

head. "Did you see a bear again, Aunt Matilda?" Winona asked with eyes uplifted. Pandemonium reigned. John was on shift in the mine, but Fannie was there with Melinda and Claude. Fannie doubled over with laughter; Melinda tried to hold her up. When Annie recovered she gasped out, "Get another dress, Matilda, and let's get on our way." "Lordly, Annie, now we have to pray for understanding beside being saved from bears." "We'd best get started." They filed out, Winona last with her next Sunday best and pinafore. Her polka dot dress hung on a nail waiting the scrub board.

"Step over the threshold, Fannie, it's our house." Fannie had packed lunches to send with John on his house building trips. She hadn't seen the house since the first woodframe boards went up. "Leave the big trees where they are growing. There has to be some trees left standing for the grandchildren to climb." John Hale, 65 years old, grayed a little, but his eyes were sharp. His heart, he said, belonged to God - Mount Zion Baptist Church could testify to that. Fannie put one foot over the doorstep. "I'm in John." Fannie walked around in a circle. There it was - a new stove. It stood alone, shiny and black with special silver trimmings around the oven. Pleased with his surprise, John spread out his arms. "That will heat this whole place on cold nights." John smiled, unusual for a mostly sober quiet man. "The walls are so clean, John, and solid. No newspaper stuffing to keep out the drafts!" "Four rooms all to ourselves, Fannie. Well, one room for Claude. I am glad he will be with us; it sure would be hard to get along without him. Our being here is from the Lord Almighty, Fannie. He made my two hands to build it - just like Noah - he got plenty of encouragement from God, I'm supposen." "I'm real proud of it, John. What are we going to do without coal dust?" "We can have a garden and some fat clucking chickens and a cow - something to eat up all that high grass." Fannie took both of John's hands. "I guess we're too old to dance around the room." "Just a little, Fannie." Embarrassed at such a display of affection, he loosened his shirt collar. A little bird landed on the open window sill and quietly sat down. "We can celebrate and have a picnic in our own front yard." They took hold of the ends of the tablecloth and let it settle on the ground. "It looks so white, Fannie, on the green grass." The basket of food was spread out. They ate together admiring the house. "It isn't seasoned yet, Fannie, it has no memories in it. A house has to be lived in to be seasoned and have memories."

They lived in the new house on 2½ acres near the Campbell Hill School in Renton, Washington. The chickens laid eggs, more than John and Fannie could eat. John hitched up the horse and buggy and rode to Newcastle to work in the mines.

1911 passed into time and 1912 found Annie Moore

preparing for another birth. 1912 would be remembered for many things, but for the Alfred Moore Family of Franklin, Washington, it would always proclaim a May birthday. Annie had wearied through winter and a cold spring. On the third of May, 1912, John helped Fannie on to the train. She had several wicker baskets of food and helpful things, new and homemade for the baby. "I hope someone helps you to the house; you're loaded down worse than a mule." "What can you expect, one daughter with the fourth on the way. She always needs something. Come along later, John, and see what Annie has. Born by the 5th maybe." "Babies are always a maybe, but I'll come down anyway."

In 1912 Seattle workers were still regrading and cutting down hills. In the coal towns the men were busy. There was work for Alfred Moore, and he was planning on starting his shift as soon as Annie handed him his lunch pail. He gulped the last of his coffee, leaned backed in his chair and observed his wife's disappearing figure.

Annie pouted and slung the dishcloth on the side of the dishpan. She knew he was watching, and she wanted to express her dislike at another day pregnancy. "Can't see my toes. Nine months are too long to carry anything around in your stomach." "Baby be born soon, Annie?" There was a note of sympathy in his voice, and she felt a little better. "Maybe tonight." "I'd trade you places, but you wouldn't like coal mines either. I am cursed to work in dirty sweat, and you're to give birth - so says God Almighty. So kiss me good-bye. See both of you later."

Two women passing the Moore house late in the evening of May 5, 1912, noticed a light on at the Moore house. The weather was still cool in early May, and the women pulled their shawls around their shoulders. They stopped for just a moment and started up at the house. Fannie called from the door. "My daughter, Annie, had a baby boy." "Nice evening!" The women smiled and walked on.

John Hale wrote in his Bible - 1912, Ernest Roy Moore. He couldn't finish writing what he felt, so he said softly to himself, "May God have blessing on this boy." A cry came from the bedroom and John Hale closed his Bible. He listened to the cry; it was the cry of a baby born free, the lusty cry of a male child. For a minute he remembered a baby born a long time ago. He watched from the side of the barn unnoticed. The mother was sent away, and the baby had to survive without her. His grandson was born in a clean bed with a doctor's help, and he was thankful Ernest was not a slave.

him, John." He cradled the fat baby boy in his arms and picked up the little hand. "Six fingers like you, Fannie. One of the first scriptures he will learn is II Samuel Chapter 21, verse 20. It looks like he's half Moore and half Hale." Annie recovered slowly;