

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 afternoon. 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."