

"I'm Dr. Spalding, King County Health Doctor. Would you open your mouth so I can see your throat?" The nurse had helped Ernest to his feet so the doctor could reach him. "Say ah." Ernest hated the stick in his throat and he gagged. Dr. Spalding talked to the principal.

"There are white patches on the tonsils. I believe we have a mild case of diphtheria, but nevertheless, diphtheria. His home should be quarantined." The county health nurse and doctor walked to the Moore home, accompanied with Alfred and Ernest.

Annie had finished scrubbing the floor, and she hung up her mop. The knock at the door made her jump. The doctor removed his hat and made the unexpected statement — "Ernest is sick; Diphtheria we suspect." Annie held her hand to her head. "My goodness!" Her face lost its cheerful look, and she stared at the doctor not knowing what to say.

"Just a mild case. Don't worry, Mrs. Moore, but there are special precautions you will have to follow." The doctor sat with Mrs. Moore. Alfred came home, and a room full of silent people listened to the doctor explain diphtheria. "It is often spread by rather direct contact or interchange of secretions — like kissing." The statement brought giggles from the other children and a frown from Alfred, their father, "Oh," the doctor said, "You can get it from toys, pencils, infected milk, food, fingers in your mouth, or handkerchiefs. Some child carrying it to the school may not have it, but just be a carrier. He will have to gargle with a salt solution and rest in bed. I would wear the little masks I'll give you so he doesn't breathe on you. When you are considered safe the quarantine will be lifted. We will be by to see you about every two or three days. There should be shots of antitoxin to bring about a rapid recovery. Food will be brought in to your porch; you should not go out and break the quarantine. All the teachers will be notified to supply homework; it will be given to you to complete." "Oh!" A chorus of voices could be heard from the table. The doctor left and nailed a quarantine sign on the door. "What a kettle of fish!" Winona sat by the window. "What are we going to do for six weeks?" Annie Moore wondered too, everyone underfoot and not being able to send them out of the door.

Annie heard the usual, "What will we do now?" "Read the paper." Alfred handed the kids the morning paper. "Here's something. Come here, Winona." John and Winona sat on the floor in the kitchen corner. "What is next. 'Strange things happen to women. The most dangerous place in your house is your bathroom.'" "We have an outhouse." "Well strange things happen if you have an indoor bathroom." Giggles and laughter came from the corner, and Alfred joined them. "Let's go and read this to Ernie." They sat

on Ernie's bed. "Now listen to this." Winona read the paper. "A woman decided to take a bath and sunbathe too. The apartment was on the third floor, so she opened the third-story window. When she got out of her bathtub, she slipped on her bar of soap. Her foot landed on her soap, and it flew from under her as if bewitched. In the twinkle of an eye she was out of the window and saw the street, three stories below, coming up to her. She landed on her feet in a high pile of sand dumped there." The laughter echoed all through the house. Alfred rolled to the floor and held his stomach. Annie chuckled from the kitchen; she had been listening. The children were so loud you couldn't help hear the story.

The quarantine was not without incident. Alfred wanted some sugar and Winona went to the company store to get some. Someone reported it to the constable. He had threatened to issue a warrant for Alfred's arrest. The constable said that Alfred must have needed it real bad and to forget it.

Ernest recovered, then had his tonsils out. No one else got diphtheria. Annie was glad for that.

If you turn the pages of family books of remembrance slowly, reflecting upon them, there will be years that are remembered most for happy times or days of trials. Sometimes the stories stay around unto the second and third generation, passed on to ears ready to hear family tales. The Moore family had two incredible years — 1920 and 1921 to reflect upon. August 8, 1920 was a day to remember. Alfred Moore worked in the Cannon Mine in Franklin, Washington. The river ran clear and sparkling in forests of dense green, with the unconcerned water coming from the snows of the Cascade Mountains. Trout lurked about, avoiding the fishermen if they could.

During the summer of 1920 Alfred Moore had the job of boiler man and motor man. John would go with his father on the night shift. He would fish and sleep, then return home with his father. John Hale said about August 8th, when the story was told, "The Devil got his two-bits in."

The shift had gone pretty smooth. John fell asleep on a pallet in the boiler room. A two by six long board of old fir timber was used to sprog the wheel. The lagging slipped and broke Alfred's leg. Alfred managed to pound on the pipe, waking John. John said a quick, "Dear Jesus, no," and ran to tell the foreman. They splintered his leg, took him up the hill to the hand car, then 3 miles to Black Diamond. Dr. Smith rushed Alfred Moore to Providence Hospital in Seattle, Washington. Dr. J. Tate Mason took Alfred's case, and became his doctor. He had to make the decision whether to amputate the leg in 10 days or gangrene might set in. Doctor J. Tate Mason saved the leg from amputation, and Alfred spent his recovery time at the New Mason Clinic. The Moore family was put on state compensation, and Alfred was out of work for a year.