

GRAM SAYS

Autumn, the time of maturity or decline, a season, which with cooler weather and hopes for more rain, always gives me a feeling of the welcome rest period.

During the spring and summer was the time of planting and watching our gardens, flowers and grains first peep through the soil, then continue to grow and produce their fruits.

All through these stages we devoted our time, weeding and cultivating and by summer we saw our results blossom, into vegetables, beautiful plants gave forth their rosy colors and finally the stage of full development.

Yes, it's fall, yesterday our yard became the meeting place for our robins. The bird bath was the center of their attraction while the trees were filled with chatter and again only a day before my neighbors watched thirty-five or more butterflies flying over. They migrate as do the birds.

The last week I noticed four baby squirrels (a little late) just getting their instruction from their mother and how they enjoyed the frolic, on the branches of the old oak, in which they are housed.

Then the skies, in the evenings are flooded with rainbow tints. Later the moon only half in sight, pasted, as it were, against the blanket of heaven.

Here and there a star and wisps of cumulus clouds sailing across the moon's light.

We also watched man made, "Echo" hurry across the horizon.

What progress I have seen in my seventy years.

Gram—S. E. B.