

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