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GLACIER DRAMA: ICE RESCUE CREATS DEATH FREEZE

In the sullen vastness of the Swiss Alps, the year's most publicized rescue adventure. In the depth of winter, on the ground and in the air, the first act of a six-day drama begins. A cameraman, taking these pictures for Pathe, accompanied the snow team. It started with an American Dakota aircraft reported missing. Feeble radio signals told that she had crash-landed, 11,000 feet up in a wilderness of uncharted snow. Aboard her, on the face of a glacier, eight men, three women and an eleven year-old girl waited. For four days there was no news. Radio signals grew weaker, ending on the fourth day with these words: "We must have help today or we die." An R.A.F. Lancaster sighted the wreck the same day reported its exact position and summoned help. In a Fieseler Storch plane, specially designed to land in a narrow clearing, Swiss-Army Lieutenant Hug took off. The race against death-by-freezing was on.

Down below at the improvised base at Meiringen, American authorities gathered ambulances, four-engined planes, a trainload of snow tanks, a squad of nurses, 150 soldiers, paratroopers and jeeps. Keeping contact with rescue patrols was a portable radio station. A small army of Pressmen did their best to eat up every headline from here to San Francisco. Meantime, in a searching plane, a Pathe cameraman gathered these vivid pictures. The narrow line of rescuers goes forward. They are Swiss, and they search calmly and with the sure confidence of men who have lived their lives in this desert of ice.

And there - there it is - the Crashed Dakota, a gray wasp against the gleaming whiteness. The search is over - the rescue begins.

From the plane, as it hovers ready for landing, our cameraman sees the leading rescue team.

They made it - by plane and sled these men in white bring relief to twelve people who, a few hours before, expected to die of cold. First task now is to take off the worst exposure victims. Honour of being first to reach the plane went to Swiss guides, Wilhelm Jost and Ernst Reise of Meiringen.

And here, the rescued. Spilling Mrs MacMahon and (in the anti-glare glasses) Mrs Snavley. With them eleven year old Alice MacMahon she stole the show. In methodical Swiss fashion, Lieutenant Hug again takes off - this time on snow. His plane uses extra skis, leaving them when airborne.

Back at Meiringen base, ambulances for the injured. And for the Dakota's pilot, a welcoming greeting from his father, U.S. General Tate. To Pressmen the guides disclose that the wreck lay near the dreaded Schreckhorn - known as the Crag of Terror.

Waiting here, too, is General Snowley. For his rescued wife, a kiss - for cameraman, a picture.

It was the sixth day after the crash. For Colonel MacMahon, his wife and especially young Alice, it got curiouseer and curiouseer. Somewhere, (never used) were all these tanks and planes and paratroopers. Overall, the Alps reigned peacefully again. They had claimed twelve victims. They had been cheated only by the endurance of Swiss mountaineers and the keen eyes of a British pilot.