. Balloon cloth, that sheds water practically as well as a duck, giddily printed Mexican cottons, piqué and cotton gabardine are favorites.

Don't for a minute think the brevity of these suits is due to patriotism.

"They have nothing whatever to do with fabric conservation," says Mrs. Schnurer, our spokeswoman. "Public demand is the reason for them. There are no fabric limitations put on the bathing-suit business anyway—we don't need them. The government is more likely to ask us to add something, if the wrong people start wearing these things." ★★★

At the left, printed cotton piqué douses printed cotton balloon cloth. Bathing accessories, like caps and shoes, are war casualties, but no one seems to mind