

FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD

When the sun comes back
And the first quail calls
Follow the drinking gourd
For the old man is a-waiting...

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ABOARD THE FREEDOM TRAIN

Our family packed up the van and went off in search of adventure. We'd heard stories from long ago of courage, daring, hope, determination; men, women and children who had survived against the most awful odds.

On a lonely road in the northern chill, we were tired, hungry and cramped from riding too long. It was dismal outside, wet and foggy. Lights shone smoky in the distance. We were ready to complain. And then, the thought came which stopped us cold.

Many years before, lonely groups of travelers, running, walking, crawling, HOPING, for their very lives had come this same way. They were cold, hungry, worn and wished nothing more than to be left alone. But dogs drove them onward, nipping and barking at their heels.

One woman found herself on the half-frozen Ohio River. She was jumping from ice patch to breaking ice patch—afraid she'd drown if she tried; terrified

UGRR CODE WORDS

AGENTS people who aided escapees
CONDUCTORS guides along routes
LINES routes of escape
TRACKS backcountry trails

FOR SALE
SLAVES

MALE