

was climbing a steep set of stairs, was challenged by a Negro guard at the top of the stairs. Instead of halting, he fired, wounding the Negro in the right hip. The white man then picked up the Negro's gun and ran down the flats, leaving his own hat behind. The Negro lay bleeding for some time before he was found.

The Sullivan guards found it a hard task to restrain the Negroes who were anxious to go to the flats and drive out the whites. They fully succeeded however, and the railroad track below the bunkers was left in possession of the home guard. Chief Sullivan, who was in Seattle, reportedly telegraphed to his men to hold the Negroes back.

There was great excitement in camp all day, and the guards could hardly control the Negroes who were anxious to drive the whites back to the flats. The climax came in the evening with the arrival of the 7:40 train from Seattle. On this train were the guards who had escorted the Negroes to New Castle in the morning and about a half a dozen colored men who had been picked up in Seattle to go to work at Franklin, Washington. When the train was near the bunkers, two strikers in ambush fired at the train, and the guards returned the fire, but no one was hit.

The shooting was the signal for a general turn-out of the Negroes to repel the attack. They greatly outnumbered the whites and drove them down again, making the deep rocky canyon echo with battle guns. One white man was killed, several others were wounded, and the attacking party was driven back.

Two whites were cornered under the bunkers and were at the mercy of a crowd of Negroes. What became of them could not be learned; no further details could be obtained. The *Post Intelligencer* wrote the story for the people of Franklin to read. They read the paper and shook their heads.

John Hale baited his hook. "The trouts in there Claude, just a-wait'n for us." Together they sat on the bank of the Green River and held on to the slim willow poles knitted with twine. The bank was good for reflection, and John Hale thought about the mines he would be working in soon. The pitch was more dangerous and easier to get hurt because the coal would pop out at you. The eastern mines were mostly flat, and you walked into them. Here the digging was a new experience. The slope had been dug 500 feet and then driven off gangways. Some of the mines were eight and ten levels. Mules were used to haul the coal to the bottom of the slope.

Annie Hale and Odetta Jackson played on the grassy slope of Badland (their name for this part of the coal town.) "My mother had a baby before we got here, Annie." "I wish we had a real baby to play with, Odetta." "Maybe we can care for Olivia. My mama is busy, and it will be a big help to her. See that empty box car, Annie? We can play house in it; I have some furniture." Odetta found her chair sitting in the tall grass. They

placed the chair on the cinder path beside the wide opening of the box car, and they climbed into the airy room. "We will need a bed for Olivia, Annie. I'll go home and bring the baby. See if you can find a box table." Odetta climbed down and raced up the hill to the bedroom. Mama Jackson was hanging laundry, her mouth full of clothespins. An assembly line of children were hanging up assorted pieces. Odetta dumped the diapers and shirts out of the wicker basket onto the bed and picked up Olivia, wrapped in a blanket, and placed her in the bottom of the laundry basket. Olivia looked smaller laying in the bottom of the basket. She bounced and rolled around all the way to the box car. "I have the baby, Annie." Annie sat on the edge of the box car and dangled her feet. Odetta placed the baby in her arms. Olivia studied her new mama. "She is 3 months old, Annie." Time passed quickly. They played house like all little girls. Their imaginary world offered more than the real grown-up world. "Come on, Annie!" Odetta got off her chair. "Let's get some more dandelion dinners." "OK." They climbed down, leaving the baby in the basket.

Melinda had not been asked to play with the girls, and she pouted. Now she would see what they were doing. She climbed aboard the train, placing one knee against the side, half rolling and half pulling herself. "A baby" she gasped, standing on her feet and brushing off her dress. She cradled it in her arms, then placing the baby on the edge of the doorway, she climbed down to the tracks below. With the baby cradled in her arms again she walked to the bank - in the tall grass no one could see her. Odetta and Annie were absorbed in picking just the right Dandelions for dinner. They jumped when two white boys popped out of the bushes and faced them. "Where are you going?" "To the boxcar." "No, you're not; you are not going anywhere. We won't let you!" Everytime they tried to pass, the boys stopped them. "You have to let us pass. We will tell our brothers, and they will beat you up. Our baby is in the boxcar, and we have to get her." The boys were ready for the next bit of summer fun. "The niggers live in a boxcar, live in a boxcar" they chanted. They stopped suddenly when a guard walked near and children and frightened the boys back to their own side of Franklin.

The box car had coupled on to a moving piece of train and was slowly chugging down the track. "The baby! Oh no." They stood stiff, staring at the empty track with Olivia getting a train ride. "Hi!" The greeting came from the grass. "Odetta, you have a nice baby." "Boy are we glad to see you, Melinda." "Come on, let's get my sister home and in her cradle before my mother finds out." A voice called from the house. "Odetta, fetch some water; your chores are not done yet. You should not be caring for the baby if your chores are not finished." Annie and Odetta looked at each other. "Yes, mother!" Odetta ducked under her