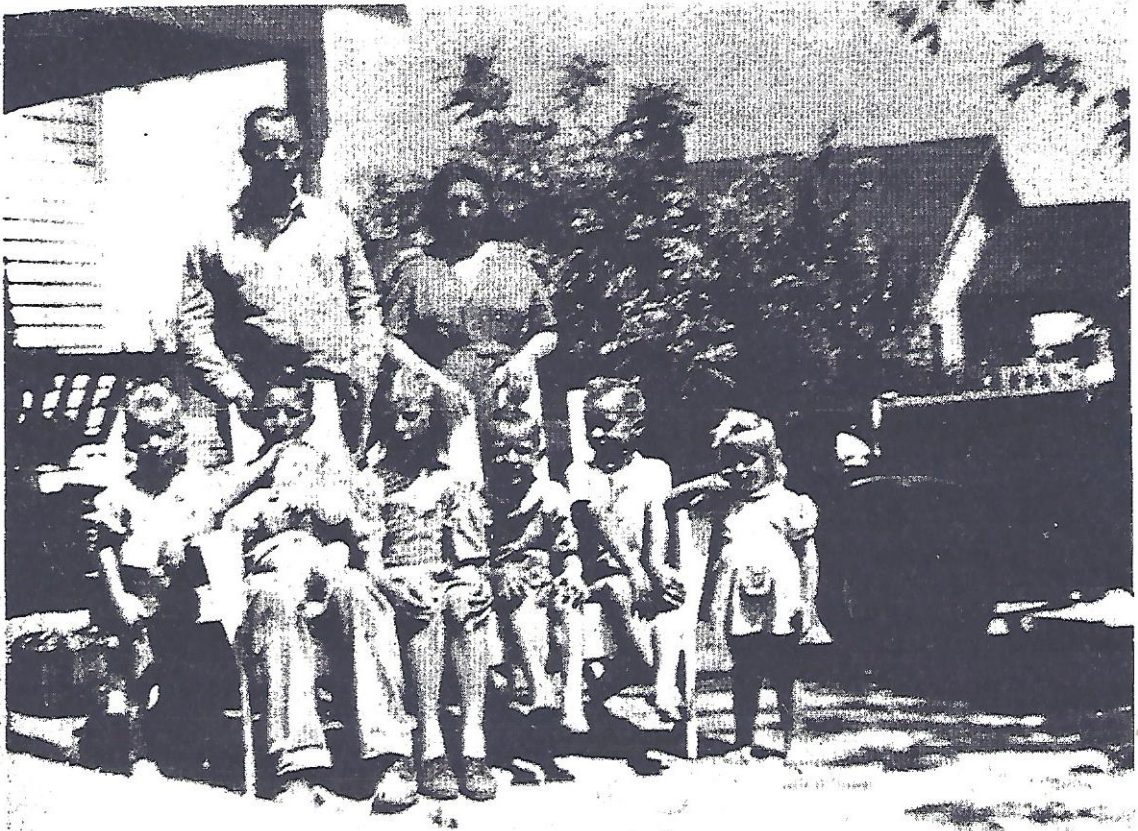


A STROLL DOWN MEMORY LANE

When we entered the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Moore, we were greeted with hot biscuits and a cold glass of Dr Pepper. This gesture suggested the kindness of this family. We were grateful to enter this man's home and listen as he related his life to us.

I was born at home on July 4, 1939 in Warren County. My parents were Walter Preston Moore, Sr., and Ella Irene Hennessee Moore. There was six of us boys and two girls. My older brother was Walter Preston Moore, Jr., then there was Shelby Jean Moore, myself, Billy Edward, Jesse James Moore, Paul Franklin Moore, Juanita FayLene Moore, Roy Anthony (Tony) Wayne Moore and Dwight Steven Moore. I have a picture of all of us when we were little. We looked just like the Walton's.



Left to right - First row: Paul Franklin, Roy Anthony (Tony) Wayne (the baby), Walter Jr., Shelby Jean, Billy Edward, Jesse James, and Juanita FayLene.
Second row, standing: Walter Preston, Sr., and Ella Irene.

I don't think I ever did anything mischievous. We was just like every normal kid. We was just into everything we could get into and out of without getting beat to death. After we got to be pretty good sized boys, we moved up on Mulberry Street. Jess and I used to try to derail the train. That was back when the old train used to have a cow catcher on it. We'd lay rocks on the tracks, then we would run down the bank and lay down in the honeysuckle. We put our arms over our eyes to keep the smoke and cinders out but, most of the time, we got cinders in our eyes anyway. We would have to go home and let mother get them out.