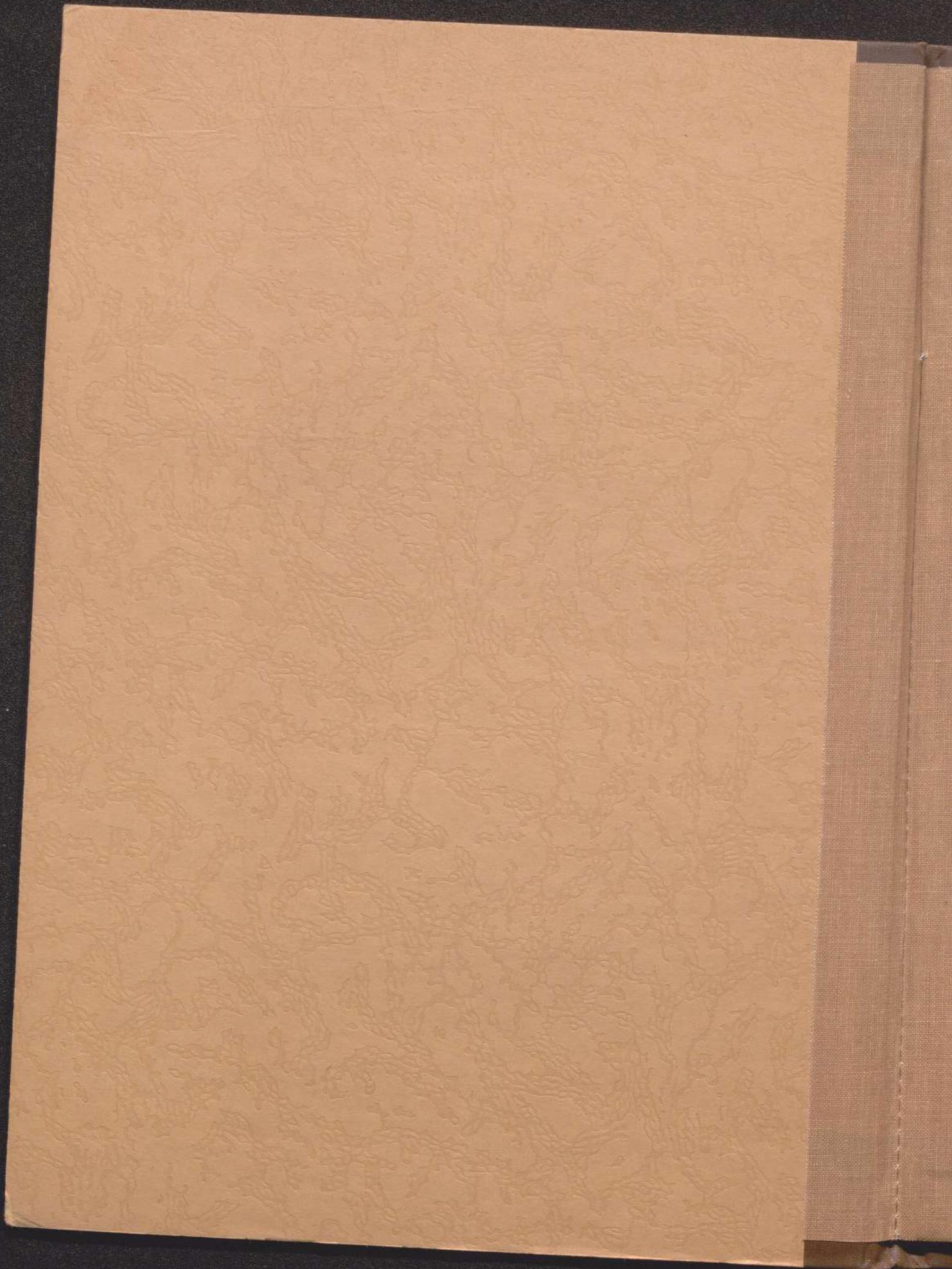


Back to the Walls

by Clayton
Abbott

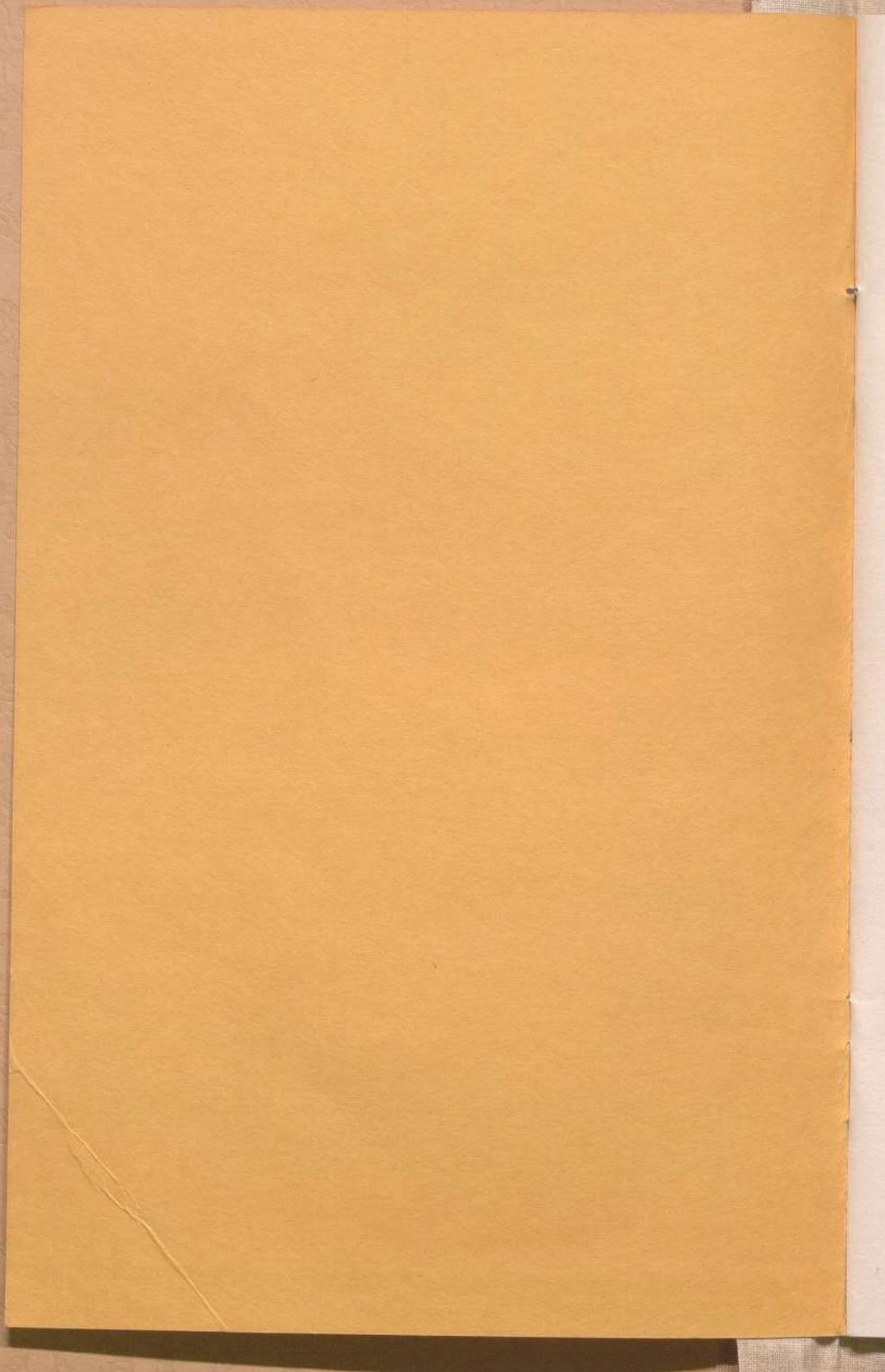


Syracuse, N. Y.
Stockton, Calif.

BACK *to the* WALLS



by Clayton Abbott



BACK TO THE WALLS

* * *

The true story of a pioneer family
who came West in a covered
wagon and settled in
Cedar County,
Missouri

by

CLAYTON ABBOTT

September 1964

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MARTHA WALL HUDSON
(My Grandmother)

The baby is Everett Gannaway
- - the fourth generation.)

Photographed 1923

2/62 - gift of Mrs. Mabel Hudson

PREFACE

Genealogy reports are generally very dull reading. In reading them there is not usually an awareness that our ancestors were real people, --- who worked -- and sometimes played; who had days of happiness and days of sorrow; who cut and hewed logs and built houses; whose women spun thread, and wove cloth; and who brought children into the world, and buried their dead --- as the years rolled by.

The story of John and Unetta Wall is not intended as a genealogy report, however, it may be useful to genealogists. Its purpose is to make a record of the information which is still available of events affecting the lives of this family and their descendants. The report is far from complete, however, the events related are authentic, in that they are related by individuals who were present, or, are from sources such as census reports and land transfer records. I am greatly indebted to Wilse Hudson for much of the information. Others helping were Dick and Leota Gipson, Girtie Byram, Loma Abbott, and Mrs. Hardin Humbert.

The narrative will appear unbalanced, in that much of it is devoted to the descendants of Martha Wall and her daughter, Virginia. This is because the story is being written primarily for my granddaughters, Janet, Cathy, and Paula Emery, and it is necessary to connect the genealogy link to them. It is hoped that descendants of other members of the Wall and Hudson families will enlarge upon the story.

C. A.

BACK TO THE WALLS

It was the year 1925. I had just bought a new model T Ford, and was taking my grandmother on a tour of places where she had previously lived. At the time she was eighty-eight years old. I knew very little about her early life, so began asking questions:

"What was your name before you were married, Grandma?"

She at first appeared a little surprised, apparently because I didn't already know, then said; "My maiden name was Wall. My father was John Wall --- most people called him Jackie, but that was a nickname."

"Have you always lived in Cedar County?" I asked.

"I think I was in Polk County once since I came here. Have been here the rest of the time. I think I was about nine years old when we got here."

I had heard that my grandmother had been an immigrant and had come out from the East in a covered wagon, so said; "Grandma, tell me all about your family, and your trip out here."

She began talking slowly and told me the following story: "My mother's name was Unetta --- and there were five of us girls. Louise was the oldest. Then there was Sally An, and I was next. The two youngest were Mary and Celia. We were all born in North Carolina, except Celia who was born in Virginia --- that is where we lived before coming West.

We came West in a covered wagon pulled by a team of oxen. We had a cow which we led behind the wagon. I remember when we got to the Miss-

issippi river --- it looked to be a mile wide. A lot of people were there in wagons wanting to cross, and we had to wait our turn to get on the ferry. While we were waiting, Pap bought a large fish for us to eat --- it was the biggest fish we had ever seen. After several days we finally were able to drive the wagon on the big ferry boat. We started to cross --- and when we were a little way out, we saw a steam boat coming down the river. We heard it whistle --- the captain of the ferry boat seemed to become excited, and took us back. He said if we had kept going, the ferry would have been turned over by the waves. I was only nine, but I remember it well."

After a few minutes thought, my grandmother continued: "I just can't remember much about the rest of the trip. It's been so long --- and my memory is not as good as it used to be. We settled West of Bear Creek and built a house. I remember helping to saw the ends off the logs on the corners of the house."

I am sorry I did not ask my grandmother about the home life of the Walls during their early years in Cedar County. It must have been a struggle for John and Unetta to support a family of five girls. The U. S. Census takers report on the family in 1850 indicates that their post office address was Bear Creek. The report also gives their ages as follows: John 46; Unetta 44; Louise 17; Sally An 14; Martha 12; Mary 10; and Celia 6. This is the only official report of the entire family, when all the girls were still living at home.

In 1854, John and Unetta Wall purchased forty acres of land which is now a part of the Cramer farm. One afternoon in August, I went out to visit the Walls --- of course not really --- just in my imagination. From Stockton I followed the Fair Play road to about one hundred yards past the Crabtree branch. At this point I turned North on a dirt road

which was quite picturesque. The maple and elm tree limbs overlapped above the road forming an archway. The road itself was largely flint rock, so there appeared little danger of becoming stranded. The road had had no recent travel, however, I kept going forward for about three-eighths of a mile, when a limb across the road brought me to a sudden stop. Taking my camera with me, I continued on foot for a short distance. After crossing a branch of running water, I climbed up a steep incline and came out on a point. Here, according to some of the old timers, was the location of the house. To the North another branch ran by, going in a westerly direction. To the West, about three hundred yards away was Crabtree Branch, with the level bottom land coming up to the foot of the point where the house was built. To the North and West I could see a little grove of trees, designating the location of the spring.



THE SPRING
(Covered with water cress)

I can picture how this setting must have appeared one hundred years ago --- with the log house on the point; and too, there must have been a path over to the spring, where the Wall girls walked while carrying water. Much of the surrounding terrain has been changed by the use of bulldozers; only the spring remains --- gushing forth a large stream of refreshing water --- a memorial fountain to the pioneer family who once lived here.

It was here that "Jackie" and Unetta Wall made their home until all their children were married. The oldest daughter, Louise, married Ham Simmons. They had four children, two boys and two girls. The boys were Bob and Sammie. One of the girls was Martha An, and the other went by the nickname of "Bug". I have been unable to find out where Ham and Louise Simmons spent their early married life, however in 1866 they purchased the home place from John Wall for three hundred fifty dollars. The only one of the children I knew personally was Bob, who lived for many years five miles east of Stockton. It was through him that I learned the nickname of my grandmother --- he always called her aunt "Tenny".

In later years of my grandmother's life, she did not wish to be a burden on any of her relatives. To lessen the burial expense when she died, she had Bob Simmons build her a coffin. He was a good carpenter and built a nice one, which he kept stored in his barn for many years. Ironically, my grandmother lived so long that wooden coffins were out of style, or possibly the only daughter she had living did not know the coffin existed. Anyway it was never used. I have often wondered what ever became of it.

Bob Simmons had three children, Nettie, Ezra, and Frank. Frank and I were about the same age and attended school together at Alder School.

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One day when I was visiting my brother, Noble, I told him I had heard that there is a cemetery located on the bluff south of Bear Creek --- somewhere north of the John Kirkpatrick farm. He informed me that this is true, but that no one could find it without a guide. He agreed to take me there in his jeep. When we arrived there appeared to be only one grave, however, there was a plain stone near by which might mark a second grave. The marker was for Henry Hudson, who died August 24, 1872. It was almost hidden under a large cedar tree. The next time I saw Wilse Hudson, who is now ninety-two years old, I asked him to tell me more about Henry Hudson.

Witse, who loves to talk, gave the following account of events in the life of another of the Wall girls: "There were two or three Henry Hudsons, but the one buried there was the one who married Sally An Wall. Most of their married life was spent near there. They had five children, three boys and two girls. One of the boys, Joe, died young --- I think at about the age of fifteen. One of the girls, Vada, married a Brasher. They had one daughter by the name of Hattie. The other girl's name was Esta, --- I think she had three children. George married a sister to Tom Mead. I don't know what became of them, but they had a large family. The other boy was Charley Muck Hudson, who lived for many years three miles east and south of Stockton, on the Fair Play road. Charley Muck and his wife had no children. "

Sally An Wall was thirteen years younger than her husband, and lived twenty-four years after his death. During the later years of her life she stayed with her son Charley Muck Hudson. The only ones of Sally An's descendants I knew personally were Dora and Nettie, two of George's daughters; I also knew Charley Muck.

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Mary was the fourth child of John and Unetta Wall. I have had considerable difficulty getting information about her. My Grandmother used to speak of her sisters, Louise and Sally An; also she would speak quite often of Celia, however, she rarely mentioned the name of Mary. My mother died when I was only sixteen, but I don't remember her ever referring to her Aunt Mary. In search of information I went to my cousin, Leota Gipson, who probably has a greater knowledge of our family than any one else.

"Yes, I have heard of Mary Wall", said Leota. "She married a man by the name of Humbert. They moved to either Washington or Oregon --- that's about all I ever heard about them."

I then went back to Wilse Hudson, and said, "Mr. Hudson, you knew about Sally An Wall, because she married a Hudson, but do you know what happened to Mary Wall?"

"Not exactly", says Wilse, "but I can find out. She married Ike Humbert and they lived up at Bona. Tom Humbert runs the store there in Bona now, and I think he is a relative. Why don't we go up there and ask him about Mary. I believe his mother lives there too --- she will know."

One afternoon when the weather was cool, Wilse and I drove up to Bona, which is just a small general store and service station built at a main crossroad. It is located about eight and one-half miles south of the town of Bear Creek. We found Tom Humbert in the store. He informed us that Isaac Humbert and Mary were his grandparents, but referred us to his mother for information about them. We went to the house across the street and were introduced to Tom's mother who told us the following story:

"I'm just related to the Humberts by marriage. Hardin Humbert was my husband. He's been dead many years, --- but Isaac and Mary Humbert, --- they were Hardin's father and mother. I'm eighty eight years old and may have forgotten a great deal, but will tell you what I know. "

For a long time after they were married, Isaac and Mary lived in the vicinity of Bear Creek. They had five children, Charles, Hardin, Dora, Fanny, and Emma. They then went to Oregon, --- except for Dora, the oldest daughter. She didn't go with them. She later married a Montgomery and lived West of here. The boys didn't stay long in Oregon. When they were big enough they came back. That is when I met and married Hardin. We have nine children, seven girls and two boys. Charles married and lived near here too, but they didn't have any children. "

Mrs. Humbert continued, with the assistance of four of her daughters who happened to be with her that day --- it was necessary for them to prompt her from time to time: "Now the two girls, Fanny and Emma, --- they never did come back to Missouri. They moved up to Seattle, Washington, and spent the rest of their lives there.

Now you wanted to know what happened to Mary Wall Humbert. While she and Isaac were still in Oregon, Mary took sick with cancer and died. I believe she is buried in Portland. After Mary's death, Isaac came back here and lived. He is buried in Greenfield. "

Wilse and I had a very interesting and enjoyable afternoon visiting with our newly discovered relatives, and best of all, because of our trip the life of Mary Wall is no longer a mystery.

One day some friends and I were in the soft drink establishment in Stockton which is operated by Zulu Price and her husband. Someone remarked jokingly that Zulu and I are relatives.

Quite to their surprise, I said, "Yes --- it's a little distant, but we really are. Our grandmothers were sisters. Zulu's grandmother was Celia Wall."

Celia, the youngest of the Wall sisters married Alfred Rickman. They and their descendants have been well known citizens of the Bear Creek area for the past hundred years. Alfred and Celia had four children, Charles R., Madison (Mat), Mary, and Amanda.

Zulu and her sister, Jo are daughters of Charles. He had no other children. Madison had one son, John Rickman. Mary, who became a school teacher married Luther Simmons, who was also a teacher. I can remember when they were teaching in the rural schools of Cedar County. Amanda, the other daughter of Celia and Alfred Rickman, married Barney Hensley. The couple had two children who grew to adulthood. Celia and Alfred are buried in the Lindley Prairie cemetery.

The other Wall girl was Martha, sometimes called "Tenny". She was the third of the girls in age, and was, of course, my Grandmother --- and the inspiration for this story. She was the only one of the Wall girls that I remember seeing, although I may well have seen Celia who lived till 1921.

My Grandmother gave me some information about her early married life. When I was a boy I enjoyed reading stories of the Civil War, and naturally ask her many questions about life during this period. The following is her response to some of my questions:

"My husband's name was Columbus Hudson --- although most people called him Lum, for short. He was an older brother of John M. Hudson, who lives in the west part of Stockton. Lum was also a cousin to Sally An's husband."

On the Civil War she said, "It seemed that all the men were fighting somewhere. Many of our neighbors were fighting for the South. Columbus enlisted in the Union Army. Then there were the Bushwhackers. They were sorta outlaws who would not join either side. I was alone most of the time with two small children. We were not molested by either the Union or Confederate soldiers, but --- everybody was afraid of the Bushwhackers. At one time a group of them marched right by our door. They said they had killed one of our neighbors. Later we found --- they had shot at him and missed. We counted them as they rode by two at a time --- don't remember now just how many there were, but probably thirty or forty. Some of the Bushwhackers killed Joe Baker who lived North of Bear Creek over on the Hackett place. They just called him to the door and shot him --- without any apparent reason. Maybe because he was a man and hadn't taken sides in the war."

After my Grandmother told me the story about Joe Baker, I knew the reason why the Hackett boys called the hill on their farm, "Baker's Hill". I have been there many times with them and have seen the foundation of the house where Baker lived. It is located four and one-half miles East of Stockton, about half-way between the old Dunnegan road and Bear Creek.

For my Grandmother the Civil War was a constant struggle for survival against hunger and bands of marauders. After Columbus returned at the end of the war, however, life for her was again normal.

She and Columbus, or "Lum" as he was called, had a total of six children, two boys and four girls. In order of age they were, Katherine (Kit), Grant, Della, Madison (Mat), Unetta (Euny), and Virginia (Jennie). For some reason my Grandmother never told me much about her children. I knew only three of them; they were, Grant, Euny, and of course Virginia, who was my mother. A sort of periscope view of her life during the time when the children were small is given to us by Wilse Hudson.

Said Wilse, "One day when I was just a small boy, Aunt Martha took all of us kids to camp meeting. It was when she and Lum lived on the forty which joined the Wall place on the north and east --- we lived where Charles Elton Fox lives now. Lum was working that day, so Aunt Martha hitched the team to the wagon and drove over and got us kids --- she took her children too. She drove a wagon load of us up to the camp ground to attend the camp meeting. We stayed there all day."

"Where was the camp ground", I ask Wilse.
 "My Dad and Mother spoke of it often, but I never knew where it was located."

"It was south and east of where the Forest Home Church used to be. I guess it was located about one-half to three quarter mile due north of the old site of Bear Creek. # They had a large, sort of platform, where they held the meeting. It had a roof but no sides. There also were some log cabins. People would drive there from considerable distances and camp while attending services."

The description of the location of the camp ground by Mr. Hudson, would place it slightly more than three-fourth mile North of the old Indian Mound.

Katherine Hudson, better known to me as Aunt Kit, was the first in my Grandmother's family to marry. She married Sylvester Green, who was a brother to Lee Green who used to live in Stockton. Kit and Sylvester lived in a house on the north side of the road about a quarter mile north and west of the old Forest Home school house. They had four children, Oma, Gusta, Girtie, and Hershel.

The lives of Katherine and Sylvester Green had tragic endings. One day while Sylvester was away from home and the two older children were in school, Ket's dress caught fire. Apparently she got too near the fireplace and was wearing a loose type dress. She was so badly burned that she never recovered. Girtie was one of the children who was at home. She now lives in Stockton, so I went down to see her one day and ask her about her early life.

"It has been a long time", said Girtie, "but I can still remember some of the things that happened. Hershel was only a baby. I was five. It is a miracle we didn't all get burnt to death. I went to get Grandma --- she lived almost a half-mile. I remember as we went back home, Grandma said, 'you come by yourself. I am going to run.' After I got back home, Grandma told me to go to the school and get Oma and Gusta, who were in school that day. That was at Forest Home School, about a quarter mile away. I remember, I just walked inside the door at school and stood there. Finally Gusta saw me and came to me to find out what was the matter. I remember my mother only vaguely --- I cannot remember her features."

Girtie continued, "My father was a stone mason, and after mother's death he moved to Carthage. We lived there for a couple of years, till Father remarried. He then sent us three girls back here --- Hershel continued living with him. I was given to a family near Humansville, I believe the name

was Fitzpatrick. I stayed with them for a while, when my uncle Jake Dixon came and took me to live with them. He said I wanted to go with him, but I was only seven --- not old enough to decide what would be best. I probably would have been all right if I had stayed with the Fitzpatricks. Six years later my father met his death, too, --- rather mysteriously. It was reported that he fell and hit a stone while working, but for some reason we could never get any of the details. Hershel was sent back here and lived with Gusta from then until he grew up. He was about ten years of age at the time, but couldn't shed any light on the manner of Father's death. "

I did not need to ask Girtie the story of the rest of her life. She lived with her Uncle Jake and Aunt Euny Dixon until she married Amos Byran, many years later. Girtie and Amos had one son, Clyde, who I believe lives in Kansas City. Clyde is married and has a family.

Oma is the oldest of the children of Katherine and Sylvester Green. She is now staying with her daughter, Georgia. Oma married Clem Doolin, who was a well known blacksmith in Cedar County. Clem is no longer living, but they have another daughter, Maud. They also have a son, but I have forgotten his name. I attended school with Georgia at Stockton many years ago. She married Joe Wynes, but have no children.

I remember the first time I ever heard of Cherryvale, Kansas. It was many years ago, when Gusta Russell and her family came back here to visit us. Gusta is the other daughter of my Aunt Kit. She married Annual Russell and they had moved to Kansas. Gusta still lives there. Her name is now Nichols, the name of her last husband. Gusta has been married three times. She has three girls and I believe, a boy from her first marriage.

Hershel Green lived most of his life in Kansas. When I was working in the harvest fields out in Kansas in 1917, I stopped in Augusta and tried to locate Hershel. At that time he was supposed to live in Augusta. Anyway I couldn't find him, and never saw him afterwards. Girtie says that Hershel died a few years ago at Anthony, Kansas. His family probably still live there.

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Columbus Hudson died in 1876, at the age of only thirty nine. Grant, who was thirteen at that time had to take over much of the responsibility of his father. He lived for many years on the home place. He was dissatisfied, however, with the necessity for carrying water a great distance, and moved the house to the spring. Since the house was made of logs, it was necessary to tear it down and rebuild on the new location. The new site was across the road from the spring on the John Kirkpatrick place.

Grant Hudson married Cora Brandon. They had two children, Virgie and Georgia. Virgie married James Cooper of Stockton, and had one daughter, Alberta. Georgia is married and lives on a farm south of Stockton.

Grant Hudson was one of my favorite Uncles. I will never forget his booming voice which had a tone quality that you can never forget. When I was eight or nine years old he lived a short distance east of Antioch Church. It was a couple of days after the creek had overflowed that Uncle Grant rode up to our house all wet. He said, "That ford of yours is a little deep. I'm glad my horse is a good swimmer." The high water had washed out a deep hole where the ford had been. The water probably was still a little muddy and he had not noticed the change.

After Grant's brother and his sisters were married, he bought out their interest in the home place. Leota Gipson tells me that he gave her mother, Euny, a cow for her interest in the farm. My older brother, Loma, says our mother sold for an old gray horse. I always understood that Grant was to support my Grandmother for the rest of her life for her interest. However, there were several miscalculations. He mortgaged the farm to Uncle John Kirkpatrick and was unable to repay the loan; he lost the farm. Then Grandmother lived much longer than he.

The third child of Martha and Columbus Hudson was Della. I do not remember ever seeing her. I understand she married Berry Buckner, a brother to Alec Buckner who lived for many years two and one-half miles east of Stockton. Apparently both Della and Berry died quite young. They had one daughter by the name of Lilly. She is now living at Chautauqua, Kansas. Her married name is Lilly Pennell.

Not long ago my brother and I called on Dora Beason. Dora lives in the Brown property just back of the town spring in Stockton. I wanted to ask Dora some questions about Mat Hudson, who was her father. Mat died before I was born, so I knew very little about him.

Dora told me the following story: "My father married Alice White. They didn't live together long till he died --- I think about five years. He died in 1894. There were two children, me and Jessie. Jesse died in 1918. My mother remarried. I am here alone now. I have nine children, all boys. They are all married now and have families of their own.

Life must not have been easy for the Columbus

Syracuse, N. Y.
Stockton, Calif.

Hudson family from 1876 to 1890. Times were generally difficult everywhere during this period. My Grandmother, like most pioneer women, had become accustomed to hardships, however, since there were only two boys, the girls had to do whatever they could to help support the family.

In 1892, my Aunt Euny, the fifth of the children, worked for Coon Owen. This was the time the Owen's brothers were building the dam at Owen's Mill. She quit this job early in 1893 to marry Jacob Dixon.

For many years my Uncle Jake and Aunt Euny lived about a quarter mile North and East of Alder Church. In addition to Girtie Green, who stayed with them after she was seven, they had five children of their own. The children are Hardy, Leota, Frank, Russel, and Velma. Frank, Russell and I are in the same age range. I remember playing with them when we were small children. The log house where they lived was old even then. I will not forget that cherry tree near the house; I was there once when the cherries were ripe. I must have been about five then.

It must have been about 1906 or 1907, when the Dixons moved to the corner house two miles east of Stockton. Hardy lives there now. Leota, Velma, and Russell live in Stockton, while Frank makes his home in Joplin. They are all married, however only Hardy and Velma have families.

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My mother, Virginia, was the youngest of the five children of Martha and Columbus Hudson. She was only two years old when Columbus died. She never told me much about her early life. I talked to Wilse Hudson recently, and he told me how she and my Dad were married.



THE ELM TREE

(In the foreground is Wilse Hudson who was a witness at the wedding)

"Yes", says Wilse, "I remember the wedding of your father and mother. I was there --- was one of the witnesses. We lived then over where Charles Elton Fox lives, near the Charley York place. I was only about seventeen or eighteen at the time. They came by on horseback and I went along. There was Ben and Jennie --- Euny was along too, and Grant and maybe one more. We rode down to the creek and crossed at the ford near the Berry place. Then we rode on to the house of the Justice of the Peace. He lived near where Sherman Campbell lived later. The wedding was held outdoors, under a big elm tree. That was about 1892, and the old elm tree is still standing."

I never heard a great deal about the early married life of my father and mother. They moved

several times during the first half dozen years. About 1898 my father bought 80 acres of land three and one-half miles east of Stockton. I believe he purchased it from Charles Hackett. It was here in a log house that I was born. Part of the foundation of the house is still there.

My father and mother raised a family of eight children who grew to adulthood. Those still living are Loma, Sherman, Clayton, Finis, Noble, and our sister Orba. The ones deceased are Lessie, Nola, and Virginia Francis who died at one year of age.

We were like most large families in one respect; we had to leave Cedar County and go elsewhere in search of employment. Loma went to Springfield and worked many years for the Frisco Railroad. When he retired he returned here and now lives on the old home place. His wife Opal was a well known teacher in Cedar County, until her death about a year ago.

Sherman and his wife Golda, after living awhile in several places finally settled down in Redlands, California. He operated an orange ranch there for about thirty years, until his retirement last year. They have two daughters, Doris and Lucile, who are now married and have families.

Finis, or "Duke", as we call him, was one of those unlucky ones who had to get a start during the "depression" years. He spent about ten years in California, mostly around the Bay area, but returned here after World War II. He and I inherited an undivided interest in eighty acres of land. Neither of us wanted to sell. I priced my interest so high that I knew he would never ask me again, --- but I got a check in the next mail. Duke has been farming here ever since. After his return here he married Fern Hornbeck.

Noble taught school for a time in Missouri, but the district where he was teaching was without funds because of the "depression". He was paid off in non-negotiable script. He quit teaching and went to California and was employed by the Standard Oil Company for many years. He returned here about twenty years ago and has been farming ever since. For six years he served as Representative from Cedar County in the Missouri Legislature.

Our only living sister, Orba, married Charles Rickman when she was quite young. After an unsuccessful attempt to earn a living here, they finally moved to Crab Orchard, Nebraska. For many years now they have been well known citizens of that community, and have been actively participating in many community affairs. Charles has served as County Commissioner for several terms. They raised a family of three boys and two girls, who are all married and have families.

My oldest sister, Lessie, became a rural school teacher. For many years she taught in schools in the eastern part of the county; her first school was at High Point. Lessie married W. E. Gannaway and and they raised two boys, Everett and Gene. The boys are both married now and have families. Gene lives near Spring Creek in the Red Hill district; Everett lives at Paramount, California.

Nola, who was a twin to Noble, taught school here in the High Point and in the Alder districts. She later married and moved to Nebraska. They had no children.

I, like some of the rest, went to California. I am not sure whether I was following the advise of Horace Greely, or if the grass looked greener out there. I taught school there for a while, then was employed by the State for about twenty seven years when I retired. I was married out there and have

two daughters. Mary the youngest, lives at Orange and is a medical technologist at the Orange County Hospital. Her husband Ron Kenner is on the editorial staff of the Santa Anna Daily Register.

My daughter Stella is nurse in the Eugene, Oregon Public Schools. Her husband, Dave Emery, is Editor of the Magazine section of the Daily Register Gard paper. They have three lovely daughters whose ages range from six to nine. Their names are Janet, Cathy, and Paula. It was for them that this story is written.

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The Walls had been living in the house on the point above the spring only about eleven years when Unetta died. That was in the year 1865. The next year John Wall sold the place to Ham Simmons, the husband of Louise, the oldest of the Wall girls. The record of Cedar County land transfers shows that John then purchased forty acres from Ward Hudson, which is located about a mile west. This place is just east of the farm now known as the Harper place, and is where he spent the last years of his life. John also bought and sold land in several other locations.

John Wall lived twenty years after the death of Unetta, his wife. John was not completely alone, however, as four of the Wall girls lived within a few miles. The only person I have been able to locate who remembers seeing him is Wilse Hudson. I drove out to Wilse's house one day and ask him to describe John Wall to me. He said:

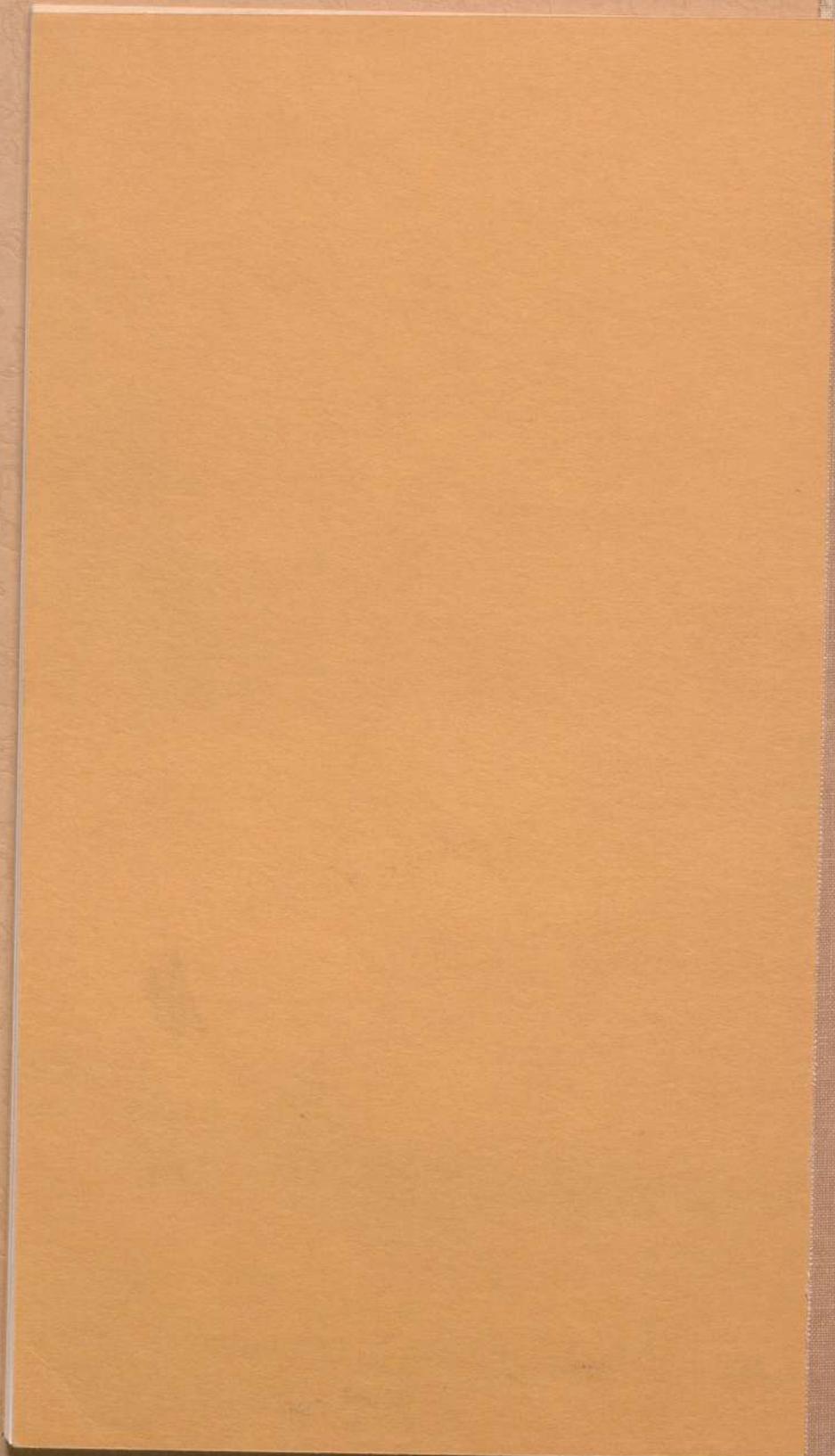
"Yes, I remember Old Uncle Jackie Wall. He was old when I knew him. Had gray hair, which was long most of the time. Like most men then, he always had a mustache, and kept a long beard part of the time --- but not always. He was a

little taller than I am --- probably five foot and eight inches, or five-nine. He was fairly heavy too, but not real big; much heavier than I am."

Wilse continued, "Uncle Jackie had an old pony which he would ride wherever he went. The pony was real gentle, but like Jackie was pretty old. I remember one time he rode his pony to Stockton, probably to buy supplies. Any he had to cross the river down at the Hacker ford. At that time we lived near the Charley Muck Hudson place. It seems that the river was up, and when Uncle Jackie was crossing, the pony fell down with him. He had to wade out and the water was up to his waist. He came up to our house to dry his clothes. He put on some of my father's dry clothes and hung his up by the stove to dry. We had a little heating stove at that time. He sat in a chair and put his feet on a box by the stove to dry his sox. The box fell over and he burnt his feet on the stove --- not bad, but just enough to make him mad. I had to laugh, but my mother frowned at me. I must have been about seven or eight years old at the time."

About one and one-half miles to the west and south of the little village of Bear Creek is a cemetery known as Lindley Prairie. Some of the old timers claim that the first person buried there was a little girl who died as her family passed through in a covered wagon. The cemetery is located on a little expanse of prairie surrounded by the beautiful Ozark hills. About one-half mile to the north, rising like an ancient pyramid above the fields below, is an old Indian mound. Nestled in the middle of a grove of cedars in the middle of the cemetery are two inconspicuous markers, indicating the last resting place of John and Unetta Wall. One the marker of Unetta is the inscription "We Loved Her". When looking at the markers you get a feeling that it is as they would have liked. They now have hundreds of descendants who, I am sure, take great pride in the knowledge that their ancestry extends back to the Walls.





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