

We worked with Ab for fifteen years. We hunted and fished with him. We loved him like an older brother, or perhaps more like an extra special uncle. Many of you who saw him walking along the street with his Indian-like gait, shoulders hunched and hands in pockets, perhaps thought him just another printer who worked at the News office. He was more intelligent, better read, and better versed in every phase of the newspaper business than hundreds of individuals who smugly call themselves newspaper editors.

Incidentally, he was the supreme authority on spelling, and the only times he dug out the big dictionary were when it became necessary to prove he was right and we were wrong. Only once, back during the war, did we ever turn the tables.

Behind his seemingly gruff manner, Ab had a gentle, sensitive nature that many people never suspected. It used to worry us that he hadn't much to say. Every work day morning we would say "Good morning," and he would reply, "Yeah." You could tell by the tone and amount of drawl just how he felt, and whether things were going good or bad.

We've missed that dubious morning greeting since April, and the News office hasn't been the same. Even after he was gone we could sort of feel his presence around the back room, and oddly we still do. Every type case bears his finger prints, his shadow seems to be etched on the wall back of the Inter-type, where he sat for so many years.

Ab Mason is lying peacefully in his casket in the living room of his home, as he wanted it. Tomorrow afternoon they'll take him to the funeral home for a brief service, and then to Lakeview cemetery. Those nightmarish months of suffering are over, and now, somehow, it seems he has come happily back to the News office. You won't see him making up the forms or running a press, but his presence will be here, at least so far as we are concerned.

We'll imagine we hear his favorite expressions when a galley of type is pried, or something goes wrong with the folder. Right now we can hear him say, "What are you going to do — work all night?" No, Abbie, we're going home now. Good night — and goodbye.

Dr. Erickson Dies Friday

Heart Ailment Proves Fatal;
Was Member of Michigan
Veterinary Board

Dr. Alfred E. Erickson, 67, a member of the Michigan State Veterinary Board and long a veterinarian in Eaton county, died unexpectedly of a heart ailment about 11 a.m. Friday at his veterinary hospital, 720 Lansing street.

Dr. Erickson was preparing a Boxer dog for treatment when the dog escaped. He and two other persons present chased and captured the dog. Then the doctor remarked that he did not feel well, sat down, and died shortly afterward. The city inhalator was summoned, but to no avail.

Born in White Cloud on Jan. 1, 1889, Dr. Erickson was a son of Victor and Emma (Youngquist) Erickson. On Sept. 16, 1913, he married Julia Hanson of White Cloud.

He graduated from the Grand Rapids Veterinary college in 1918, returning to White Cloud to practice for about two years and coming to Charlotte on May 17, 1920.

Dr. Erickson was a member of the American Veterinary Medical association, the Michigan State Veterinary association and the Charlotte Rotary club. He resided in Eaton township near the Charlotte city limits.

Surviving are the wife; two daughters, Mrs. Robert (Theo Jane) Bobier of Charlotte and Mrs. Helen Olsen of DeKalb, Ill.; four grandchildren; two sisters, Mrs. Elmer Christenson of White Cloud and Miss Eva Erickson of Muskegon, and four brothers, Charles, Leonard, Rudolph and Fay Erickson, all of Muskegon.

Memorial services were held Monday at 2 p.m. at Burkhead chapel. Rev. H. B. Loomis officiated. Burial was in Maple Hill cemetery. Pallbearers were Maurice Wilson, Harper Wildern, Dr. Paul T. Miller, Herbert Black, Bruce LaRue, Charles V. Erickson.