Grandmothers prescribed ladies' names appeared only three times in print: third daughter, November 11, 1898 charming in white silk taffeta, 1921 At death, ritual words—passed away, entered into peace. Not tragic accident. Not shock to the community. Not helpless to prevent.

Identified by relationships daughter of wife of mother of Who was she? Newspaper hints, Imagination creates her life between lines of type.

Ellen Caroline united in bonds of holy matrimony. Married a man and his farm. Lived for it... the garden, the canning, cream to churn, overalls to wash. Died for it... hay loader crushing her. injuries beyond husband's prevention, doctor's distance.

Printed black or carved in stone too few words. Buried with three children—Gladys (invalid daughter) born eight months after the candlelit wedding; Neil, a month short of his first birthday; Baby, a single date, 1929. In the gaps: tears, teething, hopes, bending pregnant over the wash tub.

Monday, July 6, 1936 sunny, hot and dry for haying Laneway dusty, noisy with hens and sigh of windmill vanes. Ellen moving briskly after dinner to help. Smelling hot leather, sweet hay, sweating men and horses.

Freeze-frame in the heat waves: Jack slipping from the wagon, Ellen reaching for the reins, the Clydesdales stepping, the hay loader shifting. Doctor Tucker shaking his head.

Was Ellen still wearing her apron? Who brought in the wash?