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Book Review

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William Carlos Williams
poems, reviewed by
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Hell's Upper Story

UNSEEN DANGER

A Tragedy of People, Government, and the Centralia Mine Fire
By David DeKok
Illustrated. 295 pp. Philadelphia:
University of Pennsylvania Press
Cloth, \$29.95. Paper, \$11.95.

SLOW BURN

A Photodocumentary of Centralia, Pennsylvania
Text and photographs by Werner Jacobs
152 pp. Philadelphia:
University of Pennsylvania Press. Paper, \$16.95.

By Ben A. Franklin

YOU are surrounded by all the tremendous forces of nature, straining against your effort to extract this coal. So you are in a continual struggle. Nature is out to protect its resources and you are the one wrestling the boxes out of the thing. So you live in constant danger in a raw stone.

Mainland Americans may view the coal fields of Appalachia as bleak and remorseless. The risks of mining coal underground are well enough known. But what went amiss in the frequent testimony above, given by a miner to a Congressional committee a generation ago — and what these angry books demonstrate now is that Government still finds ways to overlook — is that the perils of the subterranean battle for coal between man and nature extend upward to the surface.

The United States Bureau of Mines reported in 1979 (and has said little on the subject since) that more than 1 million people in 19 states — 80 percent of them in Pennsylvania — were suffering damage to health and property from some 250 uncontrolled fires in abandoned underground coal mines and surface coal (coal-waste) banks, a number of which have been burning for years. Particularly during the first half of this century, the bureau said then, coal mining was "accomplished without today's technological, social and environmental insight." But as "Unseen Danger" and "Slow Burn" show, the bureau's self-satisfied inference that things were getting better in the second half of the century was premature public relations.

In these books, David DeKok, a reporter with The News-Item in Shamokin, Pa., and Werner Jacobs, a freelance photographer, provide postmortem on the scene death of the little Pennsylvania town of Centralia, 135 miles northwest of Philadelphia. This village of 1,000 souls is the depressed, largely mined-out hard-coal region known to miners as "the ashtracile" was smoked and choked for 24 years by a runaway inferno in the abandoned mine tunnels beneath it. The fire's origin is still officially a mystery, although Mr. DeKok points out that it may have been ignited when the town set fire to a landfill.

Ben A. Franklin, a correspondent in the Washington bureau of The New York Times who has covered the coal industry in Appalachia, is writing a history of coal and coal mining.



On Christmas Eve, 1961, Dorothy Kogut's home in Centralia, Pa., machine monitors carbon monoxide emanations from the underground mine fire in Centralia. Pg. Photographs from "Slow Burn."

By now, all but about 40 of Centralia's 300-old houses have been razed. More than 300 people have been relocated at Government expense in a program that cost far more than the efforts, now aborted, to fight the fire in the 1970s. Relocation money was wrong tree, Washington-only through the prolonged agency of grass-roots political activism. And other Pennsylvania towns may be next. Throughout the region, Mr. DeKok writes in "Unseen Danger," "the potential for new mine fires is as great as ever."

In the 1960s, when Centralia's houses began filling with lethal fumes, the Interior Department imposed measures that detected them. The underground mine fire spread. Some residents were shocked unconscious by the noxious gases that rose to the surface. Windows had to be kept open during the winter, and snow melted on the steaming ground. In kitchens and bathrooms,

water ran hot from the cold faucet. Roads were made impassable by smog. A filling station's gasoline tanks were pumped dry to keep them from exploding. And in 1981 the ground gave way beneath a 12-year-old boy who was swallowed into the mine pit. As he dangled from a handhold on a tree root, his red cap was spattered through the fumes and steam. He was yanked back from hell. Centralia was not.

Using unpublished documents obtained under the Freedom of Information Act, Mr. DeKok accuses officials of passing the buck and of cynical indifference to the people of Centralia. Former Secretary of the Interior James G. Watt is quoted as saying in 1981, the 12th year of the Centralia mine fire, "There is not a threat to health and safety. [The fire] goes down deep, the deeper it burns, the less risk there is to safety. Eventually it will burn out."

But there are enough bureaucratic villains here to fill a Dickens novel. Mr. DeKok describes Richard L. Thornburgh, the former Republican Governor of Pennsylvania, as being notorious about the Centralia fire. The Governor's predecessors, William Scranton and Milton Shapp, share the blame, the author says, along with a large cast of lesser state and Federal officials — particularly Mr. Scranton's Secretary of Mines and Mineral Industries, a professor of mining engineering named H. Beecher Charney.



On Memorial Day, 1984, Brownie Trap No. 175 passes a bore hole that vents steam and smoke from the underground fire.

In "Slow Burn," the gallery of stark Works Progress Administration-style photographs by Werner Jacobs portrays with poignancy a Welsh-Irish and Slavic Roman Catholic community as it once was, poised in stubborn bewilderment. Describing the hundreds of deep bore holes drilled during the years of futile efforts to track the course of the fire, Margaret O'Kirk, a freelance writer, in a brief introduction to the book, writes that the test holes — dug in schoolyards and churchyards, in sidewalks and intersections, and topped at ground level with man-high smokestacks for the steam exhaust — seemed stuck in the ground "like freshly lit cigarettes."

What "Unseen Danger" and "Slow Burn" have to tell us is that smoking coal mines are dangerous to your health.