

Ann Arbor (where he was a medical student), wrote to me, suggesting that we take advantage of the low rates to go north and visit his brother Archie, a doctor, in Charlevoix. In the meantime, a letter had come to me from Marguerite, Archie's wife, seconding the invitation. We accepted gladly.

I spent considerable time on my wardrobe: a couple of new cotton dresses, a wrap, a bathing suit and the most beautiful hat I had ever owned. Girls didn't go bare headed even at summer resorts, in those days. I had traveled some distance to a neighboring city to find that hat.

The excursion train started from Detroit and was to stop at all the little stations on the branch line to Grand Rapids. Lester was to board the train at Ann Arbor and I would join him at Vermontville.

I arrived at the station at ten o'clock on the prescribed Friday morning, almost the first one to line up for the special excursion ticket. While the agent was punching holes in a long yellow slip, the telegraph key began to chatter. When it stopped he turned to me and said, "There is such a crowd on this excursion, orders are to run two specials. The first will pick up all the folks east of Jackson, and everybody west will have to get on the second section."

As the full impact of this announcement struck me, I was aghast. "Why that means Lester will be on one train and I on another all the way to Charlevoix." It was a day-long trip.

"You just can't do that to me!" Tears filled my eyes.

"Sorry," said the station agent. "Orders is orders, there's nothing I can do!"