

Dear Julie,

Mother's Sister Alice Pittman Padfield wrote about the picture. She had a large one hanging in her living room I would like a regular print if anyone has it. I hope this is the information that you need. Aunt Afton

I have a photocopy of the picture..

It is a scene after the Scofield Mine Disaster, May 1, 1900. The two caskets or those of Daniel Pittman and his son John, both killed in this disaster.

It was taken in Winter quarters, Scofield, Utah. The date I have says the picture was take on May 4, 1900. This picture was taken as they were waiting for the train to take the bodies of Daniel and John to Spanish Fork for burial.

The mine explosion also took the lives of Daniel's two brothers, John and Meshich Pittman and Daniel and Mary Ann Pittman's, Son-in-law Thomas Patfield, the Husband of their Daughter Alice Pittman Patfield..

Waiting across the bridge are Daniel Pittman Jr. 3 years 3 months. Mary Anne 15 years (daughter), Mary Ann Boyack Pittman (mother) and Ellen Pittman 11 1/2 years old (daughter).
(Also spelled Pitman or Pittman)

The two home in the rear are Daniel and Mary Ann's and Daniels's Parents. Notice the coffin in front of the home on the left is Meshich's.

Looking out of the window is the son of Meshich, Jim 8 years ,who was orphaned by this tragedy. Jim and his two brothers were in a sense abducted and taken into Canada while the family were gone to Spanish Fork for the burial.

This was a very narrow canyon with the homes built on the hill side and the stream running down the center with the railroad tracks to side. Jim and Ellen where on the hillside gathering pine cones, when they heard the explosion. They ran to the mine to see what had happened. Daniel Jr had the measles. His Mother Mary Ann was rocking him and couldn't leave him to go see what it was all about. She was very vexed to think Ellen didn't come in and tend Dan, the baby, so she could go to see what was going on. on. She lost her Husband, her Son and Son-in Law.

She had to make all of their mourning clothes and to see to everything her self for there wasn't a family in Scofield who wasn't touched, losing a dear one or dear ones. She was a most remarkable woman this Mary Ann Boyack Pittman.



1900 Scofield Mine Disaster

One of Worst in History

By ROBERT N. REID

Guest Writer

On May 1, 1900, Thomas and William Livsey, father and son, entered the cold, dark tunnel of Pleasant Valley Coal Company's Number One mine at Scofield, Carbon County.

Exactly one year before, Rear Admiral George Dewey had sailed into Manila Harbor and captured the Spanish fleet, heralding the dawn of a new and powerful America.

Thomas and William planned to celebrate Admiral Dewey's victory later at the Scofield school house, but now the company needed 2,000 tons of coal to fulfill a new contract with the U.S. Navy, Admiral Dewey's Navy.

Soon, the Livseys would participate in an event more world staggering than Dewey's victory, an event known as the Scofield Mine Disaster.

Theirs was a clean, dry mine, the kind preferred by miners for its better than average working conditions.

Connecting tunnels from the surface ventilated the shafts and provided clear air for the more than 200 miners inside.

As the morning wore on, coal dust began to thicken as blast after blast loosened the coal.

Suddenly, an orange flash of fire raced up the tunnel, touching off keg after shuddering keg of powder. Choking smoke engulfed them extinguishing their lamps. Moments later they lay quietly in the still dark. The stench of coal smoke filled their nostrils. Severely burned, they lay waiting. . . waiting. for now they were the prize in a deadly race against time.

Inside the mine, afterward, a deadly poisonous gas, lurked. Silently, wispily it moved about the mine's nooks and crannies, eager to snuff out the life of the man, his son, their friends, and any who dared attempt a rescue.

On the surface men rushed to get inside. Flaming timbers blocked the entrance to the Number Four shaft. Mine Super. T.J. Parmley tried to get into the Number Four mine from the Number One mine but Bernard Newren fainted when he was overcome by the afterdamp. They carried him out to safety.

Andrew Hood, another member of the party, fainted and was carried out on the next try. The attempt to enter through Number One was abandoned.

Parmley and the other rescuers hurried to the mouth of Number Four where the fire was still blazing, and they began clearing the debris of timbers and a horse carcass.

As they worked their way inside, they found Harry Betterson alive but burned so badly he was mistaken for another. He was taken out. Farther on, William Boweter was found sitting dazed among the dead.

One of the many rescuers gave this testimony of the rescue:

"Going in we saw a number of dead, but of course our object was to find if any were alive, first. I simply stopped to see if these men were alive and passed on. Number Four was so blocked that progress was slow and very dangerous, and we had to carry the

men out on stretchers as the cars could not be used.

"A good many in Number Four were badly bruised and mutilated. When a man was caught by the full force of the explosion he was hurled against the wall or floor with the same effect that would follow the throwing of a piece of dough against the wall.

"After working a while in Number Four we went to Number One, where nearly all the men who died had been killed by the afterdamp.

"Many of us in the rescue parties were overcome by the damp and were carried back into the purer air by our companions. This damp contains carbon-monoxide and is very dangerous.

"A whiff of it almost paralyzes a man, and a good breath of it renders him unconscious. Then he falls as if in a sleep and dies instantly unless carried to purer air.

"We found the dead in every conceivable attitude. One man had filled his pipe and sat down to light it. The damp struck him and he died then and

there, with the filled pipe in his outstretched hand.

"On a box where a dead Finlander was found we found his watch. It has stopped when the explosion occurred and the hands marked 10:28. We found men in groups who had evidently sat down to consult.

"Other groups had been overtaken as they rushed ahead of the damp. In these groups the men were lying mostly on their backs; but where the single men were found scattered throughout the workings they were face down."

As the rescuers worked their way into the Number One shaft they stumbled upon what they assumed were more bodies. A groan, then another, they were alive! Quickly stretchers were brought and Thomas Livsey and his son William were carried to safety.

Outside the mine they were given first aid by Daisy Haroon, A Salt Lake City nurse who happened to be in Scofield when the mine exploded.

John L. Wilson, who was entering the mine when the blast occurred, was blown across the valley. He landed in a clump of aspen and was only injured. He recovered.

After the initial explosion 15-year-old Tom Pugh, who wasn't injured in the blast, ran a mile and a half in the dark with his cap over his mouth. He reached the sunlight.

William Davis, a young man who ran beside him, stopped to help a fellow miner. They found his body with arms wrapped around the waist of the dead man he'd stopped to help.

William Clark rushed too fast ahead of the rescue party looking for his father and older brother and was killed by the poisonous gas.

Thomas and William Livsey and John Wilson were taken to the Salt Lake City hospital the next day by train.

The 199 dead were carried to a mine shack near the entrance where the company clerk, who knew most of the

men personally, tagged them.

Those who could not aid in the rescue work washed and dressed the dead in new suits purchased by the coal company. All the coffins in Salt Lake City were purchased and the company had to have more shipped from Denver.

Suddenly, Scofield was a town of widows and orphans. A funeral train left Scofield on Friday, May 5, carrying coffins to towns throughout the state. Funerals for dead miners were conducted in Ogden, Salt Lake, Lehi, Provo, Springville, American Fork,

Eureka, Price and Scofield. Truly, the entire state grieved.

Letters of condolence began to trickle in soon after the disaster. President Loubet of France sent word to President McKinley, who then forwarded his own sympathies to Utah State Governor Heber M. Wells.

On May 5, in response to many national inquiries, Governor Wells issued an appeal for disaster aid to the nation.

Aid poured into Scofield. Volunteers dug graves, picked flowers, dispensed

food and other staples to the needy. The Pleasant Valley Coal Company was the leading donor to the disaster fund, contributing more than \$28,000.

Miners from all over the world sent \$1 or \$2 and even Scofield's children held a magic exposition which netted \$1.06. Levi Strauss and Co. of San Francisco sent \$250.

In all, nearly \$120,000 was collected in donations, which the state committee finally decided to pay in lump sums to each widow and orphan. Each widow over 50 got approximately \$720; each

widow under 50, \$576; each boy over 14 and each girl over 15, \$108, and for each orphan under fourteen, \$432.

For the parents of a deceased miner, if they were fully dependent on their son, an allotment of \$720 was granted. For an aged mother and father, \$1,080, and varying amounts were granted other partially dependent parents.

For the young state of Utah, the Scofield Mine disaster was a horrible shock, and the accident still ranks fifth among all mining disasters in U.S. history.