

Remembering my grandma

1-14-10

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Vol. XXXII, No. 2

In one way, 2010 has hit me like a ton of bricks. The reason is that it makes 1960, 50 years ago. I'm sorry, but it is just hard for me toathom that 1960 could possibly be 50 years ago.

Last week I attended a graveside service at Millville cemetery in single-digit degree numbers with snow to the knee caps. I couldn't help but think about the funeral of my grandmother, Mrs. Ross Wilson, on March 1960, at Millville Cemetery. It was a blizzard that day and only the funeral director, one employee, my father and myself went to the cemetery. The roads were treacherous and the wind was unbearable. I think: How could that possibly be 50 years ago?

My grandmother is very much alive in my memory, she was very special to me. I guess grandmothers enjoy a very sacred niche in the memory of grandchildren's minds. I asked myself: could she really be departed in life 50 years?

It seems she died Feb. 29, 1960 — a leap year. Since the 10th of February only comes every four years, that makes the anniversary of her death 1/2 years ago. Somehow, in any ways, that seems more realistic and acceptable in meeting time.

A rush of memories have led my mind concerning my grandfather. We sometimes think people come up with weird names. Well, my great-grandparents, James and Mary Lyman of Shelby, called their youngest daughter — my grandmother — born in 1881, Annie Lottie. In the 1950s, she was amused that her first name was often then used in reference to that part of the human body you sit on.

I often find myself quoting her for her down-home country maxims. When something was impossible she would say, "That's like kicking smoke up a cats' ear-end with a knitting needle." Another favorite was, "The more you stir a pot the worse it stinks." Along with her common sense attitude, she was a terrific cook and baker. Are there all grandmothers that the time she made taffy tarts that didn't come out like she thought they should, so she called them "tuffy tarts" in her droll sense of humor. For every special occasion, she could set a dining room table

with more food than anyone could possibly consume. Oh, those delicious memories!

She was a great homemaker in all ways, as well as being active in Home Bureau. To this day, I have several braided and hooked rugs showing her handcraft talents.

I ask myself how it can be 50 years since her passing? Indeed, many changes have occurred since 1960. With every new-fangled invention that came out during the 1950s, she would say, "What will they think of next?"

I also sadly remember her saying, "I'm glad I'm on this end of life because I've seen the best of this country." It gives me wonder, if she were to come back now, 50 years later, what she would think. Many people of her generation would probably have difficulty embracing the more liberal society, be stunned at modern technology and distraught over the appear-



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ance of things. No doubt she'd say, "What will they think of next?"

The last photo of my grandmother was taken in February 1960 in the Shelby Center home of longtime friends

Frank and Nellie Weet for a little party celebrating my grandparents' 55th wedding anniversary. From left to right are Fannie Wilson, Frank Weet and Esther Simmons.