

little white dress. The little box had the only satin piece of material the coal town could find. The word went out, and a small piece was found from a trunk saved from some nice grandmother in some other generation of long slips and pantaloons. John touched her little hand. Quickly he turned and ran out of the door and found his way to the woods to pick a small flower growing against a tree. John picked a flower from the earth. The petals bounced around on the long stem held tightly in John's hand while he ran back to the living room and gently placed the flower in Annie's fingers. "There you are, Baby Sister." He stood back and with a grimy hand he wiped his face. It had gotten sort of wet like his mother's. The tears made little furrows down his face. "We have lots of flowers in the woods in Franklin. You can have that one."

Annie was sick and grieved. She had cried most of the day while Alfred, John, and Fannie tried to comfort her. There is an appointed time to die. The news had little comfort. In the days after little Annie rested in the Franklin cemetery, she could face the fact that the baby had a heavenly nursery. At least she would think that way when she stared into space, lost in thought, thinking about Annie. The loss to the Moore family was resolved in time, but never forgotten.

In the summer of 1909 Franklin, Washington's quiet peace was broken with a scene of near disaster. The day started with the usual mining noises that people paid no attention to. Three year old Winona escaped from the summer heat and found comfort in a crawl space under the porch. An old cardboard box suited her need for a table, and a nice pile of rocks made good dishes. John had other plans. He wanted to see how high he could climb up into the big tree. The tree with the spreading arms looked like they were inviting you to climb up and sit in its branches. John squinted into the sunshine; there were birds up there. A squirrel scampered up the tree every day. John watched the nervous chattering squirrel zip into his hole so fast you could hardly see him enter. John viewed the giant tree like a man ready to climb a mountain; a challenge he wanted to try. The fact he was five didn't bother him. He was tough — his feet were hardened to romp the coal mining town. He walked on rocks, thorns, old boards, or any surface usually made for a shoe. John could walk over them without a blink of the eye. He thought if he got to the first branch of the tree the rest would be easy.

Annie handed him a piece of homemade bread and butter. Blackberry jelly lay like a shimmering cover on the bread, making John smack his lips. He sat on the steps to eat his bread and jelly. Winona watched from her crawl space. "I'll have some, Mama." Annie pulled a rag from her apron pocket. "Wipe your hands. You've been under the porch again." "I have a house there, Mama." Winona turned her hands over. "All clean now, dirt is all gone." The children ate the bread

together sitting on the steps. "I'm going to climb the big tree, don't tell, O.K.? say, 'I hope to spit if I tell'." "I hope you spit if I tell." "That's all right, Winona, you're only three." John licked his fingers, finding the rest of the jelly. "Wait here, Winona." He got up from the stairs and walked into the house. Quietly shutting the door he crawled up the steps on all fours until he found his bedroom. He looked under the bed, there it was — his book, "The Duffy Boys Adventures in Indian Country." "I will sit up there where no Indians can see me. I'll pretend I can read the whole book." John tucked the book in his shirt. "Now for the tree." John's mind was on his tree climbing adventure. "I will be as close to the sky as they were in the 'Tower of Babel' " he thought as he remembered what his daddy had said once.

John went down, but not on his feet. He went head over body, and he lay at the bottom of the steps. He tried to get up, but the room became dark and he couldn't move. He had one leg twisted in back of the other one.

The rolling thump John made going down the stairs brought Annie to an unconscious heap on the floor. "Oh, Dear Jesus! John!" Annie took off her apron and ran to get Fannie. The women stood over him with Winona sitting on the steps looking him in the eye. "I thought you were going to climb the tree, John?" John heard her and mumbled in a soft voice, "I thought you weren't going to tell." He closed his eyes; the world became dark again. He could hear voices in the distance but couldn't reach them as hard as he tried. "Get Dr. Mason, Mama. We shouldn't move him." Mrs. Brown and Melinda stood over John, who was half awake and half asleep. "Can't walk, Mama!" Annie's voice quivered, and her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, Mama, he has a broken leg maybe."

Dr. Mason put down his sandwich and cup of coffee, the first cup he had time for all morning, as Fannie opened the door to his office. "John Moore, my 5 year old grandson has broken his leg we think." The doctor shoved things into his bag, drank the last gulp of coffee, put his cup on the hook and hurried out the door after Fannie.

Dr. Mason washed his hands. "How's that, John?" John lay on the day bed, a pillow under the leg with a cast, and two pillows propping him up. He slept most of the afternoon. Winona visited him with a bunch of dandelions. "Hi! You have to be my nurse, Winona." "How do I do that?" "Get me anything I want. Ok?" "Ok." "Go ask Mama for some apple pie." "I'm a nurse, and I need some apple pie for John." Annie turned and looked at her little girl. "Is that what nurses do?" "Yeh, John said." "All right, Winona, I'll bake you kids a pie. Boy, John didn't hurt his head, just his leg."