

When my grandmother died (she had been visiting her son Ellis in Manistee and was stricken there), the house, after she was brought home for the last time, was very hushed and silent. Neighbors sat about, or talked in whispers. I had had little contact with death, and to me it was not sad, but only strange and unreal. When the procession formed for the long drive to the cemetery, I sat with my mother in the first carriage back of the hearse. Will Carlton's poems were very much in vogue at the time. My mother had read them aloud, over and over. The slow solemn drive on which we were embarking recalled to mind "Over the Hill to the Poor House." Before I was conscious of what I was doing, I chanted aloud "Rattle her bones over the stones, she's only a pauper whom nobody owns." Consternation!!

My mother threw me a horrified glance: "Why Pingy Wim, how could you!" The mourners in the back seat were speechless with shock. I was in disgrace, and was a long time living it down.

I think grandma would have understood--I loved her dearly, and was only quoting poetry.

Pictures of grandma, and grandpa (whom I never knew---he died before I was born), hang in an old fashioned oval walnut frame on the wall of my home today. Kind, withal a little grim, ethical, self-sacrificing, militant in the "work of the Lord"--ancestors of whom to be proud.

Next to them lies "Little Orvie." Orville, the youngest of their five children, must have been an unusually lovable and precocious child. There was a special bond between my mother and this much younger brother. She took a mother's care of him. To Orville she was always "Sherry" (her name was Sara), and while he