

Civil War and no one was afe if he was in the vicinity. I think my nother must have had this tree cut down because of the fear we had for it and we were told that the tree died. The negro women in this Winn family, I must not pass over. They were a great factor in the family life. Several maids were kept in the house to do the cooking and washing. I wish it were possible to tell you about the great loom house that I remember us a child, but like the andirons, we do not remember what has become of that loom. The wool was taken from the sheep and quite a bit of cotton was grown on the land although it had to be picked early on account of early frost and was woven and made into a cloth of lindsey for the women's dresses and jeans for the men's clothes. It was then brought into great bolts to the blue room and grandmother cut it out and sewed on it to furnish clothing for the many negro men and the many boys of the Winn family. The broadcloth suits of the Winn boys and my grandfather's were made by this man Williams, a tailor that I met in Salisbury. They were velvet vests and satin was bought at \$3.00 per yard for my grandmother, but \$3.00 satin in those days lasted twenty years. Silks were bought for the girls. This was bought in St. Louis when my grandfather's yearly trips were made. After so many years the family grew very large and children and grandchildren coming on, he had more brick burned and a large room 20 feet square adjoined the blue room and was two steps down, which I often fell down as a little girl, and a long table with four yards of linen table cloth. I might say here that much flax was raised on this farm which supplied the linen table cloths and the men's summer suits, so it did not take much money to buy clothing and it did not take much money to buy food. All manner of food was raised and stored away for the winter to feed this great family. Mother often said that rows and rows of large pumpkins were lined up and the corn was cut and put in reefs over it, as much as 100 yards long, then when winter came they had plenty of fresh pumpkins and the same with cabbage. It was pulled up by the roots and packed away. Potatoes were put in what they called dirt holes. Wild game was in abundance. The hogs were fattened on the acorns and nuts of the woods. There was always an abundance of grazing for the cows. In the yard of this old home, a brick kitchen was built. The cooking was done there and I have often seen them carry it to the house under umbrellas to this 20 foot dining room. After the meal was over, the dishes were put away and this dining room was a gathering place for this large family of children and grandchildren. Near this was a great brick meat house which was a factor in my life- something that I admired very much because it was mysterious. As long as I can remember my grandmother carried a great bunch of keys and one of them was a large brass key about eight inches long. That key belonged to the meat house. Every morning she would go there, unlock the door, cut down meat and take out lard enough for the cooking for the day for the family and then the key was turned again until the next morning. If I had that key now, well, it could not be bought. We do not see such meat houses and we do not see such keys any more. We did not know that this would be true in that day. It must have meant a great deal to my grandmother to turn her back on this and cross the road to her son's house and sit down. She was yet not an old woman at that time and she had nothing to do only to love young John's children which she did very much. One child named Rebecca for herself, she adored. She often worked button holes in their little dresses and found great pleasure in doing so. She would come and spend a week with out family, but when the week was up she was hungry to go back to her grandchildren. She never said much but I know now that as I grow older, that it must have been a great trial