

railroad tracks, with the miners and their supporters on the other side.

The people who had been leaning against the cars talking, the women with switches, the miners pitching pennies—everybody—kind of formed up behind the front part of the circle of cars.

The wait began. People from the community brought coffee out to the pickets. Everybody was in a great mood, but deadly serious.

It was a stalemate as far as anybody could see. Then the women who were out in front began to taunt the scabs. The way those women treated the scabs was really something.

One said: "Come on through, Basil. Come on through, you scab, we've left a space for you."

Another woman called out: "You old scabs, what are you going to get out of all this, except money? What are you going to do when you're old and feeble, sitting on your front porch, with no union pension or nothing? You'll just be an old scab."

The scabs would jeer back and yell obscenities at the women, but they had absolutely no intention of trying to go through that barricade.

Lois Scott explained why the scabs wouldn't try to come through the picket line today:

"When the scabs came in Tuesday," she said, "Basil led them right up to the car we had in the road. He stopped for a few seconds and then he jumped out of his truck with a gun in his hand and yelled, 'All right, boys, let's go get 'em.' But none of the scabs moved from their trucks. They just sat there. They had heard the union guys behind the cars cock their guns—click, click, clack. It was all that quiet.

"The men were supporting the women, because the women didn't have any weapons. Basil didn't see the men. All he saw was the women sitting on the car. So at first he felt like he'd just go up there and beat hell out of those

women. But when he saw those men, when he saw what would happen to him if he came over there and started beating up on the women, he knew he'd get killed. Basil got so excited trying to get back in his truck, that he locked the door on himself and had to climb in the back window. We all had to laugh at him.

"It's hard for anybody to believe it, but we stayed out there in that hot boiling sun from 5:30 till 4 o'clock. Nobody left. We didn't have any lunch. Nobody would believe how people could feel so strong. They took that machine gun fire. They got beat up and arrested. And we sat there and got sunburned and blistered. We stayed there all day until Basil Collins and his thugs went away."

As she was telling me, I noticed more and more state police around. They had been arriving since about 7:30, and by nine o'clock there must have been about twenty of them. They took pictures of the pickets from every angle imaginable.

These gun thugs with badges harassed the pickets, but said nothing to the scabs. One state cop took license plate numbers from some of the miners' cars and gave them to Basil Collins.

Finally, at about 9:30 the scabs began to leave. The pickets gave out a cheer. But thinking some kind of trick was up, they stayed right there behind the cars, and didn't leave. Then one of the state cops came up to the pickets and said in a loud voice:

"All of you have to leave here. If you don't leave, I'm authorized to charge you all with 'banding together to incite a riot.' " All the other cops stood around brandishing their three-foot long clubs, and adjusting their pistol belts so we would get the idea.

The head cop said: "We'll pick you up later on, with warrants."

Damn right! They **had** to do it "later on." There was no