

Anita Miller *(continued from previous page)*

widow fared after Clarence's death is not known to this writer. Did Anita succumb to grief and, driven by painful memories or economic hardship, flee the house and garden? Or did she make a heroic stand like her neighbor Ada Penn, whose husband died the following year at age forty-three?

It is a shame we have so little legacy of Anita's handiwork. Where there were once stands of shady oaks and elms,

Where once were stands of shady oaks
and elms and hedges riotous with fra-
grant blossoms, we find only gravel,
asphalt, and small businesses.

hedges riotous with fragrant blossoms, a bountiful orchard, a welcoming vine-covered summer house, and carefully tended flower beds we find only gravel, asphalt, small businesses, and a few modest homes. But the gardening instinct, like hope, springs eternal, and throughout the neighborhood there are signs that there is a revived interest in horticulture for the sheer joy of it. Anita, were she with us today, would be glad to see it.
