* 7th letter 1711 Graham Lane La Mott Phila., Pa. May 18th, 1955 Milo and Lewin, My dear Boys: I was thinking about the 30th of May when I was a girl. I remember it was a gala day for us. We gathered baskets of flowers and wove them into crosses and wreaths and we would go to the Cemetery and decorate the Union Soldiers The Sunday School children from some of the churches would march to the music of a fife and drum band. I can almost hear the fife and beat of that drum now! The old hymn, We are travelling home to God, in the way our fathers trod. It was very solemn and when it was all over we had a jolly time. Ice cream and cake and a party or two. It was a very sacred affair to us to put flowers on the graves of those dead soldiers. I miss the sound of the pipers fife on the thirtieth of May. I go to the cemetery and place flowers on the grave of your own father. He was not a soldier, but it does not seem the same. My grandson went down as a soldier in the present war but he is buried in Savannah, Ga. and grandma can't put a flower on his grave. I used to know a peom called The Angels of Buna Vista. There was a clause that read, "some sad eyed mother weeping in the north over her dead and that is just what

I would be doing and praying that some one will place a flower on my Charley who lost his life for his country when his plane went down. He was not the only one. Nine other boys lost their lives when the plane blew up. I am not rebellius but mothers before me wept over their sons who had to die for their country. I often think that perhaps God took our Charles in order to bring us closer to Him. Did you ever think of it that way? God moves in mysterious ways we are told. We should not even think of why these things are. I started to tell you about my girlhood days and look how far I have drifted to my grandchildren. Well now I will go to my original subject and in my next letter I will tell you of a family I knew then. Good night Lovingly, Mother