

Jenny, the oldest daughter, was the organist. Often she accompanied a solo with her zither. There were few pianos or even organs in town, and Jenny and her zither were in great demand for little parties, weddings and especially funerals. Funerals were always held in the home. It would have seemed unfeeling, even a little shocking, to place a loved one in an impersonal "Funeral Parlor."

Jenny I can only describe by the word "gallant." One foot was permanently drawn up nearly to the knee, necessitating a crutch --in later years a wheel chair. She had lost a finger in an accident. The redeeming feature of her face with a too large mouth and receding chin was the eyes.

With all these handicaps, Jenny secured a musical education and during a long life time furnished practically the only instruction in voice and piano enjoyed by Vermontville children.

When I first knew Jenny she seemed much older than I, but as time went on the years between us disappeared, and our community of interests brought us very close together. We exchanged recital programs, lists of teaching material, and stories of experiences in the field of music.

Never once did I hear Jenny complain. Never did she mention that she was physically handicapped. She was always busy, cheerful, and useful.

A short time before Jenny died, I was in Vermontville for a day and went to see her. She had been in bed for some time, and was very thin and frail, probably suffering. She seemed glad to see me. We talked of old times and old friends. Glancing at a picture hanging on the wall at the foot of her bed, I remarked