

somehow she sensed her limitations. Dr. J. Tate Mason suggested that it should be her last child. Ernest was the last child born unto her.

Eight year old John Moore, Winona Moore, six and Alfred Moore, two years old sat quietly against the living room wall. "Stay put you three. Your mama just had a little boy, and she is tired. Melinda pointed to the restless kids sitting on the floor with their legs outstretched. "Me too?" "You too, Alfred. Already now." The three filed into the bedroom and stood in the front of their mother's bedframe. "He is pretty, Mama." Papa Alfred, sitting in a chair near by, smiled. "Boys are handsome and girls are pretty, Winona." "Me too" Alfred passed by the baby. He could hardly see above the bedsprings. Melinda picked up Alfred. "Don't worry, little fellow," she said. "You'll run and play with him before you know it." John looked at the newest member of his household. "Can I play ball now? I hope he doesn't cry alot." Ernest would be raised up in a household where money was always in short supply. Work was good, but hard.

Church was attended where there was a building and pastor to preach, if you could get there to hear. Sometimes the preacher came on Saturday and preached on Sunday.

Annie pulled aside the curtain and looked at the sky. The weather had warmed, but rain hung threateningly over them. "I hope it doesn't rain on our stuff, Mama." "We'll just put some kind of cover over them, Winona." On the last day of June, 1915, the Alfred Moore family placed the last bundles and packed baskets of household goods into the waiting boxcar. A loud "NO" came from Annie Moore directed toward John. "Leave your collection of Franklin grasshoppers in Franklin." "we can give them a decent burial, John." "Girls! You don't give grasshoppers a burial, you feed them to the frogs."

Winona Moore, big for 9 years old, was missing at the assembly line to carry odds and ends to the boxcar. Carrying stuff was not in her plans for the day. Winona daydreamed; she stared absently at the empty rooms and bare walls. She called out to the empty space, "We're leaving now." A close repetition of her words came back. "We're leaving." She looked around where she sat so often. Now she stood on the bare spot. The empty house was now so strange; you didn't have to clean it any more. Sort of finished, like your last year's schoolbook, the one you turned in when you were through with it.

Winona said "goodbye", at first tenderly. "I said goodbye house," she shouted, and the house echoed back a "Goodbye." "I know where Winona is Mama; she is talking to the house." "She shouldn't be talking to houses when we have more things to put aboard the boxcar." Annie shook her head. "She talks to a lot of

things, stars and trees. If they don't talk back to her she kicks them." "I think she said she was lonesome and needed a sister cuz she just has brothers." "Well, I'll talk to her, and it won't be about providing any more mouths to feed or feet to put shoes on."

Alfred was five and had his own instructions on how to be helpful. A little rope was placed around the waist of his little brother Ernest. Three year old Ernest liked to go exploring, and this was no time for finding him. "Hold on to the rope and sit with him and watch the rest of us." "OK Mama." Alfred looked at Ernest. "We have to sit, Ernest." "O.K."

The children looked forward to new adventures in Newcastle, Washington. They would find some of the same disagreeable facts that come with coal mines: noisy trains, loud whistles, and grime. If you dropped a piece of laundry on the ground, a second wash was guaranteed. There were always rats scurrying out of sight. Winona was afraid of them. An unkind youngster assured her they would eat off your fingers. She always placed hers securely in a pocket, if she had one, when a furry creature scooted by.

Alfred jumped up near the train. "All right now." John directed them, "We'll all say 'Goodbye Franklin' all together" "Goodbye, Franklin!" The shout rang out to signify a few years of farewell, but they would be back. Alfred didn't say anything, but he thought to himself, "We'll see you again." That was the way coal mining towns were.

The coach chugged along and rattled its way down the track. "Sit still, and act like you're ladies and gentlemen." This was a hard command to follow. John had his slingshot and threatened Winona. Alfred and Ernest wanted the same seat, though the train had plenty of empty seats. John Hale could see his grandchildren more often, and for that he gave thanks.

"Grandpa, I want to be a coal miner." Alfred punctured a worm and placed him securely on the end of a willow fishing pole. "You do!" John Hale weighed the words, did the boy really want to be a miner or was this just the passing fancy of an eight year old boy. "A coal miner, Alfred, has to have a strong back, a lunch pail, and a good carbide light. In the old days you could walk in the tunnel. If you were on the first level, you had to go where you worked first to check for gas leaks to see how much air you'd have. Then you climbed the ladder to start work." Alfred looked up at big John Hale holding onto his pole. "Will you tell me more?" "You hide your tools behind some timbers: pick, shovel, ax, auger or drill. While you are working you can start by seeing which coal is loose in your place. If the coal is hard and won't come out easy, you have to drill some holes to shoot it loose with dynamite." Alfred let off a big explosion "Bang!"

"Now if you were a mule skinner, you could drive mules back and forth with coal cars hooked to him. If you're a