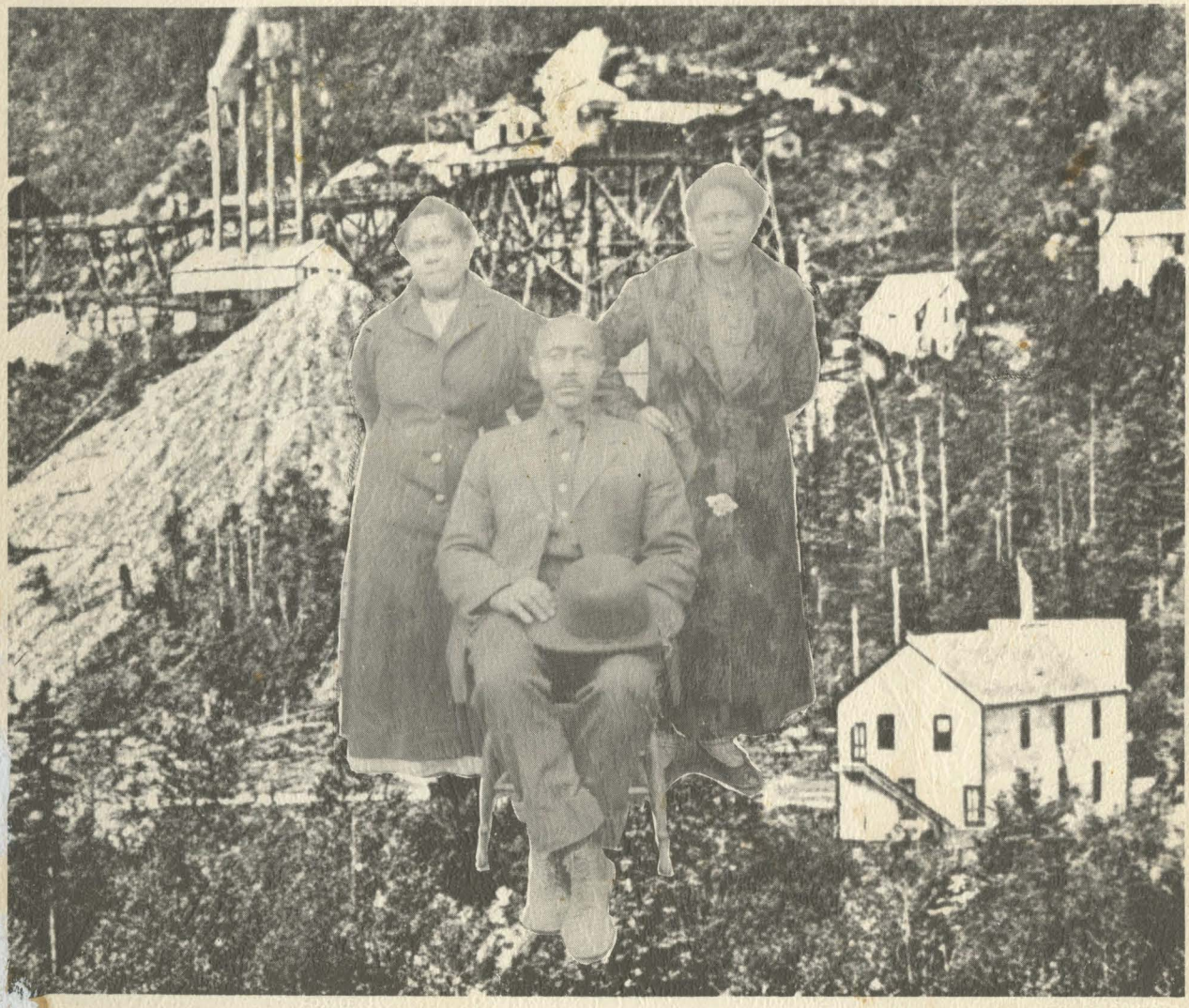
THE COAL MINER WHO CAME WEST





ERNEST MOORE

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THE COAL MINER WHO CAME WEST

BY

ERNEST MOORE

Ernest R Moore

IN COLLABORATION WITH
GLORIA PHELPS

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DEDICATION

TO CALVIN ARMSTRONG
WHO WAS MY INSPIRATION
TO WRITE ABOUT THE
COAL MINER . . . . . .
JOHN HALE

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

MANY THANKS TO MILDRED McDONALD AND GLORIA PHELPS. WITHOUT THEM THE BOOK WOULD NOT HAVE COME INTO EXISTENCE.

AND A BIG THANK YOU TO CURTIS WALKER, ARTHUR HAINES, AND MRS. SAMUEL CHARLES FOR HELP AND INSPIRATION.

. . . . .*ERNEST MOORE*

THE COAL MINER WHO CAME WEST

We will give three cheers for Big John Hale
Who left the cotton and bundled bale
To March to a drum with Hell alongside
He whispered and prayed, "Oh God, be my guide."

The Civil War ended though his name can't be found
On paper or book, cuz his skin was dark brown.
He wandered the states and dug the black coal
A dollar a ton, if you enter the hole.

A man passed out handbills, "Go West right away,
Coal Mines are waiting this very day.
You'll have money and jobs and clothes on your back."
Then he turned and walked down the railroad track.

The train bell clanked "Going West, get on board."
His woman in calico he could afford.
The train wheels turned saying Washing-ton, Washing-ton,
Giant trees, canyon run, Washing-ton, Washing-ton.

Tie your babies with a rope
So they won't roll away
Down the hillside to the mine
Where father works another day.

PART ONE

CHAPTER ONE: SWANEE, MARION COUNTY TENNESSEE 1846

CHAPTER TWO: GOING WEST 1891

CHAPTER THREE: SUNDAY AT FRANKLIN

CHAPTER FOUR: SETTLING IN

PART TWO

CHAPTER FIVE: SETTLING IN
CHILDHOOD DAYS IN FRANKLIN
WASHINGTON AND NEWCASTLE
1905-1921

PART THREE

DOCUMENTS MORE HUNKS OF COAL

INTRODUCTION

John Hale, Pioneer Coal Miner

There are different kinds of men born on the earth. Men, who by their placement at birth, put on rich clothing. There are men, who because of the time of birth, are caught up in the times and events which become a part of them from the moment they open their eyes. Some men die early. Miriam knew that when she watched her baby brother, Moses. Because he was born in a slave labor camp he was to die in the River Nile.

John Hale was born a slave. The shanty darkies sang and gave thanks to the Lord for the baby. The plantation owner poked his head in the door and recorded the baby boy as part of the days counting of cotton and beans. John Hale's parents were sold to another plantation; he was raised by his grandparents. Civil War and coal mining were in his future. He worked in the mines for fifty years.

His muscles gleamed in an expression of power. With a young family he traveled to the new State of Washington near the Pacific Ocean.

John Hale learned, when a gun was placed in his hand near Franklin, Washington, that people sometimes shade the truth to gain the strength of the Negro. Live with the past, with the times of new things; railroads, and colored men with white men working together in the mines. Feel the unhurried time of water pumps and hitching posts.

My grandfather laughed when I said I couldn't tell who was who when you came from the mines. "See, Ernest, when you go into the mines, you can't tell the difference if you are black or white until you get to the surface and pour water from your canteen on your hands and face to wash up. If you don't turn white as snow, you're different, even if you had just shared your lunch from the same bucket."

I was the third generation of coal miners with my footprints walking in the coal dust of my grandfather, John Hale.

Ernest Moore

PART ONE

CHAPTER ONE

SEWANEE, MARION COUNTY, TENNESSEE 1846

John Hale isn't here to smile at the remembrance of his life being written on pages of a book. I turn those pages now, seeing the words by the light from the log still burning in my fireplace. My eyes fill with tears wanting to spill down my face. I can hear him say in a matter of fact way, "Ernest my grandson, I was born a slave about the time the flowers of May came into bloom. May 21 it was told to me — the year was 1846."

After breath was given John Hale it didn't take long for the sentence of born slave to be pronounced upon him. Any brown baby born in the slave cabins could be snatched from a warm breast to have his mother work and toil for her owner. Only the faint cry of the baby could be heard as his mother disappeared into the fields and owners houses, sometimes forever if they were sold to another plantation. John Hale could truly say, "I never knew you." His parents were sold to another owner.

A slave, he would learn, is a person held legally in bondage to another to work and toil unremittingly. To not know who gave you life can only be justified by the knowledge that God keeps the records, and John Hale, child of God, will some day know his mother and father. John Hale had a brother and sister, but he was the oldest and strongest. That fact didn't always bring rewards. "I got most of the whippings. Only strong muscles could help the blacksmiths shoe horses, and I was chosen."

Only in the human world do we sell mothers and fathers. The parents in the animal kingdom rear the young and send them out when the time is right. "My grandparents," said John Hale, "raised me. They brought me up at least until I was fifteen."

He spoke with a bit of sadness and some excitement. A sparkle of remembrance came into his face. He lifted his head and stared with a faraway look, as if he could see the raising up and the young boy going to war again. "The plantation owner knew the colonel in the Confederate Army. They needed men and boys to do work shoeing horses for the cavalry. I was sent to South Carolina and put in a regiment of 150 men."

A civil war is a killing war between citizens of the same country. The Battle of Shiloh, Grant's triumph in Tennessee, The Battle of Chickamauga, The River of Blood War, and The Battle Above the Clouds. A little drum, through with the battle now, can tell of its pain as it marched with its drummer boy to war. The time was 1861. The guns loudly roar and steel clanks on steel, while thousands fall and die.

On a rusty nail a little drum dangled
on a wall.
Dusty leaves and ragged flags
Round the parchment fall.
A soldier youth on Shiloh's hills
Watched the lamb whose skin
A clever workman wrought, and
Gave the covered sphere its din.
Through groaning men and dying men
The drummer found his way,
And many a man by honor lured
Did curse the dawn that day.
Rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat the drummer
Thumped aloud,
The soldier died and in the morn
The cold ground was his shroud.
Ah, this is glory - sure, and still
Will men the drum beat follow,
Nor learn that glory, like its
Drum, is but a sound and hollow.

For want of a horseshoe, the soldiers couldn't race across the battlefields of the Civil War. John Hale was a part of the war.

A part of childhood was left on the plantation. When he went to war he was a slave, but there was a bit of security in his family and the shack that was his home. John Hale's strong brown arms gleamed in the Tennessee sunshine. At fifteen he could hammer iron into shape. The red hot iron gave way to bend at the hammer blows.

The sparks flew as the hammer banged away. A confederate officer pointed to young John Hale working in the blacksmith shack. "What did you do", he was asked years later, "when you were told to report for duty in the army?" "Well, I smiled and cried inside me, where no one could see me. With the whippings, I learned to cry inside. It was a great help".

When the war was over, John Hale stood by the dusty road and watched his company move out for the last time. "I was freed, but had no place to go. I went back to the plantation, caught a ride on a couple of hay wagons. The riding got me home sooner. I wanted to see if my grandfather was still on the plantation. They were all there, still planting cotton. The owner told us we were free to go. We had a meeting in the shack, and when all of our rags and a few cooking pots were bundled and tied, we walked down the road to our life of

freedom. "Come back here!", a call came from the plantation owner. "We have not stolen anything". The owner continued, "I know a man from Tennessee Iron and Coal Company, came to the plantation, a recruiter seeking negro workers for the mines. They will pay $1.00 a ton for mining coal. Paydays are once a month, and there are cabins to live in. Old Zack is going into town for supplies, if you wait you can ride with him in the back of the wagon."

John Hale and his brother Tom went to work in a coal mine in Tennessee. They had never been underground before and they did not know how to shovel coal into the cars. The jobs were not particularly likable. We had to be car loaders, timber packers, and before the second week, we were laying track in the mine. The coal vein was only three feet high, so we had to get on our knees alot. When he was asked to recall the coal mines, he said, "I was not on my knees a-praying; I was digging the black coal." We had to push the coal cars to the entrance; the mules could pull them from there. The men who drove the mules were called mule skinners. The days were ten and twelve hours long, and our pay was one dollar a day redeemable with a coupon.

When John Hale and his brother learned to dig coal, they went to work where they could make the most money. The farther north they went the more pay they got. The coal operators would work the mines in the winter and lay off in the summer.

John Hale picked up his last day's pay and headed for Knoxville, Tennessee. He wasn't expecting anything special just a warm day. Another lay off for the summer! Oh well, he could hustle some kind of job to keep from starving. Barefoot and shirtless he walked down the quiet street leading to the town water pump. Fannie Gray had her apron full of feed to throw to the restless chickens scratching in the barnyard. She had lovely almond eyes and a straight nose. She walked gracefully about, her back was toward the chicken coop. John Hale watched her. As beautiful as a morning bird, he thought. She did not turn around, but she could feel his presence, and she rather liked it.

Fannie Gray emptied her apron of chicken feed. With a flip the kernels fell from her apron. The chickens found it, scratching the well trampled barnyard. Fannie Gray turned toward the road and blinked in the sunshine. "Morning, Miss. I am not down on my luck; I just need a drink of water." "I didn't think you were a vagrant. Come on, the water pump is round the back." John Hale followed the swishing of Miss Gray's skirt and apron. She reached for the pump handle. "No, I can do that." With a strong arm he filled the cup and almost overflowed the bucket underneath. "I work in the coal mines - layed off for the summer. Can't imagine Jehovah letting me starve in the summer when He knows I have to work in the winter."

I am sure there are chores a-plenty for me in the house, candles to dip and mending. I'll go now." "Say, would there be any work around here?" "There is work picking fruit here abouts. You can sleep under the stars; the owners let you have the most grassy hillside." "Sounds good. Goodbye now, Miss." "Fannie Gray is my given name." John started toward the garden gate, "Miss Gray." A silent small figure sitting in the high branches put a long green hollow stem into his mouth, and with a ping, he shot John Hale in the backside. All concerned turned their eyes upward to the tree. "All right now, Samson Johnson, come down from there." "His name fits him." John Hale rubbed his backside. A long legged boy of ten, with only the barest amount of clothing to cover him, climbed down and stood before his accusers. There was not a bit of repentance in his spirit. "I can spit farther than you can too." John Hale picked him up with one hand and let him dangle in mid air. "Say that again" "I can spit farther than you can!" "All right, Mr. Samson Johnson! You can prove it, and if you do spit farther, I will buy you some penny candy from a store." "Real store bought; not some your mother made?" "Just what I said." John made two marks in the dust in the chicken yard. "You have to wet the dust on the mark. You say one, two, three, Miss Gray. When she says three, we will spit." Samson Johnson rolled his tongue around, trying to work up a mouthful of water. "I should have got a drink first." "No, the rules are set." "But you have a bigger mouth." "But you challenged me. I didn't say I could spit farther." With a "slish" John Hale let his go. It made a nice arc and missed the mark by a foot. "Now, Mr. Samson Johnson"...."Well, I'll try the fast straight way." The dust moved. John Hale had lost and his new friend followed him out of the yard and down the road to his reward. "Is you really going to buy a penny bag?" "Come on." John Hale bent down and Samson Johnson got on his shoulders. Together they went, the boy bouncing high in the air. "Do you like it up there?" Two brown dirty feet dangled. "You need a dunkun in some river; you should have a bath." John Hale touched the bottom of the small calloused foot that had never known shoes. His feet were so tough he could walk across hot coals, but John Hale was not about to challenge him.

"Do you know the man that owns the fruit orchards?" "Sure, I knows everyone. Are you sweet on Miss Gray? Is that why you were in the yard?" "You ask too many questions for a youngun." "If my mama saw me now I would have to say my catechism many times, the Ten Commandments, and three times the Lords Prayer. I never go to a store; I don't know how to buy anything." "Stay with me." The high counter was filled with food Samson Johnson had never seen before; barrels of apples, pickles, and flour, and three jars of

sweets. "Stay close to me." John cleared his throat, "We would like to have a penny bag of mixed sweets." "Do you have the price of it? Lay your money down on the counter." John Hale laid down his penny. "Is that all you do?" "Watch now!" A fat grocerman looked down at the small boy; he had a twinkle in his eye. "First time you had some store bought sweets?" "Sure Mister." The grocerman filled the bag and said good day. A white lady wearing a wide brimmed hat gave her order to the grocer. "Now they have the price of candy" she mumbled. The store man shrugged, "I don't care who eats candy, just so they pay."

Samson Johnson held tightly to his prize bag. "Aren't you going to give me a piece?" John Hale looked at him. "Count for me how many are in the bag, Mr. Hale." They sat on the rock by the road and counted the candy. "I can't count that far like you can." "There are ten pieces." "I have eight brothers and sisters." John Hale took the boy's fingers in his hand and counted to eight. "Now see how many fingers you have left." "Two." "One for you and one for me." "Taste good, Samson?" "Good, Mr. John Hale."

John Hale sent Samson running to his shack outside of the town limits. The Knoxville weather promised to shine without any trace of rain. John Hale was in high spirits as he deposited one Samson Johnson, a youngun with the bag of penny candy clutched tightly in his hand. Samson waved back to John as he disappeared into his shack by the seat of his flour sack pants. A large Mama with a willow stick dragged him in. John shouted from the fence, "He won the candy fair and square." Whatever the consequences, Samson had a bag of candy to sooth his willowed bottom.

John looked around the corner to see if Fannie Gray had any more chores to do outside. A curtain moved slightly. Fannie Gray peeked a little at the gawking John Hale. She went back to her candle making and smiled. "Just a big handsome coal miner, he is!"

The walk to the fruit orchard was slow and easy. The warm sand of the road was soft between his toes. He dawdled and acted as if he had spring fever. John reached up and picked a flower bud. He tossed it around in his hand. Such a lovely face. Everywhere he seemed to see her image; in the trees and flowers, the horizon, and in the still not dried up water puddle.

John Hale finished his first day of fruit picking and walked to Miss Gray's farm to see if he could secure a good meal. A couple of coins jingled in his pocket; they clanked against his leg. A bunch of wild flowers stuck out of the tie holding up his pants. He reached the fence and called out, "Can you spare a meal for a hungry fruit picker? Sure, I will pay for it." "No need, come on in." John Hale stepped over the wooden stoop in the doorway and looked around the plain, but clean room. Fannie Gray was pleased, but she said nothing. "You can wash in the back at the pump." The meal was filling to the stomach, and pleasing enough for any hungry man. "Might I see you again, Miss Gray?" "If it be alright with God Almighty, and I find you're good in your soul." "The best intentions are within me, Miss Gray."

John Hale stayed the summer in Knoxville, Tennessee and courted Miss Gray. On an August afternoon, when the heat of the day had moderated and the air was cool and pleasant, Mr. John Hale took for himself a helpmate, Miss Fannie Gray, in the year of our Lord 1882.

Following the big coal miner around from job to job had it's good and bad effects on married life. The household things had to be constantly packed up. What John couldn't carry on his back, they borrowed a mule for a few miles until they found the next miner's living quarters. Sometimes the bed was a bare floor with straw for a mattress. What they lacked in material comfort, they made up in love for one another.

Fannie Hale recalled the day: "I sent John to work in the mines in Victoria, Tennessee. The winds were blowing more than usual that day. Sort of spooky it was; like a wind of a bad omen. I felt sick in the stomach, and I laid down on the mattress so I could see the wind blowing from a large hole in the wallboard. Every time I tried to get up I just wanted to go back to sleep. John came home, and his dinner was not on the table. I was still asleep. "I am sorry", I said, and I ran to empty my stomach. John laid me down and put a coverlet over me. John scratched his head. "I am not much for women's sickness, but I do remember some women on the plantation. "Mama Grady will help you Fannie. Seems nature takes over a lot of it." I had fallen asleep again.

John sat and watched me sleeping. He got some fresh goat's milk. "You will need it. We're going to have a son or daughter, or both." I opened my eyes. "One is enough for now." John held me close. "I just hope you don't sleep so much; a man can get mighty hungry in nine months."

Claude Hale was born in 1884. "He has my big eyes and a strong chin." said the pleased Fannie Gray.

A beautiful daughter, Annie Hale, came along, a bit smaller than Claude, but with just as lusty a cry. Melinda joined her sister in the Hale household.

John put Claude on his shoulders, and the fat little legs dangled. He wiggled his toes and whacked his horsey daddy to go faster. Fannie made Claude a flannel shirt with a pair of pants with easy buttons in the back. He always called anyway from the outhouse, "Can't reached, come and unbutton me."

John Hale had his family now. They would go west with him, the big daddy coal miner.

CHAPTER TWO

GOING WEST 1889

The month of May 1889 had the smell of spring. The still new year was fresh and bestowed with hope for most people. The days remained cold until afternoon, most of the snow was gone, but you could still crunch on the frozen grass when you made the early morning trip to the outhouse. The houseflies were cold and dormant in their non-flying about stage. They were waiting for the warm days to bring them to life and cling to the screen doors and come in from the cracks in the walls. Fannie could still open the window without the bugs coming in and let out the smoke from the wood stove. Smoke, bugs, and cold were facts of life. The shanty was cold, but supper could be enjoyed without the flies in the meal. Some bugs stayed all winter- bed bugs. Fannie washed the homemade quilts and checked the children's heads for bed bugs. John made a special solution of fishberries, and a foul smelling liquid that made Claude hold his nose and Annie disappear in the back of the woodpile

"I am sure things are going to be all right, John." Fannie held on to the shaking coffee cups. The train chugged by, rocking the dishes on the shelf. John sat at the table with a mug of brewed coffee and watched Fannie chopping up vegetables for dinner. "There are other families going to the State of Washington. I asked the man signing up the people - Big Jim Shepardson, Henry Williams, and some people who live a ways from here." "I never heard of them." "We will probably meet them in Minnesota, Saint Paul," he said. Fannie took the butcher board and sliced pieces of bread from the long loaf. She was glad she had finished her baking early. Warm fresh bread always made John happy. "Oh, I forgot; I was so excited about the mines. When I passed by old man Crouches' farm, Martha asked about your health and the kids. She gave us fresh biscuits, some new potatoes, and a piece of calico for dresses for the girls." "Bless that lady." Fannie was happy indeed and she sang to herself as she worked at the sink. The vegetable peelings went into the slop bucket under the sink. She pulled it out and handed it to John. "Could you empty it before dinner?"

The children climbed up on the high wooden chairs at the table, and Fannie ladled out bowls of stew. "I'm down right starved." John scooped the hot gravy up with the bread. He talked between bites of the warm gravy-soaked bread. "Things will be better up north for the kids too." It was a comfortable illusion. He was not sure this was true, but it was nice for the moment - at least through the dinner. "How do you know that, John?" He defended himself with a description of what he knew about the State of Washington: "Lots of trees there, and the man said it was healthy for children." Annie climbed down and stood by John's arm. "I don't know anything about riding on trains all that way." "Well now," John put Annie on his knee, "It won't be hard for a six year old. The train just goes chug chug, the smoke pours out of the smoke stack, and the engine does the rest. We sit on seats, maybe. You kids can watch the houses and trees go by real fast." The meal was finished, and the children sat against the wall, staying quiet.

The conversation was exciting, and they did not want to miss a word. There was a time for reflection and planning. Fannie had mending and a new quilt she worked on regularly after dinner. John sharpened his knife, and they talked about how they would get to Minnesota from Buxton, Iowa. "It will be in the Lord's hands how we get there. Jesus did a lot of walking." There was no bitterness. Privations and hardships were a way of life. Your feet got tougher the longer you walked without shoes, and your body gets used to the cold if you have never had a completely warm set of clothes in the winter. There were ways to stall hunger; a little extra water to drink, or chew on a grass straw.

The night settled the activities in the shack by the railroad tracks. Fannie covered the children sleeping on the mattresses in the backroom. Claude opened his eyes. "Tell me again, Mama." "Lord willing, we're going on a train to Washington State." He smiled and fell asleep. The children dreamed the untroubled dreams of children soon to be traveling far away to the State of Washington, near the Pacific Ocean. Their daddy said so!

The rooster crowed from the top of Crouches' smoke house, telling the early time of the morning. John cut the clothes line to take with them and rolled it up. He walked back to the shack and pulled the door latch shut on the grey clap board two room shack. The only way you could tell any humans had lived there was the holes stuffed with pieces of rags not good enough for Fannie's quilt. Claude found an extra minute to hunt up an extra finely carved sling shot he had left by the water pump.

John picked up two of the heaviest bundles and slung them across his back. "Claude, here are your two." "I want three; I am seven now." "Two, the girls each get one." Annie didn't care much about bundles at all. "He can have mine." "One bundle. Annie. You must take care not to lose track of it, otherwise we will lose all of our under things and we will be naked." "Oh!" Annie had visions of going on the train half clothed. They trudged along the dirt roads with three children; there was no fast going. John met another family carrying all of their household with them. "Are you going north to the coal mines in Washington?"

"We are, unless the land looks better before we get

there, and then we'll get off. I'm Charles Jackson." He turned around and showed off his three tall boys and wife standing silently while he talked. "I'm John Hale, and Fannie, my wife. This here is Claude and Annie and Melinda." Melinda held up her one bundle. "I have one bundle." "It is a lot of walking ahead for little kids. We should find a horse and hay wagon, if we can find one cheap enough. It can be sold when we get to Saint Paul." John and Charles walked up the dirt road.

A child called out hidden behind a tree. "Darkies, Mama! They want something." They bought an old horse with a sagging back, but still able to clomp his way along and pull a small wagon. They paid for an old flat bed wagon that had four wheels and no sides. "We will take anything that moves along." The farmer found a chance to get rid of an old horse and half a wagon. John and Charles paid the man. Together they had enough money.

John and Charles, with help from the boys, loaded the household goods and placed the children safely in among the soft bundles of clothing. The two families found their way out of Buxton, Iowa to the Minnesota border. The weather was cold at night; snow still had not disappeared from the gound in some places. Night watches were set up to keep track of any noise near the wagons, or trouble from wild dogs or bandits. The boys wrapped up in the homemade quilts and kept their eyes and ears open. They did not want to be responsible for anything attacking them and be caught sleeping. The three boys stared at the dark bushes and jumped at a rabbit snapping a twig near the ditch in the road. Three days they traveled, finding water and food where they could. Charles had a gun and he shot a rabbit. The fireside camp that night had roast meat under the stars. The farms along the way helped supply their needs.

John called from the road to a farmer plowing his field. "Got any vegetables you don't want? Enough for a stew?" The farmer gave the group a once over. "Kids hungry?" "A good night meal would help." "Take a look at the vegetable bin.
I haven't taken it to the hogs yet." The women washed the vegetables under the water pump and put them in a draw string bag. There was no place to start a fire or clean vegetables. The children and wagon, with its load of bundles, moved along — not at a fast pace. The dirt road disappeared and the farm houses became few in number. The road was a little harder on the horse and wagon with just an animal trail. They followed a river, and small rock mountains began to appear. Some had cave size openings. They passed by one rock jutting out like an overhanging shelf of rock, as if it might fall. Inside the opening was a flat surface and enough of the rock carved out to make a good shelter for the night. "Let me check it out for sleeping animals. They might not be happy being disturbed."

Water from a mountain lake ran down a hill of rock and filled a narrow strip of land for a cool stream bed near the cave entrance.

The children found the water delightful; they drank and waded. Warnings went unheard about getting dresses and pants wet. Fannie and Mabel worked to prepare the vegetables. The cooking fire was heating up the water, and camping-out with a hot meal and safe cave to sleep in, made everyone relax a little. Night came on too soon for the children. "Can we sleep in the cave like a bear?" Claude found the new life style to his liking. The stars came out and night became much colder. The boys took their turn sitting by the cave door with a gun. They stood the early watches, waking up John and Charles as the night wore on. Several unseen night visitors, animals that liked the darkness and time for finding food, watched the people in the cave. Fannie slept, but jumped every time they changed watch.

Morning light streaked in the cave and woke Mabel and Fannie. She whispered to Fannie, "Let's fix flap jacks. I have some flour." Fannie got the fire going, put water in a kettle, and set it on the coals for coffee. Before the men or children stirred, the skillet was hot with fat for frying flapjacks. The smell drifted into the cave, and several occupants sat up and tried to shake off the night sleep from their bodies. "Can we stay here a long time?", Melinda asked her father. "I like living in a cave." "I thought you wanted to go on a train all the way to Washington?" "Oh ya, I forgot." Melinda went back to playing with the pile of bright river rock she planned on taking with her.

The wagon pulled up to the hitching post in Saint Paul. The Northern Pacific Railroad yard was quiet in the early morning. A few trains were waiting on the sidings. The Oregon-Washington Improvement Company that owned the coal mines in Washington hired fifty Pinkerton guards in Saint Louis. John and Charles watched them board the ten car sleeper train. "I wonder what that is all about?" The Pinkerton Agency was formed primarily as a police service to railroads, but handled private detective work as well. The Allen Pinkerton men scattered and disappeared in the ten coach sleeping cars, not yet ready for passengers. The daylight made the preparation of activities easier for the gathering families of Negro miners going north to Washington. They found each other, and a common bond sprung up. The weather was good in Saint Paul for the month of May. The railroads had recovered from the icy grip of the Minnesota winter. No thunder showers were forming, and the children played tag by the wagons. They climbed up and jumped off the railroad platform. A church group had supplied some of its parishioners going north with extra supplies. They distributed it among the people — enough to keep the stomachs from being hungry. There were tears for the departing, and prayers said for protection.

Charles sold the wagon and horse to a church member

staying in Saint Paul. He gave John back his share. Fannie held tightly to Annie's hand; Mabel Jackson had Melinda. The boys stayed close behind them. Mabel threatened to tie a rope to the youngest boy if he tried personally to find out how the train worked. The man called out the names of the families ready to board: Charles Nichols, J.P. Morris, Manual Moore, John Hale, Charles Jackson, Johnny Bronson, Ganden Carter, Charley Scott, West Adams, Dave Lewis, and the Frasers. There were more, but John only heard these names before he climbed aboard and helped his family into the railroad car. Fannie placed Melinda and Annie on the bundles so they could see out of the window.

The train pulled out slowly. Annie thought that time would never come. Cars shuffled back and forth on the sidings. Important looking people got on and off; some of them stopped and looked at her family and wrote something down, then got off again. Annie watched a portly man in a blue suit with large gold buttons turn several white families away. She sighed when she heard the man say "All Aboard, Coal Miners train going west." Blue Bell, the doll, was going west too, and it was tucked securely in the corner by the window. There were tears; mothers and daughters parted company for the first time. Annie's chin quivered, and she wanted to cry too.

The train rounded the corner of the yard. It chugged and rocked and passed the dingy buildings put up around the yard. Twenty minutes later the train rolled through the country side. Fields of flowers bloomed and lazy cows grazed in the fields. The scenery blurred.

Annie and Melinda fell asleep. Fannie laid them on the empty seats and covered them. "Too much for one day." She kissed them. Claude stayed awake. The three boys of Charles Jackson became his very best friends. There were all kinds of games to invent aboard a train — games that only three boys could think up.

The train gathered speed. It climbed sloping hillsides and over viaducts. The river looked small in the canyons below. John watched Negro men working on the tracks. He silently wondered if their job was better than the coal mines. It looked just as rough to him — they swung the heavy hammers repairing the tracks. The nights were cold going through the mountains. Two days out and the conductor called out, "Bismark, North Dakota." Two men fought and the noise woke Annie. The train pulled to a stop and the fighting men got off. The copper mines were a tempting place to disembark. Mabel talked hurriedly. "Pull down the shades on the windows! The white people are throwing rocks at the train." Fannie pushed Annie and Melinda away from the window in case one broke and glass shattered all over them. The boys worked out a spy system of their own. They found an empty seat and peered from behind closed shades at any activities outside. The reports came back regularly, "There is a man with a rock not far away." The journey had lost some of its charm for the children, and the job of entertaining them became harder. The train made an unscheduled stop in Pasco, Washington. John and Charles watched fifty more Pinkerton detectives get aboard. "I am going to find someone and ask them what it is all about." John came back and sat staring out of the window. Anger swelled up in his face. He did not have time to explain what he had heard. They had not been told that there was a strike on in the Franklin, Washington coal mines. 30-30 Winchesters and carbines were already being handed out to the men on the train, and they were told there might be trouble. Some of the families got off at Yakima, Washington to farm the rich ground and work in the apple orchards. Big Jim Shepardson, the spokesman for the group, got off in Rosalyn, along with the family of Charles Jackson. John parted company with his friend only 100 miles from their destination, Franklin, Washington.

CHAPTER THREE

SUNDAY AT FRANKLIN, WASHINGTON 1891

Time is a robber of the way things were, of places, and feelings. I have leaned against the trees, their roots still clinging precariously to the sides of the steep banks, and I remember when I was a boy. I was not there on that Sunday, but I can still hear the voices and feel the excitement and fears. My grandfather John Hale was among the Negroes on that Sunday. My mother Annie Hale was on a train with the women and children riding into Seattle. She was six years old and a bit scared.

Franklin was a new town then. It was the center of the coal mining district situated thirty-two miles southeast of Seattle in the heart of the foothills of the Cascade Range, and 400 feet above the level of the tide water. Its location was beauty in the extreme. The river, a clear swift mountain stream coming from the snows of the Cascades, flowed through a deep canyon with steep rocky walls. The old town of Franklin was built on the edge of the bluff. The new town was built further up the mountainside on a bench 500 feet above the river.

There was a company store with upstairs offices, a meat market, boarding house, and a combination school with church on Sunday. It was a new town in 1891; A model mining town of the northwest. The town was considered a healthy place for youngsters, in spite of the fact that in some places the yards were so steep that the babies at play were sometimes staked out by means of a long rope, one end of which was securely fastened around the child's waist, and the other end to a convenient fence post. The cottages were there — fifty-two arranged in four parallel rows. Each house was neatly fenced, and the streets graded and furnished with cinder footpaths. The company employed 157 miners at Franklin — all white. This was the town John Hale was to work in and raise his children.

There was talk in January 1891 of bringing black coal miners to Franklin, Washington to be used as strike breakers. White miners had sunk a new slope; they did not know of the possibility of "filling it up with darkies." The drama would be put off until May 1891. By the 14th of May the special train left Saint Paul heading west over the Northern Pacific railroad tract. The town talked of "niggers." Great quantities of Winchester rifles were ready in the company store cellar.

The train rolled along and the time seemed endless. "Are we almost there, Mama?" Annie frowned and squirmed restlessly on her seat. "Why did they say the guns were for shooting lots of wild game birds, Daddy?" Claude did not understand, but he had a good mind to find out what was going on.

On Sunday morning, May 17, 1891 the coaches rolled into Palmer, Washington, a few miles from Franklin. They were met by 75 more armed guards who had been routed through Enumclaw, Washington in order to cloak the recruit's arrival in secrecy.

The train stopped at a quarry, and the passengers got out. The attractive offer of a three-year contract at a new mine in Washington with 50 already employed whites had the prospects of a deal blown away like the wind.

Men had gathered in a corner of the dining car, but their thoughts were not on food. The women and children were still sitting on the coach seats with the sleeping children. The men could settle the problems of where to go and what to do.

"Mama!" Claude pulled on the dress of his mother. "Let me go and find out what is going to happen. I can pretend to be playing. I'll let you know right away." Fannie turned to grab his shirt, but he ducked and ran through the coach cars. Claude hated the wide openings between the rail cars. If you fell out — boy! The doors were heavy, but he pulled them open and ducked in back of the seats. He crawled on his knees under several more seats until he was close to the men talking in a group. He laid flat with his chin on his elbows and waited quietly.

It hardly seemed like a Sunday gathering in a train with fire arms. He heard the men talking. "We're supposed to have breakfast here in Tanasket." "So they can feed the 'niggers' before they shoot them?" One man laughed, but his words had no humor. John Hale looked at the man speaking disgustingly. "Well, at least we will die with a full stomach." Claude didn't like the words, but he knew his father was joshing about dying. "After breakfast we're supposed to march into Franklin; the women are riding on into Seattle." Claude heard all he wanted to. He crawled back on his belly under the seats and through the heavy doors to his waiting mother.

A Pinkerton guard in a white felt hat had already started talking to the women. "There will be breakfast here in Tanasket: eggs, toast, and milk for the children. You're going to go on into Seattle — just a short ride. Take care now. Have a good breakfast and feed those young 'uns."

An hour passed and everyone had breakfast. Some didn't feel like eating, but they knew that it would be a while before they saw another meal, so they ate anyway.

John kissed Fannie, and the children hung on to him. Annie looked up at her tall daddy. "It is Sunday, and I will ask the Lord to take care of you all the way." "That's a good girl. You take care of your mother."

The men got off the train and stood back while the train worked up power to move; it then slowly disappeared down the track. Melinda pressed her nose on the window as long as she could, and her daddy became a

tiny person standing far away.

The guards carried Winchester rifles. At a signal they started walking at a fast pace toward Franklin. The Green River was 200 feet from the road, and the men could look down and see the water. The cliff was steep, going down into great depths. When they crossed Section Eight, they stopped and rested.

A winding switchback wound up into Franklin. The men sang as they walked on and looked down on Franklin. There were the houses, stores, and schoolhouse. They seemed to cling to the places on the land, their houses dotting the flat land in the low town. Long flights of stairs climbed all the way up the face of the cliff. The men reached the bridge, regrouped, and went on toward the unseen whites. Several houses were passed with no sign of people. At a fence corner half a dozen men were gathered. They stared silently and sullenly at the black invaders. Some of them jeered. One man whispered but didn't turn his head from the armed Negroes. "They're armed to the teeth." Several kids climbed the tallest trees, and covered by the foliage, they watched the line of colored men march, then turn to the right, and begin the ascent of the mountain. A dog barked, breaking the silence; his master stared from the doorway. From a hill overlooking the upper town, a crowd of perhaps a dozen men looked down on the scene. Anger won out in the form of words. "Look at the nigger slaves." The words received only a laugh. The Negroes marched up the hill toward the store. They sang as they marched, "I'm Going Through." The hill was so steep they needed all of their breath for climbing, and the music stopped. The entrance had been made without violence. To keep the peace between the two races, guards stood watch along the newly raised fences. The whites were told not to leave the road running through the town. Newly strung barbed wire ran along the path leading to the school, making the play ground off limits to the miners, who used the level area as a meeting place. The whites and blacks alike agreed the hundred white and fifty black guards kept the peace.

The newspaper wrote: "The darkies in terror of Indians. Women jeer at the immigrants as the colored host march from the train to the mines. So be it on Sunday, May 17, 1891. Armed fence between races at Franklin, Washington."

The store in Franklin was made available to the men. Mattresses were laid down on the floor so there would be a place for the women and children to sleep when they arrived in the evening. The engine room had more mattress space, and some empty houses were made available.

The women changed trains in Seattle from the Northern Pacific to the Columbia Puget Sound Railroad that was owned by the coal company, The Oregon-Washington Improvement Company. The train came through Renton, Maple Valley, Black Diamond, and to Franklin, Washington. They had to pull their shades down when they came to Black Diamond because rocks were thrown at the windows.

On May 17, 1891 seven hundred Negroes arrived in Franklin, Washington with two ministers, about forty single women, and miner's families.

The next day a large food kitchen was built to feed all of the people. White children could not go to school because of the eight foot fence laid from the store up to the woods.

On Monday, May 18, 1891 the white miners were quiet and sober, thought the saloons were open said the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. Committees from all the coal towns in King County conferred with Seattle Central Labor Union. In a special report it was said, "The Negroes have already taken possession in earnest of the work of mining coal at Franklin. They began work this morning without any interference from any person. More men will be gradually put to work until all are employed. Peace was undisturbed, and the conflict was confined to an occasional hard word. Those not yet working were occupied with building shanties for themselves. They seemed to have come to stay, though the locked-out men hoped that they would wander away until none were left. They did not interfere with the whites at all and kept within the lines drawn for them, but their leaders sought by persuasion to turn their hearts. Yet the more angry men could not avoid 'tackling' the guards and telling them what they thought of them.

"The headquarters of the Negroes are at the old slope. On one side a long building of rough boards has been erected with open side and rough tables and benches. This is the eating house, and it is in charge of a white-capped Negro cook and a force of waiters and other attendants. From an early hour this morning, the Negroes were pouring into this building where they were plainly but bountifully fed. Their principal sleeping quarters were in the engine house. The floor was covered with beds all around the big engine in double rows. Here some of them had been up late 'shooting' craps and playing poker; they slept late that morning. They also were crowded into some of the vacant houses when they arrived, and several joined in puttig up a board cabin on the hillside.

"The most bitter complaint of the white miners was in regard to the building of a barbed wire fence in front of the schoolhouse, leaving only a narrow alley by which the building could be reached and prevented the children from passing directly from the door to the playground. It was designed to prevent crowds from assembling on the playground, which was the largest level space in the upper town. The miners claimed that this action was illegal, as the ground was donated by the company for that purpose, and with that understanding was cleared and graded by the miners themselves. The

children were allowed on it, however, and played ball on it at intervals during the day.
children are allowed on it, however, and have been playing ball on it at intervals during the day.

"During the afternoon there was a rush to the office, and the guards had some difficulty in keeping back the crowds. The cause was a distribution of revolvers in place of the carbines.

"The Negroes are not only in possession of Franklin, but have begun work in and around the mine. This morning Superintendent William sent forty-two miners and nine drivers into the slope, and put three engineers and twenty outside hands to work — making a total of sixty-four men employed. Of this eight or ten are white men, one being a new engineer to run the hoisting engine, the former one refusing to haul 'niggers'. The engine will not haul out any coal for a day or two, as it will take that length of time for the miners to get enough coal ready to make it worth while to run the engine. A gang of the outside hands is at work grading for the tracks leading out of the new slope on the gravity principle. The loaded cars will run down one track by gravity to be dumped, and the empty cars will be hoisted to an elevated track, on which they will run back to the mouth of the slope.

"A meeting was held this afternoon by the Knights of Labor Assembly at which the action of the company was denounced as a matter of course, but any proposal to resort to violent means was frowned upon. The only action taken was the appointment of a committee to appeal to Captain Foley of the guard, to change the line so that those men living below the blacksmith shop can reach the store more speedily. They are leaving the affairs principally in the hands of the Western Central Labor Union. Their leaders continue their attention to inducing any of the colored men to quit with whom they can secure an interview. Some of the men had actually made preparations for a warm time. Some of the more hot-headed miners had been planning on burning the store and the bunkers, but they were sat down upon by cool-heads."

Sunday, May 17, 1891 was indeed a day to mark upon your memory. The train load of miners and their families could sing of God on their side, while they pushed aside barriers never before challenged.

CHAPTER FOUR

SETTLING IN

The days of settling in Franklin began in earnest for the coal mining families. It was a green land with wet weeds growing as tall as your waist. And rocks — there were always rocks enough to pile one upon another to build a high fence of cobbled wall. The mornings were cool. The grass dripped with dew until 3 o'clock, then the sun warmed and dried the ground. Franklin laundry flapped and dried easier in July and August — it had almost guaranteed sunshine.

There was no time for regret; they had moved there, and survival in a mining camp kept everyone busy. Only the sleeping time brought tears or words of sorrow. The atmosphere was confusing with so many guards watching the troubled area. Annie bit her nails and Melinda walked to the outhouse more often. She peeked outside first. "I have to go more often, Mama. Strange people make me nervous." "I know, Melinda." Claude stood by and guarded the door. Fannie scrubbed harder; things on her mind made her work as if cleaning would cure strikes and bring enough clothes to cover three growing children. The job of caring for the children took up most of Fannie's daytime chores. Water had to be carried. New patch squares were laid out on the table after supper. Annie and Melinda fussed over placement of the squares in the winter quilts. "My square has more flowers." "Flowers should be on the outside." "Hush up, girls. I'll put Claude's shirt patch in the quilt instead of yours if you don't hush up." Work was a good cure for the newness of Franklin life. When it didn't rain, Fannie found a big laundry tub, and with a new scrub board from the company store she handed the whitened and rinsed pieces of laundry to Annie to hang up. The chore never seemed to end, and Annie sighed. Melinda mimicked her sister and sighed. "Goodness!" Fannie looked at her girls. "You must be overworked. Scoot, go and play, but not far from the house." "Yes, Mama." With new found energy they disappeared to play house.

Annie did escape from the cleaning chores. She met a little girl sitting on the bank and brought her home to meet her mother. "She is Odetta Jackson. We didn't see her on the train coming from Saint Paul, but she was there, Mama. She knows how to braid flowers for your head." "Good! Take Melinda with you to play." "She can pick flowers, Mama, but Odetta is my friend."

John and Claude put worms on the newly peeled sticks used for fishing poles. Claude looked up at the trees, some 100 feet high, dwarfing any tall man to a permanently small size. "I can't see their tops from down here." "Don't try climbing one or we will lose you forever, Claude."

The June days were warm, and the laundry swung in the warm breeze, drying in a hurry. John brought in supplies and helped Fannie put everything in a proper place. Fannie stated as a fact of life, "There is a place in this house for everything, so put it there."

Fannie saved the lard buckets for the school lunches. If the strike got settled, school would start on time. Annie polished her lunch bucket. "You will wear it out, Annie." Fannie watched her out of the corner of her eye. "You should polish yours, Claude." Annie gave Claude a knowing look. "I don't care what mine looks like, just so there's enough lunch in it." John smiled. "Now that's my kid, Fannie."

On Monday, June 29, 1891 the first bloodshed of the mining troubles occurred at Franklin, Washington. Two companies of militia were called out to the scene. To prevent the race war that was imminent, the riot commenced early in the morning and continued until evening. Fannie kept the children safely closed in the house. One white miner was killed and several other miners, including one Negro, were wounded.

The Oregon Improvement Company safely transferred eighty Negroes from Franklin to New Castle early in the morning, and it was this move on the part of the company that led to the trouble. The arrangement for the transfer of eighty Negroes from Franklin was made with such secrecy that the white miners on strike at Franklin and New Castle were taken by surprise. The train left Seattle at two o'clock and arrived at Franklin at three o'clock, running straight through. The eighty Negroes, all armed, and ten white guards were taken aboard. Just as the train was pulling out, it was fired at by the home guards who had heard the train come in and posted themselves along the track. They fired fifteen shots through the window, but no one was hurt. The train ran through without incident and arrived at five o'clock in New Castle.

So complete was the secrecy observed that not even the operator at New Castle was informed until two minutes before the train arrived. Not a soul was astir, and the train was run right through the town to the mines at Coal Creek, two miles beyond without molestation, and the Negroes were safely housed in the camp which had been established. They would be put to work in the mines with 90 men already there, and with the guards on the ground were considered fully able to attack.

On hearing the departure of the train, the white miners at Franklin seemed to have thought that the guards were so weakened by the withdrawal of the men to protect the train, that the opportunity was a formidable one for an attack on the Negroes. About four in the morning, a party of them started from their homes on the flats to the Negro camps on the mountainside, near the mouth of the mine. One white man, who

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

mother's arm. She carefully laid the baby on the bed and ran for the bucket to get some more water.

The summer days passed with only small harassments and nigger calls. John Hale open the Bible every night. Most of the memorized scriptures were repeated by each family member. Claude could read some words; he had learned quickly with only his few years in school. John Hale was the spiritual head of his family, and they obeyed as unto the Lord. After scriptures, the kerosene lamps burned, and eyes started to close. "We're together here, Fannie; things will be all right. Put the children to bed. There is still daylight, and I am going fishing. Come and sit on the bank with me." There was enough light, so she brought her patch work squares and sat in the quiet evening.

The schoolhouse stood on the hillside at the head of the canyon. Its flag of red, white and blue waved in the wind. Fannie did her best to piece decent clothes together for the first day of school. The days grew closer as September drew near. June, July and August had not been a quiet time for the striking coal miners. Trouble seethed under the surface. By late June a contract was broken, and the New Castle strike was broken by sending about 100 Franklin Negroes to operate the mine. By the end of June, New Castle and Franklin had excluded the Knights of Labor, while Black Diamond looked toward an end to its sympathy strike.

The breaking of the New Castle strike sparked a riot in Franklin. The train carrying the Negroes had been guarded by nine whites, and around 7:30 p.m. on June 28 it returned the guards to Franklin. Between Black Diamond and Franklin the guards, apparently drunk, fired on Sunday strollers along the track. As the train pulled into the town with shots still ringing in the air, the Negroes rushed to the edge of the drop-off overlooking the houses on the flat below. They were nervous because of the wounding of a black guard earlier in the day. The summer passed with labor troubles, and the families prepared for the winter and the school year. They were sure no one would freeze or starve. Annie was shy sitting at her wooden desk, but she paid attention and gained the whole admiration of the class by winning the spelling bee.

The years in Franklin were years of learning to work the Franklin mines. The children grew tall, and John said, "smarter than he was." Some days were tough, and John Hale argued himself out of leaving. He didn't leave. "We will know", he said "When God moves us on."

Claude opened the screen door and shut it carefully behind him. A cat scurried under the house at the sound of the door with her breakfast prize of a newly found rat. There were plenty of rats, and some of them bigger than pussy cat. They liked to stay around the fodder for the mules, and they grew big and fat.

Today would be warm again. Claude kicked at his baseball bat that had been left out all night. Just another summer day he thought to play ball and fish. Summer would be over soon. Claude should have remembered the scripture his father had read the night before, "You do not know what a day may bring forth." He looked at the woodpile. He didn't have to carry much wood, only to kindle a fire for making oatmeal and flapjacks. It wasn't mama's day for washing. *Today was to be different.* John and Fannie let the children sleep while they spent time together. Then came the mine disaster. Men rushed to the house as John was coming out of the door. "There's been a terrible mine disaster!" The girls were awakened and hustled to the mouth of the slope with the rest of the people in town.

The alarm bell sounded for another disaster in Franklin on August 24, 1884. It shortened their stay. Soon John Hale would say, "God had told us to move on now."

Seattle Post Intelligencer
Sunday, August 24, 1894

As soon as the alarm whistle sounded from the engine house, people began to crowd around the mouth of the slope, and the cry, "The mine is on fire" quickly spread throughout the town. Among the first to reach the scene was Superintendent W.T. Ramsey. He tried to appear unconcerned and really did not believe any lives would be lost. The crowd of men, women, and children of both colors, who lived in the town, became assured at the good natured manner of the superintendent. They began to treat the whole affair as a huge joke, laughing and talking with each other. In a short time, however, word came for help, and then when the superintendent called for volunteers to go into the mine, there was great excitement.

The first man to volunteer was George W. Smalley, a Negro, and with two others he was lowered down the 1,100 foot slope to the sixth level. There he met men from the sixth level south who were doing all they could to rescue the men on the north side of the same level. Other rescuers went down from the surface. Smalley, C.C. Todd, John Adams, and John Morgan found the body of the first man in the gangway about a 1,000 feet in from the slope. The body proved to be that of John Q. Anderson, and it was pulled to the top of the slope.

The arrival of Anderson's body on the surface was the first intimation to the men, women, and children that anyone had met death. Consequently, when the body was carried away, there was a wild scramble to discover its identity. When it was found, the rescuers were besieged with questions from mothers and fathers and children concerning loved ones who were imprisoned. But their questions were only answered by an ominous shake of the head. It was at first thought that Anderson was not dead, but after being worked with for ten or fifteen minutes and no signs of life appeared, he was given up.

Meanwhile the miners from the other levels were carrying on the work of rescue in the bowels of the earth. The fan, keeping the air current in the mine, had been stopped and gave the first indication of fire from the return aircourse. When the fan was started up, the air in that part of the gangway south of breast sixty-two on the sixth level was kept pure.

M.D. Story, one of the rescuers who went in from the surface, upon reaching the sixth level north, ran along the gangway. At 1,000 feet he found the first body, and then the rest of the miners were found scattered along in a row. In one place eight men were found together, and in another place, a man was found under a mule, five mules in all being dead. Story says the men were all lying in the middle of the gangway with their faces in the mud, as if they had tried to bury their heads completely and thus escape the deadly and noxious coal smoke. He could not believe that they were dead, and turned them with their faces up so they could breathe, but he was soon satisfied that they were dead. Nearly all the bodies were found south of the burning breast.

John C. Story, brother of M.D. Story, was at work in the sixth level south when a boy named Chapman gave the alarm that breast sixty-two was on fire.

Story says he tried to escape via the green river or auxiliary slope, but finding this impractical, he returned, making up his mind that he would get out via the main slope. Reaching the main slope, he met others from the sixth level south who were going into the north level to do what they could to rescue their imprisoned comrades. He joined them, working steadily for two and one-half hours before coming to the surface. It is his opinion that every man in line with breast sixty-two, on the north side of the sixth level said the fire had been caused by a party or parties unknown to us, and said the party or parties did willfully raise said fire with intent to do great injury and damage to the lives of the miners and property of the Oregon Improvement Company. Signed E.E. Makiel Forman, E.M. Matthew, B.M. Curtis, B.J. Collins, and John Robinson.

An attempt was made during the day to fasten the blame for the loss of life on the man who shut down the fan at the top of the hill which keeps the air-course in the levels, but not much was accomplished. While some will admit that the closing down of the fan was an error of judgment, others claim that it was what any man would do under ordinary circumstances. It was shown in the inquest today that the closing down of the fan alone would not have suffocated the men, but the door in the rock cut leading into the level from the air-course was opened. This caused a recourse which blocked the men between two banks of smoke and death ensued in a few moments. The only men to escape alive, J.L. Snyder, testified that John E. John, the gas tester from the south side who came into the north level to look after his son, opened the door, thinking it would drive the smoke out. The opening of the door or the closing down of the fan alone would not have caused suffocation, but the deadly combination whose effects only the rows of thirty-seven bodies in the improvised morgue can properly demonstrate. John E. John died with his son in his arms, and father and son now lie in coffins side by side. He had remained in the gangway until he had found his son, but it was too late. The son, who was 18 years old, will be remembered as an ex-Seattle newsboy. He sold peanuts in the Standard Theater 3½ years ago. He was

commonly known as "Peg", having but one leg and a wooden peg serving as the other. At the mine he was recognized as the bright young fellow and was the boss driver of the sixth level north.

The break of day was ushered in this morning by moans and wails of wives and relatives of the dead. At the improvised morgue in the incompleted Masonic Temple were thirty-seven white shrouds. While grief-stricken men and a few women walked mournfully among the dead to the morgue, there were three or four white men sitting up with their dead. But of the colored men, eight or ten sat around all night scarcely speaking a word, not even yawning, just sitting and watching the dead.

This morning nineteen coffins arrived about daylight from Seattle by freight train, and the other eighteen reached here during the afternoon. Of the eleven dead colored miners, nine were buried this evening at 6 o'clock, and the other two, Ike Chambers and Ed Maxwell, will be buried tomorrow morning. Jim Gibson and Frank Willis, the two colored Masons, were accorded a Masonic funeral. The nine bodies were carried by pallbearers to the little cemetery half a mile back on the hill, and the procession was composed of nearly all the colored men and women in the town.

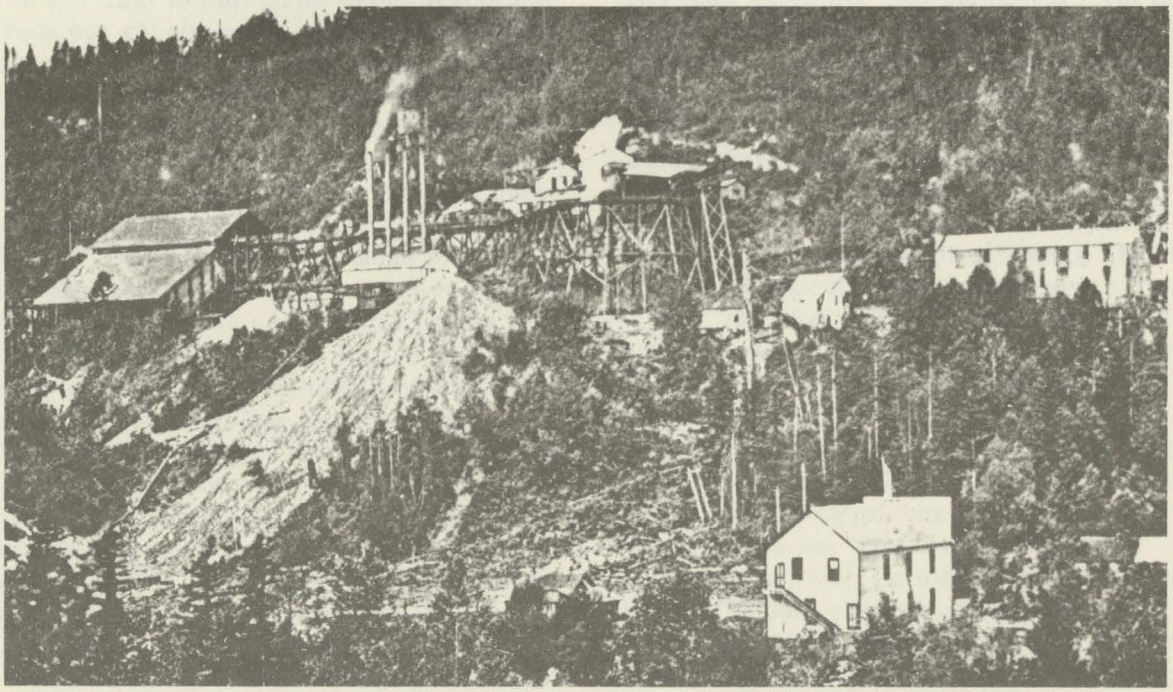
The men were buried side by side in one big grave, and it is said, "One big tombstone will mark their last resting place." The lamenting of the women was most painful. One colored girl remarked between her sobs as she watched the line of coffins, "It seems like there isn't enough alive to decently bury those who are dead."

In going into the level the coroner's party was stopped just 1,350 feet from the foot of the main slope by gas tester Morgan. He called attention to a dinner pail and a miner's cap lying in the gutter on the side of the gangway on the left hand side of the track, which indicated the spot where J.L. Snyder, the only man to get out alive, was found by the rescue party. Snyder, who is a 230 pound man, is almost insane, and he is still so far overcome that though he walks around town, he speaks incoherently. He suppressed the fear he would be insane.

List of Miners -

These are the names of the miners that were killed in the mine explosion August 24, 1894:

Frank Williams, colored, married, wife and one child
R.W. Jones, colored, single.
John Proustille, colored
H.R. Roberts, colored
A. Jackson Jones, colored, single
Edward Maxwell, colored
John Irvin, colored
John Dixon, colored
Andy Greer, colored
Jay Clements, colored



Franklin, perched on a steep hillside above Green River gorge, was a busy place in the 90's.
PHOTO: Renton Historical Society, donated by Mrs. Joseph Saptich, Black Diamond

PART TWO

THIRD GENERATION

OF

FOOTPRINTS IN THE COAL DUST

CHAPTER FIVE

CHILDHOOD DAYS IN FRANKLIN, WASHINGTON AND NEW CASTLE 1905-1921

A slight wind blew around pieces of the Fourth of July gala parade, scattering them around the Seattle streets. A red, white, and blue straw hat blew away, wrapping itself around the lamp post, never to be recovered and soon forgotten for a bag of peanuts and ice cream.

July 5, 1905 was a comfortable 65 degrees early in the day; the temperature reached 70 degrees by aftenoon. John Moore was fussy. He wailed fretfully and had a mind to escape from the protection of his mother's arms. Annie tried to hold him, but he wanted to stand on the street corner. John would be one year old on July 17, and he was ready to start on his second year of life. Alfred held one chubby hand, and Annie the other. He bounced around between them. Annie put on his Sunday clothes an hour before they got into Seattle so he would still be clean. His scrubbed knees were shiny, and his white shoes polished. "Isn't he cute!" A couple walked up the street, passing by the Moore family. "'Nigger's baby' Really, really, Matilda!" Annie looked up at Alfred. "I wonder what her babies look like." "Probably skinny, pale, and have two big feet." Annie laughed. "We should have gone on to Franklin with your folks." "I know, but since we were all dressed up, I wanted to see Seattle. The last time I saw it was 1891 from a train window. Sure has gotten bigger." Annie took off her straw hat and blew away the dust from the passing funeral procession. The procession kept them from crossing the street to catch a Seattle-Tacoma interurban leaving at 3 p.m. "Must have been an important person." A red model T. Ford passed them with a woman in a large black hat and veil covering her swollen eyes. Various forms of transportation followed the red model T heading for the cemetery. Just up from the corner of Occidental Avenue and Yesler Way, a boarding house window opened, and a woman shouted to her husband headed for the saloon down the street. "Don't come back!" The man slunk into the nearest doorway out of sight from gawking people, and the woman slammed the window. Annie jumped. "Is it all clear yet, Alfred?" The last of the funeral procession passed by, and they crossed the street to catch the train to Tacoma. Alfred talked to Annie as they strolled along. "We will stay with your parents; things will have to make do until we can get our own house." "I promise I won't fuss. Now, I am used to running my own house. Mama is a better cook." "Her apple pie!" Alfred had visions of a large square of pie on a snow white saucer. "Wish I had a piece right now."

Annie Hale married Alfred Moore in Marion County, Illinois. There was a special time for them to be alone. The big town of New Salem, Illinois was perfect for a honeymoon. A slender girl of 21, she had her mother's ability for organization. Annie know how to survive,she was born poor with a small amount of material possessions. She could smile. With one hand she picked up the corner of her long white dress with a white collar. Her large expressive eyes peered out from under her summer straw bonnet. The traveling outfit was bought with saved money, a sacrifice that took several months. Annie had tried on the dress and twirled around for Alfred. "You will look nice to go back to Franklin." Decent clothes helped. Traveling from Buxton, Iowa in 1905 was quite an experience.

Before she left she borrowed her neighbor's flat iron and put a good crease in Alfred's pants. They were not new, but at least they would be pressed.

The train had stopped near them. The crowds gathered, and Annie picked up the corner of her dress so she would not trip getting on board. Alfred sank back in the plush seat. "Do we have any food left?" He hadn't recovered from their talk about apple pie. "I have my mouth set for pie, but I'll take anything." "Look in the bottom of the carpet bag under the baby's stuff." Alfred pulled out what was left of a loaf of bread wrapped in a towel. He tore off a piece of bread and broke off a hunk of cheese. "Cheese?" Alfred dangled a piece in front of John. Annie tied a bib around his neck. He partly chewed and gummed the cheese as best he could with so few teeth. Annie placed a light blanket over her shoulder and nursed John. "Mama will have dinner for us, maybe a picnic if we get there in time." Alfred could see the sky from his seat pushed back. "The sky is darkening, Annie. There goes your picnic."

The train pulled out and rattled along. John Hale and Alfred Moore followed the coal mines where they could find jobs. Mining families had a close bond, due to survival and comfort. Alfred leaned back and closed his eyes. John's little head fell onto Alfred's shoulder. The rocking motion put him to sleep, and Annie placed him in an empty seat.

The train chugged along. Annie had an hour and a half for quiet dreaming. She remembered riding with her mother and Claude and Melinda into Seattle on the May morning the Negro men were chosen to be strike breakers. The women had changed trains in Seattle, from the Northern Pacific to the Columbia Puget Sound Railroad that was owned by the coal company. The train had come through Renton, Maple Valley, Black Diamond, and to Franklin, 35 miles east of Seattle. Annie was lost in dreaming and automatically pulled down a window shade. Alfred opened one eye. "What are you doing?" "They will throw rocks at us." "What?" "Oh, I am sorry, I forgot where I was for a minute." John woke up and Annie changed him. The big carpet bag carried diapers, corn starch for rash, cod liver oil, and a spoon. Alfred placed John between them. He wasn't happy, so Annie nursed him. "You'll have to wean him soon." "He can drink from a cup, but he loves his milk. It keeps him from disease; that is what a nurse told me." John sat on Alfred's lap and looked out of the window.

Annie tried to keep from dreaming: "I wish I had a baby." She could hear her friend Odetta Jackson and see the box car they played on running down the track with Odetta's baby sister on board. Good old Melinda had the baby.

Alfred said, "I'll take John to an empty seat so you can close your eyes and rest." Annie closed her eyes and let her head lean back. It was hard not to remember Franklin: the wooden desks in school, the terrible August 24th morning, and trailing behind the rest of the funeral mourners. She was afraid of graveyards, but no one seemed to understand. Claude called her a "fraidy cat". She wished she was a cat instead of a mourner. Annie's mind drifted further into the past. She picked up her share of bundles by the railroad shack house and hummed a tune when she was placed aboard a horse-drawn cart going to Saint Paul.

The train pulled into its designated place, ending the journey to Tacoma. "All out, now!" the conductor called. "What now?" "Wait and see." A hay wagon had stopped near the tracks, "Going far, Mister?" "To Franklin." "Got a load of feed for the mules — Oregon Improvement Co. order." "Take passengers?" "For 25¢ climb on back of the wagon. It will be bumpy; hang on to the kid. All ready?" He gave the horse a swat on the rump, and they jogged along. The hay smelled sweet, and John sank down in it. "No place on earth has such scenery. Let's hope the rain that makes it so green doesn't rain on us." John liked the ride and chewed on a straw.

The day was almost over by the time they entered Franklin and found the house John Hale had rented. Alfred pulled open the door, loose on its hinges. "Boy, this place doesn't change." Annie touched the side of the grey clapboard house. She brushed the dust from her hands, but did not wipe them on her dress like she did when she was little. Fannie came to the door. "You here already? Come on in." The kerosene lamp was lit; it had gotten dark early. Annie placed her bag and John on the carpetless floor. She looked around the bare room. "We're home all right. I loved sight seeing in Seattle, but I'm glad we're home." She gave her father a hug. Annie knew the house would not look this way for long. Soon there would be rag rugs for the floor, curtains, scrubbed dish shelves, pictures for the walls, and make-shift furniture. Alfred sniffed. The smell was warm and inviting. "Hot biscuits, Fannie?" "Chicken and gravy too. We got some old packing crates so's we can all sit down at the same time." John took his place at the head of the table as if it were polished mahogany. Alfred found a seat, "You don't have to give me a second invite." John picked up his grandson and placed him on his knee. "You better eat, Little John, so's you will be as big as me, Big John Hale. Now you're just Little John." The crispy chicken and biscuits sopped with gravy disappeared from the plates. "Can't tell you how hungry I was," said John. "Good!" Fannie pulled him on the shoulder. "Carry some water for us so we can wash the dishes. Lots of people, lots of dishes." "Sure, Ma." "Claude, put some wood into the stove to heat the water." The men filled the large kettle. Fannie got out a fresh bar of yellow washing soap. With so many hands to help, Melinda, Fannie, and Annie, the clean dishes were quickly stacked on the counter. "I haven't had a chance to clean dish shelves yet." "Mama, you have only been here for one day." Melinda shook her head. There was no left-over food to put away; they knew how to judge amounts.

Everything had to be eaten. Fannie was careful, otherwise rats would roam around. Everyone in the company houses were not so careful — and they had unwanted visitors.

After dinner there was a time for reflection. John quoted a scripture as usual and gave thanksgiving for a safe trip from Buxton, Iowa, and that they were all together again in Franklin, Washington. There was time for remembering the town, the people who left, who stayed, the births, and the marriages. Remembering was good; it gave them a time of belonging. Coal mining towns were moving communities. People usually saw each other again, maybe after a few years had passed.

All the men had jobs promised, so houses were reserved for them. The company paid contract work so much

a ton. They later retold the story, passing it on to their children. "After we learned the trick of digging coal, we dug so much the foreman would not turn the tonnage in. They would have to go home at noon on some days. Their hand was still out, if the company would like to pay for the extra tonnage." On telling the story, it would always bring a laugh.

Fannie promised Claude and Melinda they could stay with them. Maybe tomorrow they would live two or three doors away from each other. For tonight there was only one house. Make-shift beds would have to be put together. A short time would have to be for settling in again. The first week would include cleaning scrub boards, tubs, kettles, frying pans, and blankets. Iron bed frames with springs and mattresses would be part of the second week's efforts.

Alfred, Annie, and Little John secured a company house at the end of the row. Claude decided to stay with Fannie and John. They worked different shifts so there was always someone coming and going, lunch pails to be fixed, always bathing away the coal dust, and the laundry to wash afterwards.

Little John grew taller in the next year. He had begun his two year old negative age. Annie wasn't feeling well and slept part of the mornings. She drug around trying to complete her chores. Fannie took Little John under her care and picked berries with him. Melinda took him for walks and potty trained him.

In September in the year of our Lord 1906, Annie Moore had a baby girl, Winona Moore. Melinda had slept on the mattress reserved in the corner of the living room for nearing time of the birth. Annie was heavy and miserable. "I hate fat; I will never be fat until I am old, maybe." Melinda assured her she would have her figure back, almost as good as hers, she said. Melinda slept lightly and only jumped when Annie called from the bedroom. Annie gave a groan and a moan. "Dumb old labor, I think it is starting." Annie stood on her feet to make a quick trip to the outhouse. "Go in a hurry, Melinda; get Mama and Mabel Brown. Wake them up, hurry." The morning had little light at two o'clock, and Melinda stumbled over John's wooden train left in the pathway. She held her toe and hopped the rest of the way to get her mother. She called in the doorway. "Hurry, Mama, Annie is ready." Fannie slipped her dress over her nightgown. The bag of necessary items was ready. Fannie had wrapped up sterilized scissors (that had been placed in boiling water) and smelling salts. "I'll get Mabel." Melinda ran past three more houses; the well pounded path gave her no trouble. "Come on, Mabel". I saw the light in your mother's house." The women hurried to the Moore home. Fannie opened the door. "Hurry, Mama, this one is coming in a hurry." Annie held on to the framework of the iron bed. She had placed a clean white sheet on the top of the bedclothes and changed into a clean nightgown. "Wash your hands; I don't want milk bed fever." They scrubbed, rolling up their sleeves. The water was already getting hot on the stove. Annie had started the fire on the way back from the outhouse. "I'm glad, Mama," Annie gasped out, "that Alfred is in the mine working." "Don't worry! He'd sit it out with the men anyway."

Alfred and John finished the night shift in the mine and walked up the hill with their lunch pails. "The light is on, Alfred. You might as well consider sitting outside for awhile. The women must all be in there."

John opened the door just a crack. A baby's cry came from the bedroom. Melinda poked her head around. "You can come in, Papa. You owe Alfred a quarter — it's a girl." Fanny washed the baby in a basin of warm water and rubbed her with oil. Melinda put a diaper on the little girl and placed a blanket that had been warmed on the stove around her. Annie fell asleep with her little girl beside her.

"Break out the food, Fannie, we'll celebrate." Little John woke up with all of the excitement. He was told he had a baby sister. Melinda made the trip to the outhouse with him; it was still dark. "Do I get a spoonful of cod liver oil? I get one everytime I go." "You will be as strong as iron." John wasn't sure what iron was, but he was glad he would be strong. Melinda hated the oily stuff. She turned her back to say "ick!" so he wouldn't see her.

September weather was balmy, but winter had a way of showing you she would be around soon. Melinda piled up the fallen leaves and let John jump into them. Every day the trees seem to change color. Though the day was still warm, it made you wrap your arms around yourself in remembrance of past winters in Franklin.

There was a world outside of Franklin, Washington that would some day catch up with the little mining town. The first telephone call box was installed in April of 1906. Fresh pasteurized milk was bottled in Great Britain and sold to customers. Life goes on in a coal mine town. They had to buy their own coal like everyone else and carry it home on their backs. Everyone agreed Franklin didn't have a coin operated telephone box, but they had the best fishing and scenery in the world.

Four year old John and two year old Winona walked down the path to stay at Grandpa John's house. 1908 would be marked as a sad year for the Moore and Hale family. John and Alfred cut a small pile of boards and nailed together a small coffin, big enough for the body of an infant sent back to heaven early — Annie Moore, daughter of Alfred and Annie Moore. In the year of our Lord 1908 baby Annie was born and died. Little John didn't like the still form of his new sister. She could not open her eyes and look at him. Annie was dressed in a

little white dress. The little box had the only satin piece of material the coal town could find. The word went out, and a small piece was found from a trunk saved from some nice grandmother in some other generation of long slips and pantaloons. John touched her little hand. Quickly he turned and ran out of the door and found his way to the woods to pick a small flower growing against a tree. John picked a flower from the earth. The petals bounced around on the long stem held tightly in John's hand while he ran back to the living room and gently placed the flower in Annie's fingers. "There you are, Baby Sister." He stood back and with a grimy hand he wiped his face. It had gotten sort of wet like his mother's. The tears made little furrows down his face. "We have lots of flowers in the woods in Franklin. You can have that one."

Annie was sick and grieved. She had cried most of the day while Alfred, John, and Fannie tried to comfort her. There is an appointed time to die. The news had little comfort. In the days after little Annie rested in the Franklin cemetery, she could face the fact that the baby had a heavenly nursery. At least she would think that way when she stared into space, lost in thought, thinking about Annie. The loss to the Moore family was resolved in time, but never forgotten.

In the summer of 1909 Franklin, Washington's quiet peace was broken with a scene of near disaster. The day started with the usual mining noises that people paid no attention to. Three year old Winona escaped from the summer heat and found comfort in a crawl space under the porch. An old cardboard box suited her need for a table, and a nice pile of rocks made good dishes. John had other plans. He wanted to see how high he could climb up into the big tree. The tree with the spreading arms looked like they were inviting you to climb up and sit in its branches. John squinted into the sunshine; there were birds up there. A squirrel scampered up the tree every day. John watched the nervous chattering squirrel zip into his hole so fast you could hardly see him enter. John viewed the giant tree like a man ready to climb a mountain; a challenge he wanted to try. The fact he was five didn't bother him. He was tough — his feet were hardened to romp the coal mining town. He walked on rocks, thorns, old boards, or any surface usually made for a shoe. John could walk over them without a blink of the eye. He thought if he got to the first branch of the tree the rest would be easy.

Annie handed him a piece of homemade bread and butter. Blackberry jelly lay like a shimmering cover on the bread, making John smack his lips. He sat on the steps to eat his bread and jelly. Winona watched from her crawl space. "I'll have some, Mama." Annie pulled a rag from her apron pocket. "Wipe your hands. You've been under the porch again." "I have a house there, Mama." Winona turned her hands over. "All clean now, dirt is all gone." The children ate the bread together sitting on the steps. "I'm going to climb the big tree, don't tell, O.K.? say, 'I hope to spit if I tell'." "I hope you spit if I tell." "That's all right, Winona, you're only three." John licked his fingers, finding the rest of the jelly. "Wait here, Winona." He got up from the stairs and walked into the house. Quietly shutting the door he crawled up the steps on all fours until he found his bedroom. He looked under the bed, there it was — his book, "The Duffy Boys Adventures in Indian Country." "I will sit up there where no Indians can see me. I'll pretend I can read the whole book." John tucked the book in his shirt. "Now for the tree." John's mind was on his tree climbing adventure. "I will be as close to the sky as they were in the 'Tower of Babel' " he thought as he remembered what his daddy had said once.

John went down, but not on his feet. He went head over body, and he lay at the bottom of the steps. He tried to get up, but the room became dark and he couldn't move. He had one leg twisted in back of the other one.

The rolling thump John made going down the stairs brought Annie to an unconscious heap on the floor. "Oh, Dear Jesus! John!" Annie took off her apron and ran to get Fannie. The women stood over him with Winona sitting on the steps looking him in the eye. "I thought you were going to climb the tree, John?" John heard her and mumbled in a soft voice, "I thought you weren't going to tell." He closed his eyes; the world became dark again. He could hear voices in the distance but couldn't reach them as hard as he tried. "Get Dr. Mason, Mama. We shouldn't move him." Mrs. Brown and Melinda stood over John, who was half awake and half asleep. "Can't walk, Mama!" Annie's voice quivered, and her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, Mama, he has a broken leg maybe."

Dr. Mason put down his sandwich and cup of coffee, the first cup he had time for all morning, as Fannie opened the door to his office. "John Moore, my 5 year old grandson has broken his leg we think." The doctor shoved things into his bag, drank the last gulp of coffee, put his cup on the hook and hurried out the door after Fannie.

Dr. Mason washed his hands. "How's that, John?" John lay on the day bed, a pillow under the leg with a cast, and two pillows propping him up. He slept most of the afternoon. Winona visited him with a bunch of dandelions. "Hi! You have to be my nurse, Winona." "How do I do that?" "Get me anything I want. Ok?" "Ok." "Go ask Mama for some appel pie." "I'm a nurse, and I need some apple pie for John." Annie turned and looked at her little girl. "Is that what nurses do?" "Yeh, John said." "All right, Winona, I'll bake you kids a pie. Boy, John didn't hurt his head, just his leg."

John had his nurse for part of the summer until Winona decided she had better things to do. She could hear him coming with his clumping cast, and she could hide easy enough. John had plenty of time to try and read the Duffy Boy's books. He would start school in the fall, and then he figured he would read. The Moores paid their $2.00 fee for medical expenses to the company doctor. Dr. Mason was Franklin's only doctor. He got his fee from the Oregon Improvement Company that hired him.

When John could walk again he had a healthy respect for stairs without banisters.

Seattle in 1910 was busy regrading and cutting down their hills. The coal miners were busy working. There was a demand for use in furnaces, foundries, engines, and domestic use. John and Alfred were still in Franklin, at least for two more years. The children were getting taller and long legged. John Moore had recovered from his broken leg. Four year old Winona followed him everywhere.

Annie Moore was pregnant again and bigger than she had ever been with any of her other babies. "Can't even see my toes! Nine months are too long to carry anything around in your stomach." Alfred broke off a hunk of cheese and sipped coffee, remembering his wifes long disappeared figure. "Baby to be born soon, Annie?" "Today maybe; maybe tonight. It will be a big boy, and we'll call him Alfred after you." "I am going to get Dr. Mason this time."

Alfred Moore was born, the second son of Alfred and Annie Moore in the year of our Lord 1910.

Aunt Matilda was born on Saturday, February 13, 1858 in Sewanee, Marion County, Tennessee. Sewanee or the plantation didn't record her birth; she was born a slave. The sturdy little brown baby girl kicked her feet and gave a lusty cry to let the world know she had arrived. From the time she was small, Matilda had her vision on wider horizons. The cotton crops came up and were harvested. Time quickly passed from spring to spring, and Matilda grew up.

Matilda traveled around the country; she moved on if the place didn't suit her. The fact she always got to where she was going could be considered a miracle in logistics. Aunt Matilda arrived at the Moore house with four large overstuffed bags with big handles, three grey valises, and one old steamer trunk of questionable age and origin. With a wink of her eye, she claimed the trunk was left on a railroad crossing by Mr. Lincoln himself — left behind and forgotten completely. Marks were scratched on the top-A.L.-for Abraham Lincoln. The story made good telling by the fireside on cold February nights. She always confessed it was a story by when the fire burned low. That was Aunt Matilda! She managed her traveling problems with great dignity and quality that set her apart. Matilda walked and talked as if she were a lady of some bearing. The color of her skin didn't seem to matter, and men tipped their hats to her and often lent a hand to help.

The luggage sat unopened in the corner of the living room. "Stuff for the kids," she said. Four year old Winona Moore stared at the heaped up belongings of their visiting aunty while the grown-ups kissed and hugged and carried on. Winona whispered, "I think she has a present for us, John." "Might, but it isn't Christmas." Winona looked at John with a knowledgeable expression. "When grown-ups haven't been around to see how much you've grown, they bring you presents." "Ya!" "I know that, John." "Just hope you're right. Maybe we can get her to open her valises if we're good and sit with our hands folded. Kind of hold your breath, Winona, so they can't hear you breathing." "I can't do that. I tried when Mama wanted me to go to bed the other night. I just turn red." John and Winona found a corner to sit down and not be heard. A cup of tea later and the cooing over baby Alfred, who had managed to remain oblivious to the whole affair, Aunt Matilda turned her attention to the statute-like figures sitting in the corner. "Stand up, children; come and see your Aunt Matilda." "Is you gonna live with us?" "Maybe, for a time." Winona fiddled with the ties on her dress, and John grinned, showing a mouthful of pink gums and no teeth in the front. "What's your name?" "John Moore. Are you both of our aunts?" "If she is Winona Moore." "Ya, I am Winona Moore." "Well, I belong to both of you." Aunt Matilda put out her arms in an embracing hug. She had enough material in her floor length dress to hide a four year old. Winona recovered from the hug and looked up at her tall aunty. "You smell good!" "I'll put some real good smelling stuff on you as soon we see what is in the bag and valises. Do you want to do that?" "Boy, does we ever!" "Say do we ever, John, not does we." "Boy, we do." The remark brought laughter to the coal miner's house. Grandfather John Hale and Fannie Hale had a happy mixture of ages of children and grandchildren. Times of laughter were good times. "Good for your homes. Says so in the Bible." John loved to quote the Bible. The book was always in plain sight in his house. "Covers almost everything that happens to you," he said. He was sure of that, and he looked forward to the time he could read and hear whole passages. He didn't know the reading words and that sorrowed him.

Aunt Matilda undid the belt buckle, letting the bag fall open and revealing the contents. A special tin of bread and cheese fell out, so she handed it to John. "From Tennessee, John." He was a little embarrassed at having received the first present, and he pulled at his shirt collar. "Special made cookies, Annie. The recipe goes far back. Sister Fannie, I've been sitting down a lot

lately, and so I crocheted you this afghan. Took awhile!" Matilda handed her sister Fannie a soft bundle of pink and white. "Don't you dare, sister, put it in the drawer of your dresser cuz it's too pretty to use. I remember you from a long time back. Your drawer had all the pretty things saved in it. I expect you to cover your shoulders in this drafty old house." "I promise." Fannie brushed away the tears slowly starting to gather in her eyes. Fannie whispered in her sister's ear. "Watch the kids; they think you're never getting to them." "Wait and see, Fannie. Knitted socks, Alfred, for you and thick hot pads with your name, Annie." Fannie pulled the packages out while the children sat wide-eyed watching her. "See that steamer truck, John? Go and unsnap the buckles." "Sure." John laid bare the contents, and snuggled down among Aunt Matilda's clothes lay a doll — a most beautiful doll of recent origin. Matilda had stuck her finger with the needle sewing on the last piece of lace. The train didn't jog to the rhythm of the sewing needle. Matilda had found brown material for the body and arms and legs. Two black button eyes looked up at Winona. "Take her up in your arms." Winona held her close. All the sights and sounds of the family gathering around her were forgotten. She touched the shoes. "Most beautifullest in the world, Aunt Matilda." John parted the clothing, and near the bottom of the trunk all laid out was a train — a carved wooden train. "I know an old man who sits on a stool in the village and whittles and carves things." "Just like a real train." John ran his fingers over the designs on the cars. All good times have a begining and an end. At night the doll and train found their places in the covers beside their new owners. Winona stared for awhile at the ceiling; so much excitement kept her from sleeping. When she did fall asleep, she seemed to smile like the sewn mouth of her doll.

Aunt Matilda was good for other things besides presents. She could tell you a story about when she was young. John sat at the kitchen table on one side of Aunt Matilda; the other side was for Winona. Matilda stirred her coffee while the children ate their bread and butter. "See my thumb?" Matilda pointed to a spot near the top of her thumb. "Can I see too?" "That is your thumb alright." Matilda folded her hands. "Are we going to play a game, Aunt Matilda, or are you going to tell us a story?" Matilda put Winona on her lap. "A story for sure." "When I was bitten by a snake I was a kid like you about 7 years old. It was in the late summer, like when your leaves start to fall and school will be starting. Well, the leaves had already started to fall in Tennessee — great heaps of them all over the ground. I went outside to get some tree bark I knew was laying in a pile near the stacked woodpile. It was cold in the morning and I wanted to start a fire in the wood stove. A curled up rattlesnake lay under the leaves and woodpile, not wishing to be disturbed." At the pronouncement of snake, the children gave their full attention to their aunty turned story teller. "I bent down to pick up more bark. I already had a small amount in my arms. I wanted more wood so I would not have to go back outside. The snake rose up." Winona dropped her spoon. It landed with a clank and everyone jumped. "The snake hissed, then struck my thumb. It was the snake's way of saying, 'get out of my corner of the woodpile'. It slithered away and I screamed. That snake was deadly I tell you. I started to cry and scream. Everyone came running; the field hands, milkers, the house workers, just everyone. Fannie, your grandmother, was three years old. She stood and peeked at the goings on from behind her grandma's apron. I just put my head back and let out a bellow; even the cows jumped in the back pasture." Winona put her hand over her mouth to not laugh. She knew it wasn't funny. "Don't worry, honey, it was a very long time ago." "How long ago?" John wanted to know. "Never you mind that, Aunt Matilda laughed. "Well now, the only way to take care of the bite was to behead a chicken and put my whole arm inside of it to draw out the bad poison blood." "Oh, that sounds awful!" Winona scrunched up her nose. "I cried the whole time; I wasn't very brave." Winona patted Matilda's arm. 'I would cry too." "I think I would rather be hit by a coal train." John shivered at the thought of being crushed like a piece of coal. "They half dragged and half carried me to the wooden table in the kitchen. My grandfather held my head, and someone made me open my mouth so they could pour whiskey in me. It was terrible tasting. I sputtered and spit and choked. Pretty soon everything got mellow and soft, and people far away. I was out of my head for eight days. They got me real drunk so I wouldn't feel any pain. Of course, there was a real good prayer meeting too. God spared me so I could live a long time."

[*Matilda did live a long time. She didn't care to stay in the coal mining towns, so after a time she went to Vancouver, Canada to live. She lived to be 107 years old. Queen Elizabeth gave her a plaque on her 100th birday for being the oldest subject in Vancouver, Canada.]*

Aunt Matilda placed her straw hat on her head, fixing it tightly so it wouldn't fall off. A three gallon lard pail clutched in her hand swung by her side. She walked through the front door to the blackberry patch on the upper side of Franklin. The berry brambles were all over, but the big juicy berries were higher up on a hill. The soil or amount of sun was just right, and everyone knew the spot. John and Winona followed after her. Annie shouted from the kitchen sink, "Bake you a pie later."

The day was perfect for filling three gallon pails all the way to the top. Matilda stopped on the road and talked to John. "Where are the best and biggest berries?

We'll follow you." They left the immediate environs of the mining camp and tramped down the road. Stairs carved into the steep hillside helped them climb up into the higher parts of Franklin.

They stood on the bluff with the tangled heaps of berry briars facing them. Winona picked from the three foot high brambles. John picked the middlers, and Aunt Matilda, the six foot berries above her head. Some berries went into John and Winona, but a lot made it into the pails. It did not take long to fill two three gallon pails. The berries were large and the pails were overflowing. Every once in a while, Matilda stopped and absorbed the local color of Franklin, Washington. She stopped and breathed deeply and stared at the scenery. The fresh morning breeze aroused a deep spiritual experience in the beauty of Washington State. It brought out the song in her soul, and the atmosphere echoed with the music of Aunt Matilda.

A social group of perching sparrows listened to her voice floating up to them on a tree branch. The chosen sentry bird leader of the sparrow group, always on the lookout, set up a furious chirping. Matilda took off her straw hat and with nervous energy waved it about to cool herself off. The birds understood the flapping to mean "to go and settle elsewhere," so they flew away.

"I love berries, Aunty." Winona grinned, showing purple lips and a dark purple smile. Someone else liked berries too. Sitting high up in a tree considering the day's events, a black bear sniffed the leaves and gnawed a little of the bark. The excellent climber had no trouble getting to his branch. He sat with his big furry bottom lodged in the fork of two large branches. For a while the bear watched the berry pickers, then he had an overwhelming desire to join them and have a juicy snack of berries. The black bear wouldn't really bite, only if his place was disturbed, or he became wounded. He was neither. How or why he was so close to the mining camp no one would ever figure out, except that every once in a while bears wandered close in. There were a lot of tall trees to sit in, but Black Bear chose the one near the mining camp. Whoever was there didn't seem to matter to him. With a shaking of the branches, he decided to climb down. Clinging with his claws to the tree bark, he climbed down backwards and found himself on the ground. He pawed the air sitting on his haunches. Aunt Matilda spied him from the corner of her eye. "Good Lordy!" She threw her arms into the air, the pail handle still clutched in hand. The bucket dumped a goodly amount of berries into the rim of her hat, and there the berries rested. The pail landed with a clank on its side on the ground. "Good Lordy," she gasped. Matilda grabbed for the arms of the two children. She got Winona's all right. "Black bear looking at us." Matilda was breathless, the words barely came out. With Winona's hand securely clenched in hers, she pulled her along until Winona's body left the ground and she was flying free of gravity. Matilda looked down and realized she had only Winona and not John. John looked back and saw the berry pails getting farther away from him. He wasn't going to let any old bear get his envisioned piece of pie. John's mind worked in one direction — get the berries. He crawled on all fours to the berry pails and grabbed the handles of the pails. He stood up and with careful giant steps, he retreated to the safety of Aunt Matilda and Winona. They ran together to the dusty road and up the steps and into the house. "Lordy!" Annie almost dropped her flat iron. Matilda sank into the over-stuffed chair. "Lordy, Annie!" Annie laughed holding her hand to her mouth. "You look like a fruit salad with berries in your hat."

Winona pulled on her mother's skirt. "She has been saying 'Lordy' ever since the black bear looked at us." Annie found the nearest piece of wall to lean against. "Lordy," she said. After the pie making and everyone drank coffee to go along with the man size slices of pie dished up by Annie and Melinda, the bear story grew in proportion. Aunt Matilda only said, "Lordy," every once in a while when she thought of the bear. Winona got eaten several times in her sleep, and John flew away, leaving the bear to grow and snarl.

The berry season and the visit of Aunt Matilda had one more episode to remember. Matilda made the remark with clarity and finality. "I hear there is a camp meeting yonder; I heard it at the company store. We're all going to camp meeting Sunday morning to say thanks for not being eaten by that black bear yesterday." Annie and Matilda had all day Saturday to get the clothes ready for a Sunday meeting. Annie had a white dress for Winona. It was a little long, so Matilda took a needle to the hem. Sunday morning came, and another nice day was promised them. Alfred waited patiently at the door. He called, "camp meeting time!" "Got to go to the outhouse, Daddy." "All right, hurry right back." Alfred gave up standing by the door and poured the last cup of coffee in the pot. Winona strolled along the path until she arrived at the outhouse, bearly visable amidst the blackberry bramble covering. Winona picked a berry and held it in her hand on the way in. She looked at her white dress. A small round spot of juice dropped on the front of her dress. She sat down on one of the places and spread out her dress. "Pretty polka dot." Very carefully Winona made a matching dot with the berry near the first stain. She forgot about the time. All around her white dress, up and down the front of her. Winona made matching polka dots. The purple stains stood out bright against the white material. She jumped down and stood on the floor. "Pretty!" Her dress had more color now. Winona was pleased. "Winona, hurry up." She heard her name called. "I'm coming." Winona came through the door and stood in the middle of the family members surrounding her. "Lordy!" Aunt Matilda held her

head. "Did you see a bear again, Aunt Matilda?" Winona asked with eyes uplifted. Pandemonium reigned. John was on shift in the mine, but Fannie was there with Melinda and Claude. Fannie doubled over with laughter; Melinda tried to hold her up. When Annie recovered she gasped out, "Get another dress, Matilda, and let's get on our way." "Lordly, Annie, now we have to pray for understanding beside being saved from bears." "We'd best get started." They filed out, Winona last with her next Sunday best and pinafore. Her polka dot dress hung on a nail waiting the scrub board.

"Step over the threshold, Fannie, it's our house." Fannie had packed lunches to send with John on his house building trips. She hadn't seen the house since the first woodframe boards went up. "Leave the big trees where they are growing. There has to be some trees left standing for the grandchildren to climb." John Hale, 65 years old, grayed a little, but his eyes were sharp. His heart, he said, belonged to God - Mount Zion Baptist Church could testify to that. Fannie put one foot over the doorstep. "I'm in John." Fannie walked around in a circle. There it was - a new stove. It stood alone, shiny and black with special silver trimmings around the oven. Pleased with his surprise, John spread out his arms. "That will heat this whole place on cold nights." John smiled, unusual for a mostly sober quiet man. "The walls are so clean, John, and solid. No newspaper stuffing to keep out the drafts!" "Four rooms all to ourselves, Fannie. Well, one room for Claude. I am glad he will be with us; it sure would be hard to get along without him. Our being here is from the Lord Almighty, Fannie. He made my two hands to build it - just like Noah - he got plenty of encouragement from God, I'm supposen." "I'm real proud of it, John. What are we going to do without coal dust?" "We can have a garden and some fat clucking chickens and a cow - something to eat up all that high grass." Fannie took both of John's hands. "I guess we're too old to dance around the room." "Just a little, Fannie." Embarrassed at such a display of affection, he loosened his shirt collar. A little bird landed on the open window sill and quietly sat down. "We can celebrate and have a picnic in our own front yard." They took hold of the ends of the tablecloth and let it settle on the ground. "It looks so white, Fannie, on the green grass." The basket of food was spread out. They ate together admiring the house. "It isn't seasoned yet, Fannie, it has no memories in it. A house has to be lived in to be seasoned and have memories."

They lived in the new house on 2½ acres near the Campbell Hill School in Renton, Washington. The chickens laid eggs, more than John and Fannie could eat. John hitched up the horse and buggy and rode to Newcastle to work in the mines.

1911 passed into time and 1912 found Annie Moore preparing for another birth. 1912 would be remembered for many things, but for the Alfred Moore Family of Franklin, Washington, it would always proclaim a May birthday. Annie had wearied through winter and a cold spring. On the third of May, 1912, John helped Fannie on to the train. She had several wicker baskets of food and helpful things, new and homemade for the baby. "I hope someone helps you to the house; you're loaded down worse than a mule." "What can you expect, one daughter with the fourth on the way. She always needs something. Come along later, John, and see what Annie has. Born by the 5th maybe." "Babies are always a maybe, but I'll come down anyway."

In 1912 Seattle workers were still regrading and cutting down hills. In the coal towns the men were busy. There was work for Alfred Moore, and he was planning on starting his shift as soon as Annie handed him his lunch pail. He gulped the last of his coffee, leaned backed in his chair and observed his wife's disapearing figure.

Annie pouted and slung the dishcloth on the side of the dishpan. She knew he was watching, and she wanted to express her dislike at another day pregnancy. "Can't see my toes. Nine months are too long to carry anything around in your stomach." "Baby be born soon, Annie?" There was a note of sympathy in his voice, and she felt a little better. "Maybe tonight." "I'd trade you places, but you wouldn't like coal mines either. I am cursed to work in dirty sweat, and you're to give birth - so says God Almighty. So kiss me good-bye. See both of you later."

Two women passing the Moore house late in the evening of May 5, 1912, noticed a light on at the Moore house. The weather was still cool in early May, and the women pulled their shawls around their shoulders. They stopped for just a moment and started up at the house. Fannie called from the door. "My daughter, Annie, had a baby boy." "Nice evening!" The women smiled and walked on.

John Hale wrote in his Bible - 1912, Ernest Roy Moore. He couldn't finish writing what he felt, so he said softly to himself, "May God have blessing on this boy." A cry came from the bedroom and John Hale closed his Bible. He listened to the cry; it was the cry of a baby born free, the lusty cry of a male child. For a minute he remembered a baby born a long time ago. He watched from the side of the barn unnoticed. The mother was sent away, and the baby had to survive without her. His grandson was born in a clean bed with a doctor's help, and he was thankful Ernest was not a slave.

him, John." He cradled the fat baby boy in his arms and picked up the little hand. "Six fingers like you, Fannie. One of the first scriptures he will learn is II Samuel Chapter 21, verse 20. It looks like he's half Moore and half Hale." Annie recovered slowly;

somehow she sensed her limitations. Dr. J. Tate Mason suggested that it should be her last child. Ernest was the last child born unto her.

Eight year old John Moore, Winona Moore, six and Alfred Moore, two years old sat quietly against the living room wall. "Stay put you three. Your mama just had a little boy, and she is tired. Melinda pointed to the restless kids sitting on the floor with their legs outstretched. "Me too?" "You too, Alfred. Already now." The three filed into the bedroom and stood in the front of their mother's bedframe. "He is pretty, Mama." Papa Alfred, sitting in a chair near by, smiled. "Boys are handsome and girls are pretty, Winona." "Me too" Alfred passed by the baby. He could hardly see above the bedsprings. Melinda picked up Alfred. "Don't worry, little fellow," she said. "You'll run and play with him before you know it." John looked at the newest member of his household. "Can I play ball now? I hope he doesn't cry alot." Ernest would be raised up in a household where money was always in short supply. Work was good, but hard.

Church was attended where there was a building and pastor to preach, if you could get there to hear. Sometimes the preacher came on Saturday and preached on Sunday.

Annie pulled aside the curtain and looked at the sky. The weather had warmed, but rain hung threateningly over them. "I hope it doesn't rain on our stuff, Mama." "We'll just put some kind of cover over them, Winona." On the last day of June, 1915, the Alfred Moore family placed the last bundles and packed baskets of household goods into the waiting boxcar. A loud "NO" came from Annie Moore directed toward John. "Leave your collection of Franklin grasshoppers in Franklin." "we can give them a decent burial, John." "Girls! You don't give grasshoppers a burial, you feed them to the frogs."

Winona Moore, big for 9 years old, was missing at the assembly line to carry odds and ends to the boxcar. Carrying stuff was not in her plans for the day. Winona daydreamed; she stared absently at the empty rooms and bare walls. She called out to the empty space, "We're leaving now." A close repetition of her words came back. "We're leaving." She looked around where she sat so often. Now she stood on the bare spot. The empty house was now so strange; you didn't have to clean it any more. Sort of finished, like your last year's schoolbook, the one you turned in when you were through with it.

Winona said "goodbye", at first tenderly. "I said goodbye house," she shouted, and the house echoed back a "Goodbye." "I know where Winona is Mama; she is talking to the house." "She shouldn't be talking to houses when we have more things to put aboard the boxcar." Annie shook her head. "She talks to a lot of things, stars and trees. If they don't talk back to her she kicks them." "I think she said she was lonesome and needed a sister cuz she just has brothers." "Well, I'll talk to her, and it won't be about providing any more mouths to feed or feet to put shoes on."

Alfred was five and had his own instructions on how to be helpful. A little rope was placed around the waist of his little brother Ernest. Three year old Ernest liked to go exploring, and this was no time for finding him. "Hold on to the rope and sit with him and watch the rest of us." "OK Mama." Alfred looked at Ernest. "We have to sit, Ernest." "O.K."

The children looked forward to new adventures in Newcastle, Washington. They would find some of the same disagreeable facts that come with coal mines: noisy trains, loud whistles, and grime. If you dropped a piece of laundry on the ground, a second wash was guaranteed. There were always rats scurrying out of sight. Winona was afraid of them. An unkind youngster assured her they would eat off your fingers. She always placed hers securely in a pocket, if she had one, when a furry creature scooted by.

Alfred jumped up near the train. "All right now." John directed them, "We'll all say 'Goodbye Franklin' all together" "Goodbye, Franklin!" The shout rang out to signify a few years of farewell, but they would be back. Alfred didn't say anything, but he thought to himself, "We'll see you again." That was the way coal mining towns were.

The coach chugged along and rattled its way down the track. "Sit still, and act like you're ladies and gentlemen." This was a hard command to follow. John had his slingshot and threatened Winona. Alfred and Ernest wanted the same seat, though the train had plenty of empty seats. John Hale could see his grandchildren more often, and for that he gave thanks.

"Grandpa, I want to be a coal miner." Alfred punctured a worm and placed him securely on the end of a willow fishing pole. "You do!" John Hale weighed the words, did the boy really want to be a miner or was this just the passing fancy of an eight year old boy. "A coal miner, Alfred, has to have a strong back, a lunch pail, and a good carbide light. In the old days you could walk in the tunnel. If you were on the first level, you had to go where you worked first to check for gas leaks to see how much air you'd have. Then you climbed the ladder to start work." Alfred looked up at big John Hale holding onto his pole. "Will you tell me more?" "You hide your tools behind some timbers: pick, shovel, ax, auger or drill. While you are working you can start by seeing which coal is loose in your place. If the coal is hard and won't come out easy, you have to drill some holes to shoot it loose with dynamite." Alfred let off a big explosion "Bang!"

"Now if you were a mule skinner, you could drive mules back and forth with coal cars hooked to him. If you're a

foreman, the boss man, you would just shoot off the dynamite for the mine. The engineer works up above the timber, and he would work with signals to the men below." "I think I'll be a fisherman, Grandpa John." "Good idea."

There were days like this - the fresh air and lakes filled with fish. There were good things in 1915, and fishing with your grandchildren was one of them for John Hale.

Christmas time in 1916 bore little resemblance to the North Pole. The air had the smell of snow. Clouds obscured the sun trying to poke through and warm the earth. A few gusts of wind rattled bare tree branches, then stopped.

The outhouse door was frozen shut in the wee morning hours, and mittens stuck to frosty door latches.

Ernest pressed his nose against the windowpane, making clear places with his breath. Alfred called from the kitchen table. "Careful you don't knock the newspaper packed around the window sill; the cold air will come in." "O.K.." Ernest looked at the newspapers - they were securely in place.

John finished his arithmetic sums he had left over from the day before Christmas vacation. "Maybe it will snow, and we'll get a long vacation." Alfred laughed, pulling on his boots and tying a scarf around his neck. "No such luck, John. With the school so close you can walk. All you need are boots." "Not if the snow covers the house." Winona looked at Alfred sitting with his legs stretched out on the floor. "Six year olds are so dumb. When have you ever seen snow cover the house?" Alfred paid no attention to his big sister's remark. He was busy looking at the picture book on snow in Alaska he checked out of the school library. Ernest kept his nose pressed on the windowpane. He had seen a white flake drift slowly past him and melt on the ground. One flake fell to earth, then two more. He lost count. He couldn't count much past five flakes. Ernest rubbed his nose dry on his sleeve and proclaimed loudly, "See, it's snowing!" No one paid attention to him. "See", he said again. The white flakes fell faster. "Boy", Ernest grinned, "lots of it coming down." Winona opened the front door and looked out. "It's snowing!" A blast of air almost took her breath, but she yelled loud enough for everyone to hear. Ernest just nodded his head. "I don't get listened to", he thought, but he was glad they knew about the snow. "Shut the door, Winona", Alfred yelled from the kitchen as a blast of cold wind hit him in the face. "There are plenty of windows to look out of. Get your boots on John. We'll go right away and get an extra supply of wood and coal-as much as we can get to fill the wood and coal bin on the porch. We'll pile it up as high as we can by the kitchen stove so it can dry out, just in case we're snowed in. Open the door only if you see someone come up with a load." The job took an hour and the trail of wet footprints on the clean floor were wiped clean by Annie's rag mop.

Alfred paused by the door Winona held open for him. "I'll buy a bag of coal, Annie, and bring it home tonight when I get off shift. Mind your mother and stay in, kids. We don't want to lose you in a snow storm. When the snow settles, there will be plenty of time to play in it." Alfred started down the crunchy path to work. He looked back and four faces watched him disappear somewhere beyond the snowflakes.

"You must have wished on a star, John." John looked questioningly at Winona. "Star light, star bright, I wish I may, I wish I might, have it snow 5 feet tonight." "You are nuts, Winona. I don't even look at the stars."

Winona watched the stars. She imagined all kinds of things about them. Grandfather John Hale would correct her when he heard her. "Only God brings good things, not luck or sky bound stars." Winona knew that and believed it, but somewhere in Winona Moore's mind, life on a bright shiny star might be more exciting than a coal grey mining town. Wishing for unattainable goods and adventure fit good in story books, and the imaginative 10 year old loved to read them. The snow had performed its first act and made the early covering of white stick to the roofs and trees and ground. The folks in the mining town would dim their lamps and sleep while their town was gently covered in white.

Winona put Ernest in her bed. She fluffed up his pillow so he could lean against it more comfortably. A live little brother was much better than a doll to entertain with bedtime stories.

"What do you want to hear, Ernest?" "I don't care." "Ok, I'll start with the Rabbit's Bride." "What does that mean?" "That means a rabbit marries a lady bride." "If I don't like it, I'll tell you." John leaned back on his pillow to listen. The kerosene lamp made funny pictures of light on the wall, and he traced them in the air with his finger. Six year old Alfred copied him. "Ok, here we go now. Listen all of you."

"The Rabbit's Bride by Hans Christian Anderson. There was once a woman who lived with her daughter in a beautiful cabbage garden." "How can a cabbage garden be beautiful?" "It can if you're a rabbit, or live in Denmark." "Ok, go on." John folded his hands. "And there came a rabbit and ate up all the cabbages. At last said the woman to her daughter, 'go into the garden and drive out the rabbit.' 'Shoo, shoo!' said the maiden.' 'Come, Maiden,' said the rabbit." "What is a maiden?" "Girl, Alfred. 'Come Maiden,' said the rabbit, 'sit on my tail and go with me to my rabbit hutch'." "Is that where rabbits live?" "Ya. But the maiden would not go with him." Ernest stared at the flakes falling down and giving the fence a white fresh covering. His eyes felt heavy, and he fell asleep. Alfred said

nothing, but John dozed off thinking about school. Winona kept on reading. She laid the book on her stomach after the last sentence — "And the rabbit thought he had killed his bride, and he went away very sad." She pulled the cover up around Ernest, and she slid down under the patchwork quilt until only a little pigtail showed on the pillow. The book fell to the floor, but she didn't hear it go "thump." A large white rabbit sat in her rocking chair in the corner of her bedroom. She heard the squeaking of the rocker back and forth, back and forth, and she peeked just one eye at the corner of her room. "Come on, Winona Moore, and be my bride. Take your overshoes — it is snowing out." "I can't be your bride; I am only 12 years old." "That is fine with me." "No, I think not, Rabbit," she said. The rabbit rose from the rocker and stood up. He towered into the air quite a way up. Winona smiled and looked up at him. "If you don't, the snow will never stop." "Oh, all right." "Sit on my tail, and I will take you to my rabbit hutch." "Just so I don't have to eat cabbage." "Mostly oatmeal cookes up here." The rabbit knew the daily cuisine was ground, chopped, squeezed, and powdered cabbage, but earth girls like oatmeal cookies.

The rabbit left and let Winona down by the Newcastle gate. Signs were all over — Hutch West, Hutch East. All the houses looked alike. She tried to follow the road to Newcastle. "Winona, Winona, take me!" Ernest pulled on her nightgown. "Ok." Winona rubbed her eyes and climbed out of bed. She pulled on her long socks and boots. She dressed Ernest, put on his overcoat and pulled his stocking cap over his ears. "We can't get out; the door won't open. I should have married the rabbit. Now it will snow forever." "What?" Ernest looked up at his sister. "Oh nothing."

Winona kept the rabbit in the back of her mind when she turned the pages of her storybook. She remembered the story and the dream. Once in a while when she heard an unaccountable squeak, she would look at her rocking chair to see if the white rabbit occupied it.

Ernest Moore fiddled with the ink well sitting securely in a hole on the right side of his school desk. There wouldn't be ink in the well for a while, at least until after Christmas. It was September, 1919, and Christmas was a few months away. Ernest anticipated entering the second grade, but he wouldn't admit it. Putting on shoes and wearing pants without holes in the knees, and a new undented tin pail made the first week of school tolerable.

School in September of 1919 left most mothers with empty houses. Mrs. Moore sent three children to the halls of learning in Franklin, Washington: Ernest to the second grade, Alfred to the fourth, and Winona attended Black Diamond High School. John finished the eighth grade. He stayed home and helped with chores and fished with his dad in the Green River. "It's best you not go, John," Alfred said, "Too much picking on one colored boy."

Ernest repeated the number facts, painted pictures, and sang the National Anthem. The weekend was fun, like being "let out." Running barefoot and wearing your oldest pants with only a string to hold them up was a relief from good school clothes.

Mama Annie packed the tin pails for the second week, one for the fishing trip, and the rest of the pails with choice sandwiches and oatmeal cookies. Apples were plentiful in Washington State, and there was a large red apple in each tin pail.

Several children were already chosen monitors in the schoolroom. They placed new yellow pencils in the groves on the desks. Ernest sat down and played with his new pencil. He bit into it, putting his teeth marks right by the eraser. "Now no one can get my pencil — their teeth have to fit these marks." Sometimes the marks of ownership of pencils was completed with a pen knife, but if you didn't have one, teeth would be sufficient.

The first day of the third week started out with a cool Monday. Ernest stood on the end of his bed and pulled up his window shade. "Rain!" He tried to find his matching sock, and even checked Alfred's leg to see if he had it on. "Oh, well," he said, "My pants cover my socks." "Don't forget your jackets; weather doesn't look too good."

The noon lunch bell rang. As it wasn't raining the doors were opened to play outside. The second grade class lined up for their coats, but Ernest felt warm. He left his coat hanging on the hook, and he even unbuttoned his shirt. He didn't feel like eating or playing. Most of his lunch remained in the tin pail sitting in the clothes closet. By spelling time his throat felt tender, even when he swallowed. "Ernest Moore, stand up please and spell FATHER." Ernest had put his head on his arm; his sweater was soft and comfortable for his head. It had started hurting right after the arithmetic lesson. He didn't feel like sitting up straight. When there was no response from Ernest to stand and spell, Mrs. Marx put her chalk down and walked to the third row front desk. She placed her hand on his head. In a sympathetic voice she asked Ernest, "Why didn't you let me know you didn't feel good? Your mother shouldn't have sent you to school if you weren't feeling good." Her words were hardly audible; his head seemed to be somewhere else. "I was all right this morning." The walk to the principal's office was short — only down the hall and around the corner. It seemed a long way to go, and he wanted to lay down. He wished he had his own bed.

The principal made Ernest stay on a cot in the isolation room. It felt good to lay down, and he fell asleep. Voices were far away, then closer, and he sat trying to figure out where he was.

"I'm Dr. Spalding, King County Health Doctor. Would you open your mouth so I can see your throat?" The nurse had helped Ernest to his feet so the doctor could reach him. "Say ah." Ernest hated the stick in his throat and he gagged. Dr. Spalding talked to the principal.

"There are white patches on the tonsils. I believe we have a mild case of diphtheria, but nevertheless, diphtheria. His home should be quarantined." The county health nurse and doctor walked to the Moore home, accompanied with Alfred and Ernest.

Annie had finished scrubbing the floor, and she hung up her mop. The knock at the door made her jump. The doctor removed his hat and made the unexpected statement — "Ernest is sick; Diphtheria we suspect." Annie held her hand to her head. "My goodness!" Her face lost its cheerful look, and she stared at the doctor not knowing what to say.

"Just a mild case. Don't worry, Mrs. Moore, but there are special precautions you will have to follow." The doctor sat with Mrs. Moore. Alfred came home, and a room full of silent people listened to the doctor explain diphtheria. "It is often spread by rather direct contact or interchange of secretions — like kissing." The statement brought giggles from the other children and a frown from Alfred, their father, "Oh," the doctor said, "You can get it from toys, pencils, infected milk, food, fingers in your mouth, or handkerchiefs. Some child carrying it to the school may not have it, but just be a carrier. He will have to gargle with a salt solution and rest in bed. I would wear the little masks I'll give you so he doesn't breathe on you. When you are considered safe the quarantine will be lifted. We will be by to see you about every two or three days. There should be shots of antitoxin to bring about a rapid recovery. Food will be brought in to your porch; you should not go out and break the quarantine. All the teachers will be notified to supply homework; it will be given to you to complete." "Oh!" A chorus of voices could be heard from the table. The doctor left and nailed a quarantine sign on the door. "What a kettle of fish!" Winona sat by the window. "What are we going to do for six weeks?" Annie Moore wondered too, everyone underfoot and not being able to send them out of the door.

Annie heard the usual, "What will we do now?" "Read the paper." Alfred handed the kids the morning paper. "Here's something. Come here, Winona." John and Winona sat on the floor in the kitchen corner. "What is next. 'Strange things happen to women. The most dangerous place in your house is your bathroom'." "We have an outhouse." "Well strange things happen if you have an indoor bathroom." Giggles and laughter came from the corner, and Alfred joined them. "Let's go and read this to Ernie." They sat on Ernie's bed. "Now listen to this." Winona read the paper. "A woman decided to take a bath and sunbathe too. The apartment was on the third floor, so she opened the third-story window. When she got out of her bathtub, she slipped on her bar of soap. Her foot landed on her soap, and it flew from under her as if bewitched. In the twinkle of an eye she was out of the window and saw the street, three stories below, coming up to her. She landed on her feet in a high pile of sand dumped there." The laughter echoed all through the house. Alfred rolled to the floor and held his stomach. Annie chuckled from the kitchen; she had been listening. The children were so loud you couldn't help hear the story.

The quarantine was not without incident. Alfred wanted some sugar and Winona went to the company store to get some. Someone reported it to the constable. He had threatened to issue a warrant for Alfred's arrest. The constable said that Alfred must have needed it real bad and to forget it.

Ernest recovered, then had his tonsils out. No one else got diphtheria. Annie was glad for that.

If you turn the pages of family books of remembrance slowly, reflecting upon them, there will be years that are remembered most for happy times or days of trials. Sometimes the stories stay around unto the second and third generation, passed on to ears ready to hear family tales. The Moore family had two incredible years — 1920 and 1921 to reflect upon. August 8, 1920 was a day to remember. Alfred Moore worked in the Cannon Mine in Franklin, Washington. The river ran clear and sparkling in forests of dense green, with the unconcerned water coming from the snows of the Cascade Mountains. Trout lurked about, avoiding the fishermen if they could.

During the summer of 1920 Alfred Moore had the job of boiler man and motor man. John would go with his father on the night shift. He would fish and sleep, then return home with his father. John Hale said about August 8th, when the story was told, "The Devil got his two-bits in."

The shift had gone pretty smooth. John fell asleep on a pallet in the boiler room. A two by six long board of old fir timber was used to sprog the wheel. The lagging slipped and broke Alfred's leg. Alfred managed to pound on the pipe, waking John. John said a quick, "Dear Jesus, no," and ran to tell the foreman. They splintered his leg, took him up the hill to the hand car, then 3 miles to Black Diamond. Dr. Smith rushed Alfred Moore to Providence Hospital in Seattle, Washington. Dr. J. Tate Mason took Alfred's case, and became his doctor. He had to make the decision whether to amputate the leg in 10 days or gangrene might set in. Doctor J. Tate Mason saved the leg from amputation, and Alfred spent his recovery time at the New Mason Clinic. The Moore family was put on state compensation, and Alfred was out of work for a year.

Trouble didn't leave, it settled like an unwanted cloud. "Seems to come all at once," said Annie Moore. "Sure enough, trouble does that. Alfred is laid up, and a big nation wide coal strike makes the year 1921 not a very good year." "Now, Annie." John twisted his mustache - "Things will work themselves out."

Alfred had a job watching the empty houses the miners left vacant. Money was scarce, but Alfred ran a tight budget. Food had to be picked, gathered, and stored for the winter. The boxes of canned goods were stored to feed a large family.

The warm wind blew the laundry dry. Winona placed it in the laundry basket. Three baskets were already sitting in the kitchen, ready to be ironed. Alfred kept the fire going for the heating of the flat iron. Creosote built up in the chimney flue, or heavy soot built up causing a fire to ignite.

The call of "Fire, fire!" brought everyone running to the Moore house. The flames ate away the dry boards, and nothing was saved but a tall backed rocking chair. "Even our knicker pants are gone." Annie cried, "Everything!"

Alfred held Annie's hands. "Everyone is fine and not burned. Don't cry. The superintendent's house - we can live in it, one half mile below the store in Dog Town."

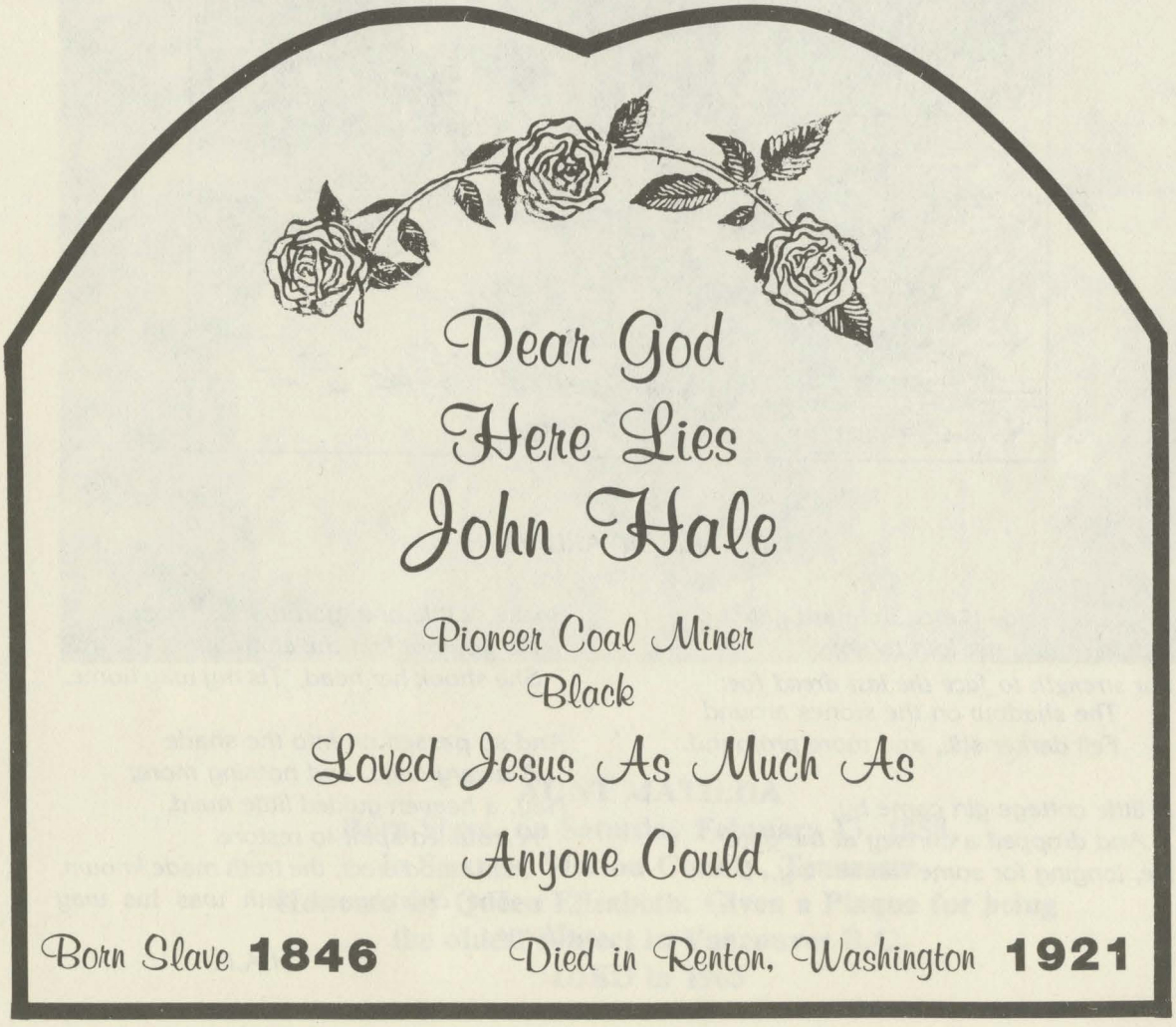
Starting over was no fun. "I hated ironing clothes, now we don't have any." Winona gave a slight grin to her unfeeling words. Life did go on, but 1920 and 1921 did have other events to remember.

October 14, 1921 was a day unlike any other day for John Hale. He went to meet his Lord - his friend, his guide through his journey on earth.

John Hale helped push his car "Maggie" up the Renton hill with Claude, his son helping. The battery had died, and they pushed Maggie about 500 feet from their Allen Town house. John laid on the grass by the roadside, his spirit departed to be with the Lord. Claude ran to get help, a lady placed a pillow under John's head. There was a Masonic funeral at Greenwood Cemetery.

Fannie Hale had a small pension. She picked beans and worked as a janitor at Campbell Hill School for 15 years. "The ways of the Almighty are good." she said.

John Hale, 75 year old Negro born slave in Tennessee, pioneer coal miner, born Tuesday, July 14, 1846, died in Renton, Washington October 14, 1921. John knew the way to Heaven through faith in Jesus Christ. "See you, John Hale. We'll join you later."





THE CHURCHYARD PATH

He leant beside the churchyard gate,
a dying man, yet loth to go;
For strength to face the last dread foe:
The shadow on the stones around
Fell darker still, and more profound.

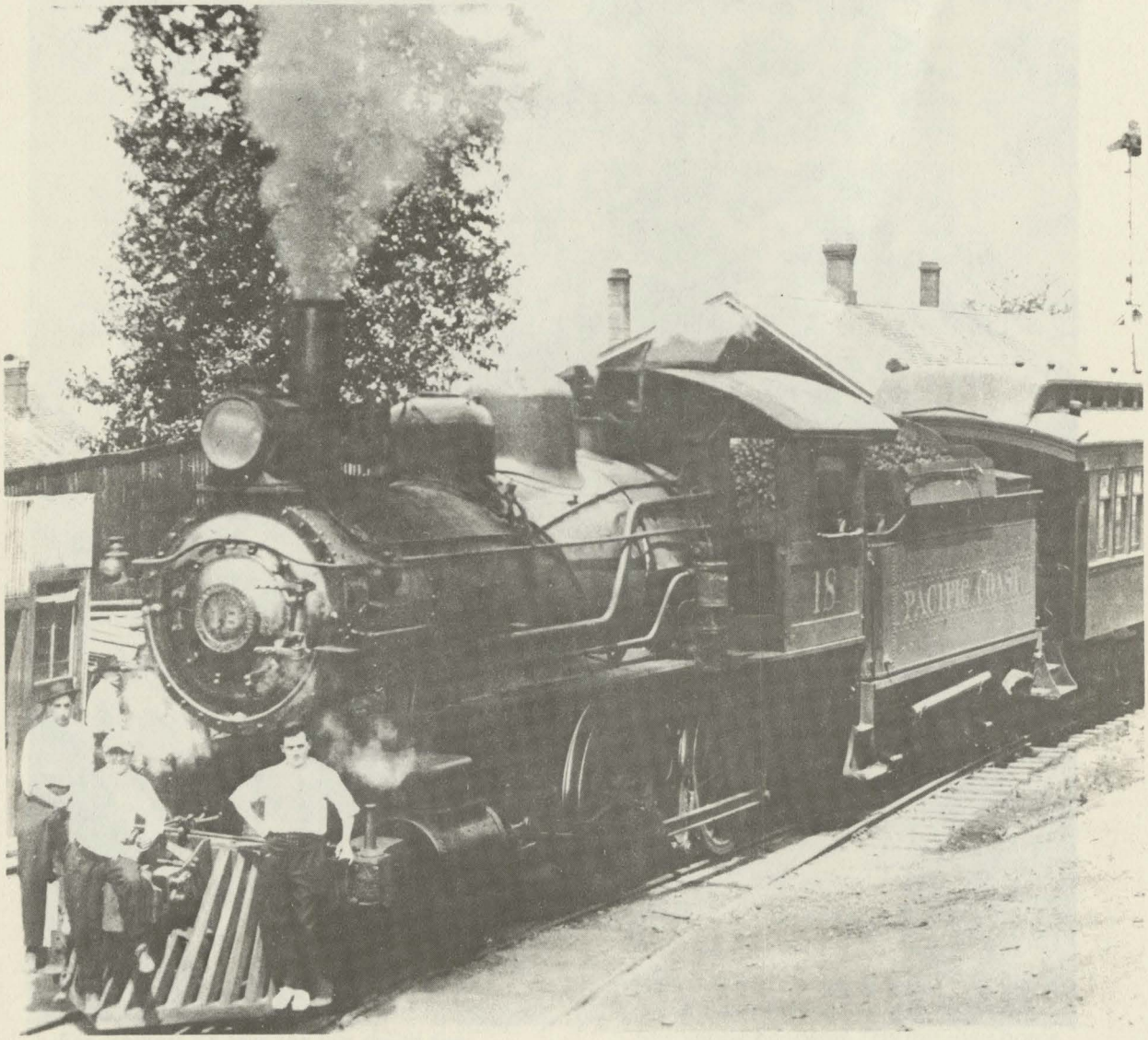
A little cottage girl came by,
And dropped a curtsey at the gate;
He, longing for some human cry,
Spake, 'Little one, you wander late:
Do you not fear the churchyard gloom?'
She shook her head, 'Tis my way home.'

And so passed on into the shade
A weary child, and nothing more;
Nay, a heaven-guided little maid,
A troubled spirit to restore.
He stood erect, the truth made known,
The churchyard path was his way Home.

H.A.F.



AUNT MATILDA
Born Slave, on Saturday February 13, 1858,
in Swanee, Marion County, Tennessee
Honored by Queen Elizabeth. Given a Plaque for being
the oldest subject in Vancouver B.C.
DIED in 1965



The Pacific Coast passenger train at Black Diamond Depot. 1915.
Photo courtesy of Frank F. Guidetti

SHARE CROPPERS

When the sharecroppers realized they would lose money when the slaves were free, the plantation owners got together to devise ways to hold the Negroes on the farm. The consensus of opinion was that they must hold the Negroes to sharecropping, so the plantation owners would assign a number to a Negro family and allow them a portion of what was grown on the land. the usual amount of payment was one third of the crop. The plantation owner would give credit at the store for tools, groceries, clothing, and other supplies. A seed record was kept at the store, and when the crops were harvested and sold, the plantation owner would too often tell the sharecropper that he had not made it too good that year. His bills at the store exceeded the value of his sharecrops...but never mind, the owner would say, "Next year we do better".

After some time the Negro began to see that they were looking at a hopeless future, so they started seeking other employment. Recruits for mine workers were offered a pay of $1.50 a day to work in the mine. Many Negroes went to work in the coal mines of Tennessee and other places. Loss of the Negro worker did not please the plantation owners, so they formed the KKK in 1869 for the purpose of keeping the Negroes in their place.

PUBLIC NOTICE
COLORED WORKING MEN

GO - WEST
WORK IN THE NEW STATE OF WASHINGTON

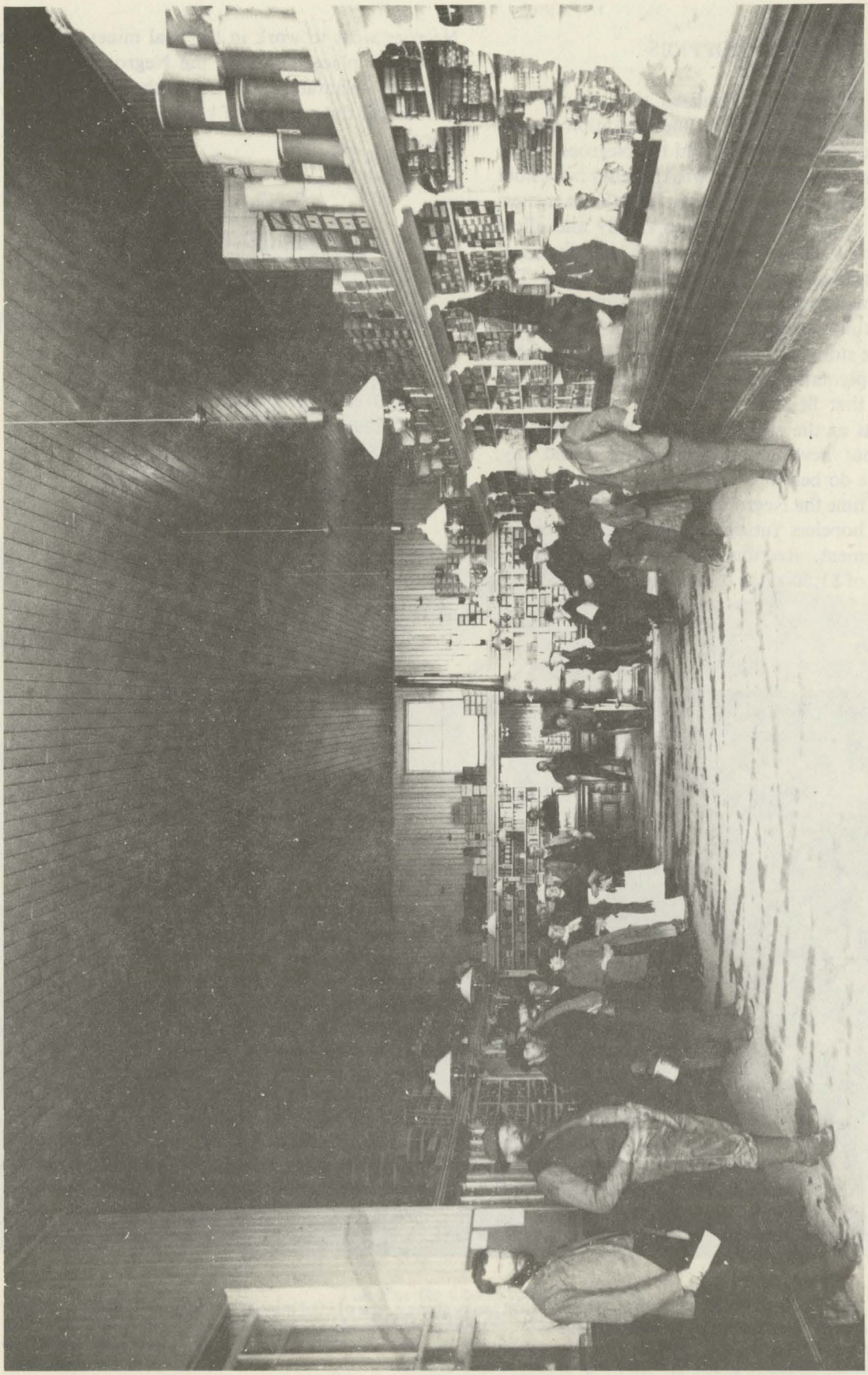
500 hundred coal miners and laborers
for inside work and outside work-
Dump men - Bottom and Timber men -
Chute Builders -

steady work
good wages

LEAVE FROM SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA
COMFORTABLE ACCOMODATIONS ON THE RAILROAD.



FRANKLIN CITY CENTER: This photo taken in 1910 looks along a row of coal miners' cottages toward the company store. The main shaft of the old Franklin mine was entered on the hillside behind the houses. A number of houses across the track from those in the picture were burned in a disastrous fire that swept Franklin a few years later. The railroad track connected Franklin with Black Diamond and Seattle.



Store at Franklin early 1900's.

Photo courtesy of Elizabeth Greggs

ROSLYN, WASHINGTON MAY 13, 1892

If you don't read the news
You don't get the news
If you want the news
Subscribe for the news

Calamity

A terrible accident takes place. 45 Miners pass beyond life and death without a moment's warning.

The terrific explosion of gas in the slope here, on Tuesday, at 12:45 noon, was the worst accident with the exception of the Nanaimo horror, that ever occurred on the Pacific Coast. The slope has generally been considered dangerous by the miners here, that is, compared with other parts of the mine.

The explosion which occurred about six weeks ago in which a colored man by the name of Gregory was killed and several others badly burned, was a stern warning, that all possible precaution must be taken to avoid future clamation.

No correct or satisfactory conclusion can be arrived at as to the cause of the explosion. The supposition of some of the miners is that a drill hole filled with gas and water was struck, others think that the gas was ignited by a naked lamp in one of the entrances near the mouth, others are inclined to think that it was either fired by a blast or it may have been accidentally ignited by some miner. Probably the exact cause will never be known. Judge Gamble of Cle Elum was deputed to officiate in the absence of County Coroner Lyon. The jury sworn in were: H.B. Clark, W.A. Mohr, Lou Billings, J.C. Jackson, H.P. Fogh and a colored man by the name of Obie.

As soon as possible after the explosion, rescuing squads of twelve men were sent in to see if there was not some possible chance to rescue some of the men below.

So long as there was a shadow of a chance for anyone on the inside being alive, the men worked like tigers. But as soon as they saw that no one could possibly be living, they took no more chances but advanced only as fast as air could be forced down.

The first body recovered was that of Harry Campbell, second John Bone, they were recovered at 5:30 p.m. Between that time and 11:00 p.m. the bodies of David Reese, Benjamin Ostliff, Thomas Reese, William Hague, Thomas Brannen, Pres. Loving, Leslie Pollard, Thomas Holmes, George Moses, J.D. Lewis, John Mattoes, and Robert Spotts were recovered.

Joseph Cusworth Sr., English, leaves a wife and six children. He was an industrious hard working man and came to the camp from Colorado. His son Joseph, a young man about 21 years of age, steady and sober, also was killed.

The gas became so thick that they could advance no further and no more were taken out until after midnight Wednesday. Thursday at noon the bodies of Sidney Wright, Herman Diaster, Jack Hodgson, Frank Anney, Wm. Robertson, Geo. Brooks, and Joseph Browitt had been brought out. Between Thursday noon and 9:00 p.m.the bodies of Dan McClellan, John Foster, Michael Hale, Mitchel Ronald, John Lafferty, Winford Steele, Robert Graham, Jas. Hewitson, Jacob Weatherly, Jas. Morgan, P.H. Davis, Dom. Bianco, Wm. Penall, Joseph Cusworth Sr. and Joseph Cusworth Jr. were brought up.

Between 9 p.m. Thursday and 3 a.m. Friday the remaining nine bodies were taken out. They were Geo. Forsythe, Andrew Erlandson, Joseph Bennett, Richard Forsythe, Chas. Palmer, Scott Giles, Tovias Cooper, G.W. Williams and Elisha Jackson.

The City Hall was turned into a temporary Morgue.

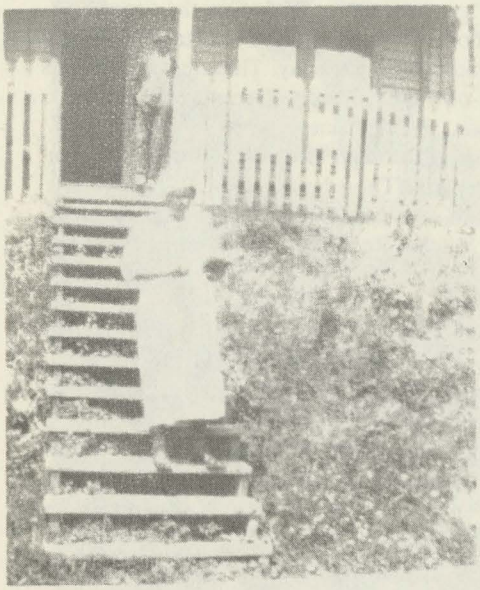
A public mass meeting was held by the citizens on Wednesday at 7:30. It was well attended and a committee consisting of Frank A. Abernethy, J.M. Hoagland, and August Lindstrum was elected to take charge of the relief funds that have arrived. A relief committee was appointed to see that the funds are rightly apportioned among the widows and orphans of the deceased miners. On this are Jas. Lane, Wm. Rees, and Robt. Lumsden. A committee of five was chosen to look after the burial of the dead. They are Archibald Patrick, Evan Matthews, Chas. S. Bilger, H.P. Fogh, and Morgan Hughes.

Telegrams offering aid were received from the Mayors of Seattle, Tacoma, New Whatcom, North Yakima, Ellensburg, Spokane, Portland, Walla Walla, Puyallup and many sent helpers to assist in any way.

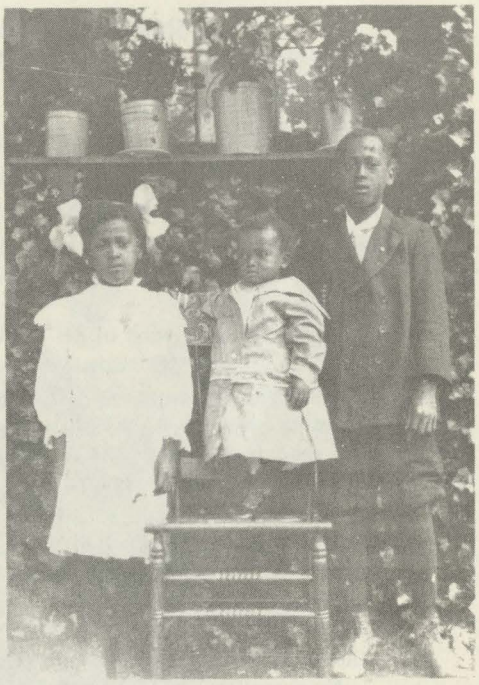
Winford Steele, the same who has been injured in the mines on four or five different occasions, leaves a wife and seven small children. Mrs. Steele is prostrated as she was also deprived of her brother Michael Hale.

Benjamine Ostliff was an Englishman and an old resident here. His life is insured in the United Order of Workmen for $2000. He leaves six children.

Mitchell Ronald, a resident of Mine 3, was a brother of Supt. Alex Ronald. He leaves a wife and four small children. Jack Bone, a young man and an Odd Fellow, resided at Ronald. The body was sent to his home in Pennsylvania under auspices of I.O.O.F. Rev. G.W. Williams (colored) a hard working and true man, leaves a wife and two children. Sidney Wright was a brother of Jas. and Thos. Wright, a pioneer here, well known and popular, he leaves a wife and four small children, one but a week old.



Annie Moore
Mother of Ernest,
Winona, Alfred and John



Winona, Alfred, John
Moore



John and Ernest Moore



Annie Moore
John Hale
Fannie Hale



Ernest Moore

Ernest Moore and
John Moore at Franklin



Hit him a good one!

PART THREE

More Nuggets of Coal

THE CHURCH OF JOHN HALE

FROM: THE MEDIUM, October 22, 1975

MT. ZION PASTOR, DEACONS AND STAFF

In 1906, the property located at 11th and Union became the home of Mount Zion. The property was purchased from Mrs. Payne-Ellison and a building was erected in 1907. The original building was a one-room wooden frame structure. A boardwalk crossed a gully in front of the church. The windows were plain glass panes and placed high so as to emit light. The choir stand was in back of the pulpit. There was a pot-belly stove in the center for heat. The pews were old fashioned wooden benches without backs. Later, the structure was raised upon stilts and a partial basement added. The basement was used as a dining area and for fun and fellowship on Sunday afternoons.

Paradoxically, only two Negro families lived in the proximity of the church. The mode of transportation made it necessary to remain there all day.

Rev. Gordon McPherson from Tacoma, was called to the pastorate following Rev. George Maney. Rev. Walker followed Rev. McPherson. His stay with the congregation was less than a year and he was followed for an even shorter period of time by Rev. Wiggins. Rev. Wiggins resigned and was succeeded by Rev. R.H. Thomas. After the departure of Rev. Thomas, the congregation was without a pastor for about 3 or 4 months. The services were carried on by the deacons and visiting ministers.

In 1909, the Alaska-Yukon, Pacific Exposition (World's Fair) lasted from June to October. It's purpose was to exhibit the general development, resources, products, and the advantages of the State of Washington. The Exposition was held on the present site of the University of Washington. Some 3,000,000 persons attended. In fact, Mr. Casmon arrived in Seattle at this time. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad reached Seattle via Snoqualmie Pass. This gave Seattle three transcontinental rail connections.

While Mount Zion was without a pastor, a local white Baptist Church was also without a pastor. Thinking Rev. Berry was white, the White Baptist Church called him to lead them. After the arrival of Rev. Berry, he was found to be a Negro. They proceeded to offer him to Mount Zion. After his trial sermon, he was called to pastor the church. An old balance on a piano was paid in full and a large new Bible for the rostrum was purchased during his pastorate. He resigned after ministering for about two years.

The year is 1912. Seattle is now the chief center of trade between Alaska and the Orient. Excellent docks and other port facilities are complete in time to benefit from W.W.I. San Francisco is now envious of its commerce and trade. The population is over 230,000 with approximately 2,000 Negroes. The city is wealthy...

Many people say that the Rev. W.D. Carter was called to pastor Mount Zion at just the right psychological moment. The struggling congregation had become discouraged in the face of overwhelming odds. Because he was able to defeat despair in this tiny congregation of about 140, he was often referred to as the "Daddy" of Mount Zion.

Rev. W.D. Carter was born in Carroll County, Mississippi. He was one of ten children. He settled in Missouri in 1889 as pastor of the Green Chapel Baptist Church of Clarksville. He was educated at Western Washington College, Macon, Missouri. On September 5, 1899, he married Miss Corrine McMahon. Before coming to Seattle, he pastored the Pilgrim Baptist Church, St. Paul, Minnesota for ten years. He resigned to become financial secretary to Western College. This college later conferred the Doctor of Divinity Degree upon him. He was called to Mount Zion in the fall of 1912.

Mrs. Corrine Carter was a trained YWCA executive. She completed Social Service and Recreational Training in Chicago. She organized the first Negro branch of the YWCA in Seattle. The original structure was located in a dwelling at 26th and Howell. Later it was moved to 102 21st. Avenue North and was called the Phyllis Wheatley Branch.

Rev. W.D. Carter is described as being very good to his members. It is often said that he often made reference to his mother when instructing others. The members loved him and were united. They are reported to often say to him, "Where thou leadest, we will follow." The mortgage indeptedness of $2,500 was paid and the membership increased to over 300.

Although the old building was a credit to its founders, the growth of the membership, the automobile industry, and other factors, made it necessary for the church to seek a new location. In 1918, a beautiful lot 80x122 was purchased at 19th and Madison for $6,000. There was a beautiful 8-room house located on this lot. It was fully remodeled and became the parsonage. Many may recall that this building was used until it was raised in 1962 to make room for the present Educational Wing. The 11th Avenue church site was sold for $10,000.

During the construction of the building, the congregation met in the Masonic Hall at 21st and Jefferson. The architect was Harry James. The superintendent was E.R. James. Dr. Felix Cooper was Chairman of the Building Committee.

Approximately three months later, the building was completed and the congregation moved. The local, Caytons Weekly carried the following story....."The new church building is 53 feet wide and 87 feet long with a seating capacity of about 700. It is well equipped with ladies parlor, choir rooms, baptistry; ladies and gentlemen's dressing rooms, Pastors study and gallery. The basement is equipped with everything to make it a modern workshop for the Sunday School. This property is an evidence of the church pride of its members and Race in general in Seattle. It is valued at $50,000 and bespeaks the sacrifices made by members and friends." From little acorns, big oaks grow!!!

Meanwhile, Seattle is continually growing and enjoying prosperity because of several historical events. The opening of the Panama Canal in 1915 shortened the water route between Seattle and New

York. A year later, the Federal Government completed the Ballard Locks in Seattle making it possible for ships to go into Lake Union. And, in 1917, the canal between Lake Union and Lake Washington was completed.

In the year 1925, Rev. W.D. Carter resigned in favor of a younger man. On his recommendation, Rev. J. Sterling Moore was called to pastor the membership. Records show that Rev. Carter later accepted a call to pastor the Friendship Baptist Church of Pasadena, California.

The year is now 1925. Rev. J. Sterling Moore came to Mount Zion from Iowa. The church is heavily in debt in the amount of approximately $30,000. But through his guidance and programs, the mortgage is paid off within a 2-year period.

With the departure of Rev. Carter, the membership has dropped to approximately 150 members with only about one-half of these on the active roll. In working out a plan towards paying off the mortgage, the church was canvassed and then divided into groups. Each group was responsible for bringing in a certain amount of money.

The groups were patterned after the U.S. Army, with the overall groups being the Infantry and Calvary. These were subdivided into smaller groups. The members worked hard and the groups, although competitive, maintained their Christian spirit.

Rev. J. Sterling Moore was a man who allied himself with not only churches of other faiths, but other racial groups, as well. He was described as a firey preacher. His physical characteristics are compared by some to those of Cab Calloway.

During this period, because this was the largest community facility, many outstanding artists were brought to Mount Zion for appearances. Such persons include Roland Hayes and A. Phillip Randolph. Many civic and community activities were held at Mount Zion to accomodate the numbers. During this period, an outstanding quartet was organized and became very popular. They accepted numerous singing engagements throughout the state of Washington.

Rev. Moore served a total of 6 years. Mount Zion was again without a pastor. This time the period was for approximately ten months.

1932...the Franklin D. Roosevelt year. The year for initials: WPA...NYA...the year of promise to rebuild a nation. The Depression hit the country earlier but it was keenly felt in the Northwest in the early 30's. things are rough but somehow Mount Zion continued to be a mainstay in the community.

Rev. T.M. Davis came in 1932 when the economy was down: the spirit of the community was down; the spirit of Mount Zion was down!!

Rev. Davis, a graduate from Lincoln University in 1901 and a theological Seminary in 1904, brought with him his talented wife Lillian, and two of his children, Justicia and Taylor. Mrs. Davis was a recognized elocutionist and musician. She gave of her talents freely to the church, though briefly, for she passed on about two years later.

Rev. Davis' main changes in the church began with the children. He first changed the Sunday School hours from afternoon to morning. He firmly believed that the children of the church should receive their religious training on the level of a child's thinking...in a simple and clear manner. Because of this strong belief, the Junior Church was born.

The man, T.M. Davis, was not the most dynamic or forceful in manner, nor did he possess eloquence in speech, but this man kept the church together despite all of the odds that were against him. When just living was a chore, Rev. Davis was always there when he was needed. He gave a type of security that was needed...the religious security.

Rev. T.M. Davis, of all the previous ministers, was the only one to enjoy the unique distinction of being married in his own church.

Rev. and Mrs. Fountain W. Penick came to Mount Zion on February 5, 1940. the church was in serious financial difficulty and for this reason Rev. Penick suggested that he be given a three month trial before receiving a set salary. He so inspired the membership that within the three-month period the offering grew from less than a hundred dollars a month to over $600 per month.

During the pastorate of Rev. Penick, the "Good Will Tour" came in fruition. This brought for the first time, the National Baptist Convention leadership to the great Northwest. The whole community assisted in hosting this distinguished group.

Also during Rev. Penick's pastorate, the lots where portions of the new sanctuary stands, were aquired from Mr. Kenneth Coleman for the sum of the unpaid taxes.

The Men's Brotherhood, known then as the Emanuel Club was organized.

Mrs. Vivian L. Penick was a leader in her own right. Mrs. Penick worked hard in leading and inspiring the women of the church and personally directing many outstanding money raising projects.

Rev. Penick resigned in 1942 and founded the Peoples Institutional Baptist Church and lead that congregation for 20 years.

The year...1942. Seattle is now a bustling city with a population well over 400,000. Civil Defense Wardens are commonly seen rigidly enforcing the familiar "Black-out Law". Women, some housewives, some mothers, some girls, trying to keep the "Boys up front" by taking their places at Boeings, the shipyards, and other places of employment, are busy working at jobs formerly held by men. Military men in uniforms of all branches of the service are seen everywhere. It is necessary to secure a "pass" to travel in any area of the waterfront. There are ration stamps issued for meat, butter, canned goods of all kinds, gasoline and other commodities too numerous to mention. Many new arrivals in the city are introduced to the tax token for the first time. By this time, every Seattleite is fully aware that the country is at war...World War II. And...

Again, Mt. Zion Church is divided and without a pastor. A tall, thin, handsome young man in his early thirties hails upon the scene. A little awe-stricken at first perhaps by the exotic beauty of the Pacific Northwest, the grandeur of Mt. Rainier, the loveliness of the lakes, parks and waters of Puget Sound, the Reverend F. Benjamin Davis arrives in Seattle accepting the pastorate of Mount Zion on July 1, 1942. The membership grew rapidly under his able leadrship despite the fact that so much of his time is spent at the various camps with the servicemen ministering to their needs through preaching and teaching. Often Sundays, Mount Zion resembled a fort with so many servicemen in the audience. The service personnel enjoyed the interest the pastor showed in them.

Under the leadership of Rev. Davis, all of the regular departments of the church were stimulated and some new ones developed. Among the new ones were Loyalty Month in August, with classes for youth

and adults, as well as the smaller children. All classes stressed "The Meaning of Church Membership", "Doctrines of the Baptist Faith", and "Modern Marriage and the Family". He showed a keen interest in all of these programs and taught many of them.

Rev. Davis was aware of the progress or stalemate of any of the church family groups. It was to this end that he re-organized the Missionary Society into the Women's Baptist Mission Society under the American Baptist plan. This plan called for dividing the women in circles instead of clubs and naming them after various women of the Bible.

He was loved and highly respected in the community for his forthrightness and his readiness to speak out against discrimination and his fight for equal rights and opportunity for all people. He constantly sought jobs for the Negro population.

Rev. Davis was much in demand as a speaker in the schools, colleges and Church Conferences. He was a member of the Speakers Bureau of the Seattle Chapter of the National Council of Christians and Jews.

He also found time to serve as President of the local branch of NAACP, President of the Seattle Urban League and Board Chairman of the Christian Friends for Racial Equality for 5 years. No group was too small for him to serve. He served on the East Madison YMCA, the Mayor's Committee on Civic Unity, member of the Trustee Board of the Washington Baptist Convention, member of the Trustees Board of the Washington Baptist Convention, member of the Madison USO and as Worshipful Grand Master of Prince Hall Masons, State of Washington and its jurisdiction. Rev. Davis entered politics and ran for the City Council. He was the only Negro ever to be nominated for that office at that time.

It was said of Rev. Davis that he had an unusual insight into the problems of the Day. For people of every walk of life, regardless of race or religion, called on him for guidance. He was noted for his spiritual guidance, not only to Mount Zion, but the community at large. He showed a tremendous concern for young people and spoke their language. At the same time, he led them into a new thirst for Christian Education.

Under Rev. Davis' pastorate, the campaign for our new sanctuary was started and the chairman of the beginning building committee was Mrs. Jessie Shields.

Rev. Davis remained pastor of Mount Zion from July, 1942 until July, 1954, 12 fruitful years. He resigned to accept a call to the New Bethel Baptist Church in his home town. On one occasion, Rev. Davis closed his sermon with these remarks, "Mount Zion must move ahead! Yesterday is gone! Tomorrow is here. Committed unto us is a great responsibility."

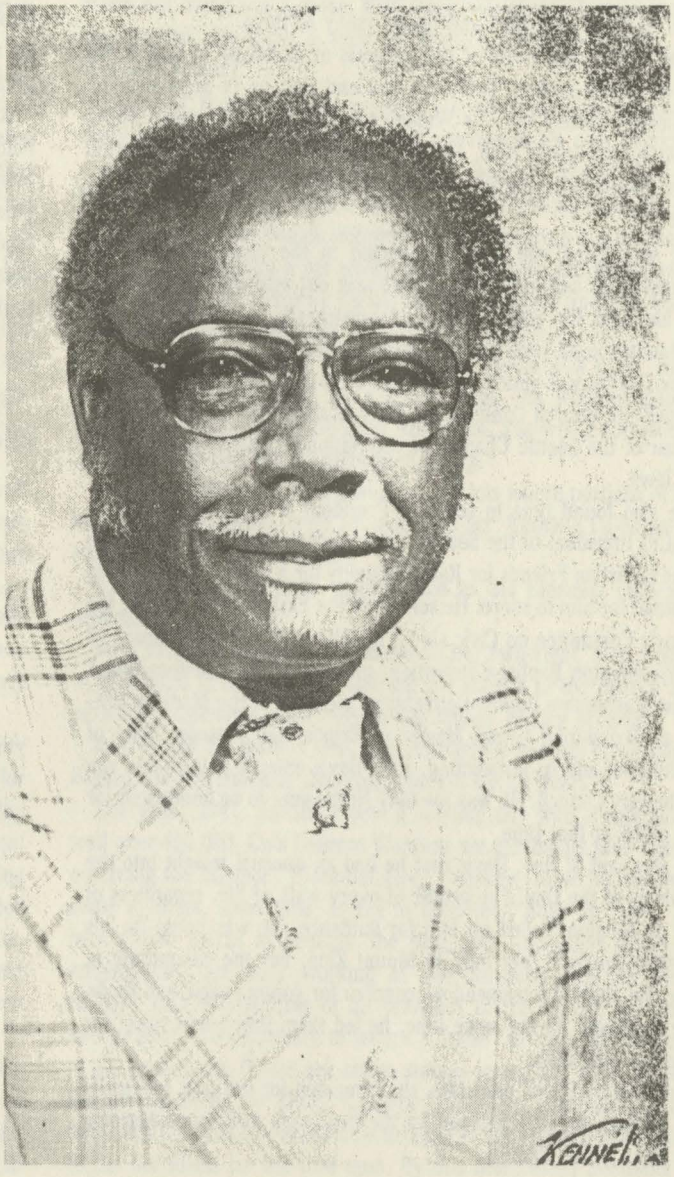
Rev. Gil B. Lloyd and his musically talented wife and 10-year old daughter, Doris, better known as "Bunny", came to Mount Zion in February of 1955. Rev. Lloyd retained his position as pastor until March, 1957. He then resigned and returned to Chicago, Illinois. Since that time, Rev. Lloyd has returned to Seattle and is presently pastor of Cherry Hill Baptist Church and Dean of the Northwest Bible College.

In an interview with Rev. Lloyd, he described his call to Mount Zion as follows:

> *"One of the most responsible challenges of my ministry came in the official call to the pastorate of the largest Negro Baptist Church East of Denver, Colorado and North of San Francisco, California. At this time, the Pacific Northwest is one of America's last frontier areas and Seattle, a bejeweled infant cosmopolis is struggling hard to be a sophisticated urban community. The city is a diamond in the rough whose facets are representative of the polyglot peoples of her several timbered hills and valley areas. Their cultures and traditions blended to enrich the beautiful Queen City as she nestled in the shadow of Mt. Rainier. Perhaps the most challenging responsibilities imposed by Mount Zion came from her need for preparing to construct accomodations for her burgeoning congregation and services...And now, in her year of Jubilee, Mr. Zion is a diamond shining in all her glory."★★*

★★*Quote from Rev. Gil B. Lloyd during the Diamond Jubilee Celebration in 1965.*

From the
PASTOR'S DESK



And he shall be like a tree planted by the river of water. His leaf shall not wither and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. Psalms 1:3

He said;
Ye shall know the tree by the fruit it bears. He said of the barren tree, "Cut it down: He said, "Behold the fig, is a sign of spring; John said, the ax is laid at the root of the tree. Jesus said he died that men may have a right to the tree of life. There are several Trees mentioned, three that man has not seen.

(A) The tree of life. This tree has been hid from man, and God drove man out of the garden and there he placed the angel to stand guard with a flaming sword.

(B) There are those who yearn to be intellectual like some-one-else. They want coloring of some-one-else; they want their hair cut like some-one-else, unshaven, unwashed, ragged or patched like some-one-else. We would be economically secure like some-one-else.

Jesus made no such promise of these things...but saith "Ye Shall Be Like a Tree". A tree is strong and represents strength. It's roots are deep to find life giving water. A tree has a heart. It gives. It lives. It is designed for service. It doesn't go on strike but serves till death. After death it testifies to the whole world...I DID LIVE. I have passed this way. The bark is good for rubber, sap for surup, roots (re) for medicine, its oil lubricates human skin and enriches food. It is fruit to the hungry, and its body is a stake to tie on in tough and stormy weather. A TREE IS HARD TO KILL.

Job said that at the scent of water a tree will bud and spring out again.

ARE YOU LIKE A TREE?

DR. C.E. WILLIAMS, Pastor and Founder

NEW HOPE BAPTIST

EXCERPTS OF CHURCH HISTORY

The New Hope Baptist Church was born September 1949. Total membership of 8.

Thrashing thru the lean years when jobs were few; Loans for churches were not to be found. New Hope was BORN out of that despair. She was a poverty child.

Striken with malnutrition of financial resources; she attempted to go; to build; again to rise out of the dust. Push forth into the areas where strangers fear to tread. She rushed in with a few to serve and even fewer to give.

God made the second and third steps, after she made the first, and HE BLESSED THE WORK.

She now stands as a land mark of a Church, born in hard times. Her theme; "Doing it God's Way". Her determination; to be a Church that LIVES by the side of the road. She ministers unto the; POOR, SICK, HEALTHY/WELL: THE RICH, THE SAINT AND THE SINNER. SHE PUTS SHOES ON THE SHOELESS, CLOTHES ON THE NAKED, WARMS COLD HOMES: YET, SHE HAS FOOD FOR HER OWN CHILDREN.

She speaks of God, as: FATHER, FRIEND, FELLOW COMPANION, BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATER: A BAKER WHO BAKES WITHOUT AN OVEN OR EVEN A FLAME: QUENCHES THIRST FROM AN EXPLODING ROCK, OF DRY SUN DRENCHED DESERT.

She believes that God is sufficient in ALL THINGS, ALL THINGS are possible with him. Nothing is too hard for him to do.

New Hope believes;

(A) GOD WANTS YOU TO BE HAPPY
(B) GOD WANTS YOU TO BE FREE
(C) GOD WANTS YOU TO ENJOY THE BEST THINGS OF LIFE,

THAT is why God gave Adam a paradise and to you he gave his only begotten son that you may have life in abundance, Life without an end, and hope that will not fail.

There are 16 Auxiliaries and 17 Committees; three Usher Boards, The Music Dept. has 6 Choirs or Chorus(s).

New Hope is a member of the following affiliations

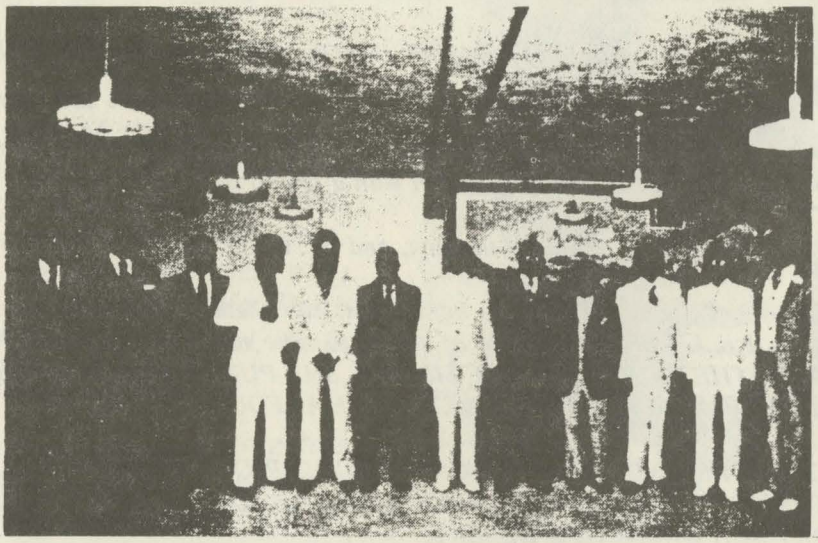
NATIONAL BAPTIST CONVENTION OF AMERICA
FOREIGN MISSION BOARD OF NATIONAL BAPTIST CONVENTION
AMERICAN BAPTIST CONVENTION
NATIONAL BAPTIST AND B.T.U. CONGRESS
GENERAL BAPTIST CONVENTION OF THE NORTHWEST
PROGRESSIVE BAPTIST ASSOCIATION

So each day when you rise, say this: "THIS IS A DAY WHICH THE LORD HAS MADE. I WILL REJOICE AND BE GLADDENED FOR NOTHING WILL HAPPEN THIS DAY, THAT GOD AND I CANNOT DEAL SUCCESSFULLY WITH"

Moses said, "Come go with us and we will do you good."

BEST WISHES

MOTTO: I must work the work of Him that sent me, while it is day: The night cometh when no man can work. John 9:4..



DEACON BOARD

ALEXANDER, C.
BOUDREAUX, R.
FORTSON, M.
GAYDEN, C.
HEARD, M.
HUNTER, T.
JAMES, C.
JOHNSON, A.
LUKE, I.
MARSHALL, E.
MOORE, D.
MOORE, E.
SPICER, R.
TUCKER, W.
WALDON, X.
WHITLOCK, R.

ARTHUR HENDRIX
Chairperson

SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO RODE ON THE TRAIN INTO FRANKLIN SUNDAY, MAY 17, 1891

FRANKLIN

Hartman, John	Texas
Bouden, William	Alabama
Johnson, E.	Illinois
Bryant, Lee	Virginia
Martin, Oscar	Tennessee
Standrick, A.	Georgia
Scott, Charles	Missouri
Phillips, Albert	Panama
Wakefield, Mark	Missouri
Peterson, A.J.	South Carolina
Morris, J.P.	Missouri
Johnson, George	Ohio
Johnson, Charles	California
Berry, Nelson	Canada
Johnson, Jasnes	Virginia
Bailey, Thomas	Virginia
Edwards, Archy	Virginia
Horton, Easton	North Carolina
Moore, Mannuel	Virginia
Moore, Sally	Virginia (wife)
Moore, Elva	Washington (daughter)
Sharks, Walter	Texas
Flemmings	Tennessee
Wharks, Charles	Texas
Shrevey, Thomas	Georgia
Smith, Bagnie	Missouri
Roberts, Wartie	Tennessee
Phillips, E.	Canada

CLE ELUM

Strouths, Hannah	Kentucky
Taylor, R.H.	U.S.
Barnett, Powell	Virginia
Grower, Adeline	Virginia
Brown, Hattie	Virginia
Nelson, Joseph	Virginia
Rogers, Annie	Kentucky
Smith, W.L.	Kentucky
Wordson, Fred	Virginia
Smith, Lamar	Virginia
Taylor, Fred	Illinois
Donaldson, James	Tennessee
Nicholes, Eva	Virginia
Nicholes, Carter	Virginia
Nicholes, Edward	Virginia
Bright, Willis	Missouri
Johnson, Joseph	Missouri
Garrison, R.	Missouri
Randolph, Thomas	Virginia
Golden, George	Illinois
Hardman, James	Virginia

ROSLYN

Funk, George	Virginia
Matthews, Edward	Pennsylvania
Staughter, Ernest	Virginia
Hoanfer, Austin	N. Carolina
Forbush, James	Tennessee
Baily, George	Massachusetts
Robinsen, Louis	Tennessee
Davis, George	Alabama
Grant, Edward	N. Carolina
Williams, Sid	Virginia
Saunders, Lee	Virginia
Wheathisford, Hanson	N. Carolina
Winston, William	Virginia
Word, Walter	W. Virginia
Holick, Robert	W. Virginia
Young, Ed	Virginia
Tanson, Joseph	Virginia
Pinkes, William	Virginia
Robinsen, John	Virginia
Rusheubow, James	W. Virginia
Minuard, John	Georgia
Le Braude, William	Virginia
Speight, Frank	Tennessee
Myers, Andrew	Virginia
Walter, James	Maryland
Ranadise, Albert	Tennessee
Gresse, William	Virginia
Russell, Thomas	Virginia
Scott, William	Virginia
Little, John	Kentucky
Haughes, Robert	Virginia
Anderson, James	W. Virginia
Wilson Rebecca	Missouri
Wilson, George	Missouri
Brown, William	Tennessee
Gould, William	Virginia
Hemis, Asa	Illinois
Williams, D.	W. Virginia
Aurther, A.	N. Carolina
Walker, Thorton	Maryland
Strong, Henry	Kentucky
Tusrier, William	Virginia
Nelson, William	Virginia
Jackson, William	Virginia
Jocues, Walter	Arkansas
Mayo, Frank	Georgia
Hughes, Walter	Virginia
Goodall, David	Virginia
Goosh, Albert	Missouri
Wells, Mike	S. Carolina

Shotsage, Walter	S. Carolina
Clemiums, Ruby	Illinois
White, John	Pennsylvania
Mickus, Alex	Virginia
Jackson, John	Illinois
York, Mike	Virginia
Warnick, Charles	Ohio
Sheats, Stephen	Georgia
De Lowry, George	Maryland
Stephenson, James	Virginia
Holmes, Sarah	Missouri
Ambler, Thomas	Virginia
Nicholas, W.	Virginia
Byrd, James	Florida
Clark, David	Virginia
Bowls, Simon	Virginia
Crowley, James	Missouri
Rutherford, Bette	Mississippi
Scott, L.	Virginia
Williams, George	Maryland
McCormick, Alfred	S. Carolina
Saunders, George	Ohio
Walter, Arthur	Missouri
Riggins, James	Tennessee
Meadows, Bengy	Virginia
Williams, Howard	Virginia
Bradford, John	Virginia
Smith, Daniel	Virginia
Johnson, Juils	Virginia
Bagley, William	Virginia
Clark, J.H.	Virginia
Williams, Hoagen	Missouri
Hoagan, Samuel	Virginia
Williams, Pruiar	Virginia
Isabel, John	N. Carolina
Thompson, Walter	Indiana Territory
Sally, Isacc	Virginia
Willise, Jeff	Tennessee
Hamilton, Morrie	Kentucky
Chrisholm, George	Virginia
Evans, James	Tennessee
Thompsen, Lustious	Virginia
Jones, J.I.	Arkansas
Williams, Abe	Virginia
Robinson, Henry	Virginia
Harlow, Jack	Missouri
Terrell, Henry	Virginia
Coppening, Sandy	N. Carolina
Heath, Simpson	Alabama
Reed, Ellen	Pennsylvania
Miller, Emery	Kansas
Gendou, Dart	Tennessee
Rogers, J.E.	N. Carolina
Houghie, Richard	Virginia
Evens, Bress	N. Carolina
Bannester, J.H.	Virginia
Slaughter, Thomas	Virginia
Green, Thomas	Kentucky
Carter, Peter	Virginia
Roberts, William	Virginia
Williams, Edward	Mississi
Medley, James	Virginia
Howard, Thomas	Virginia
Jones, Henry	Virginia
Washington, Thomas	Tennessee
Teel, John	Virginia
Hopkins, Adolph	Illinois
Edmonds, Charley	Indiana Territory
Brooks, Roman	Illinois
Smith, J.	S. Carolina
Williams, David	N. Carolina
Thomson, John	Canada
Dolly, Counow	Virginia
Taylor, Harold	Virginia
Osburn, William	Kentucky
Donaldsen, J.B.	Missouri
Crawford, John	Virginia
Kinney, Issaac	Virginia
Stevens, Haney	Illinois
Thompsen, William	Tennessee
Howard, Robert	Virginia
Slugh, James	Kentucky
Bulan, Ed	Virginia
Chivens, Thomas	Kansas
Hatcher, James	Louisiana
Martin, David	Virginia
Thompson, J.E.	Canada
Hubauke, George	Kentucky
Totten, Manual	Virginia
Patersen, Robert	Illinois
Green, Ashley	Georgia
Diggis, Lewis	Mississippi
Clay, Henry	Virginia
Brooks, James	Virginia
Dossy, John	Virginia
Shavens, John	Virginia
Kimble, John	Virginia
Howard, Adolph	Illinois
Malentine, Robert	N. Carolina
Williams, John	Virginia
Lester, C.W.	W. Virginia
Spindle, John	Virginia
Masks, George	Virginia
Pickston, Louis	Virginia

NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS 1888

Seattle P.I.
August 21, 1888

Miners in Roslyn went on strike in early Aug. demanding an 8 hour work day.

Five trains loaded with Negroes and U.S. Deputies numbering several hundred were brought in amongst jeers to work. They were intended to work longer hours at less pay.

There was no violence when the Negroes were unloaded, but it was expected later.

Seattle P.I.
August 23, 1888

Strikers went to Cle Elem to arm themselves. They are still working and no violence is expected until the Negroes are put to work.

Feeling is against the deputies and with the miners.

Seattle P.I.
August 24, 1888

The mines at Roslyn were closed when Northern Pacific discovered coal on land homesteaded by Mr. Ross.

The white miners were upset that the black miners were coming.

Seattle P.I.
August 25, 1888

The coal company miners were arrested and put in the hands of the Kittitas County Sheriff.

Tacoma Daily Ledger
August 25, 1888

They arrested some of the black coal miners on their way to Roslyn.

Tacoma Daily Ledger
August 28, 1888

The petition of less hours and more pay was put to vote. It was used as a campaign promise by politicans.

Tacoma Daily Ledger
August 28, 1888

Shooting broke out, but no one was seriously hurt.

Seattle P.I.
August 29, 1888

Gov. Semple leaves for Cle Elum to be present at the hearing of the guards at Roslyn.

Tacoma Daily Ledger
August 30, 1888

Arrested men released, Strike settled. Black miners given opportunity to go back east if they wanted.

Tacoma Daily News
August 31, 1888

The miners petitioned Gov. Semple to help them get benefits he didn't have the power to give i.e. better schooling, an 8 hour day, more money (since the cost of living was higher than in Puget Sound mines). They also wanted more protection in mine no. 3.

Seattle Press
August 31, 1888

It was the opinion of some journalists that the railroad company was just importing votes in their own favor when they brought in black labor. They also felt the white labor was being treated unfairly and forced to vote for the company by a threat to their jobs.

300 Negroes were brought in from Brierwood, Ill. They left there at midnight.

Seattle P.I.
August 31, 1888

When Gov. Semple arrived home from Roslyn, he recommended against placing federal guards at Roslyn, except in case of sudden danger to protect lives and property.

Seattle P.I.
August 31, 1888

When Gov. Semple arrived home from Roslyn, he recommended against placing federal guards at Roslyn, except in case of sudden danger to protect lives and property.

Tacoma Daily Ledger
September 1, 1888

The miners went back to work with the following pay conditions:

A) $3.00 for 8 hours work

or

B) $1.25 per ton of room coal and $2.50 per ton of entry coal up to a miximum of $3.50 per day. Miners working on plan B could meet this alotment from 3p.m. to 7 p.m.

Seatte P.I.
September 4, 1888

Black miners went to work today. Trains are running with deputies. There was no violence but the white miners cursed the blacks every chance they got.

Seattle P.I.
September 7, 1888

White miners threaten to strike again. Black miners continue to work at mine no. 3 without violence.

Seattle Press
September 7, 1888

The railroad company refused to recognize any labor union, either the Knights of Labor or the Miners Union. The unions reported that the blacks were being used to break the unions up.

Many of the miners (200) were married in the process of buying homes.

Seattle P.I.
September 9, 1888

The miners went on strike again closing mines and all but mail trains down. The railroad company is expected to import more blacks.

Seattle P.I.
September 16, 1888

The miners petition to get their jobs back as winter is coming and they have families to support. The company won't open the mines again unless all their terms are met. Miners are anxious for settlement and have agreed to 10¢ per ton reduction.

Tacoma Daily Ledger
September 28, 1888

The Strike was settled on the following terms:
A) Pay reduction of 10¢ per ton of room coal, and 25¢ on entry coal and narrow work.
B)Only about ½ of the present men will be hired back. Married men given the preference.
C)The men will hire their own doctor. The Negro miners will not be fired depite rumors. Mine no. 3 will continue to be run by Negroes.

Seattle P.I.
September 28, 1888

Strike was settled on the company's terms. There will be a pay reduction and some men will be layed off.

Seattle P.I.
October 2, 1888

On Oct. 1, Sunday a train with 100 Negroes arrived in Roslyn to work in mine no. 3. There might be trouble from the white miners, but due to their recent defeat, it is thought that they will continue working.

Tacoma Daily Ledger
October 3, 1888

October 1, 160 Negroes went to Roslyn to work mine no. 3. The leaders of the recent strike refused to work.

Tacoma Daily Ledger
October 4, 1888

140 Negroes came to Roslyn on Sunday. Two of this number were refused work.

Seattle P.I.
December 25, 1888

Mule drivers go on strike because they don't like the new boss, Superintendent A. Ronald. The company is not expected to give in.

Seattle P.I.
December 30, 1888

The striking mule drivers drove out the 10 scab workers and asst. Superintendent of mines at Roslyn, A.S. Williamson. He tried to pull a gun but was rushed too quickly.

Seattle P.I.
January 6, 1889

The mule drivers go back to work. Superintendent Ronald is still afraid to go back until things get more quiet. The workers accepted $2.85 per day.

Tacoma Daily Ledger
January 20, 1889

The mule skinners strike again for 15¢ per day more. A speedy settlement was expected.

Tacoma Morning Globe
January 24, 1889

The sheriff believes the governor should call in the militia while the governor doesn't feel it is serious enough. The sheriff could take care of it if he used his full resources.

Tacoma Daily News
January 28, 1889

During a bar room brawl one Negro man decided to grace the evening with song, despite many protests. One drunk miner had had enough and deliberately shot the vocalist.

It now seems the Roslyn strikers are striking because of the Negro workers rather than Superintendent Ronald.

Seattle Press
January 28, 1889

The Northern Pacific fired the 30 trouble making men. All others remained peacefull.

Tacoma Daily Ledger
January 30, 1889

The strikers in Roslyn are making better money than anywhere else in the country. In Roslyn an average of $90 to $120 could be made in a month, while other places an average of $50 to $60 would be made.

50 colored miners and families will arrive, mostly from Illinois and Indiana, Mine no. 3 will be run day and night making the mines more competitive.

Tacoma Daily News
January 31, 1889

The strikers were paid off for work done- then discharged. The miners began taking out coal for their own use as the company has no re-enforcements to stop them.

Tacoma Daily Ledger
February 3, 1889

The miners were willing to go to work under any terms, even if they had to arm themselves while working as was done in New Castle.

Tacoma Daily Ledger
February 15, 1889

300 Negro miners arrived with families. They will live on boarding trains until houses can be built. They will be better than the rough element there before. The sheriff was armed with a force of deputies to preserve the peace. Miners will start Monday.

W.T. Willsen, Treasurer of Knights of Labor, was arrested for embezzlement and jailed for default of bail.

Tacoma Daily News
February 16, 1889

250 of the white miners left Roslyn leaving even number of black and white workers. The miners are all working together well, but everyone was armed and prepared for trouble.

The Seattle Telegraph-Seattle, Washington
Tuesday, December 23, 1890
• COAL LANDS
Miners at Work on 22 Separate Veins
Found in 16 Countries

Among the sources of wealth of the state of Washington her coal industry is the most important. The first discovery of coal on the Pacific coast was at Bellingham Bay, Whatcom County, over thirty years ago. The coal proved to be of high grade, and the mine was extensively worked for a number of years, until the measures were exhausted below profitable working depths. With the further settlement of the Pacific slope came the increased demand for coal, which stimulated prospectors to seek new fields. They have done their work well, for coal mines have been discovered in sixteen counties of the state and 22 veins are being worked, yielding an aggregate of about 3000 tons of coal per day, which, at the average price of $4 per ton, delivered to the consumer, or on board vessels in our harbors, amounts to $12,000 per day, or $4,380,000 annually. The industry gives employment to about 4500 men in the mines and in handling the product.

COAL PRODUCTION

To give a more adequate idea of the amount of coal produced by the mines of Washington, if it was all piled in one pyramid it would make a mountain 250 feet square at the base and 1480 feet high. This would be a monument to exhitbit at a world's fair beside which the Eiffel tower would sink in insignificance, and when we compare the usefulness of these two structures, we should be proud to say this is the monument of our state of Washington.

This amount of coal would, if used for steam power, produce 24,013 horse power during every hour of the year, or would cook three meals per day every day of the year for 1,335,000 persons.

THE MEASURES

If the reader is sufficiently interested to keep us company a short time while we trace some of the veins over the surface of the measures which produce this wealth to our state, we will point out some features which particularly belong to the measures of Western Washington, and if we have time we may take a look underground and learn something of the manner by which these stores are taken from the nation's vast storehouse, and it may be, if space permit to speculate upon the way by which nature's storehouse has been filled.

The best known coal is probably that from the Newcastle mine, which has been on the market for about twenty-five years, and the coal, which is a bright black compact lignite, is known in every seaport on the Pacific coast as Seattle coal.

Until about three years ago the mine was worked from a tunnel run in along the strike of the vein and the coal was brought out, put on board the cars at New Castle station, but all the coal above this level being worked out, hoisting works were erected about one and a half miles farther east and a shaft sunk to take the coal out from the lower levels. The coal is found to improve in quality as a greater depth is reached and at the level of the present working, which is 1350 feet, or 300 feet below the level of the sea, the present output is a little more than 600 tons daily. The measures consist of six veins within a breadth of 700 feet. The veins strike south 76 degrees east, and have a dip of 42 degrees to the north, 14 degrees east and are interstratified with the carbonaceous sandstone and clay slate common to all the coal measures of the Pacific slope.

(From the Oregon Improvement Company Records)
OREGON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY
Seattle Department
The Columbia & Puget Sound R.R. Co.
The Franklin Coal Mines and Store
The Newcastle Coal Mines and Store
The O.I. Co.'s Saw Mills at Seattle
The Local Coal Business at Seattle

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 17, 1890
Elijah Smith, Esq. *CONFIDENTIAL*
President, New York City

Dear Sir;

I acknowledge your letter of October 9th enclosing copy of telegram from Howard urging that no suspension of the mines takes place at the present time. As I have already telegraphed and written to you, we have yielded to the demands of the miners for 15 per cent increase.

We are doing very little work at Franklin, however, and limiting the work at the mine entirely to the driving of the gang-ways. This produces about 50 tons of coal per day. This work will be finished about the middle of January, if carried out at the present rate. At that time the mine will be in shape for extensive mining, and if a sufficient force could be put in there, could mine 500 tons of coal a day to advantage. It is our intention now to open this mine with negroes, and to bring them out so as to arrive here to commence work about the 1st of February.

The mining in the Newcastle mine we are pushing to the full capacity of the mine, and it is now running at an estimated rate of about 20,000 tons per month. Unless some unforeseen difficulty occurs, I think we will be able to keep this up, and as the market now stands, we will be able to sell the entire out-put as we produce it.

Yours Truly,
C.J. Smith

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 23, 1890

Elijah Smith, Esq. *PERSONAL*
President, New York City

Dear Sir;

I acknowledge your letter of October 16th.

We have, as I have heretofore telegraphed you, granted the increase of 15 per cent to the miners at Newcastle and Franklin; but the situation up there is as bad, about, if not worse than it was before the demand was made. They have now demanded an increase in the contract price for mining the coal, a decrease in the hours for carpenters, and there is hardly a day passes but that a fresh demand of some kind is not made, and we are looking forward very confidently to the time when they will demand a change of bosses at the mines and practically assume the control of the mine again. We have yielded to some of their demands, and have held off on others; but the situation is daily growing more strained, and it is only with the greatest difficulty that we can maintain any sort of discipline at the mines. I have made a close calculation with Mr. McNeil and Mr. Corey about the ultimate effect of the increase of pay and the increase of the contract price of mining, as the matters stand now I think it will raise the price of coal at the mines to about $1.60 at Newcastle. At Franklin we are doing nothing except driving the entries. As soon as this is finished, we propose to knock off all work except a very small number of men, probably twenty or twenty-five, who will keep ahead with the gang-ways at the extreme ends. It is now our settled purpose to arrange to bring out about three hundred negroes in January, with their wives and children, which will amount to about 450 people. These negroes we will put into Franklin, and the moment that we get them in there, I am assured by Mr. Corey that we can start in on an out-put of 500 tons a day of good, clean coal. The expense to us of getting these darkies out will be about $25,000. I have broached the subject to the other mining operators here of standing in, and raising a fund to help us out on this pioneer effort, as it will be an advantage to them in a general reduction of mining prices as soon as the move has been successfully accomplished. They take to it rather kindly, and I believe we can get some money from them. We can, of course, charge all the expenses of the move to the negroes and collect it out of their wages; but the amount of expense that we will be to, for which there will be no return will probably be something ranging from $5,000 to $10,000. If we can get $5,000 help from the other mines, I think we would be out very little money.

The effect of this move on Newcastle, I believe, will be immediate and of the utmost benefit, and I think we can immediately bring about a reducction on present prices of not less than 25 per cent besides having the absolute control of our mine and being able to establish a thorough discipline, which ought to be worth at least ten per cent more. In order to get these darkies, we have got to start in immediately and make our arrangements and be gathering them up ready for their coming here in January. I have also got to obtain from the Northern Pacific road a lease for the right to handle the surface privileges on Section 19 and Section 17, so that we can eject the miners now occupying our houses without payment of rent. I will look after this with Schulze at once.

On the recript of this I would be glad to have you give the matter consideration and advise me as promptly as possible your approval of the plan of brining the negroes to Franklin, which carries with it the probable expenditure of about $25,000 to make the move, $15,000 of which we except at least to re-collect from the darkies after mining operations have commenced. The sooner I get this word the better, as we ought to send our men on at once and be organizing the forces.

Yours Truly,
C.J. Smith

(from Oregon Improvement Company Records)

I received today your letter stating that so far as you had looked into the matter you approved the course of putting the Negroes in the Franklin mine. I am glad you think so and hope we can get the matter arranged so we can commence to take early action in reference to this, as the Franklin mine is now in shape where we can work it up to an immediate output of about 8,000 tons a month and by the first of August can increase this to 12,000 tons and can sell every pound of it at a profit of not less than $1.00 a ton, and under favorable conditions of the market can get a net profit of $1.25 a ton. As long, therefore, as the mine is idle we are losing this much in our earnings. On the basis of the figures sent you for transaction, it will cost about $35,000 to place the Negroes in the mine, of which we will get back about $20,000 by deduction from the labor of the Negroes as soon as work is under way. If we can get a rate of about $35 from Virginia to the coast it will reduce the amount to about $25,000 all told needed to expend for this purpose.

Yours Truly,
C.J. Smith
General Manager

OREGON IMPROVEMENT CO.
Joseph Simon, Receiver

C.J. Smith, General Manager
S.B. Willey, Auditor
A.S. Gibbs, Cashier

Portland, Oregon, Jan. 28 1891

W.H. Starbuck, Esq.
Pres. O.I. Co., New York

Dear Sir;

As you will doubtless be interested in matters that are transpiring out here in connection with the properties, I send you the following:

On September 1st, as I have heretofore advised you, a demand was made by the miners operating in all mines west of the Cascade Mountains in Washington for a horizontal increase in wages of 15% on all classes of labor. Owing to our crippled financial condition it was considered advisable to accept this condition for Newcastle Mine as the neighboring mines had agreed to it, but the Franklin Mine was

shut down. Since that time the Newcastle Mine has been operated with this 15% increase in wages which has been very burdensome. The company yielding to this demand inspired the miners with the idea that any future demand would be acceded to. They have in consequence made several demands upon us subsequently, one for a reduction of hours of labor for carpenters from ten to nine hours at the same rate of wages, which was acceded to. Another, that the method of counting, by which we ascertained the cash balance due to each man each night, should be changed. This we declined to do. They afterwards demanded that any coal lost between the breast where it was mined and the bunker, should be paid for by the Company. The basis of pay in this particular was the coal received at the Bunker. As there is occasionally a car turned over or broken in transit, this amount is quite a considerable item. We also declined to accede to this demand. The agitation among the miners caused a feeling of discontent on account of our refusal in these particulars, which culminated finally about two week ago in the demand that all non-union men be prohibited from working. We reached our limit of forebearance on this.

There were about 25 good non-union men in the mine. After consulting with them they agreed to stand by the Company under any circumstances. We arranged for an additional supply of non-union men to be on hand and as soon as we were satisfied we could control the situation we notified the knights of labor who had made the demand for the discharge of non-union men, that we would not ony not comply with their demand but we should in future reserve the right to hire and discharge whom we pleased, a right which they had previously denied us. They threatened to strike, upon which we discharged 60 of the worst agitators and the most turbulent people connected with the mine, replacing them with non-union men, making altogether about 85 non-union men against about 175 knights of labor. As the leaders were discharged, however, the balance of the knights of labor fell in line with us without difficulty and I now believe we have control of the property and will be able to maintain it. We did not do this without arranging a basis upon which we would work for the future. This basis is, that upon the 1st of April the miners will accept a reduction of 15%, placing the wages back to the amount they were prior to September 1, 1890. They will also work ten hours per day instead of nine as heretofore, making a reduction on this account of 10% and they will also make contract with us by the year at the stated wages which will do away with the fear we have always had of strikes and agitation in the mines at periods when our heavy work compels us either to have a strike or accede to their demands. I might possibly have arranged the period for this reduction and contract work to take effect earlier than April first, but did not think it expedient or good policy to do so as the period between now and April first will be occupied to a considerable extent in ridding ourselves of some of the undesirable element that is still connected with the mine, and we could not do this and reduce the wages at the same time without having a good deal of popular outcry and sympathy shown to the discharged men. With the reduced wages in the Newcastle mine and the contract system at work, if we can now proceed to get Negro labor in the Franklin mine at an early period I consider that the reductions we will be able to make in the two mines will give us an additional net earnings over the prices heretofore paid of not less than $125,000 per annum, and I consider this a conservative amount. This reduction, however, is by no means the strongest feature in this matter, as I consider the actual control of the property by us and our ability to hire and discharge whom we please will produce a very much greater efficiency in working the mines hereafter than has ever been enjoyed by the Company, and we can have some feeling of comfort in doing business with our laboring classes.

The Seattle Telegraph Vol. I No. 135

COAL OUTPUT

The State's Product is 1,722,653 Tons

King County Leads

Her Yield This Year Is No Less Than 498,018 Tons

A Net Gain of 106,835 Tons

The state increases her yield by 571,726 tons- The surprising product of the Roslyn and Kittitas Mines -Output of the Bucoda and Pierce Companies - A new mine at Centralia - The total value of the Washington Output is nearly $7,000,000 - The extensive bunkers at Seattle - shipments to Australia, California and Honolulu.

The coal mines of Western Washington have for 1890 increased their product by over half a million tons. The total product of all the mines had been obtained after considerable effort. The figures in all instances are obtained from the most reliable sources, usually direct from the manager of the respective company.

King county this year as usual leads in the product. Her total output is 498,018 tons, as against 391,183 tons last year, which is an increase of 106,835 tons. The Roslyn or Kittitas county mines follow next with 450,659 tons, as against 238,431 tons in 1889. This is an increase of 212,228 tons, and almost double the product.

Thurston county has also done well. Last year the Bucoda mines made an output of 266,399 tons, while this year their product is 399,000 tons. Pierce county's yield in 1889 was 255,313 tons, while this year it was 384,976. All things considered, the mines have made an extremely creditable showing. The total increase of the product of 1890 over 1889 is exactly 571,726 tons, and the total product of all the mines is 1,722,653 tons.

The King County Mines

The Product Largely Increased During the Present Year

King county mines have made a good showing this. Several of the properties only got fairly started in 1889. Their output was 391,183 tons, while at Pierce county mines were 255,313, and the Roslyn mines 238,431. The corresponding output for 1889, is clearly set forth in connection with the table showing the product for this year:

	1889	1890
Franklin	113,927	130,189
Newcastle	87,825	73,545
Gilman	55,362	67,820
Black Diamond	97,744	172,320
Durham	22,319	31,697
Cedar River	14,406	22,547
Totals	391,183	498,018

The Roslyn Mines

Their Output For The Year Reaches A Total Of 450,669 Tons.

The output of the Roslyn mines for this year reaches a total of 450,669 tons, against 238,431 tons last year. These mines have grown greatly in importance during the last 12 months. They are owned by the Northern Pacific railroad, and have been working many hundred men all year. The mines will soon be increased to 1800 tons daily, and as soon as possible to 2000 tons. The pay day is the fourth Saturday of each month. The company distributed $80,000 among its employees each pay day. The output by months during the year is as follows:

	Tons
January	36,908
February	33,347
March	35,436
April	30,768
May	31,084
June	29,711
July	29,711
August	27,974
September	40,141
October	45,595
November	55,000
December (estimated)	55,000
Total	450,669

Thurston County Mines

Large Increase in the Product of the Mines At Bucoda

A largely increased output has been made this year at Bucoda, Thurston county. These mines, opened in the last two or three years, have become famous producers. The development of the veins and opening up of new ground has been very important. The product is thus shown:

	1889	1890
Northwest Coal Company, Bucoda	266,000	399,000

Pierce County Mines

A Total Output of 384,976 Tons Made in 1890

There has been a largely increased production at all the Pierce county mines also. These mines, like those of King, Kittitas and Thurston counties, have this year employed thousands of men. Extensive shipments have steadily been made from Tacoma during the season, as there have been from Seattle. The product of the Pierce county mines is shown as follows:

	1889	1890
Carbon Hill Coal Co.	195,387	295,088
South Prairie Coal Co.	45,107	67,668
Wilkeson Coal Company	6,738	10,107
Tacoma Coal & Coke Co.	8,081	12,121
Recapitulation		
King County	391,183	498,018
Kittitas County	238,431	450,669
Thurston County	266,000	399,000
Pierce County	255,313	384,976
Total	1,150,927	1,722,653
Increase of 1890 over 1889		571,726

In the production of coal during 1890 King county and the state of Washington have gone steadily onward and upward. The output in 1889 would have been larger had it not been for the fire and other obstacles. It would have been larger in 1890, also, had it not been for the strike in Australia, which tied up various vessels. The coal shipments of Washington for 1889 were 1,149,658 tons, valued at $4,785,196.75; in 1888 they were 944,243 tons, worth $4,263,510. By an estimate published elsewhere on this page, which was written before the facts in this article were collected, it is shown that at $4 per ton the value of Washington's coal output is considerable in excess of $4,000,000.

By the figures given here, however, it is shown that the value is, at $4 a ton, $6,890,612.

The output of Washington mines, barring what is used for local railways, steamships, manufacturers and home consumption in other ways, is mainly marketed in San Francisco.

Six large coal mines are worked in King County, and in addition to these there are many smaller veins that are worked with more or less constancy. The products of all these are shipped direct from this port. The new bunkers built here by the Oregon Improvement company cost $70,000 and have a storage capacity of 6000 tons. Six ships and many teams may be loaded at a time, while coal is being delivered steadily in the bunkers by cars. Extensive bunkers have also been constructed at the foot of Madison street and at North Seattle by the Seattle Coal & Iron company. It is estimated that the wages paid employees on the various mines this year will reach $1,500,000. The wages paid in 1888 were about $1,000,000. The cost of mining the coal is said to be about $1.10 per ton. Of the five large coal mines of King County, the Franklin, which is situated 34 miles from Seattle, is developing two veins. The coal is alongside of it, and its coal is of the same character, and like it, burns freely and gives out great heat. Three veins of the Black Diamond have been worked.

The Seattle or Newcastle mine is on the Lake Shore road, 18 miles from the city. Its coal is a superior lignite of a bright black color and very firm. The coal is much used on the Pacific coast. Three veins have been worked during the year and about 350 men have been employed. The Cedar River mine has been working one vein, which is similar to the Newcastle vein. The mine is 19 miles from Seattle.

The Gilman mines are on the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern railroad, 41 miles from the city, in Squak creek valley. These mines have come to the front very prominently in the last few years. It is a lignite, devoid of sulphur, and produces steam very fast. The present capacity of the mine is about 1200 tons a day. The Washington Coal company's mines and the well known Renton mine are contiguous to each other, and are about 12 miles from the city. They have been worked pretty steadily.

It is estimated by some coal experts that there are 100,000 acres of coal lands in King county alone. Others put the coal area much larger. In 1871 their development began by the shipment of 4,918 tons to San Francisco. The output has increased from year to year since then, until now King County has a reputation all over the western half of the country. No less than 100,000 tons of King County coal are burned at home, while more than half a million tons are shipped to other points. Since the King county mines began to be worked, they have produced in all about 4,500,000 tons. They are

the popular coals of the Pacific coast, and this country, as will be seen, leads all others.

The coal shipped from Pierce and Thurston county mines in 1889, by cargoes, was as follows: South Prairie mine, 19 cargoes, 30,789 tons; Bucoda, 4 cargoes, 5,683 tons; Durham, 1 cargo, 2,000 tons; Carbon Hill, 50 Cargoes, 142,459 tons. This was a total of 78 cargoes, or 180,941 tons. The Roslyn, newly developed mines in Kittitas county, produced 238,431 tons in 1889.

On the head of the Cowlitz river there are several large veins of coal but partially developed. Some of it's brown coal, while other is a flinty bituminous resembling anthracite. The oldest coal mine in the state runs under the city of Fairhaven. It has produced over 250,000 tons of semi-bituminous coal. Several hundred feet of work has been done on the old Fairhaven mine, and a tunnel is being pushed to strike the vein at a depth of 300 feet.

Shipments from the Gilman mine alone, operated by the Seattle Coal & Iron Company, were about 29,000 tons from January 1 to June 1. This mine is now producing over 350 tons per day, and as the shaft is extended the quality of coal improves. The total output of coal from Seattle from January 1 to June 1, 1980, was 201,180 tons. When it is borne in mind that with the exception of two very small mines in California, producing coal of an inferior quality and in quantity not sufficient to be taken into consideration, and an annual output of 40,000 tons of an inferior quality from Oregon mines, there is no other state than Washington on the Pacific coast possessing coal, the value and future of this branch of industry can be understood.

Other mines are now coming to the front as producers. They are being developed all the time.

A new coal mine called the Florence has lately been opened about two miles from Centralia. the vein is said to be lignite and several feet thick. It is developed for 200 feet. Twenty men are now working on it, and cars are carrying it to Centralia. The coal is said to be of excellent quality. R.H. Simpson, editor of the Centralia NEWS, in answer to a communication from THE SEATTLE TELEGRAPH, wrote under date of December 9; "No coal has yet been shipped from Florence mine. Col. Ellsbery has just succeeded in getting a locomotive and first trip was made today. Up to the present time the coal has been used for local consumption, but within a few days the company expect to begin shipping from 50 to 150 tons per day."

The coal situation on this coast is an interesting one. San Francisco draws on Puget Sound very heavily for her supplies. Coal is being sent there steadily in the vessels which are in the trade. The great coal strike in Australia was declared off on November 17. The mines had been tied up for several weeks. All the vessels loaded for California before the inauguration of the strike had reached their destination except two.

On the very day work was resumed at the Newcastle mines two vessels, nearly loaded for San Francisco before the men went out, had their cargoes completed and immediately put to sea. On the following day another in the same fix was sent off, and on the 26th the big ship Scottish Lochs completed her cargo and sailed. This made four ships then on the way to that port from Australia with coal at that time.

They have 10,000 tons of coal, but they will not get there much before February, and may be 30 days longer. Sixty days is considered an average trip from Australia to San Francisco. There are many other ships entered out for California at Newcastle and Sydney. These vessels will take at least 60,000 tons of coal, making, with what is now on the way, 70,000 tons of coal in sight from the colonies for San Francisco.

The strike was long, and general local supplies must have been much depleted. There were vessels up for other foreign markets besides California when the strike began.

These shipments to Australia from Seattle were the first ever made to that country from the Pacific coast. Undoubtedly our shipments of coal to foreign ports are destined to grow from this on greatly in importance.

The receipts of Puget Sound coal at San Francisco, the great receiving port of California, show the immense demand of that state for the Washington product. The receipts for November and for the first eleven months of 1890 were as follows:

	For November	Jan 1 to Nov. 30
Puget Sound, tons	44,194	414,486
Oregon	4,800	49,150
Eastern	406	31,501
Australia	5,623	153,920
British Columbia	33,878	312,980
English	5,971	11,949
Welsh	1,840	24,089
Scotch		1,490
Japan		6,600
Total	96,614	1,006,215
In 1889	91,344	1,081,494

There were only two cargoes of 5,623 tons from Australia last month, owing to the strike inauguarated some weeks ago, and which was declared off November 17. In November, 1889, there were 31,455 tons from Australia. The receipts from Puget Sound mines were 100 per cent larger than for the same month last year. From British Columbia the quantity was about the same, but would have been much larger if the Wellington had not been crippled by a recent strike.

It will be readily seen that Puget Sound, as usual, leads all other points in the shipping of coal to San Francisco.

This city has been shipping also to Honolulu. There is scarcely a prominent point on this coast that the coal of the King county mines does not reach.

Every one of the mines will produce a larger amount than ever next year. Probably not less than 5,000 or 6,000 men will be employed, instead of over 4,000 as at present.

FRANKLIN MINE

The Pacific Coast Coal Company owns the property on which the Franklin mine has been opened. The principal bed in the series here is the McKay and on it most of the work has been done. as early as 1887 drifts were driven on this bed at the level of Green river and also above the level of the old railroad grade, on what was at that time called the upper McKay. The Green river drift was often referred to at that time as the section 19 mine, due to the fact that the opening was on that section in T.21 N., R.7E. The drifts were driven northward along the strike of the bed, close to the north line of section 18. The bed within this area was remarklably free from faults and the dip, which was westward, was steep enough so that the coal would run easily on sheet iron. The dip varied from 50 degrees at Green river to 30 degrees at the north end of the gangway.

Sometime in the early part of 1887 a large and well equipped slope was sunk diagonally across the dip on the No. 12 bed, which underlies the McKay. A rock tunnel was driven across the strata on a curve through the overlying strata to the McKay bed. a slope, known as the Thomas slope, was sunk from this point, which was a little higher than the level of Green river, on the McKay bed. Also a slope was sunk from the outcrop of the McKay at Green river, called the Sullivan slope. Gangways were driven north and south to connect these two slopes.

Part of the coal was hauled out of the Sullivan slope, but most of it was hoisted up the Thomas slope and the big slope. Later another level was sunk on the Thomas slope and two more levels on the Sullivan slope.

A slope was also sunk on the No. 13 bed, which lies between the No. 12 bed and the McKay. Rock tunnels were driven across from this slope to the overlying McKay. This slope reached the seventh level of the McKay. The south gangway of the McKay, on the sixth level, struck a fault at a distance of 2,900 feet. Mine fires and explosions compelled the management to close the mine from time to time.

Washington Geological Survey
Bulletin No. 3

Tacoma Daily News - February 18, 1889

AT THE ROSLYN MINES

Colored Men Set at Work This Morning - No Trouble

H.C. Lytle, assistant general manager of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, returned from Roslyn this morning. Orders were given yesterday to resume mining today, but the mines cannot be worked to their full capacity for several days, as it will take some time to place the new colored miners. At Roslyn, Mr. Lytle met General Manager John Kangley, who had come from the east with the party of miners. They were approached by the various committees, representing the white strikers, who offered to return to work providing the negroes were discharged. The proposition was not listened to, though the officials agreed to give the white men work if they desired it. The latter refused to work with the colored miners and the situation remains unchanged at present. The white miners left in Roslyn are among the best the company had in its employ, and it seems they drove the tough element out of Roslyn themselves. But the company has promised to work the negroes and will not discharge them to take back the strikers. However, if the white men choose to work with the colored men, they will have the opportunity to do so. The negroes were hired to mine at the rate of 85 cents per ton, while the white men worked for $1.15 per ton, but the scale of wages has not been definitely fixed.

THE COAL FIELDS OF KING COUNTY

When the coal was mined, it was hauled out of the gangways by mules to the foot of the incline, then hoisted up to the top of the bluff and dumped into the bunkers which were located on a spur of the Columbia and Puget Sound railway.

These beds are on the west limb of the Kummer syncline and dip eastward at about 52 degrees. Sandstone, fire-clay, shale and coal have been mined from this portion of the Kummer series.

Log of Eugene Lawson's drill hole, in the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter, section 27, T. 21 N., R 6 E. The drill hole was vertical, the strata dipping about 16 degrees to the westward. The McKay bed is believed to have been reached at 1,369 feet, where the hole caved:

	Ft.
Surface soil	2
Clay, not glacial	45
Sandstone	72
Carbonaceous shale	34
Stratified sandstone	25
Gray stratified shale	30
Sandy shale	31
Bone and impure coal	4
Dark shale	5
White sandstone	93
Black carbonaceous shale	13
White sandstone	134
Sandy shale	15
Dark shale	6
Hard dark sandstone	4
Coal and bone	6
White sandstone	12
Light colored shale	9
Dark shale	43
White sandstone	62
Dark shale	2

The Seattle Telegraph - Seattle, Washington
Tuesday, December 23, 1890

***COAL LANDS**

Miners at Work On 22 Separate Veins
Found In 16 Countries

Among the sources of wealth of the state of Washington her coal industry is the most important. The first discovery of coal on the Pacific coast was at Bellingham Bay, Whatcom county, over thirty years ago. The coal proved to be of high grade, and the mine was extensively worked for a number of years, until the measures were exhausted below profitable working depths. With the further settlement of the Pacific slope came the increased demand for coal, which stimulated prospectors to seek new fields. They have done their work well, for coal mines have been discovered in sixteen counties of the state and 22 veins are being worked, yielding an aggregate of about 3,000 tons of coal per day, which, at the average price of $4 per ton delivered to the consumer, or on board vessels in our harbors, amounts to $12,000 per day, or $4,380,000 annually. The industry gives employment to about 4,500 men in the mines and in handling the product.

COAL PRODUCTION

To give a more adequate idea of the amount of coal produced by the mines of Washington, if it was all piled in one pyramid it would make a mountain 250 feet square at the base.

Until about three years ago the mine was worked from a tunnel run in along the strike of the vein and the coal was brought out, put on board the cars at New Castle station, but all the coal above this level being worked out, hoisting works were erected about one and a half miles farther east and a shaft sunk to take the coal out from the lower levels. The coal is found to improve in quality as a greater depth is reached and at the level of the present working, which is 1350 feet, or 300 feet below the level of the sea, the present output is a little more than 600 tons daily. The measures consist of six veins within a breadth of 700 feet. The veins strike south 76 degrees east, and have a dip of 42 degrees to the north, 14 degrees east and are interstratified with the carbonaceous sandstone and clay slate common to all the coal measures of the Pacific slope.

Pacific Northwest Quarterly - October, 1957
By: Marilyn Tharp (Marilyn Tharp's article is an undergraduate essay at the University of Washington. She is a decentdant of John McKnight, Newcastle pioneer.)

Story of Coal at Newcastle

Coal mining is an industry with a long history in the valleys behind Seattle. The first coal claims were taken up in the Squak Valley area nearly a century ago. Newcastle and Black Diamond became centers of mining activity not long afterward. Large deposits were reported, considerable investments were made in the development of mining operations, and for some years there was general optimism as to the prospects of this basic resource enterprise.

Since 1900 the situation has been less favorable. During the earlier period, however, the coal mining towns were lively places. One would hardly guess, when visiting the ghostly remains of Newcastle today, how vigorous it was during the first stages of its history. But Newcastle cherishes many memories, and its role in the development of a significant frontier industry deserves to be acknowledged.

An early report on the discovery of coal in the New Castle area is contained in a letter by Phillip H. Lewis, who wrote that David Mowey, a Pennsylvania German, took up a claim in the Squak Valley about 1859. Lewis himself discovered a second vein that same year, with the aid of an indian named Mowitch. He left the Puget Sound area, however, and did nothing with his discovery until 1864.

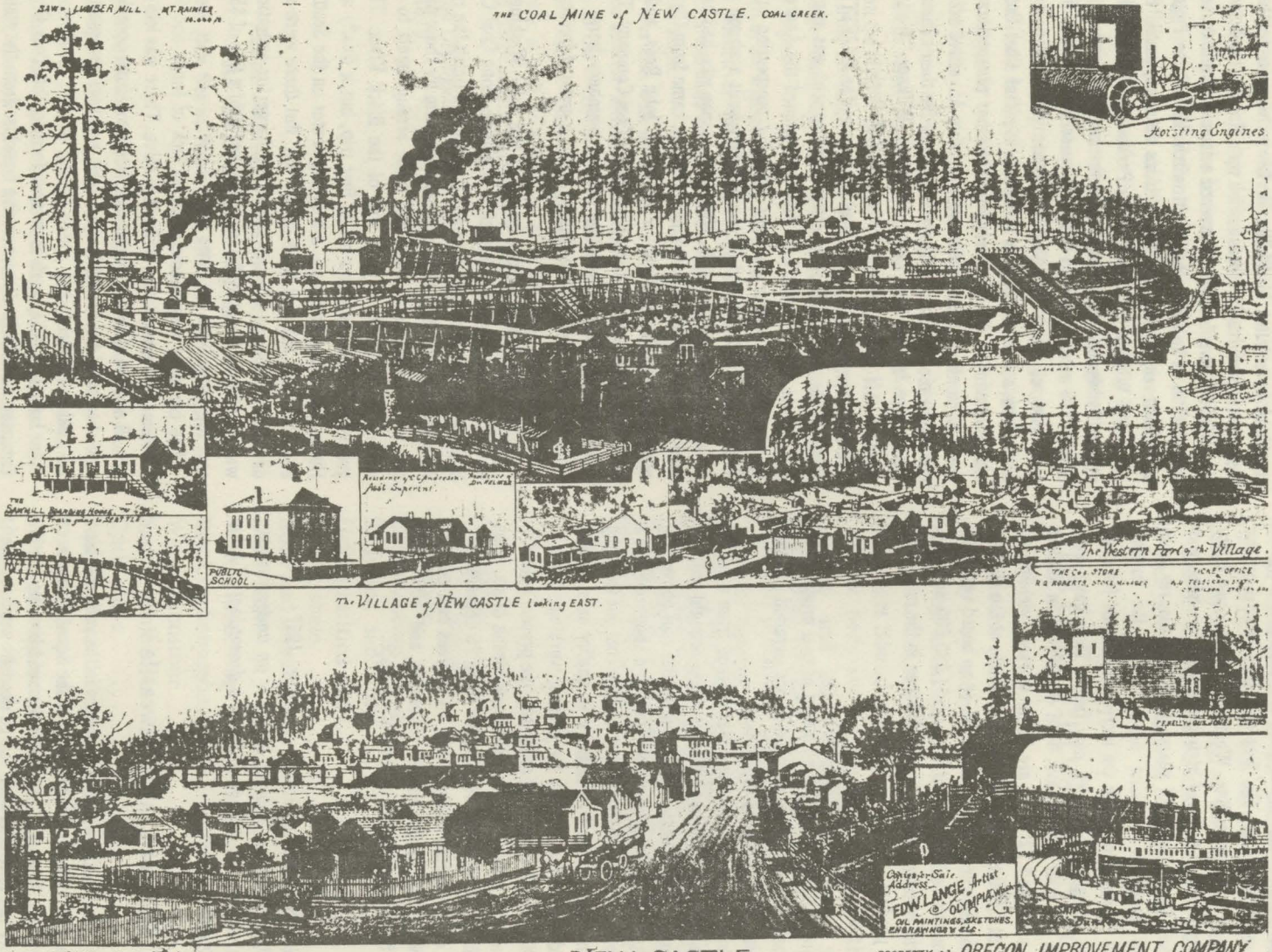
In 1862 William ("Walla Walla") Perkins went to the Newcastle region, "where somebody had struck the mineral", and secured two claims -320 acres. The next fall, while surveying a township on the east side of Lake Washington, Edwin Richardson accidently discovered a bed of coal on the north bank of Coal Creek. The announcement of this discovery brought other prospectors into the area. A number of men who were to play an active role in the development of the Newcastle area rushed to file their claims; among them were Ira Woodin, Finley Campbell, William "Walla Walla" Perkins, P.H. Lewis, Josiah Settle, and C.B. Bagley.

Seattle people began to talk coal in earnest. The GAZETTE printed maps of the coal fields, and active development was commenced. P.H. Lewis and a friend, L.B. Andrews, opened the Andrews mine from which they got a few tons by using prospecting operations. With the aid of Settle and Richardson they built a wagon road into the area. Reverend George P. Whitworth, a man who had had a great deal of expeience in eastern mining regions, came from Olympia and with Reverend Daniel Bagley, P.H. Lewis, John Ross, and Selucius Garfielde, organized the Lake Washington Coal Company. There was apparently some discrimination among members here, however; "Walla Walla" Perkins stated that "It was a game of freeze out and I wasn't in it."

At first the future looked bright to the Lake Washington Coal Company. They opened a tunnel on a hillside along Coal Creek and brought out the first coal in sacks. They helped finish the road from the mine at a cost of $2,000, a considerable sum for those days. They also built a light draft barge and made arrangements to use it to move coal to Elliott Bay by way of the Black River. The barge grounded in shallow water on its first trip, but it finally arrived at Hinds, Stone and Company, a shipping center on the Seattle docks, and advertised the coal at $8.00 per ton. But there were still more difficulties. Customs officials seized the barge for operating in salt water without a license. The coal company paid a fine of $50.00 and sent the barge back for more coal.

The company was handicapped by lack of funds and found the problems of transportation difficult to solve. There was lots of money in coal and the company owned coal; but it could not operate without captial to build the roads, barges, cars, and tugs necessary to carry the coal to market.

In January, 1867, a rival faction formed the Coal Creek Road Company and obtained an exclusive franchise from the state to build a rail or tram road from a point on Lake Washington up the Coal Creek Valley through a place so narrow that the construction of a rival line would be nearly impossible. The firm built the road at



C. J. SMITH, Gen'l Manager. C. C. ANDERSON, Assist' Superint

T. B. COREY, Superint of New Castle & Franklin Coal Mines.

VIEW of NEW CASTLE, COAL MINES. near SEATTLE. WASHINGTON.

PROPERTY of the OREGON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY

Office in the BURKE BUILDING. SEATTLE Wash.

considerable expense and actually brought out some coal. In 1868, however, the stockholders failed to meet their obligations. Had the money which was spent on building the road been invested in providing transportation from the Newcastle mine to Seattle, history might have been different, and the mines might have remained in the hands of Seattle owners. But this was not done, and $40,000 was quickly spent and lost.

The Lake Washington Coal Company, meanwhile, attempted to bring San Francisco capital into the firm. A young mining engineer, T.A. Blake, came to Newcastle to examine and evaluate the coal fields. He wrote an optimistic report, but his "backers" decided not to compete with San Francisco coal, and let the option drop. Blake's gentlemen were misguided. His report was quite correct and very farsighted:

> It would appear that the property as a whole is one whose development will form an important step in the history of our productive interests. Is is somewhat inconveniently located, demanding both water and land transportation before the delivery of the coal at a favorable shipping-point. However, its favorable situation and surrounding for inexpensive MINING, together with the superior quality and great quantity of the coal, more than compensate for the other desadvantages of its location...The lower one ALONE of these three beds will probably furnish a greater mass of GOOD COAL in a given length and breadth than any mine yet worked on the Pacific Coast of North America....It is certain, then, that the facts at present warrant, and we believe that developments in the future will justify, the probabilities as stated above. And if there be the case, it will not be easy to over-estimate the future importance of the Seattle coal field to the commercial and productive interests of the Pacific Coast; notwithstanding the heavy outlay which will be required to open the mines upon a proper scale, and to put the coal in the market.

Because San Francisco lost interest, the report was filed but never published, and the Seattle people were left to continue on their own.

The Seattle Coal Company was organized and incorporated on February 1, 1870. In conjunction with it the Seattle Coal and Transportation Company was formed for the purpose of delivering the output from Newcastle to the ships on Elliott Bay. This group bought out the interest of the old Lake Washington Coal Company, acquiring thereby 480 acres of land. They retained two of the original stockholders, George F. Whitworth and C.B. Bagley, added seven new stockholders, and issued 10,000 shares of stock.

The Seattle Coal and Transportation Company immediately set about to improve transportation facilities. In 1871 it laid track from the mine to Murphy's Landing on Lake Washington. Here the coal was loaded on scows and taken through the slough at the southern end of the Lake into the Black River, then by way of the Duwamish River to Seattle. About $25,000 was spent on the project. By May, 1872, the railroad ran from the mine all the way to deep water, reducing appreciably the cost of handling great quantities of coal.

In September, 1872, there were sixty men employed at the mine and fifteen in transportation. The company was operating 92 cars, and more were delivered daily. The company had constructed 25 houses and was preparing to increase output at the mine. Newcastle began to "rumble".

At this time Seattle was making a determined effort to establish rail communication with the east. The Northern Pacific had choosen Tacoma as its Western terminus. Seattle interests organized their own railway and by March 7, 1877, had laid the rails as far as Renton. With the personal financial backing of James M. Colman, superintendent, the Seattle and Walla Walla Railroad, as it was called, reached Newcastle within the year. On February 5, 1878, the railroad reached the mine, and on that day fifty tons of coal were brought to town. The railroad ran four locomotives and fifty coal cars, moved from 400 to 800 tons of coal a day, carried the mail, and secured a large traffic.

In 1877 Watson A. Goodyear described the mines as follows:

> They were, both of them, beautiful beds to work. Their thickness was good; their dip was right; their roof and floors good; there were no faults; their coal itself was good and hard and clean; there was no pumping nor hoisting, and hardly any timbering was needed. How much everyone of these items means in its bearings on the unavoidable cost of mining, will be best understood by those who have had most experience in working beds of a different character, such, for example, as those of the Mt. Diablo mines. But since the union of the two in one clean, solid bed eleven feet in thickness, the conditions for cheap mining are even more favorable than they were before, and there is not, today, a coal mine in North America, west of the Rocky Mountains, which for cheapness of mining can compare with this magnificent bed.

It was a common experience to say, "The roof is almost like steel". Acres of the mine were developed without the use of a prop, pillar, or any support. The slope was extended 2,000 feet down to a level 300 feet below sea level. The coal was of the highest grade lignite. The lump coal was used for domestic purposes; it kindled easily, made a hot fire, and was almost as clean to handle as wood. The export coal was compact, flinty and very firm; it had a bright luster and a good fracture and was easily adaptable to steam use. One ship captain complained that the coal was so hot that it burned his ship's boilers up; this statement much delighted the coal company. Volume of production was high; of the 790,639 tons of coal mined in the region during the first ten years, 733,794 tons came from Newcastle, 33,419 tons from the Renton mines, and 23,426 tons from the Talbot mine.

Newcastle was a busy town by the mid-1870's. Life there is depicted by John McKnight in a letter to his young wife in Oregon who was waiting for him to find a job and a place to live in Newcastle.

June 15th, 1876
Seattle Coal Mine

My Dear Ellen,

I take this opportunity of writing to you again. I stopped three days at Renton, and could not get anything to do, so I came up here Monday night, and I got a job yesterday morning working on the new bunkers. I am started at $2.00 per day. I could get $3.00 per day if I had had my tools with me. We work 1¼ day in one day. We start in at 7 and work to 12, commence at one and work to 9 so I make $3.12½ each day, but I think I will have $3.00 per day of 10 hours before long.

There are over 300 men in this camp and all of them at work; tonight is pay night for the month of May and there is a great crowd round the paymaster. He is paying off since 6 o'clock p.m., and he will not get through until 11 or 12. I think we will get along very well here after a while Ellen. I have not got an answer to my last letter to you. I guess it is at Renton, but I have no chance to send for it just now. This place is 16 miles from Seattle.

I will send for you Ellen just as soon as I can. Next time I travel I mean to have Willie and you along with me, as I miss you and him very much. Tell me how you are fixed there, and if you don't like to stop much longer there, I will try and send for you very soon, but I could not get any house to live in here. Every house is filled; lots of families here; two or three families boarding and sleeping in the company cook house. The cook house is a large building, and the upstairs part of it is filled with beds and rooms-single rooms. They charge only $8.00 per week for a man and his wife, board and lodging so Jim McDonnell told me.

Tell me about Willie and yourself and Susan when you write. I must go to bed. It is after 10. Good night my darling Ellen, and kiss Willie for me.

Address
John McKnight
Seattle Coal Mine
Seattle, W.T.

By 1880 Newcastle had a population of 650. People were coming from foreign countries as well as from the eastern part of the United States. There were 117 houses, and the business section included a store, a boardinghouse, a saloon, a blacksmith shop, a carpenter shop, and a sawmill. The Oregon Improvement Company had taken over by this time, and there were more than 200 persons on its payroll, at least 100 of whom were miners and most of these were family men. Two schools had been built for the 100 children of school age. A church had been erected, and services were held each Sunday by visiting ministers from Seattle. Any demonstration represented among the miners could use the church, but only one denomination per Sunday was allowed to hold services. A number of lodges had been formed, including the Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Good Templars, and the United Workmen.

Washington in 1881 was looking eagerly to its coal mines for the wealth and prosperity they would bring. Reverend G.F. Whitworth, sensing the coming era, wrote:

It is indeed true that the principal wealth has thus far been derived from (lumbering), and that it has had much to do with bringing population and capital to our western border. In the future it will not occupy so prominent a place but must share its power and influence with the treasures which have been so long hid in the bowels of the earth.

It was a disappointment to the original pioneer that the wealth of the mines soon fell into the control of foreign corporations.

Fortunes have been made out of King County coal, but...most of the wealth produced went to the men who later obtained possession (of the mines), and, because of their money, were able to do the development work - the original locater being forced to step aside and see others reap the benefit of his early toil.

The early owners had a continual struggle against the disadvantages of inadequate capital and the steady and active opposition of powerful capitalists in San Francisco. For every $100 invested by the foreign producers, thousands flowed into their pockets. Their dividends annually reached a sum greater than the amount paid to miners for wages in the King County mines. The Seattle Coal Company and the Seattle and Walla Walla Railroad both came under the control of Henry Villard, the head of the Oregon Improvement Company.

During the next ten years production remained at a high peak. In 1883 55 per cent of the total coal produced in the territory, and 22 per cent of the production on the Pacific Coast, came from the Newcastle mine. the following year the seams produced an excellent domestic coal, but because the coal trade was dull, the tonnage sold decreased 30 per cent. This dip was not due to a lack of production in the mines. The prevailing slogan was "Washington Territory-the Pennsylvania of the Pacific Coast."

There was an unexpected low year in 1886 because of labor troubles, and during this time the mines were closed for several months. This year, too, the hoisting works at the mouth of the mine caught fire. the fire spread to the mine itself and burned for several months, forcing the mine to close down for a time. By the end of the year 1887, notwithstanding labor troubles and fire, output had reached a grand total of 1,740,000 tons. The mine was producing 150 to 200 tons per day; demand for coal was strong, and prices were high. Coal sold at $5.00 per ton, which was $1.00 higher than at any time during the previous ten years. Mining inspectors found the mines in good condition during this period; no serious accidents occurred because of working in pure lignite coal without coal damp.

Mining laws during the 1880's were practically nonexistent. Inspectors depended on mineowners for their salaries, which were paid out of a tax levied on coal output. If these funds were insufficient, the inspectors went unpaid. Inspectors needed territorial backing and should have had a set of regulations to enforce. As it was, they were left too much on their own, and observance of such regulations as there were depended on the cooperation of the individual miner who, after all, was interested in his own safety in the mine.

John Sullivan, who inspected the mine in 1889, found that ventilation was very poor. The mine was so extensively worked that one current of air was unsatisfactory for operation. However, at this time there was a great deal of friction between employers and employees, and little attention was given to remedying defects within the mine. Assurance was offered that conditions would be improved within a reasonable period of time, but no action was taken. During Sullivan's next inspection he found that conditions were still unsatisfactory, air was bad, and crosscuts were blocked. The mineowners would not abandon an area that was still productive even though it was menaced by fire. The miners told Sullivan that the "boss" had not visited these areas more than once a month.

The greatest problems during the decade of the 1880's were in the field of labor relations. There was a persistent attempt to drive the Chinese from all places of employment in Washington Territory, and the miners joined in with this opposition. As early as 1876 John McKnight told his wife:

> The miners at the Seattle (Newcastle) mine drove all the Chinamen (about 40) away from there Saturday last. I will send for you as soon as I possibly can, but I must say that I don't like the looks of this place so far, and I'm afraid you won't either...

Chinese workmen became the focal point of the labor problems in 1885. On September 11 some masked white men, fully armed, set fire to the building occupied by the Chinese at the Coal Creek mine, thoroughly frightening the Chinese and completely destroying the building. Superintendent Watkins of the Oregon Improvement Company, which owned the structure, stated that the total damage was $3,965.12. Average loss to the Chinese was $50.00, and the firm of Wa Chong and Company lost furniture and clothing valued at $1,506.12.

Early in January, 1889, rioting broke out once more, and an exchange of shots resulted in the death of one man and the injury of several others. The Knights of Labor and the Miners' Union had been in disagreement for some time. Their troubles came to a head when Hobart W. McNeil, the new manager for the Oregon Improvement Company, was confronted with a committee of nine men from the Knights of Labor who advised him that they would use force to stop work at the mine unless he complied with their demands to reinstate the rioters. McNeil would not concede.

That same day the known riot leaders were seen leaving town, presumably seeking arms and ammunition. Fearing that there would be more incidents endangering life and property, McNeil sought out the town sheriff, but that official, who was sympathetic with the Knights of Labor, and conveniently disappeared. McNeil asked for help from county and territorial officials, but got no answer. His last resort was U.S. Marshal T.J. Hamilton who, following the common corporation practice of deputizing private guards for the purpose of keeping the peace, called in a group of men to serve as a law-enforcing body as well as to guard the United States mails and government property. These so-called "detectives" came up from Portland, Oregon, and had the reputation of being organized mercenaries with criminal or questionable backgrounds.

Hamilton's action greatly incensed the local officials and aroused Govenor Eugene Semple to declare that such a force was unauthorized by law. There followed an exchange of charges and counter-charges among officials. Finally Governor Semple sent a report to U.S. Attorney-General A.H. Garland in Washington, D.C., requesting official disapproval. Meanwhile the detectives were stationed at Newcastle with orders to guard United States property only, but there was some indication that they had been hired to frighten the striking coal miners.

The situation became so involved that an examiner from the Department of Justice was sent out to investigate. His findings were that (1) the fears of the company and the majority of the miners were well founded, since serious disturbance and probable loss of property and life were imminent; (2) no aid had been offered by county or state authorities; (3) the post office was located in the company store and the acting postmaster was a company employee; (4) the need for protection of this property and the safety of the mails had been made known to Hamilton, who had checked with higher officials to determine whether he was authorized to appoint deputy marshals; and (5) the only complaint came from the Knights of Labor. Evidently the rest of the town feared the rioting Knights of Labor more than they did the illegal martial law. Frank B. Crosthwaite, the examiner, believed that the marshal had acted in good faith and was convinced that there was ample reason for immediate action. He also felt that jealousy between territorial and national officials might have some bearing on the problem.

The incensed parties calmed down after awhile, and when Govenor Semple sent Lt. Colonel Gwin Hicks to check on the situation, he found that the detectives had been to Roslyn, and that "those remaining in Newcastle were there in the capacity of watchmen employed by the coal company." The citizens of the town seemed definitely happier with this situation. The result was that Newcastle became a national headline. Here was certain proof that life in such a camp was one of dispute, quarreling, and violence.

Doubtless the local justice of the peace, like the sheriff, saw the less happy side of life at Newcastle. Certainly many cases of violence and theft were brought before him. Assult and battery, using fists and rocks, lanterns and "deadly weapons" (perhaps "with intent to kill"), were very common. Fines varied from $10.00 to $500, depending on the seriousness of the charge. The only way to collect bills, it seems, was through the justice's office; so the company, the saloon-keeper, the butcher, the boardinghouses manager, came to court to collect sums due, whether $5.00 or $100. Petty larceny was common. One night the company store lost a pair of gloves, two cans of sardines, $3.00, and four railroad tickets, all of which were found in the cabin of the accused. Chickens, pocketknives, and clothing were stolen, and attempts were made to recover them. Husbands and wives brought their troubles into court. Usually the women fearing beating, abusement, and "grievous bodily injury," and demanded in court that the husband furnish bond to good behavior or serve out a sentence in the county jail.

Sometimes the judge may have smiled inwardly. Sarah Conroy assaulted Mary Barrett "by words", calling her a whore, and was deemed guilty as charged. Thomas Mullarkey threw a quart of beer over Peter Heisenberger and spoiled his clothes. Three men assaulted a Justice of the Peace without provacation, and each was fined $500.

James Pack accused Nellie Bly of trying to kill James Sander by mixing rat poison in bread; but Nellie was aquitted.

The coal mining family had its ups and downs, but life was not always drab. Neighbor looked after neighbor, and friendliness among families was the keynote of social life. Baseball teams flourished, and there was much excitement over a game between Newcastle and Black Diamond. The children easily found games to play when they were not in school. The women of the household could be busy from morning to night, but she found time to go to her sewing circle or bridge club. Life halted only when the lift went up slowly during the middle of the day; that meant that someone was injured or killed in the mine. Lucky for Newcastle, this happened rarely. But when it did, all ran to the mine opening to find out whose husband or father was the victim.

The men lived a hard life in the mine. They worked a ten to twelve-hour day. There were no washing facilities at the mine, so they came home dirty. There was no electricity, so all work was done in semi-darkness. Although the coal generated very little gas and could be worked in safety with open lights, lanterns were fired by coal or lard oil. The blaze would go right back over a man's head because of the strong ventilation, and it was hot-so hot that one wondered how the worker could stand it. Such work was hard physical labor, and the best relief was to stop at the saloon and fill one's lunch bucket with liquor. There was a great deal of drinking both on and off the job.

Most of the men had been miners in their native countries. Many had worked in the deep mines of Great Britian: the Welch, Scottish, Irish and English who made up a large part of the early population. Later, Italians came, and the Germans, Scandinavians, and Slavic peoples. Each nationality brought with it the superstitions and traditions of its homeland. To some it was bad luck-a sign of impending disaster - for a woman to go down into a mine. Many were sure that rats could anticipate coming explosions. This latter belief had more than an aura of truth, for rats and mice really seemed to sense trouble. Living in the mines as they did, they apparently became quite sensitive to conditions and seemed to know just when to leave a mine to escape an explosion. If a miner saw the rats alarmed, he knew that something was wrong.

Uncertainty always attended the coal mining family. The man of the household could be alive one day and dead the next. Finances were a problem. All trading had to be done at the company store, especially if earnings were scarce. Credit at the store sometimes took the place of paychecks as a method of payment; articles purchased would be subtracted from the month's balance-if there was any. The miner's house was likely to be a dreary, unpainted structure which fronted on a dusty unpaved street.

During the 1890's, after the labor troubles had been settled, production exceeded 100,000 tons annually. Hoisting machines had been improved, so that in 1891 more than 1,000 cars could be hoisted in ten hours. Facilities for handling the coal were excellent. Ventilation was still a problem, as the mine had been worked so extensively that the pillars had been crushed. The installation of another fan in 1892 eased the situation somewhat.

Tragedy struck Newcastle twice late in 1894. In October one person was killed instantly in a mine explosion and eight others were seriously burned, three of whom died later from injuries sustained at the time. A charge of powder which had been fired by one of the victims ignited the dust in the chute, and in turn the dust on the timber and lagging. The floor had been well watered the day before, or the explosion would have been much more disastrous. No fire damp was ever found, leaving no doubt that it was only a dust explosion. However, the accident convinced the mining inspector that as much attention should be given to dust as to explosive gases.

In December, 1894, fire totally destroyed the mine. Possibly it was the work of an incendiary or the result of an accumulation of fine coal near the steam pipe. The 160 employees escaped to safety without injury. The fire burned the main exit, so most of the miners had to travel out by means of rope. It was very fortunate that two fanways had been constructed earlier; all would have perished had there been only one. This was a hard object lesson to the miners that they should be more aware of what to do in case of fire to save the lives of those in need. Part of the mine was retimbered the next year and worked from the Coal Creek slopes. A new slope had to be sunk two miles west of Coal Creek and within the town limits.

In 1900 Newcastle was one of the oldest coal mining towns in the state, having been in continuous operation for about forty years. The mines were now the property of the Pacific Coast Company, but they had been largely abandoned, operations having been transferred to places where mining was more profitable. When this happened, the miners and their families moved away from Newcastle, leaving the place deserted and forlorn. Without the mines the town had no means of support. When the coal was exhausted, Newcastle lost its reason for existence.

Post-Intelligencer *August 26, 1894*

An attempt was made during the day to fasten the blame for the loss of life upon the man who shut down the fan at the top of the hill which keeps the air course in the levels, but not much was accomplished. While some will admit that the closing down of the fan was an error in judgement, others claim that it was what any man would do under ordinary circumstances. It was shown at the inquest today that the closing down of the fan alone would not have suffocated the men, but the door in the rock cut leading into the level from the air course was opened, and this caused a recourse which blocked the men in between two banks of smoke, and death ensued in a few moments. The only man who escaped alive, J.L. Snyder, testified that John E. John, the gas tester, from the south side, who came into the north level to look after his son, opened the door, thinking it would drive out the smoke. The opening of the door or the closing down of the fan alone would not have caused suffocation, but the two formed a deadly combination whose effects only the rows of thirty-seven bodies in the improvised morgue can properly demonstrate. John E. John died with his son in his arms, and father and son lie at Black Diamond Knights of Pythias lodges. Tomorrow Joe Bossio, Chris Dunkers, Joe Dawson, John T. Pugh, D.D. Jones and Evan D. Jones will be buried, the latter under the auspices of the Knights of Pythias and I.O.O.F. lodges. The bodies of Jacob Olsen and John Q. Anderson, Peter Perry, Joe Cassell and Frank Larson will be buried at Cedar Mountain; Evan Huges and William Secor at Renton, and Hebert at Newcastle. The others will be buried here today.

Much Talk of Incendiarism

Throughout the day there was a good deal of talk of the mine having been fired by an incendiary who, for some unknown reason, desired to destroy the company's property. Perhaps jealousy, vindictiveness or pure love of destruction prompted the fire fiend, but the truth will probably never be known. In view of the testimony adduced at the inquest however, the verdict is thought to be a particularly strong one, but few can be found here who are not in hearty accord with it. Not a man in the town can be found who will even venture an opinion as to who the incendiary might be. The officials will not talk concerning the matter. One of the pit bosses said this evening:

"I have an idea who set the breast on fire, but I won't say."

"Why?"

"Cause the man I suspect is dead. He was smothered in the level."

From: Post Intelligencer *August 26, 1894*

After being in session the whole afternoon, the coroner's jury empowered to investigate yesterday's disaster this evening rendered a verdict which, though it may startle the outside country, caused no surprise here. The jury found that the fire in breast sixty two of the north sixth level was started by parties unknown who willfully, knowingly and maliciously desired to do great injury and damage to the lives of the employees and the property of the Oregon Improvement Company. The verdict in full is as follows:

"We the undersigned jurors, do agree that on August 24, 1894, on the sixth level of the Franklin, King County, Wash., the following parties, namely (follows a list of the thirty-seven dead miners) did come to their death by suffocation caused by smoke emanating from a fire in breast sixty-two, on the north side of the sixth level, said fire having been caused by a party or parties unknown to us, and that said party or parties did willfully, knowingly and maliciously cause said fire with intent and purpose to do great injury and damage to the lives of the miners and property of the Oregon Improvement Company.

Signed:

E.E. Makiel, Foreman
E.M. Mathew
B.M. Curtis
S.J. Collins
John Robinson."

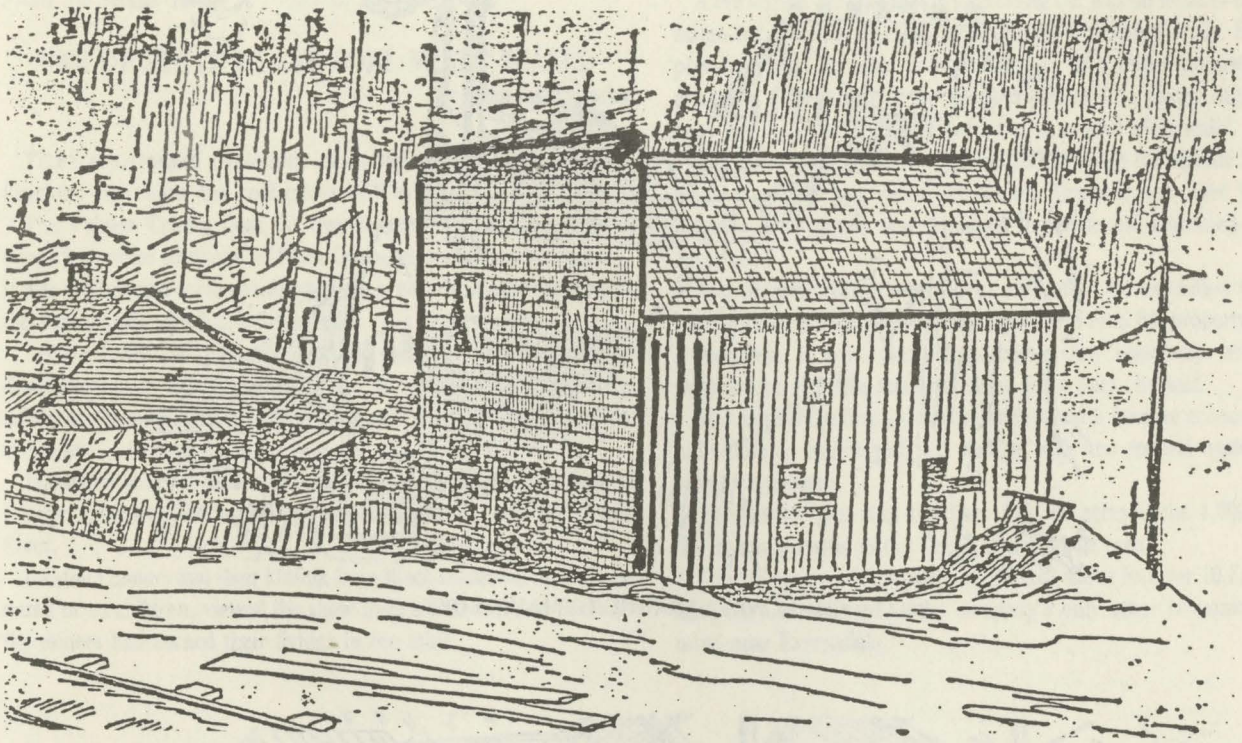


FAN HOUSE ON HILL SHOWING THE SMOKE FORCED ITSELF OUT AFTER THE OUTLET WAS CLOSED UP



1. ★Frank Ellis
2. ★Ed Maxwell
3. ★R.W. Jones
4. John Grunatille
5. Joe Dawson
6. ★H.R. Roberts
7. ★John Irvin
8. ★Joe Cassell
9. James Gibson
10. ★Edward Johnson
11. Andy Engdahl
12. John T. Pugh
13. John Q. Anderson
14. William Secor
15. ★Andy Greer
16. Joe Bossie
17. Ike Clements
18. Pete Parry
19. Robert McCoskey
20. Evan D. Jones
21. Peter Hay
22. ★Louis Farr
23. Joe Standridge
24. Phil De Mari
25. John E. Johns
26. ★John Morris
27. ★John Hall
28. Chis Dunker
9. ★Charley Stevens
30. Jacob Olsen
31. ★Frank Larson
32. Evan Hughes
33. Rocco Tetti
34. D.D. Jones
35. Evan John
36. ★A.J. Jones
37. ★W.P. Jones

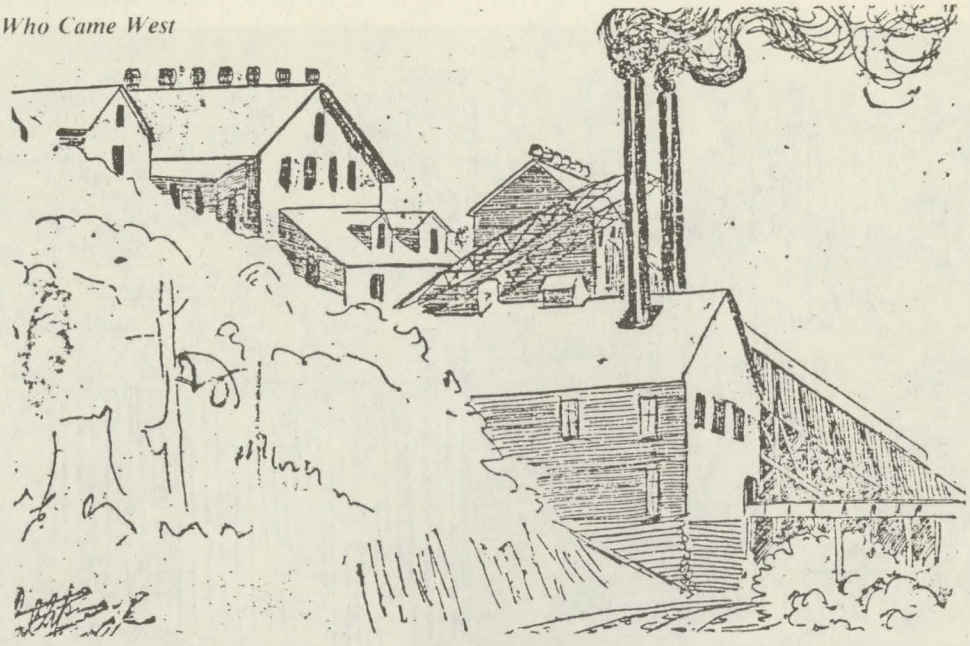
★No picture could be obtained



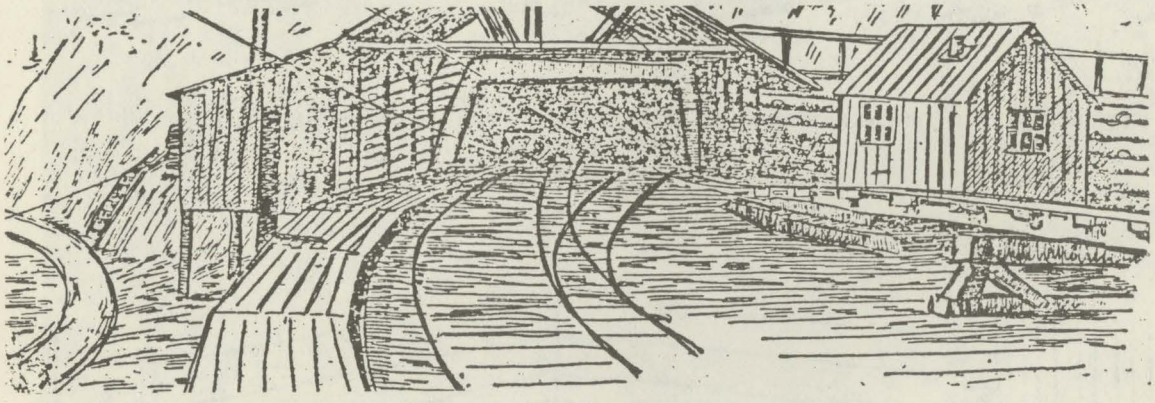
EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE COLORED MEN'S HALL, WHERE THE DEAD WERE LAID OUT



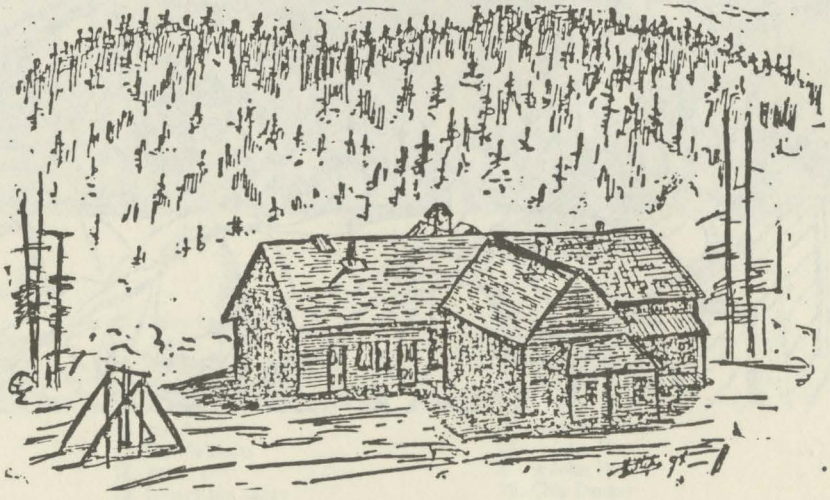
DEAD HOUSE AFTER THE BODIES HAD BEEN LAID OUT PREPARATORY FOR BURIAL



SHAFT HOUSE AT ENTRANCE TO MAIN SLOPE



MOUTH OF MAIN SLOPE, SHOWING ENTRANCE TO MINE WHERE THE DISASTER OCCURRED



SCHOOL HOUSE WHERE THE INQUEST WAS HELD.

From the Seattle Times *March 28, 1971*

ONE OF STATE'S LAST COAL MINES SEALED

by Charles Aweeka

Three prearranged explosions yesterday sealed old Number 10 Franklin, one of the last coal mines in Washington.

The Palmer Coking Coal Co.-owned mine, in the Green River Gorge four miles southeast of Black Diamond, was closed in January. It was the last coal mine operating in the area, which near the turn of the century supported 2,000 miners.

About 1,000 pounds of Astrolite K, an explosive under development by the Exporers Corp., of America of Issaquah a subsidiary of the Rocket Research Corp., put the finishing touches on the mine.

The blasts sealed the mine entrance and an air shaft, and collapsed a large cedar tree and a 110-foot suspension bridge over the Green River.

Old-time miners and their kinfolk from Black Diamond, including a dozen or so children, viewed the show from a safe distance. Some of the miners had earned their livings in the mine.

A crew from the National Broadcasting Co. was on hand to film the action for the First Tuesday news program. Michael Maes, Excoa's president, said Astrolite K is intended to be a major competitor to dynamite. It is mixed at the site and poured into plastic bags. The bags are linked with primer cord and detonated electrically.

The force of the first blast blew a hole through the hillside 50 feet inside the 2,000-foot mine shaft tunnel. The hole was caved in by a subsequent explosion that crumpled the shale-and-sandstone-walled air shaft.

Jack Morris, Palmer's president, said after the exhibition that he had no reservations about letting sight-seers onto the property when it becomes a state park. Negotiations are underway with the Department of Parks and Recreation for a park, he said.

Morris said the firm closed the mine when it became economically unfeasible to operte and still comply with new federal health-and-safety regulations.

He said the state may purchase 150-300 acres of the 4,000 acres the company owns in the Green River Gorge area.

The 15 miners who recently mined coal inside Number 10 Franklin have been transferred to the company's only other remaining coal mine near Ravensdale.



The Seattle Times *Sunday, September 3, 1961*

FRANKLIN: IT'S ABOUT AS 'LOST' AS A TOWN

There's Not Much Left of the Little Mining Community Which Was the Center of a Rip-Roaring Labor Dispute

(This is the third in a series of articles that will appear from time to time about the lost towns of King County)

by Lucile McDonald

One of the most thoroughly "lost" towns in King County is Franklin, three miles east of Black Diamond.

You can drive through it, just before crossing the high bridge over Green River Gorge, and never know the place is on the map.

Several dwellings are strung out above the river between a trimly kept fenced cemetery and a tiny old summer house at the bridge. If you drive straight south along the stream instead of crossing the gorge, you'll find that Franklin still has a working vestige of the industry on which its long-time prosperity was based. Five or six years ago the Pacific Coast Coal Co. opened a new tunnel on the opposite bank and employs a small crew. The miners drive to and from home some miles away.

Franklin had a population of 1,000 in 1888, a year and a half after the Oregon Improvement Co. drove its initial tunnels into the steeply pitched bank on the west side of Green River. The main part of town was on a bench 400 feet above the stream. There were many steep stairways running to the houses on other levels. Their white paint was dulled with black dust and a heavy odor of burning coal waste hovered over them.

A company store, with offices upstairs; a school, which served as church on Sundays; a boarding house; hotel; blacksmith shop; meat market; two saloons and the coal bunkers were the other structures.

The population was principally Welch, with lesser percentages of Scottish, English, Irish, Italians and Belgians. Some 450 or more miners went down the steep slopes daily to chip black nuggets from the great McKay vein and load them on cars.

Franklin was an unlucky mine, with a full quota of disasters and financial troubles. Once it was the center of an intense duel between captial and labor.

Coal was discovered on Green River in 1880 and three years later the Columbia & Puget Sound Railroad was extended towards the fields at Black Diamond and Franklin. The latter mine barely had opened in the summer of 1885 when masked representatives of the Knights of Labor drove out and burned the quarters of the 41 Chinese employed by the Oregon Improvement Co. at Newcastle and Franklin, miners from Missouri and Tennessee late in 1889.

The Oregon Improvement Co., desiring to reduce wages took a cue from that and refrained from offering the idle miners in Franklin a new contract. T.B. Corey, superintendent at Newcastle, quietly went to Missouri and circulated handbills among Negro workers, offering a three-year contract at "a new mine in Washington." They were told it had not previously been worked and that 50 whites were in the vicinity, all employed.

The outlook sounded attractive and recruits did not question the pay, since they were accustomed to a lower scale than the whites. In this instance, it was to be 15 to 25 percent lower.

A Northern Pacific train of ten tourist sleepers was made up to carry 675 Negroes, including 40 women and two ministers to Franklin. Some had misgivings and left the train at stops along the way.

When the cars reached Pasco, M.C. Sullivan, head of a Portland detective agency, took charge. Pinkerton guards, wearing white, felt hats, had traveled with the recruits all the way from St. Louis. Sullivan's men and the Pinkerton guards handed out rifles to the recruits. Asked why the armament, the workers were told there was "lots of wild game" where they were going and they "could have plenty of sport."

Later they were informed that they might encounter trouble and the rifles were for their protection.

On Sunday morning, May 17, 1881 the coaches rolled into Palmer, a few miles from Franklin. Here they were met by 75 additional armed guards, who had been routed through Enumclaw in order to cloak the recruit's arrival in secrecy.

The train stopped at a quarry and the passengers poured out. They were served breakfast and more carbines and pistols were distributed. At a signal they started walking at a fast clip toward Franklin, escorted by guards carrying Winchester rifles.

A lookout spotted their approach and fired a shot to warn the miners when the procession reached the east side of the gorge. Mrs. S.P. Collins, of Seattle, who witnessed the entry from the front porch of her parent's home, said the bullet went wild and grazed the hip of a woman on the opposite bank of Green River.

Mrs. Mary Ann Mills, of Black Diamond, will never forget that Sunday.

"Mother had taken us children for a walk down to the bridge", she related. "We were with several other women and children. We never got home for ten days. When we reached the bridge, armed men on horses told us to keep going, that there would be shooting.

"We walked all the way to Cumberland, and it was some walk. My mother was carrying my baby brother in her arms. When we got to Cumberland, several bachelors gave up their quarters so we could stay there. After our return home, Mother kept the curtains drawn. I remember peeking out below them to watch men with rifles patrolling."

The recruits entered a silent town. The warning signal was the only shot fired and not a person was in sight. The newcomers, whistling "Marching Through Georgia," were guided to the company store, where the attic had been converted into a temporary kitchen. Bacon, beans and coffee were provided and the recruits were sent to vacant buildings to sleep. More than 200 were tightly packed together on the floor of the mine engine house.

Work began at once on erection of a mess kitchen and sheds for housing, some of which were placed near the white worker's homes.

A block square around the mouth of the mine was enclosed with a high wire fence, which took in the school and gave the children an unexpected vacation.

The town thronged with guards, who forbade white miners to cross a dead-line. Citizens were angered to see armed Pinkertons exercising more authority than the lone deputy sheriff. They insisted that presence of an armed body of men in a public place was a violation of the Constitution.

By this time, some of the Missouri workers felt they had been taken West under false pretenses. Each was notified he owed the Oregon Improvement Co. $45 for his fare and that he must do his purchasing at the company store.

As groups of the new arrivals went underground, they discovered that the mine was more steeply pitched than those of the Middle West. Workers had to get used to small avalanches of coal falling on them.

The company expected the whites to leave, but there was no mass departure, in spite of increasing discontent. Miners at Newcastle, Black Diamond, Cedar Mountain and Issaquah struck in sympathy. Railroad crews refused to handle coal from Franklin. The port of Seattle, which had been shipping 5,500 tons weekly, felt the pinch. So did the merchants. The supply of fuel ran low.

The Franklin band, reputedly the best musical organization north of San Francisco, gave concerts in Seattle for the benefit of unemployed comrades.

Violence had been expected from the locked-out miners, but the only firing of weapons was on the outskirts of Franklin where guards drilled the newcomers in the manual of arms. Many of the workers never had handled a firearm, and it was feared recklessness on their part might result in tragedy.

An altercation between Ike Perkins, a mule driver, and Charles F. Bayley, who served as valet for Corey, resulted in the fatal shooting of a bystander named Black. Perkins missed when he aimed his company-issue pistol at Bayley, whom he had known and quarreled with in Springfield, Ill. Corey succeeded in convincing the coroner that his valet had no part in the espisode: the shooting was written down as accidental and Perkins vanished from the scene.

Other reports reached Seattle of a man scalded when a boiler head blew out, and of a man shot and half a dozen badly beaten during a Saturday night brawl.

On May 25 miners from Black Diamond, Franklin and surrounding communities, 900 strong, gathered on the flat at Franklin to protest continuance of the armed occupation. Sheriff Wollery and six deputies were on hand to maintain order.

Simultaneously a rival meeting was staged inside the fenced area and the newcomers adopted a resolution condeming the union's attitude as "a menace to true American citizenship." However, after the meeting a number of recruits expressed willingness to return to their homes if their fares were paid.

Both whites and Negroes gradually drifted away from Franklin and found employment nearby at Issaquah, Carbonado and elsewhere. Mrs. Collins recalled, "We were never bothered by the newcomers. We kept to ourselves during the trouble. Some of the Pinkertons boarded at our house. Soon my father moved to Carbonado."

The company insisted throughout that it was making no money from the mines. It went into receivership, blaming the financial difficulties on labor troubles, fires and loss of a contract to supply coal to the Oregon Railway and Navigation Co.

Several persons were slightly burned by fire damp before a serious conflagration broke out on June 5, 1893. It is thought to have originated from the contact of open flame lights, worn by men timbering an airway, with moss which filled the cracks.

The long-wall method of mining, tried out in the new tunnel in 1891, had to be abandoned because of constant caving of chutes and consequent crushing of the coal.

Troubles reached a climax on the morning of August 24, 1894, when 37 miners were suffocated by smoke from a fire, probably caused by spontaneous combustion. Powdered coal and other refuse had shown a tendency to become heated in the Franklin mine sufficient to start minor fires.

A coroner's jury declared the disaster to have been incendiary, although no evidence supported this theroy. The state mine inspector blamed the deaths on the ignorance of the unknown person who, without orders, stopped the ventilation fan at a critical moment. In the 15 minutes before it was turned on again, the victims were overcome.

They had ample opportunity to escape, the inspector said, but paused to extinguish the fire with buckets of water. When the fan ceased circulating the air, they retreated to the bottom of the slope. Decending smoke cut off their escape while they were trying to get out through a gangway. This tragic error left 14 women without husbands and made 38 children orphans.

Troubles were not over yet. On June 24, 1895, four men were seriously burned, one fatally, in an explosion of fire damp. Crews were repairing the damage when another explosion was caused by the still-burning fire. The foreman was fatally injured and three other men were burned.

In October four more men lost thier lives from smoke inhalation. They had descended in a car and were heading for their work when someone tried to extinguish a fire at a burning gas blower, sending a cloud of fumes in their direction.

The Oregon Improvement Co. was reorganized in 1895, but this did not improve the situation at Franklin. In July, 1896, the mine was on fire for the third time in two years.

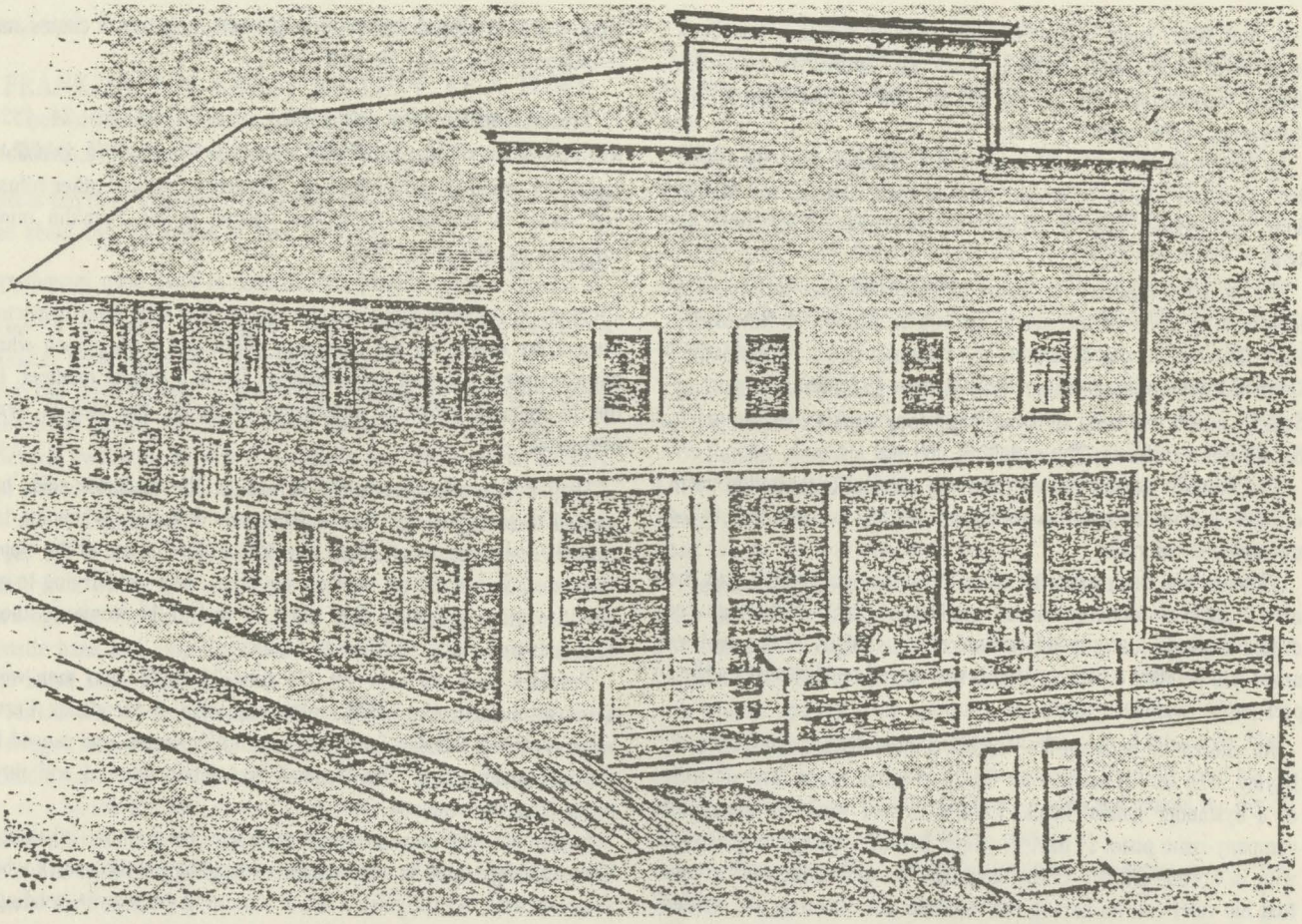
"Surely there is something wrong" a contemporary writer observed.

Company affairs went from bad to worse. The Franklin slope was abandoned. Pumps, pipes, rails and cars were removed and the mine was allowed to fill with water. A large hoist remained to mark the mine for a number of years. It finally was moved east of the Cascades.

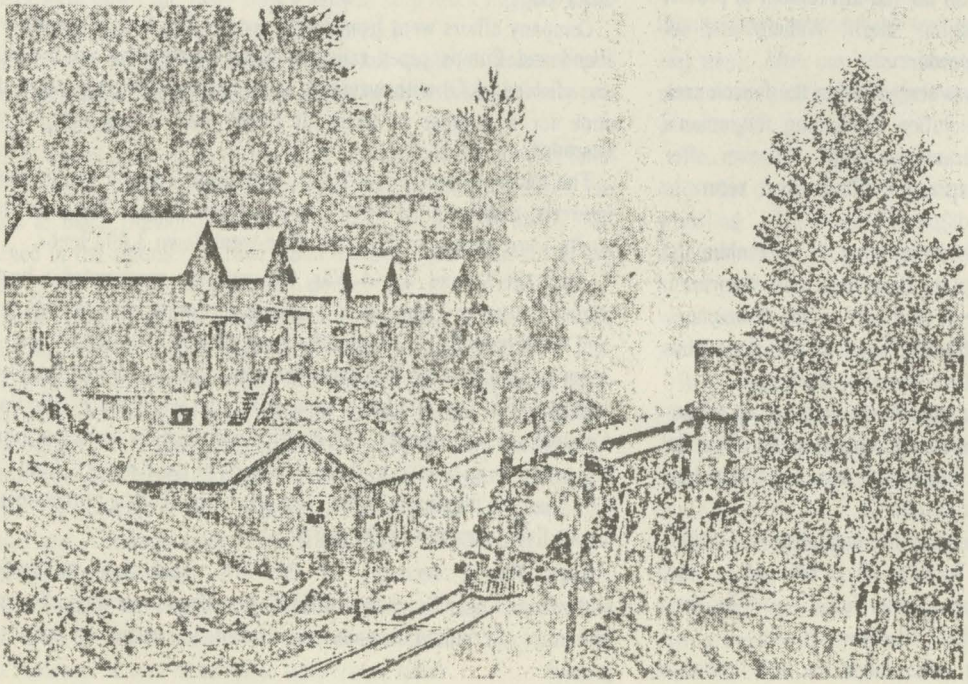
The Pacific Coast Co., with vast steamship, railroad and property interests, took over the Oregon Improvement Co. in 1902 three new shafts were opened at Franklin. One went down 3,000 feet.

After the Second World War, the company constructed a bridge across the gorge a quarter of a mile downstream from the old town and drove tunnels in the opposite bank. It also operated an open-pit mine in the top of the hill above Franklin, where a 45-foot-thick vein was exposed. The pit closed eight years ago when the Pacific Coast Co. sold its coal interests. The Pacific Coast Coal Co., which acquired the property, is headed by John H. Morris of the Palmer Coking Coal Co. The only digging near Franklin now is in another tunnel opened about five years ago in the gorge.

Evan Morris, secretary of the firm, said that exploration underground near Franklin invariably reveals old workings. You can find more of Franklin beneath the surface than remains on top of the ground.



COMPANY STORE: The store at Franklin served as the center of community interest in this town that once boasted 1,000 inhabitants. Steep wood stairways led from the store to the houses on various ledges above the Green River Gorge.



MEMORIES: Not too many old timers will recall the scene in this photo, but some will recognize it as the town of Franklin, once a booming coal town located near the site of the present Green River Gorge Bridge. Swan Swanson, born in Franklin, unearthed this photo. This picture shows a passenger train halted before the Franklin general store, right. The house on the hilltop beyond the row of company houses was, according to Swanson, occupied by Dr. Tate Mason, who later founded the Virginia Mason Clinic in Seattle.

"HISTORY OF HARMONY LODGE No. 2 A.F. & A.M."

Harmony Lodge No. 2 A.F. & .M. was formed by the merging of two lodges: Washington Lodge No. 49 A.F. & A.M. and Trinity Lodge No. 27 A.F. & A.M.

Washington Lodge No. 49 A.F. & A.M. was chartered about 1898 under Illinois jurisdiction. It was located at Franklin, Washington, then a coal mining section near the present sites of Black Diamond and Newcastle. John Hale, my grandfather, was a member of this Washington lodge.

Trinity Lodge No. 27 A.F. & A.M. was organized U.D. on October 2, 1902 in Seattle and was chartered August 4, 1903 by the Iowa jurisdiction, with a membership of 26.

Washington Lodge No. 49 moved to Seattle and was one of the organizers of the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Washington and Oregon. At this time, Washington Lodge became No. 2 and Trinity Lodge became No. 7.

At one time there did exist a bit of dissention between Washington Lodge and Trinity Lodge. After a fire destroyed all of Trinity Lodge's property, Washington Lodge came to the rescue of Trinity Lodge. They shared the same meeting facility and paraphernalia. This act was probably one of the several that contributed to the merger of the two lodges.

After the two lodges had voted for the union, I'm sure much consideration was given to a name for the new lodge. How did they decide on "HARMONY"? One definition we find for Harmony is, "agreement in feelings, actions, ideas, interests, etc." I looked a little further. In a lexicon of Freemasonry I found the following: "Harmony is the chief support of every well regulated institution. Without it, the most extensive empires must decay; with it the weakest nations may become powerful." The ancient philosophers are poets that believed that the prototype of harmony was to be found in the sublime music of the spheres, and that man, copying nature, has attempted to introduce this divine melody into human life. And thus, it proves its celestrial origin, by the heavenly influence it exerts on earth. Aallust represents the good King Micipsa as saying, that "by concord small things increase; by discord the greatest fall gradually into ruin." Let every Mason, anxious for the prosperity of his order, feel the truth of the maxim, and remember that for harmony should his lodge be opened--in harmony should it work--and with harmony be closed. I think that by looking a little further I found how Harmony received its name. It assumed the number of Washington Lodge. Thus HARMONY LODGE No. 2. In subsequent years, A.F. & A.. was changed to F. & A.M.

Harmony Lodge No. 2 was granted a Charter on March 23, 1911 by the Grand Lodge. On April 3, 1911, at a communication of Harmony Lodge No. 2, Most Worshipful Grand Master Henry J. Asberry, with his staff, proceeded to open a Grand Lodge in ample form for the consecration, dedication, and constitution of Harmony Lodge No. 2, and for the installation of officers. This having been completed, the Grand Marshall proclaimed that Harmony Lodge No. 2 was regularly constituted and dedicated and its officers regularly installed.

W.A. Martin was the first Worshipful Master of Harmony Lodge No. 2 in 1911, Eugene Carter has the honor of being the Worshipful Master. Harmony's records reveal that while on Harmony's rolls no less than 60 rate the title P.M..

I think of Harmony No. 2 as being a family. Most often we think of a family as being a group of people related by blood or marriage. Let us think of that blood tie as being Freemasonry. All of our brethern responsible for the forming of Harmony No. 2 rolls I consider to be Sons of Harmony No. 2.

Most families have one or more black sheep or a skeleton or two in the closet. Some of you are more familiar with those than I. Tonight we won't mention them again.

Harmony is proud of its history of service to the Masonic family, the community, and the human race in general. Today we find Sons of Harmony with successful endeavors in the private sector. Sons of Harmony are in responsible positions and making notable contributions in city, county, state and federal service.

We find Sons of Harmony have worked in the several parts of the Masonic family. Sons of Harmony have been active in York Rite Masonry. In the Heroins of Jericho they have contributed. Two names that come to mind at the moment are Past Masters William L. Hawkins and James A. Jarvis, Sr..

Now for a brief look at the Scottish Rite side we find Sons of Harmony have left and are continuing to leave their mark. Past G.W.P. Willie B. Dunn is a Son of Harmony. The present G.W.P. Charles Eakers, a Son of Harmony.

Sons of Harmony are still working in the Harmony Lodge of Prefection No. 67, Calvary Rose Crouis Chapter No. 67, and Prince Hall Cinsistiory No. 67. Without fear of contradiction, I can say that Sons of Harmony have served in all offices in those houses. To the best of my knowledge, no less than ten Sons of Harmony are presently honored with the 33rd and last degree of Masonry. For those of you that doubt my math, please remember Ill. Sirs F. Benjamin Davis, and Levi Townsend are Sons of Harmony. Ill. Sir Levi Townsend is now serving as Deputy of the Orient of Washington State. For other active local sons we find

Ill. Sir James W. Davis, Deputy of the Far East. Ill. Sir Joseph Wilson as Overseer of Prince Hall Consistory No. 67.

In the Shriners, Sons of Harmony have made a notable contribution. Many Sons of Harmony proudly wear the title of Past Potentate. They have also served at the Imperial Potentate as a Son of Harmony. The present Imperial Deputy of the Desert of Washington Leland Hailey, a son of Harmony.

Sons of Harmony have always been at the forefront in service to this, our Grand Lodge.

Howard D. Brown, a P.M. of Harmony was elected to the office of M.W.G.M. of Washington and its jurisdiction in 1925. The first Son of Harmony to be elected to that office. At this time, no less than six Sons of Harmony have earned the title P.G.M.. Today we find no less than eight Sons of Harmony serving our Grand Lodge as Grand Lodge Officers. Should there be an office in our Grand Lodge where a Son of Harmony has not served, I dare say it must be of recent origin.

Somewhere in the pages of Harmony's and the Grand Lodge's history there should be recorded that the Sons of Harmony were part of the action that led to the great moves made by the Prince Hall family in this state, particularly in this city. Sons of Harmony were there in the procurement and maintenance of the facilities you have and are now enjoying.

We cannot forget the important part the women of the Harmony No. 2 family have contributed and are continuing to contribute. To those who have no further ties in the Masonic family, we thank you for your patience, indulgence and support of the brothers' activities. To those who have other ties in the Masonic family, all of the above, and we are proud of your contributions to the Herions, the Eastern Stars, Golden Circle, and Daughters of Isis. We are proud of all that the women have accomplished in and out of the Order.

In the family of Harmony No. 2, as in all other families, we find that some of the Sons will leave the fold. We look with great pride at those Sons of Harmony that have left home and made invaluable contributions in other Lodges. At present, a Son of Harmony is serving as S.W. in another lodge. May I remind him that the eyes of Harmony are upon him and that we stand ready to assist him in any of his worthy endeavors.

As Longfellow said in his "Rainy Day", "Be still sad heart and cease repining, for behind the clouds is the sun still shining. Thy fate is the common fate of all. Into each life some rain must fall. Some days must be dark and dreary." Harmony's history will show that all of her days have not been filled with sunshine. A period of dark days I refer to at this time is in the mid 1940's. Could it have been here assembled is evidence that the sun did shine throught for Harmony No. 2.

In closing, I request all of you to join me in a sincere prayer, wish, or dream if you may. That being, "In all of the tomorrows to be Harmony No. 2's history can be truthfully recorded that Harmony No. 2 has endeavored to and succeeded in living up to its name."

Thank You,
Aaron D. Ruth
Senior Warden

THIS IS TRUE

It happened in the City of Destiny, Tacoma, Washington, on Saturday afternoon October 2, 1982, at 1:30 p.m., on the sight of the $44 million Sports-Convention Center, known as the TACOMA MINI-DOME. Right before the eyes of those in attendance, under a partly clouded sky, through which the sun sprinkled its rays of sunlight, enabling those of us who did not wear our long-john's to withstand the antagonizing winds that swept from Mt. Rainier. For over two hours, we stood eight abreast, with a depth of some two blocks, clothed with dark suits, white shirts, shod with shoes of black and proudly wrapped with lamb's skin aprons. Not one of us dared break rank, for this was truly not only an auspicious, but an historical occasion. An occasion where upon, the most worshipful Grand Master, George Brodewick of the Grand Lodge, Free and accepted Masons of Washington (White Masons) had invited their Black brothers, the most Worshipful Grand Master, Johnny Allen, of the Most Worshipful Prince Hall Grand Lodge of Washington and jurisdiction to participate with laying the Dome's cornerstone.

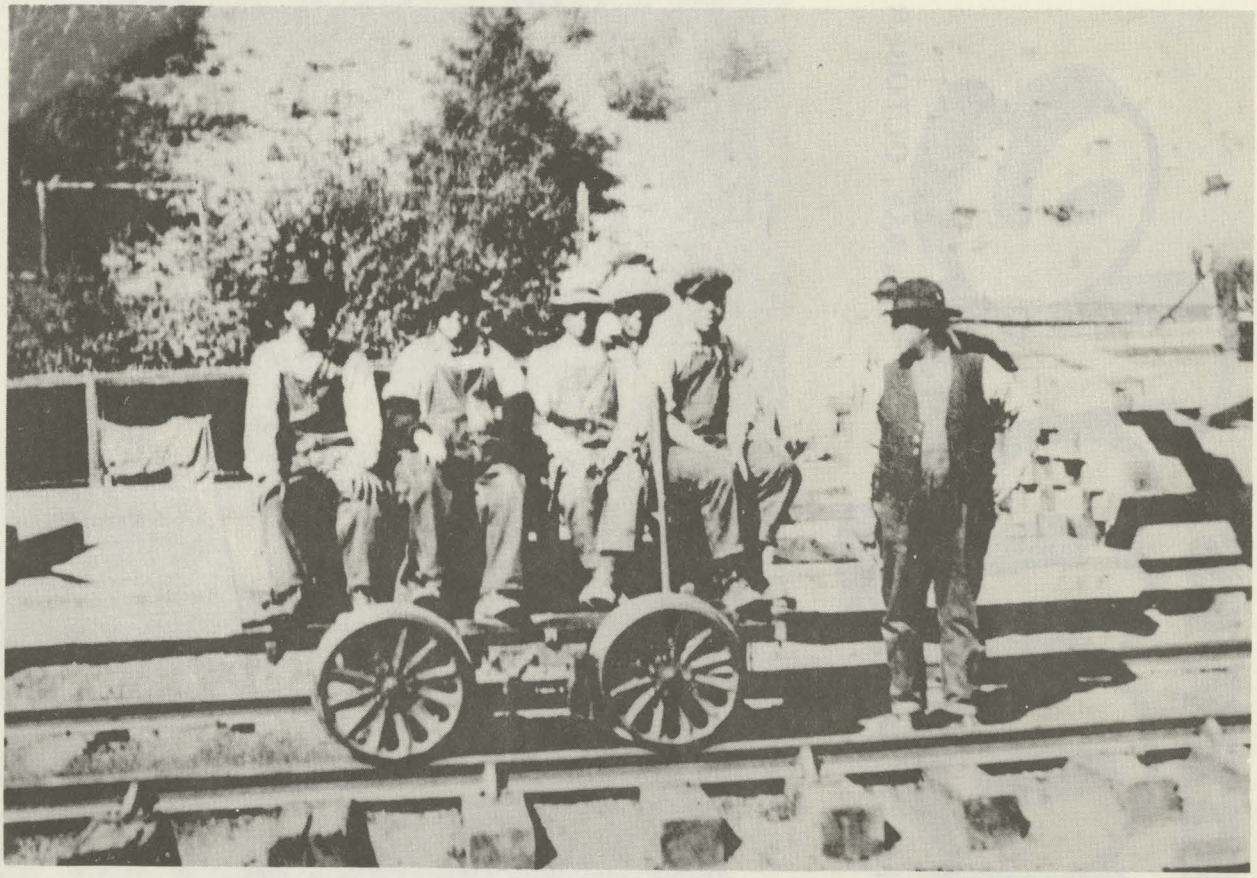
Never before in the history of Prince Hall Masonry in America has there been such recognition and fraternization accorded us. Having received orders from our Grand Marshal, Berry Carter, to proceed toward the speakers platform, and as we approached we were greeted along the way with spontaneous applause that caused many of our elder Brothers to "straighten up and fly right." You should have been there to have seen our Brothers "strut their stuff". They really put on the dog, and rightly so, for to them this was the dawning of a new day in Masonry. A day where in all men of our order shall here after not by their race, or color, but by their deeds, predicated upon truth and justice, for all men are but God's divinity, wrapped in human flesh, and we are our brothers keepers. Having arrived just in front of the speakers platform, we could clearly observe the platform's dignitaries. The Mayor of Tacoma, Doug Southerland, Master of Ceremonies, who had requested the Grand Lodge, Free and Accepted, Masons of Washington, to lay the cornerstone. Sharing the platform with him were the most Worshipful Grand Master George Bordewick and his officialdom. The

most Worshipful Grand Master Johnny Allen, of the Most Worshipful Prince Hall Grand Lodge of Washington and Jurisdiction, with his guest, The Most Worshipful Grand Master Thomas Brown of the Oregon Jurisdiction, and the Honorable Russell S. Gideon, Sovern Grand Commander of the United Supreme Council of Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of freemasonry P.H.A. Northern Jurisdiction U.S.A. Inc. In introducing his Guest Grand Master Johnny Allen was most eloquent, affective, and at his best. Grand Master Bordewick said, "this was the largest public gathering of Masons in Washington since the dedication of the Seattle Masonic Temple in 1916," and that constitutional problems have long prevented Black and White Masons from joining in a single order. "Someday, maybe we can solve these problems." Grand Master Allen said, to his knowledge, the Tacoma ceremony was the first time Black and White Masons have gathered together for a joint ceremony anywhere in America. When presented the working tools of a Master Mason, the plumb, the level, and the square, Grand Master Bordewick layed the cornerstone with its cavity bearing the various memorials of our time, current newspapers, names of city council and other civic bodies including documents of the Most Worshipful Prince Hall Grand Lodge of Washington and Jurisdiction. The crowning words of the day were those spoken by the Grand Orator of the Grand Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons of Washington (White). Brother Warren Murphy said, "Our membership can boast of great statesmen, societies, explorers, and men distinguished in every walk of life. However, it is not limited to the great or wealthy, but rather to all men, because every man of good reputation and character is eligible to petition for membership. In fact Masonry regards no man on account of his worldly wealth or honor, but because of his personal integrity as a matured man." Mayor Southerland of Tacoma, and Grand Master Brodewick, stretched their necks to the end of their cable towes. The Prince Hall Masons with the aid and assistance of the Grand Architect of the Universe will vouch safely their voyage through this stormy sea of life. The historical event was brought to close by prayer from Bishop Tolbert, of the Methodist Espiscopal Churches Dist. No. 1.

NORTHWEST
People
THE MAGAZINE OF THE SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER SUNDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1982



The Coal Miner Who Came West 75



Workers at New Castle, Washington

His memories have filled in N.W. history

By Don Carter

Two years ago Ernest Moore signed up for a senior citizen's writing class at the Langston Hughes Cultural Center.

"They asked me what I wanted to write about, and I had to think about it," he recalls. "Then I thought about my grandfather and the mines."

The retired city employee wrote a little off the top of his head, then plunged into the major research and writing job. Now he's completed a 200-page manuscript that fills in some of the gaps in the Northwest's history; his ***The Coal Miner Who Came West*** is about the blacks who came here to work in the mines.

Little is left of the town of Franklin, near Black Diamond, where Ernest was born in 1912. During his research Ernest returned to the site of the former coal boom-town. "It had all grown over...I could tell where the saloons, the store, the houses were, but there are only bits of timber."

Ernest's grandfather, born a slave in Tennessee in 1846, share-cropped for several years after the Civil War. He began coal-mining in 1869, during a labor dispute at one of the Tennessee mines. About his grandfather's strike breaking activities, Ernest urges understanding about the different times; "Blacks had just come out of bondage, and here they had a chance to get a dollar a day in their pockets."

Railroad pamphlet

It was a different story when his grandfather came west to work in the mines of Franklin. Ernest says, "I'm not going to tell you the whites told the blacks a lie - I don't like to use those kind of words. They just didn't tell the blacks the whole truth."

He explains that the railroad, which owned the mines, circulated pamphlets in the Midwest offering free transportation to 1,000 men because the mine had just opened a new "slope" (a slanted tunnel leading to a new coal vein). When they arrived at Franklin they found "a barbed-wire fence separating the strikers from the miners...the black's didn't know there was a strike until they got there."

Working conditions were tough for the early black miners, Ernest says. "They were always the last hired and the first fired...They always got the jobs nobody else wanted. Nobody wanted to drive the mules, so the blacks did. But the motormen and loaders were all white."

Portion published

Ernest himself was a mule-skinner at the Franklin mine in 1935-36. Explaining how his brief mining career was ended by a knee injury, Moore tells how the mule-pulled coal carts were towed out of the mine: "You came out, threw the tail chain over the mule's back, and yelled "Gee!" The mule was supposed to step out of the way, and you'd go down and dump the cart." One day the mule didn't move fast enough, Ernest's timing was thrown out of whack, and a hook hit his knee when the cart dumped.

Other information came from Ernest's research at the University of Washington library, and from back files of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

A small portion of Ernest's book was published in ***The Crystal Set***, an anthology complied from the work of the senior citizen's writing class by Marconi Press. But he hopes eventually to have his book published in its entirety.

Ernest says he's made the rounds of local publishers, "but they say it's not a good time because of the depression." He grumbles: "But I see all those guys in Watergate are still writing books and getting them published."

Foster Children

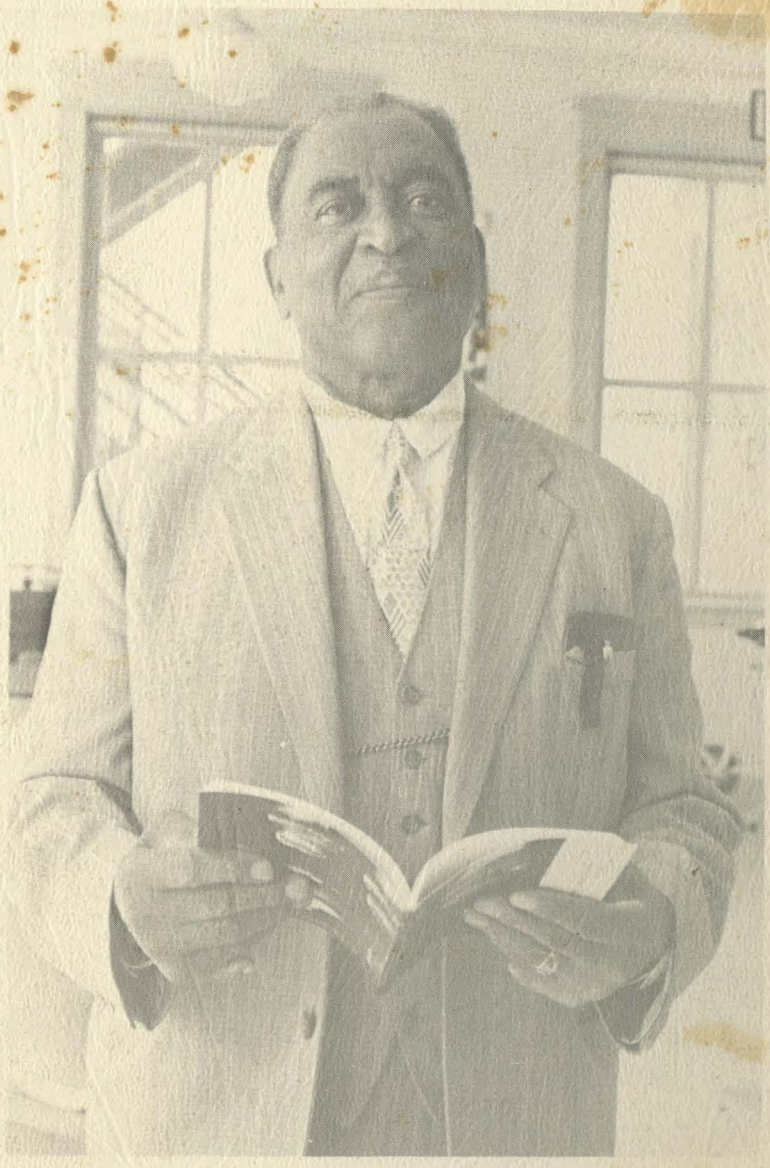
During World War II Ernest worked for the Army's Quartermaster division, and after the war he worked at a foundry. He found the job "safer but dirtier than coal-mining...but also not healthy for you. In both jobs you inhale alot of dust. But a man does it because you have to earn a living." He eventually landed a job working on a Seattle engineering department asphalt-paving crew and retired 12 years ago.

While he was working for the city Ernest and his wife, Theresa, worked with the Children's Home Society and spent 17 years taking foster children into their home. They had two children of their own; their son died in 1971 and their daughter now lives in Astoria, Ore., with the couple's three grandchildren.

Preserving the history for his grandchildren was on of his motivations, says Ernest.

Much of this book came directly from his memory. "I've got a good remembrance," he says, "and when you start writing, it freshens up." He remembers many of the old stories told by his grandfather, who died in Franklin when Ernest was 9 years old.

Another resource was a great-aunt who had re-told some of the old stories more recently; she died in 1965 at the age of 107 and, Ernest laughs, attributed her longevity to smoking cheroots and drinking rum.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ernest R. Moore lives with his wife Thersa in a Capitol Hill Apt. in Seattle, Wash. Born with a good sense of humor and six fingers on each hand. Ernest Moore smiles and remembers the childhood problems he encountered."In school I couldn't rely on my two hands to add up to ten, I always came up with twelve." Being finger printed is another problem. "I can't get by with being a bad person. A Navy Boatswain Mate, before World War II, called the Quater Master to figure out what to do with me because I had to be finger printed. 'This is a new one Mac, what do I do with him," he said."

Ernest believes your life should be like the moon cakes offered in China, they contain only the best ingredients of the year. So should your life be found this way, with only the best found in you.