

When we stop and consider that this City of the Dead is closely connected with almost every family in the surrounding territory, in that the mortal remains of some near and dear loved one is resting therein, or that some memory of good deeds done or kindnesses shown, either in business or social relations of neighbors, we realize that this is, indeed, a hallowed spot where we may spend profitable hours in meditation and reliving past pleasures, thus fortifying ourselves to meet the complex problems of life in the present and our future.

The "warp and woof" of our past citizenship is represented in the inhabitants of this hallowed spot. Those of our forebears who made this Country the grand and glorious place to live, who carved out of the primeval forest, this fine farming land, laid out our roads, encouraged and assisted in building transportation lines, founded our Churches and schools and many other necessities and luxuries that it is ours to enjoy, we can do no less than to interest ourselves and encourage our successors to maintain these grounds in a condition that will be an honor to those who have done so much for us.

There is represented under these grassy mounds farmers, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, merchants, carpenters, plasterers, painters, tanners, blacksmiths, shoe makers, harness makers, wagon makers, school teachers, housewives, babies, students, representatives of many religious bodies and of the various fraternal organizations, most numerous of which are the Odd Fellows, followed by Masons, Red Men and Modern Woodmen, and several others. Herein lie the remains of both the boys in Blue and Gray, peacefully now side by side; Veterans of the Mexican, Spanish-American, Phillipine, Cuban and World Wars, and those who served their Country on land and sea during peace times, all awaiting that great day when the land and sea shall give up their dead and be called upon to meet their Lord in the air.

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Ernest Hutchinson