

Clammie Walton married Sterling Walton, (no relation) Addie married James Redmon, Nannie married Charles P. Tidd, Thomas married Carrie Redmon, William married May Page. My mother passed away in 1913 in Columbia, Missouri. She lived to see Charley and Harry Tidd graduate from the University of Missouri. Here I must give her credit for helping me to provide for these two children after their father's death and above all she lead me and encouraged me in the ways of life. She did not know what the word defeat meant and when I weakened as I did many times she often stood and said, "There is no such thing as defeat. Fight on. Fight on." As a child she often took me to the tombstones in the family burying ground and told me many stories of those who had been. I feel like I might tell you a few of these. You might be interested. One funny story is about the stars falling. Grandfather Winn had a sister named Sarah Runyon, she happened to be visiting at my grandmother's when a star fell in 1833. The family was seated in the blue room when all of a sudden there was much screaming and shouting from the Negro quarters. The family rushed out in the yard to find the colored folks all kneeling in prayer and looking about to see what caused the excitement they soon discovered that the stars were falling. This Auntie Runyon like the Negroes was very religious. The story goes that she was eating a cucumber pickle. She threw down the pickle and she threw up her hands and went to shouting. They all thought that the world was coming to an end. After an hour or more and things grew no worse and the Messiah did not appear they were all very tired and began to get very quiet then they realized that it was some elements and not the end of the world. My mother was quite young but this made such an impression on her mind. She well remembered that next morning Auntie Runyon went into the yard picked up the treasured pickle, washed it off, and finished eating it. This Aunt Sarah Runyon, I will say here, was the grandmother of James Wayland of Salisbury who married Miss Shannon.

Going back to the brick house. It was conspicuous for its great cupboards. The cupboard was a treasure in the family. Many wines from St. Louis which my grandfather brought on his return were placed there and opened only on great occasions. Between the cupboard and the wall opposite stood the great four-postered bed and underneath the bed was a trundlebed. Over this four-postered bed was one very large window. I recall it being the only window in the room. For beside the cupboard stood the great fireplace and pass the fireplace was a door which lead down to the large dining room and at the end of the room was my mother's bedroom. The parlor room was a very beautiful 20 foot square room. A stairway ran from this room to an upper one and there the older children were put every night until they grew up to be great men so they could march away to the south with Price's army. If this grandmother and grandfather could have known of this great anxiety and how it would end, it would have taken many happy days from their lives, but nature is kind and we know not what awaits us. One of the baby boys was James Winn and this child only two years old slent with my mother in her bedroom adjoining the blue room. My mother eloped and married my father when she was only sixteen years old. Many times she told me that her only regret in going was that she missed her baby brother from her arms. I think I have given you the names of all her brothers. After she married and went away my grandmother had a little baby girl. She was called Sister Sue. She was a different type of woman from my mother. My mother was born in pioneer days while she had no hardships she was taught economy. While Sister Sue was born in the latter part of this family she was born with great affluence and raised in great comfort and she is what we call an aristocrat. She hardly knew how to meet the misfortunes of life, when they came on her and she did not