

John had his nurse for part of the summer until Winona decided she had better things to do. She could hear him coming with his clumping cast, and she could hide easy enough. John had plenty of time to try and read the *Duffy Boy's* books. He would start school in the fall, and then he figured he would read. The Moores paid their \$2.00 fee for medical expenses to the company doctor. Dr. Mason was Franklin's only doctor. He got his fee from the Oregon Improvement Company that hired him.

When John could walk again he had a healthy respect for stairs without banisters.

Seattle in 1910 was busy regrading and cutting down their hills. The coal miners were busy working. There was a demand for use in furnaces, foundries, engines, and domestic use. John and Alfred were still in Franklin, at least for two more years. The children were getting taller and long legged. John Moore had recovered from his broken leg. Four year old Winona followed him everywhere.

Annie Moore was pregnant again and bigger than she had ever been with any of her other babies. "Can't even see my toes! Nine months are too long to carry anything around in your stomach." Alfred broke off a hunk of cheese and sipped coffee, remembering his wife's long disappeared figure. "Baby to be born soon, Annie?" "Today maybe; maybe tonight. It will be a big boy, and we'll call him Alfred after you." "I am going to get Dr. Mason this time."

Alfred Moore was born, the second son of Alfred and Annie Moore in the year of our Lord 1910.

Aunt Matilda was born on Saturday, February 13, 1858 in Sewanee, Marion County, Tennessee. Sewanee or the plantation didn't record her birth; she was born a slave. The sturdy little brown baby girl kicked her feet and gave a lusty cry to let the world know she had arrived. From the time she was small, Matilda had her vision on wider horizons. The cotton crops came up and were harvested. Time quickly passed from spring to spring, and Matilda grew up.

Matilda traveled around the country; she moved on if the place didn't suit her. The fact she always got to where she was going could be considered a miracle in logistics. Aunt Matilda arrived at the Moore house with four large overstuffed bags with big handles, three grey valises, and one old steamer trunk of questionable age and origin. With a wink of her eye, she claimed the trunk was left on a railroad crossing by Mr. Lincoln himself — left behind and forgotten completely. Marks were scratched on the top-A.L.-for Abraham Lincoln. The story made good telling by the fireside on cold February nights. She always confessed it was a story by when the fire burned low. That was Aunt Matilda! She managed her traveling problems with great dignity and quality that set her apart. Matilda walked and talked as

if she were a lady of some bearing. The color of her skin didn't seem to matter, and men tipped their hats to her and often lent a hand to help.

The luggage sat unopened in the corner of the living room. "Stuff for the kids," she said. Four year old Winona Moore stared at the heaped up belongings of their visiting aunty while the grown-ups kissed and hugged and carried on. Winona whispered, "I think she has a present for us, John." "Might, but it isn't Christmas." Winona looked at John with a knowledgeable expression. "When grown-ups haven't been around to see how much you've grown, they bring you presents." "Ya!" "I know that, John." "Just hope you're right. Maybe we can get her to open her valises if we're good and sit with our hands folded. Kind of hold your breath, Winona, so they can't hear you breathing." "I can't do that. I tried when Mama wanted me to go to bed the other night. I just turn red." John and Winona found a corner to sit down and not be heard. A cup of tea later and the cooing over baby Alfred, who had managed to remain oblivious to the whole affair, Aunt Matilda turned her attention to the statute-like figures sitting in the corner. "Stand up, children; come and see your Aunt Matilda." "Is you gonna live with us?" "Maybe, for a time." Winona fiddled with the ties on her dress, and John grinned, showing a mouthful of pink gums and no teeth in the front. "What's your name?" "John Moore. Are you both of our aunts?" "If she is Winona Moore." "Ya, I am Winona Moore." "Well, I belong to both of you." Aunt Matilda put out her arms in an embracing hug. She had enough material in her floor length dress to hide a four year old. Winona recovered from the hug and looked up at her tall aunty. "You smell good!" "I'll put some real good smelling stuff on you as soon we see what is in the bag and valises. Do you want to do that?" "Boy, does we ever!" "Say do we ever, John, not does we." "Boy, we do." The remark brought laughter to the coal miner's house. Grandfather John Hale and Fannie Hale had a happy mixture of ages of children and grandchildren. Times of laughter were good times. "Good for your homes. Says so in the Bible." John loved to quote the Bible. The book was always in plain sight in his house. "Covers almost everything that happens to you," he said. He was sure of that, and he looked forward to the time he could read and hear whole passages. He didn't know the reading words and that sorrowed him.

Aunt Matilda undid the belt buckle, letting the bag fall open and revealing the contents. A special tin of bread and cheese fell out, so she handed it to John. "From Tennessee, John." He was a little embarrassed at having received the first present, and he pulled at his shirt collar. "Special made cookies, Annie. The recipe goes far back. Sister Fannie, I've been sitting down a lot