

I stood spell bound waiting until the hot coals were brushed aside. The lid was lifted and a hot biscuit filled with butter was handed to each child and away we ran. How we loved the black mammy. She seemed to do all this for us with the greatest delight. "Granny", we called her. Granny and her husband, Uncle Tom, after the War came to live with my mother many years and help my mother bring us up. My mother often said that she did not see how she could have survived the misfortune which she had after the Civil War without Granny and Uncle Tom. They were never inclined to leave the Winn family like most of all the others. I suppose it was their ages which prevented them however their children left.

I would like to tell you a little incident. One of the maids in the house where my mother grew up, was named Ann, and she waited on my mother all through her girlhood. During the Civil War, Ann's mother and her ten children were driven away one night by whom the family never knew. But many years afterwards, I was a widow, thirty years after the War was over I lived in Salisbury, Missouri, one day the door bell rang and I went to the door - a nice-looking colored woman, nicely dressed, asked me if Miss Mary Walton lived there. I called my mother to the door. She said, "Miss Mary, you don't know me, do you?" My looked at her carefully and said, "I don't think I do." The colored woman raised up both her arms and said, "Miss Mary, I am Ann, your maid," and she put her arms about my mother. She was quite a young girl when she went away and she had been gone thirty years. My mother had grown old and she had grown older but there was a great affection between them. She came in the house and turned to me and said, "I was your mother's maid but she never did give me a cross word and she never did hit me. I have loved her memory always." "I came here as a delegate to a convention at the Methodist Church. I made inquiries about the Winn family and some one told me that Miss Mary lived here." We fixed a feast and set it before her. She and mother talked over the long ago. When she was ready to depart, my mother collected one of her china bowls and a silver spoon and gave it to her asking her to use them every day and to think of her. She went out of my mother's life and we never heard of her again. But to me the testimony of this maid was an insight into my mother's character. She was always true-blue to both white and black. Granny and Uncle Tom finally grew very old and were then taken away to Polk County to live with their children. Many sad tears were shed when they left. We never saw them again. Dora was the house maid that my grandmother kept after the War. It was she who carried the food from the brick kitchen to the house, some fifty feet away, and to the large dining room. The dining room was a gathering place for the children and grandchildren. In this dining room stood a secretary which belonged to my grandfather and a large bookcase above the secretary. On top of this bookcase were several yellow bags, probably made of oil calico, as I recall it was bright yellow. I remember being there with my mother, Uncle John Winn got up on a chair and threw the yellow bags down on the floor. He, grandmother and my mother looked over many of the papers in them, many were worthless and were cast in the fireplace. These papers which they burned might have been of no value yet when I think of this I feel that they should have been kept to hand down to another generation. I recall these yellow bags, perhaps of the color because they were so bright as to strike my childish eye and I have kept them in my memory all these years.

I well recall the first picture that I loved. In this dining room hung Napoleon and Josephine. They must have been lovely pictures because I am sure it was the color which attracted my eyes. When I grew older and went there often with my mother