

Trouble didn't leave, it settled like an unwanted cloud. "Seems to come all at once," said Annie Moore. "Sure enough, trouble does that. Alfred is laid up, and a big nation wide coal strike makes the year 1921 not a very good year." "Now, Annie." John twisted his mustache - "Things will work themselves out."

Alfred had a job watching the empty houses the miners left vacant. Money was scarce, but Alfred ran a tight budget. Food had to be picked, gathered, and stored for the winter. The boxes of canned goods were stored to feed a large family.

The warm wind blew the laundry dry. Winona placed it in the laundry basket. Three baskets were already sitting in the kitchen, ready to be ironed. Alfred kept the fire going for the heating of the flat iron. Creosote built up in the chimney flue, or heavy soot built up causing a fire to ignite.

The call of "Fire, fire!" brought everyone running to the Moore house. The flames ate away the dry boards, and nothing was saved but a tall backed rocking chair. "Even our knicker pants are gone." Annie cried, "Everything!"

Alfred held Annie's hands. "Everyone is fine and not burned. Don't cry. The superintendent's house - we can

live in it, one half mile below the store in Dog Town."

Starting over was no fun. "I hated ironing clothes, now we don't have any." Winona gave a slight grin to her unfeeling words. Life did go on, but 1920 and 1921 did have other events to remember.

October 14, 1921 was a day unlike any other day for John Hale. He went to meet his Lord - his friend, his guide through his journey on earth.

John Hale helped push his car "Maggie" up the Renton hill with Claude, his son helping. The battery had died, and they pushed Maggie about 500 feet from their Allen Town house. John laid on the grass by the roadside, his spirit departed to be with the Lord. Claude ran to get help, a lady placed a pillow under John's head. There was a Masonic funeral at Greenwood Cemetery.

Fannie Hale had a small pension. She picked beans and worked as a janitor at Campbell Hill School for 15 years. "The ways of the Almighty are good." she said.

John Hale, 75 year old Negro born slave in Tennessee, pioneer coal miner, born Tuesday, July 14, 1846, died in Renton, Washington October 14, 1921. John knew the way to Heaven through faith in Jesus Christ. "See you, John Hale. We'll join you later."



Dear God
Here Lies
John Hale

Pioneer Coal Miner
Black

Loved Jesus As Much As
Anyone Could

Born Slave **1846**

Died in Renton, Washington **1921**