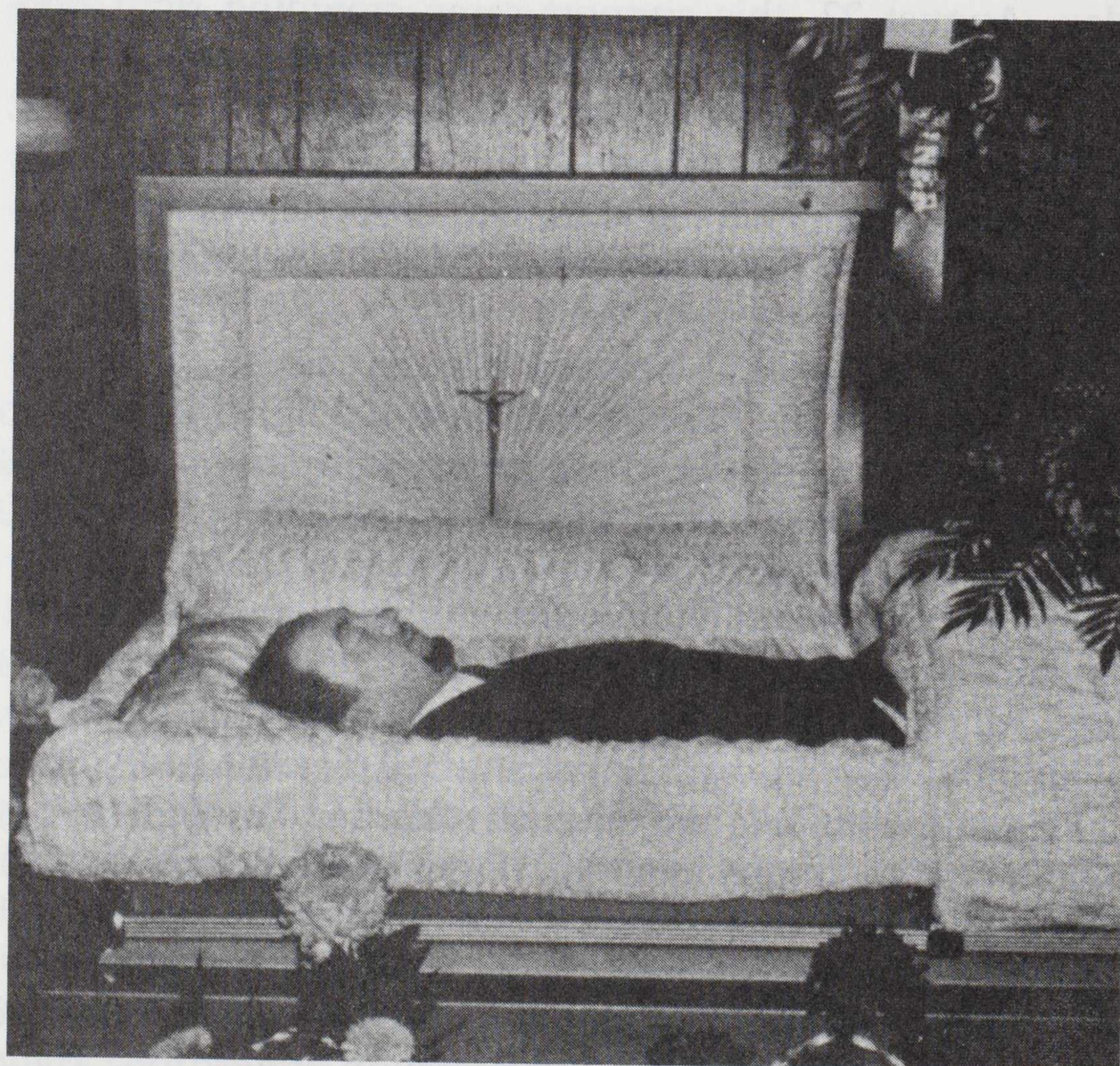


the coal operator association's office, and other institutions of violence that had attempted to break the strong will and determination of the Brookside strikers.

But it wasn't long after the memorial for the dead that a new victim was claimed—not by coal gas or fire or cave-in, but by a leaden bullet paid for by the Duke Power Company.

The *UMW Journal* (September 1-16, 1974) tells how it happened:

At about 4:30 in the afternoon on Saturday, August 24, Brookside striker Lawrence Jones



Lawrence Jones
August 27, 1950 — August 28, 1974

Photo: *United Mine Workers Journal*

finished delivering some hay to Rev. Homer Jackson, a preacher and veteran miner who lived on Jones Creek.

On his way down the hollow, Jones stopped to talk to some friends who were sitting on a log. Now 23, he had been raised on Jones Creek, and his boyhood playmates were now his fellow miners and union men. They often gathered at the log to "talk union," giving each other encouragement and support during the hard-fought strike.

Jones told the men about his encounter at a grocery store earlier in the day with Billy Bruner, a foreman for Duke Power Company's Eastover Mining operation at Highsplint, Kentucky. Bruner had been drinking, Jones said, and seemed unusually worked up about the picketing which had shut down coal production at Highsplint for seven weeks. He pulled a gun on Jones, but there were people present, and all that passed between the two men was a threat by Bruner that he would "see you later." Jones hoped that the threat would be forgotten when Bruner sobered up, but he was still a little worried.

As the miners talked, Bruner drove up, saw them sitting, and parked his truck. One of Jones' friends, concerned that there not be an incident, got up to meet Bruner, who had clearly done more drinking.

"Ain't nobody here wants no trouble, Billy," the miner told him. "Nobody's got anything against you."

But Bruner seemed to have his mind set. He knocked the man out of his way with the butt of his shotgun and pointed at Jones.

"You're the monkey I want," he said, and opened fire. Everyone dove for cover, but too