



ABOUT THE PIPHERS

Charles Pipher was born July 10, 1867 and died December 4, 1946. On February 27, 1890 he married Minnie Alice Hill. Minnie was born April 4, 1870 and passed away May 31, 1942.

Their children: Grant, born July 11, 1891. He spent most of his life near Champaign, Illinois, and died in the early or mid 1970's. Paul Pipher was born May 30, 1894 and died September 8, 1917; Ebba Pipher was born October 9, 1897 and died October 25, 1918; Blanche was born October 13, 1900 and died in 1918. During the influenza epidemic, these children succumbed. Miss Mabel Ellis stated, "Funeral was outside under the shelter of the hitch rack building back of the church."

Also reared in the home was Charles Edward Springer. He was born September 10, 1914.

The grandchildren of Aunt Minnie and Uncle Charlie are scattered over the nation; Grant's oldest daughter lives in California. She is Helen Wallen and is retired from her job as a Physician's Assistant; Dale, his next son, lives in

THE CHARLES & MINNIE PIPHER FAMILY. (left to right) Grant, Blanche, Ebba, Minnie. Photo taken in front of their home east of Nelson Chapel (see map #2), estimated date around 1912.

— Photo courtesy of
Mrs. Harvey (Ruth Underwood) Condra
French Lick, Indiana

New Mexico and travels for the company that sets off underground "A" bomb tests; Don Pipher is a teacher in Cerro Gordo, Illinois; Dorothy is married and lives in New York.

Paul Pipher has a son (according to Miss Ellis, she believes he is in Indianapolis).

Ebba's son, Charles Edward, is married to a Paoli girl and they live up-state (Indiana) somewhere.

— Courtesy of Mabel Ellis
Paoli, Indiana



THE HAM RESIDENCE (see #4 on map). Also known many years as The Kirk Home, is now owned by Bill Dixon.



THE WILL PORTER RESIDENCE, also his father's home (see #17 on map). Now owned by James and Ramona Winger Orr.

THE MAPLES

The Maples is one of the few very old homes in this section of the country that remains in its original style. It was built by James P. Campbell in 1841, and operated as a stage coach Inn for many years. Civilization was moving westward, with settlements being made along a road extending across Southern Indiana to Vincennes, which was an outpost of western civilization. At that time the roads were often muddy, swampy and at times travel became quite difficult. This Inn with others did a very profitable business with the traveling public. A small hotel (40 rooms) had been built at French Lick in 1840. The Indians, buffalo, also other wild animals had long before discovered the medicinal properties of the sulphur water of the valley.

There were no banks in this section of the country and Mr. Campbell accommodated his neighbors with needed cash, very often gold. The money was kept in a small safe, the outer door of that room was securely guarded by an iron bar which is still in use. We wonder how the other four outside doors were protected.

The timber used in the construction of this house is mainly yellow poplar, grown and sawed on the farm. Much hand work was done in preparation of the materials. Wide boards with many sap streaks were used for flooring. Doors are hand made put together with wooden pins.

An itinerant painter, while a guest at the Inn, painted the sign which was in use for many years. At that time there were 26 states in the

Union as indicated by stars near top of sign. Note date on sign is 1844. A large room upstairs had a painted floor, unique in design—there are circles of green and black with decorations inside each circle similar to modern stippling. This work was no doubt done by the same painter. After being in use more than 113 years the paint is in amazingly good condition. (Sorry no picture of the sign although it still exists.)

The Maples Inn is modernized just enough to make it more comfortable, but every care is taken not to spoil the charm of the old home. Many people have lived here and no doubt many noted persons have spent the night in this Inn. At one time the home of Mr. & Mrs. Floyd Atkinson; she was the first great grandniece of the first lady in charge of the household of the Inn.

—From "French Lick Centennial, 1857-1957, Our First 100 Years"



THE MAPLES

Today the home of Mr. & Mrs. Clayton Conrad.

THE MAXWELL & SARAH CAMPBELL household water supply was gotten from this well for many years. The Campbells moved to this farm in 1842. For a while they got their water supply from a cave spring on the back side of the farm in the bluffs of Lick Creek. Butter, milk, etc. were kept there. One morning Sarah went to the spring for supplies and saw moccasin prints of Indians.

Soon after moving, the hand dug well was created by Jim Owens. It was built with an excellent flat rock flooring around it, which remains to this day.

Around the well a shelter was built with lattice work on the sides. Inside were seats all around the wall. A framework built around the well opening with a lid, allowed a bucket to be lowered for water. The well still has a good water supply but hasn't been used for many years.

At one time the Maxwell Campbells had boarders and they could go to the well house to wash for the meals. There was a towel rack and other necessities inside the well house for their use.

Many weary, thirsty traveler has stopped here to water themselves and their animals. It



provided a retreat for mankind from the hot sun as they sipped the cold water and the cool breeze would filter its way through the lattice. A good place for a neighborly visit or to just get away from it all.

The picture at the bottom of the page is of the reconstructed shelter done in the 1940's by the late Raymond L. Wilson Sr. (note the pine trees in background at the George Campbell Home see #22 on the Ames map and picture). In 1927 Mary and the late Harry Love moved to this farm. It is now the home of Mary E. Love.



(see #22 on Ames map)

Pictures and information
Courtesy of Mary E. Love



A view of the old cemetery near Russell and Alta Lewis' farm (see #14 on map). This was considered more or less a private cemetery, however, some of the early people of Smith Chapel Methodist Church are buried here. Also some war veterans rest here.

We do not have the date of the first burial, however, it is assumed to be in the early 1800's.

The cemetery is kept in good condition, especially for its age, and is fenced in for the protection of the graves and markers.

— Photo by Claude D. Wilson



The headstone that marks the grave of **AZOR CHARLES**. He was born November 27, 1796 and died September 24, 1871.

Azor, a native of Tennessee, came to Orange County, Indiana from Kentucky around 1809.

He married Rachael Cobb and they lived in French Lick township, near this cemetery, until his death in 1871.

— Photo by Claude D. Wilson



OBITUARIES



Currier & Ives

Obituaries, like the above picture of Currier & Ives entitled "A cold Morning" from the Harry T. Peters collection, Museum of the City of New York, bring back many memories of the days past and gone. Memories can either haunt and hinder or bless and boost.

In reading these obituaries, I am sure that to some it will be just statistics and to others it will cause memories to be relived in the mind. Be what it may, if the reader will carefully study them, a wealth of information can be had perhaps of your ancestors or it could be you will have a deeper appreciation for those who weathered hard circumstances to make our

present conditions more favorable. No matter what may be your feelings or conclusions they are here for you to read.

Each obituary contribution, where possible, has been acknowledged. I am deeply indebted to Mrs. Andrew (Pearl) Wilson who researched files and typed much information. To her, "My sincere thanks!"

Someone said and I give in essence, "Show me how the people treat their dead and I will show you with mathematical accuracy how they treat the living." How true!

— Claude D. Wilson



OBITUARY

Martha Isabelle Stackhouse Wilson was born Oct. 20, 1860, and died Jan. 28, 1924, age 63 years, 3 months, and 8 days.

She was one of a family of eight children, five of whom still survive her, with three who have already preceded her to the presence of their Maker.

She was married to John Henry Wilson, Jan. 4, 1881. To this union was born twelve children, three of whom also have gone on before her, and are waiting to welcome her at the Father's right hand. These died in infancy, Emery, Hollis and Reed. Nine children remain to mourn the loss of a devoted mother. They are: Mrs. Ava Abel, Mrs. Ethel Underwood, John Arthur Wilson, Willie Wilson, Claude Wilson, Henry Harry Wilson, Mrs. Blanche Scarlett, Mrs. Bernice Love and Raymond L. Wilson.

In her young womanhood, she was the first person converted at the altar of the Old Ames Chapel Methodist Church; this was in the winter of 1879-1880. She remained a consistent Christian till death relieved her of her terrible sufferings. About twenty years ago, she seemed to take on added zeal and enthusiasm in her Lord's service, and she has had the joy of His intimate presence ever since. She was ever ready, whether well or suffering, to tell of the wonderful Christ, who has meant so much to her. Just about two weeks before she died, she told her Pastor that the presence of Jesus in these hours of suffering and in the presence of death, was worth more than all the service she had ever rendered her blessed Lord.

She made arrangements for her own funeral sometime ago, and said "It is all over now, and I am not only waiting to be released from this body, and be with Jesus and my precious children from whom I have been absent so long.

The last prayer the pastor heard her pray, was that her children would all meet her in heaven.

She is survived, besides her brothers and sisters, by twenty-two grandchildren, and one great-grandchild, Katherine Underwood.

When the end came, it came peaceably, after much intense suffering. Those around, were fearful of a terrible struggle, but she was spared this, and simply fell asleep in Jesus.

We see her rocking the cradle and doing the home work, leading in serving the Lord, standing by her husband in every conflict, calm, patient, loving, trustful, heroic. We can look and look, through the mists of almost half a century of toil, and allow our imaginations to call up the scenes that must have transpired, the battles which we know were fought, and the victories which we know were won, until her life became fairly sublime. How many other lives have felt the transforming touch of this one! How many broken hearts has she comforted! How many despairing ones her gentle voice—now hushed in death—has called back to purity and home and heaven!

"We think of her as the young farmer's wife, full of happiness, content with her lot, unacquainted with sorrow, but called upon, because she was one who could sympathize and comfort those who were bereaved. We who have known her in her graceful, cheerful, beautiful old age, can well imagine the inimitable delicacy and tenderness with which she pressed the cup of divine consolation to lips quivering with anguish, and after she herself had been called upon to mourn the loss of some of her children, she received the last supreme qualification to be a comforter of broken hearts, and stricken mothers.

When Abraham Lincoln stood at his mother's grave, he said, "All that I am, or ever hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." Almost every man who towers up among his fellows like Saul among his brethren, who is distinguished for splendid service to his church and his country, owes the inspiration that shaped his life to the prayerful solicitude and careful training of his mother. And if the children of this departed mother could gather here, the nine who are living and the three from the shining courts above, and could stand about her casket today, they would say the same of her who lies sleeping there, "All that I am or ever hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

She herself would not approve of extravagant eulogy, but it is difficult to find language to measure the infinite value to a human life of a consecrated motherhood. Her sons and daughters have been trying through all her years of affliction to pay back in kind love and devotion and tender care which they received from her when they were children. But after she died, a few hours ago, they were far in arrears. It is a debt of such immense proportion that it can never be paid. A mother's love, more perfectly than any other human love, resembles that divine love which found its expression upon Calvary.

What about this body here in the casket? What does our faith say

concerning that? Will the spirit and the body ever meet again? Let us stand here, and with the Church of all ages say, "I believe in the resurrection of the dead." A soul and a body have parted here which lived together in mystic union for sixty-three years. It has been said that poets come nearer the truth than other thinkers. Mrs. Sigourney, among her beautiful writings, has given us a poem which seems to me strangely appropriate today. It is entitled "Farewell of the Soul to the Body" Just at the moment of departure, the soul speaks to the body and says:

Companion, dear, the hour draws nigh;

The sentence speeds—To die, to die.

So long in mystic union held,

So close with strong embrace compelled,

How canst thou bear the dread decree,

That strikes thy clasping nerves from me?

To him who on this mortal shore
The same encircling vestments wore.

To Him I look, to Him I bend,

To him thy shuddering frame commend.

If I have ever caused thee pain,
The throbbing brow, the burning brain,

With cares and vigils turned thee pale,

Or scorned thee when thy strength did fall,

Forgive! thy task doth cease,

Friend, Lover, let us part in peace.

If thou didst sometime check my force,

Or trifling mine upward course,

Or lure from heaven my wavering trust,

Or bow my drooping wing to dust,
I blame thee not, the strife is done;

I knew thou wert the weaker one,
The vase of earth, the trembling clod,

Constrained to hold the breath of God.

Well hast thou in my service wrought,

Thy brow hast mirrored forth my thought;

To wear my smile thy lip hast glowed,

Thy tears, to speak my sorrows, flowed,

Thine ear hath borne me rich supplies
Of sweetly varied melodies.

Thy hands my prompted deeds have done;

Thy feet upon mine errands run.

Yes, thou hast marked my biddings well;

Faithful and true! farewell! farewell!

Go to thy rest. A quiet bed.

Meek mother earth with flowers
shall spread,
Where I no more thy sleep shall break
With fevered dream or rudely wake
Thy wearied eye. O quit thy hold!
For thou art faint and chill and
cold,
And long thy gasp and groan of pain
Have bound me in thy pitying
chain,
Though angels urge me hence to soar,
Where I shall share thine ills no
more.

Yet we shall meet. To soothe thy
pain,
Remember, we shall meet again.
Quell with this hope the victor's
sting,
And wear it as thy signet ring.
When the dire worm shall pierce
thy breast,
And naught but ashes mark thy rest,
When stars shall fall and skies
grow dark;
And proud suns quench their glow-
worm spark,
Keep thou that hope, to light thy
gloom,
Till the last trumpet rends the tomb.
Then shalt thou glorious rise and
faire,
And I, with hovering wing elate,
The bursting of thy bonds, shall
wait,
And breathe the welcome of the sky—
No more to part—no more to die—
Co-heirs of Immortality.

But far better are the words of
Paul; "Sown in corruption, it is raised
in incorruption; sown in weakness, it
is raised in power; sown a natural
body, it is raised a spiritual body."
And better than all, are the words
of Jesus Christ Himself, "I am the
resurrection and the life."

Mrs. Wilson's life since her mar-
riage to her husband, has been divided
between her beautiful devotion to her
husband and the genuine service to
her children, and neighbors. Those
whom she had befriended will miss
her much; but her husband will miss
her more. She was his constant com-
panion in advice at all times, and the
success of the husband in life is at-
tributed in a large measure to the
good advice given him by her. The
good that people do to lives after they
are laid to rest. The good that Mrs.
Wilson had done will bear fruits in
years to come. She is gone, but her
pure life and her simplicity and hu-
mility and desires to serve others will
ever be an inspiration for us who

mourn her sad and untimely death.
She has ever been a person of whom
it can be truly said, "None knew her
but to love her. None named her
but to praise her."

We shall miss her as our hearts go
out in deepest sympathy for the one
upon whom this loss falls so heavily.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our apprecia-
tion and sincere thanks of the many
friends and neighbors at the time of
the sickness and death of our dear
wife and mother. Expressly do we
wish to thank the minister Rev. Mit-
chell for his consoling words. The
choir for the beautiful songs. The
M. E. Church, West Baden. The
Power and Light plant at West Ba-
den, and others for their beautiful
floral offerings.

John Henry Wilson and children.

SPRINGS VALLEY HERALD,

PAGE SEVEN THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1924.



MARTHA ISABELLE STACKHOUSE WILSON.
The enlargement is taken from a snapshot in 1910. She is sitting on the front porch of her home.

— Photo courtesy of
Mrs. Dale (Pauline) Conrad
(a granddaughter of M.I.W.)
French Lick, Indiana



MEMORIAM

How does one describe the beauties of the setting sun to one who has never seen the light of day so as they can fully receive its beauty or relate to one who lives in a world of silence the thrill of hearing the singing of the birds or the melodies of music? It is impossible to fully do so, these must be experienced personally. Likewise it is impossible to portray in a few words the fullness of beauty, love and devotion of the life of our loved one.

NELLIE FRANCIS HUDLESON ELLIOTT the daughter of Andrew and Ida Pipher Hudleson, was born February 22, 1894 in Orange County, Indiana. On September 21, 1913 she was united in marriage to Ora Austin Elliott. To this union were born four daughters and seven sons. The happy marriage ended on January 22, 1955 when Mr. Elliott went to his eternal reward.

At an early age she came to the Lord Jesus Christ who forgave her sins and became a born again Christian. Shortly before she left us she witnessed that all was well with her soul and she was prepared to meet the Lord. When she was 16 years old she joined the Old Union United Brethren Church under the ministry of Rev. Porter, where she kept her membership to the day she was transferred to the Church Triumphant in the city of Heaven. She was a member of the Ames Chapel Women's Society of Christian Service.

If we could place her life before us as a unrolled scroll we would find a person who has lived a full unselfish and devoted life. She loved her family; taught them love by word, deed and example; she taught them the virtues and dignity of work; taught them to love God, His Word, His Church and His Kingdom.

Her life was not immune to hardship, trials and sufferings, however, though all of life's situations each day she maintained an optimistic faith and steadfastness that gave inspiration and courage to others.

She painted no Madonnas
On the Chapel walls of Rome
But with a touch more divine
She lived one on our home.
She wrote no lofty poems
That critics counted art
But with a nobler vision
She lived them in her heart.
She carved no shapeless marble
To some high souls desires
But with a finer sculpture
She shaped these souls of ours.
She built no great Cathedrals
That centuries applaud
But with a grace exquisite
Her life cathedral God.
Had I a gift of painting
Or of Michael Angelo
O what a rare Madonna
Our mother's life would show.

Her influence was not only felt in the home but extended to her neighbors and friends, always ready to be of assistance to others where needed. So great was her interest and love for others that many who grew up in the community affectionately referred to her as "Mother Elliott." She left a heritage, not only to her family, but to many others which shall continue on through generations to come... the influence of love and of a good, kind, Godly person.

On her 80th birthday she received 150 greetings which included ones from President and Mrs. Richard Nixon, Governor Otis Bowen, Senator Birch Bayh and Congressman Roger Zion, which is note-worthy of her love and respect.

We are sure that if she could relate to us today her newly acquired joys of Heaven, our hearts would leap with joy and our tears would be of those of rejoicing. No doubt she would say,

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there, I do not sleep
Think of me when a thousand winds blow
Amid the diamond glitter on the snow,
As the sunlight shines on ripened grain
Or when you hear the gentle autumn rain;
When you awake in the morning hush
And hear the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds encircling flight
Or see the soft star shine at night;
Do not stand at my grave and cry
I am not there, I did not die.

She would say with the Apostle Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only but unto all them also that love His appearing." (1 Timothy 4:7-8)

She kept THE FAITH and THE FAITH kept her!!

Everything possible for her was done to keep her with us. If the strength of love could have given her healing and health... she would be among us yet, for from her entire family she received love abundantly! However, God's love was greater... He needed her in Heaven, so He sent His angels to her hospital room and they lingered for a while before they gently carried her soul home to Heaven after a journey here of 80 years, 3 months and 11 days.

Preceding her is her husband and parents; a sister, Nora Marshall; a great-granddaughter, Bonnie Christine McBride; four sons-in-law, Elmer Grimes, Forrest Trinkle, Roy "Bud" Lashbrooks and Clifford McBride.

Those who remain to prepare themselves for the reunion with her are the four daughters, Maxine Trinkle of Paoli, Mildred Lashbrooks of Indianapolis, Helen McBride of Paoli, and Becky Jackson of Indianapolis; seven sons, Howard of Rural Route Paoli; Austin of Middlesbury, Indiana; Donald, Gene, Ward, Ora Max and Larry, all of Indianapolis; one sister, Mrs. Emmel Hickman of Paoli and one brother, Charles Hudleson of Orleans; 35 grandchildren of whom loved her with a special kind of love; 40 great-grandchildren; the daughters-in-law, June, Martha, Della, Thelma, Sue, Phyllis, and Barbara; one son-in-law, Harold Jackson; the many who she loved as sons and daughters, other relatives, neighbors and many friends.

She always leaned to watch for us
Anxious if we were late
In winter by the window
In summer by the gate.
And though we mocked her tenderly
Who had such foolish care
The long way home would seem more safe
Because she waited there.
Her thoughts were all so full of us
She never could forget!
And so I think that where she is
She must be watching yet.
Waiting till we come home to her,
Anxious if we are late—
Watching from Heaven's window
Leaning from Heaven's gate.

(Margaret Widdemer)

Written by:
Rev. Claude Derrill Wilson

Nellie F. Elliott Dies At Hospital

Mrs. Nellie F. Elliott, 80, died Sunday afternoon at Orange County Hospital where she had been a patient for three weeks. She was a member of Old Union United Methodist church and Ames Chapel United Methodist Women.

Funeral services will be Wednesday at 2:00 p. m. from Ames Chapel, conducted by Rev. Claude D. Wilson and Rev. Morris McClintic. Burial will be in the church cemetery. Private family services will be at the funeral home at 10:30 a. m. and the body will be taken to the church to lie in state at noon.

She was a native of Orange County, born Feb. 22, 1894, a daughter of Andrew and Ida Pipher Hudleson. She was married to Ora Elliott, who preceded her in death in 1955.

Surviving are four daughters, Mrs. Mildred Lashbrook and Mrs. Becky Jackson of Indianapolis; Mrs. Maxine Trinkle and Mrs. Helen McBride; seven sons, Gene, Ward, Ora Max, Donald, and Larry Elliott, all of Indianapolis, Austin Elliott of Middleburg, and Howard Elliott; a sister, Mrs. Ermal Hickman; a brother, Charles Hudleson; 35 grandchildren; and 40 great-grandchildren.

NELLIE F. ELLIOTT

Age

80

Born

February 22, 1894

Orange County, Indiana

Date Of Death

June 2, 1974

Orange County Hospital

Paoli, Indiana

Funeral Services

Private Services:

10:30 A. M. Wednesday, June 5, 1974

At Dillman-Ellis Funeral Home

Public Services:

2:00 P. M. Wednesday, June 5, 1974

Ames Chapel United Methodist Church

Officiating Ministers

Rev. Claude Wilson

Rev. Morris McClintic

Interment

Ames Chapel Cemetery

— From personal files

The Twenty-Third Psalm

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
 He leadeth me beside the still waters.
 He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the
 paths of righteousness for His name's sake.
 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
 shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
 for thou art with me; thy rod and
 thy staff they comfort me.
 Thou preparest a table before me in the
 presence of mine enemies:
 thou anointest my head with oil;
 my cup runneth over.
 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow
 me all the days of my life:
 and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.



In Remembrance

IN MEMORY OF
Floyd Dennis Hutslar

BORN
September 23, 1919

DATE OF DEATH
November 13, 1976

SERVICES FROM
Brosmer - Drabing Funeral Home
November 16, 1976 at 2:00 p.m.

CLERGYMAN OFFICIATING
Rev. Claude Darrell Wilson

FINAL RESTING PLACE
Ames Chapel Cemetery

FUNERAL CONDUCTED BY
Brosmer - Drabing Funeral Home

FLOYD DENNIS HUTSLAR, more affectionately called "Johnny", was custodian of the Ames Chapel Cemetery for many years. He worked with Ralph Kirk for a long time and assumed the responsibility when Ralph's health forced him to retire. Johnny was well loved and respected by everyone. He succumbed to cancer at a hospital in Jeffersonville, but before his death, the hospital called for me to come. A Baptist nurse saw his spiritual need and requested I come to pray with him. This I did and he prayed through to a beautiful Christian experience. His face literally shined and he was so happy. We baptized him (by sprinkling) then and there, and the Baptist nurse joyfully witnessed. Johnny maintained this wonderful experience to death. "He lost a battle but won a victory."

OBITUARY

The ways of nature have taught us that,

"Leaves have their time to fall
And flowers to wither at the north wind's
breath,
Stars have their time to set;
But thou hast all seasons for thine own, Oh
Death!"

One time more we are brought to face the truth and reality of the poet's words, and in this season comes the passing of this mother, grandmother, sister and friend, entering into that life eternal beyond, where no seasons ever unfold.

Ora May Wilson Abel, daughter of John Henry and Martha Isabelle Stackhouse Wilson, was born November 9, 1881, in Northwest Township, Orange County, Indiana. She was the eldest of a family of twelve children. She spent her entire life in the community in which she was born.

On August 30, 1899, she was united in marriage to Perry Benton Abel who preceeded her in death on April 7, 1950. To this union three children were born, Horace Benton Abel, deceased, Pauline Dorothy Jacobs, French Lick, Indiana and Harry Boyd Abel, Louisville, Kentucky.

In 1904 she consecrated herself to the service of her Master, becoming a member of the Faucetts Chapel Methodist Church. On October 21, 1956, she transferred her membership to Ames Chapel Methodist Church where she remained a faithful member and a devout Christian. She loved her family dearly, always seeking to do the things that would add to their happiness and comfort.

For many months she had felt life gradually slipping away but came to the end of the journey unafraid. An honest, clean, upright life that honors God, as did our loved one, can only end in victory. When she heard the call "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of thy Lord," she was ready.

On May 29, 1971, Mrs. Abel quietly and peacefully fell asleep to awake with the resurrection of the just, aged 89 years, 6 months and 20 days.

She leaves to her family a rich heritage more lasting than silver and gold. She leaves to mourn her departure, the daughter, one son, six grandchildren, seventeen great grandchildren, two sisters, Mrs. Ethel Underwood, West Baden Springs, Indiana, and Mrs. Blanch Scarlett, Indianapolis, Indiana, nieces, nephews and a host of friends.

RALPH KIRK, the son of Enos C. and Nancy Walker Kirk, was born in Orange County (Indiana) July 10, 1886. He spent his entire life in Orange County except for a time when the family lived in Nebraska, where his mother died. He returned to Indiana with his father and other members of the family.

On December 27th, 1907 he was married to Sallie Underwood and to this union were born four children, Clyde, Clarence, Alberta, and Ruth. After over 52 years Sallie proceeded him in death February 13, 1960.

Ralph is well known in and around Orange County. His friendliness and concern for others made him a well loved person. Often he would do acts of kindness that never met the public eye,

*In
Remembrance*



only those involved. He was a member of the Ames Chapel United Methodist Church and served as its custodian for many years. Ralph believed in the way of old-fashioned Christian living. For 45 years he was caretaker of the Ames Cemetery. The name "Ames Chapel" and "Ralph Kirk" were almost synonymous. He spent his entire life after his marriage on his farm that surrounded Ames Chapel to the east and north. Later he retired from his activities of farming due to health.

Those of his family who remain are the daughters, Mrs. Alberta Pinnick, Linton, Indiana

and Mrs. Ruth Duncan, Milton, Kentucky; one son, Clarence of Indianapolis; 6 grandchildren and 9 great-grandchildren; one sister, Mrs. Ruth Luth of Kearney, Nebraska and three half sisters; Mrs. William Dixon, West Baden; Mrs. Violet Trinkle, Orleans, and Miss Ellen Kirk, West Baden; two half brothers, Leo, of Park Forrest, Illinois; and Harry of French Lick; other relatives and many friends.

—Obituaries of Ora Abel and Ralph Kirk from personal files.

Thursday, Feb. 18, 1937

OBITUARY

Azor Charles Smith, son of Benjamin R. and Mary Ann Smith, was born in Orange county, Indiana, near French Lick, Oct. 15, 1860. His childhood and youth were spent on the farm under the care and direction of parents who had learned to know the true values of life in pioneer surroundings. The virtues of clean and wholesome living were imbibed by Azor and were highly treasured and thoroughly practiced by him throughout his entire life. At the age of 13 he gave his heart to God and united with the Methodist Episcopal church at Smith's Chapel near his birthplace and when that society was later merged with the Ames Chapel church, his membership was transferred to the new church. After receiving his educational training in his home school and the Paoli Normal school, he became a clerk in a store at French Lick, where he was employed for a number of years.

On March 5, 1885, he united in marriage to Miss Amanda Stine of French Lick. To this union one daughter, Bernice, was born who with the widow survives him. Also, a grandson James Robert Campbell on whom he lavished a fatherly feeling of unusual example.

In 1887 he entered into a business at Abydel with the late Hiram E. Wells in which he was quite successful. In 1894 he entered the mercantile field at French Lick and continued in active business there

with varied connections, until 1920 when he disposed of his interest and retired from active business to look after his farm which was a source of great joy and comfort to him through the remaining years. For some years he has been a partner in the Twin City Lumber company of French Lick.

By nature he was quiet and unassuming but in his business career formed a wide acquaintance. He was deeply religious and had definite and pronounced convictions of right and wrong, a firm believer in God and his church which he expressed so definitely, through a church relation of more than 63 years of unbroken service with a fidelity that was outstanding. He was an official member of the church at Ames Chapel and French Lick for more than 50 years. He had an unbroken record as a member of the board of trustees and official board of the French Lick M. E. church of 42 years.

He loved people and valued friendship highly yet after all, his love was best revealed in his home life. The welfare of his household was his constant wish. In a companionship of nearly 52 years with

his devoted wife he leaves an example of love and devotion that is rarely equalled. In his last hours he wanted to be assured of her comfort.

In recent years, his health had been failing and this became more evident in the last months of his life. He was taken by his family, a few days ago, to the Methodist hospital at Indianapolis. Here he was given the best attention that earthly skill provides, but without avail. The gravity of his illness was realized by him. To his daughter, Bernice, who attended him constantly in the hospital, he expressed a desire that he might take care of her mother, but assured her that if this could not be, he was prepared to go. On the morn of a new day here, Feb. 12, 1937, he came to the dawning of a day eternal, with a life full of the treasures of Heaven.

Father, today, we look to thee,
through tears
That course their way upon our
face,
To that bright morn, when unto
Thee,
We too, may tell the story, "Saved
by Grace."

—Courtesy of
Mrs. Delmar (Gaithel Rominger) Friedman
West Baden Springs, Indiana

OBITUARY

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of
the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems
asleep
Too full for sound and foam
When that which drew from out
the boundless deep
Turns again home,

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of
farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of
Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to
face
When I have crossed the bar.

Alfred Tennyson "Crossing the Bar"

Again we have come to this
sanctuary to pay our respects to
this one who has answered the Mas-
ter's call and gone on to the realms
of eternity. But by faith we know
God is our refuge and a very pre-
sent help in times such as this.

Arthur Wilson was born in Or-
ange County, Indiana into the home
of John Henry and Martha Isabelle
Stackhouse Wilson on August 1,
1884 and departed this life August
30, 1969 at the age of 85 years
and 29 days.

He was married to Bessie Beck
on April 2, 1910 and she preceded
him in death in March 1953. To
this union were born nine chil-
dren, Esther Newlin of Phoenix,
Arizona, Ennis of Mitchell, Howard
and Herman of Indianapolis, Elvis
and Norman of French Lick, Gladys
Kerby of West Baden, Don of West
Baden with whom he made his home
and Gene of California.

Those who mourn his passing is
the family and three sisters, Ora
Abel and Ethel Underwood of
French Lick, Blanche Scarlett of
Indianapolis, thirty-two grandch-
ildren and ten great-grandch-
ildren, neices and nephews.

Members of his family who have
passed on are four brothers,
Claude, Raymond, William and
Harry and one sister Bernice Wil-
son Love. A sister Hollis and
two brothers Reed and Emery died
in childhood.

He was a member of Ames
Chapel Church since transferring
his membership from Faucetts
Chapel November 4, 1945.

Arthur was a devoted and conse-
cientious person who loved his family
and his God. He took his duties
of life with seriousness and hard,
honest labor was no stranger to
him. He, along with his devoted
wife, toiled many long, hard hours
to provide not only a place of sh-
elter, of food, and of clothing,
but a place where each member of
the family could find love and se-
curity to strengthen them in life.
Arthur believed in the old-fash-
ioned way of salvation and had a
strong faith in God's Word. Of-
ten he was heard to speak with
a deep concern about his church.

There is neither time this day
nor space to record the many other
things of his life that could be said
of him which made him a cher-
ished and well loved person. He
has lived his life among us which
has left it's eternal imprint. He
has left his testimony both in words
and in deeds and has gone out to
meet the Lord.

Our loved one has lived a full
life and has been blessed with the
companion and children he loved
and labored for. His life was
not spared of sorrow, hardships
and suffering but God does not pro-
mise all will be sunshine, for accor-
ding to His word, storm clouds
will gather about us, but if we
live closely to Him, He will take
us by the hand and lead us on to
the fulfillment of His promises
He has made known to us.

Again we say we would not call
him back to this life were it in
our power to do so, for he had
passed the Autumn and had lived
far into the Winter of his life.
Now he has gone from this life
of suffering, trials and sorrows,
into the place of everlasting life
where "There is no need for the
sun, neither of the moon to shine
on it, for the Glory of God doth
light it and the Lamb is the light
thereof".

There's an old vacant chair by
the fireside

And a torn, faded coat on the
wall

There's an old oaken cane on
the mantle

And an old tattered hat in the
hall.

Now a glimmering lamp lights
the window

And a new star in Heaven looks
down
Since he traded that old fashioned
rock-
er
For a mansion, a robe and a
crown.

May we express our grateful
appreciation to Rev. Claude
Derrill Wilson and our friends
for all their kindness at the death
of our father.

OBITUARY

Bessie Lorene Beck Wilson, daugh-
ter of William and Malinda Beck, was
born Oct. 7, 1888, near Salem in
Washington county, Indiana. On April
2, 1910, she was united in marriage
to John Arthur Wilson. To this union
were born nine children, Esther, now
Mrs. Richard Newlin of Indianapolis,
Ennis of Mitchell, Howard and Nor-
man of Indianapolis, Roy Elvis of
near French Lick, Norris Eugene, of
Fresno, Calif., Gladys, now Mrs. For-
rest Kerby, who lives near Ames
Chapel, Herman, a soldier in Ger-
many, and Donald Lee, at home.

Wednesday, March 11, 1953, at the
dawn of a new day, she peacefully
passed away at her home near Ames
Chapel, leaving the devoted husband
and dear children. She was always
happy when they were home together
and when she was doing for them.
Besides the children above mentioned,
she leaves two sons-in-law, six daugh-
ters-in-law, 15 grandchildren who all
were so dear to her.

In 1944 she was united with the
Ames Chapel Methodist church and
was a member of Women's Society of
Christian Service, always loving to
read her Bible and sing His hymns.

For nearly 43 years she shared her
joys and sorrows with her compan-
ion; rearing a large family wasn't
easy.

It has been said, God could not be
everywhere, so He made mothers such
as she:

God gave us mother for awhile
Perhaps that we might see
A picture of the loveliness
That heaven is to be.
A chair is vacant in our home,
A voice we loved is still.
A place is vacant in our hearts,
That no one else can fill.

CARD OF THANKS

We want to thank Ritter Funeral
Home for their service, Rev. Howard
Wardrip, the singers, Brown Sisters,
Mrs. Pearl Bedster, and Mrs. Mary
Love for their kindness at the death
of our wife and mother. God bless
you all.

John Arthur Wilson and Family

Courtesy of
Mrs. Forrest (Gladys Wilson) Kerby
West Baden Springs, Indiana

CECIL ABEL
Nov. 24, 1913
to
May 31, 1979

Ames Rites Set For Cecil Abel

Funeral rites will be conducted at 2:00 p.m. Saturday from Ames Chapel for Cecil Earl Abel, 65, West Baden R1 resident who died at 1:30 a.m. Thursday at his home. Rev. Howard Wardrip, assisted by Rev. Max Toliver, will officiate at services and burial will be in the church cemetery under direction of Taber funeral home.

He was a member of Ames Chapel church.

He was a self-employed carpenter, who retired three years ago.

Born Nov. 24, 1913 in West Baden, Mr. Abel was a son of Charles and Kate Ann Dickey Abel. On Sept. 28, 1935 he married Evelyn Rea Wilson, who survives.

Also surviving are a daughter, Mrs. Annamae Holiday, West Baden R1; four brothers, Paul, George, Fred and Harry Abel, all of West Baden; five sisters, Mrs. Grace McDonald of New Castle, Mrs. Maude Rominger of Paoli, Mrs. Roxie Ramey, Connersville, Mrs. Lucille Minton, Paoli, and Mrs. Helen Jones, South Bend; and three grandchildren.

Friends may call at Taber funeral home after 7:00 p.m. Friday and until noon Saturday. The body will lie in state at the church from 1:00 p.m. until services.

THE NEWS, PAOLI, INDIANA
Thursday, Feb. 28, 1980

Mrs. Evelyn Abel, News Correspondent Stricken Tuesday

Mrs. Evelyn R. Abel, 71, died from an apparent heart attack about 7:00 p.m. Tuesday at her home near West Baden.

She was an active member of Ames Chapel United Methodist church and had served as correspondent for the Paoli News-Republican from her community since 1962. She was a former employee of Orange County Hospital.

She was born Evelyn Wilson, born March 10, 1908, a daughter of Alonzo and Minnie Mae Toliver Wilson. In 1935 she married Cecil E. Abel, who died in May, 1979.

Surviving are a daughter, Mrs. Annamae Holiday of West Baden; two brothers, Harold Wilson of West Baden and Wayne Wilson of Mission, Kan.; and three grandchildren.

Funeral services will be Friday at 2:00 p.m. from Ames Chapel, Rev. Howard Wardrip and Rev. Max Toliver officiating. Burial will be in the church cemetery. Visitation at Dillman-Ellis funeral home will begin at 5:00 p.m. Thursday. The body will be taken to the church at noon Friday.

—Courtesy of
Mrs. Evelyn Wilson Abel
West Baden, Indiana

"Live for Today"
by Laura Barter Snow)

Thus was the philosophy and practice of this our loved one,

HAROLD L. UNDERWOOD

son of Edward and Ethel Wilson Underwood, was born July 24, 1901 in Orange County. He owned and operated a service machine shop for 25 years in Prospect and was an expert in making and repairing mechanical equipment. A member of the National Rifleman's Association, he was widely known for his skill in repairing fire arms.

On August 21, 1920 he was united in marriage to Ora Knight; to this union was born a daughter, Kathryn.

In 1925 he joined Ames Chapel United Methodist Church where he served in various places of responsibility through the years and faithfully attended as long as health permitted. His Bible shows evidence of being much read and well marked as one who marks and studies his map in preparation for a very important journey. He lived God's Word, His Church and his God.

A friend to the youth, he was Scoutmaster for 20 years of Troop 89 and received the Scout's highest award, the Silver Beaver, on May 28, 1964.

In 1971 he was honored by his fellow citizens when presented with the Springs Valley Exchange Club's Book of Golden Deeds for his outstanding contributions to the community.

On August 14th he completed his life's journey across this earth after 73 years, and 3 weeks; leaving his wife, Ora; the daughter Mrs. Ed (Kathryn) Shannon of Owensboro, Kentucky; two granddaughters, Mrs. Robert (Suellen Kay) Whelan of Chillicothe, Ohio and Mrs. Norman (Alice Marie) Ormiston of Cincinnati; twin great-granddaughters, a sister, Mrs. Harvey Condra of French Lick; other relatives and many friends.

Could we but see beyond the veil
That hides our loved one from our sight,

How many doubts would be removed!

How much that's dark would then be bright!

But mortal eyes can never pierce
The cloud that hides them from our view;

We only trust that God's free grace

Will guide us in the way that's true.

Give Thou us grace to journey on
Along the pathway they have trod;
To walk by faith and not by sight
Till we arrive at home with God.

Then all our doubts shall be dispelled,

That now obscure that vision fair.
Then all our loved ones we shall meet,

To dwell with them forever there.

Then fellowship will be renewed
With friends and loved ones gone before;

Then Christ our Saviour we shall see,

And follow Him forevermore.

("Beyond the Veil" by P. S. Cross)

THANK YOU

We are deeply grateful and appreciate the kindness, sympathy and beautiful floral tributes, extended by our relatives, friends and neighbors, at the passing of our loved one, Harold Underwood.

We especially wish to thank the Rev. Harry Taylor and Rev. C.E. Wilson for their consoling words. Also the pallbearers who had worked with Harold in church, Scouts, and place of business; the West Baden Quartet and Mrs. Betsy Harner and to all those who rendered service in any way and to the Brosmer-Drabing Funeral Home for their efficient service.

Mrs. Ora Underwood
Mr. and Mrs. Ed Shannon
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Whelan
Mr. and Mrs. Norman Ormiston

—Courtesy of
Mrs. Ora Knight Underwood
West Baden, Indiana

In Memory of William Love.

William Love was born in Alimance county, North Carolina, September 23, 1819; died April 3, 1901; aged 81 years, 6 months and 10 days. He was the son of Thomas Love. His mother's maiden name was Ellen Fancett, sister of the late George Fancett. He was married to Lavina Isley of North Carolina, December 23, 1842, and moved to Indiana in the autumn of 1850, his wife dying in two weeks after his arrival. To this union six children were born, three of whom are living; Nancy J., wife of the late James Henley of Texas; Lizzie, wife of W. T. Wells of near Abydel, and Hopkins Love.

He was married to his second wife, Susan Speer, daughter of the late Phillip Shively, Feb. 26, 1863, and to them three children were born, all living; Lydia, Thomas H. and Fanny C.

His second wife died Nov. 22, 1869, and he was married to Mary Dougherty, April 7, 1870, and to them two children were born, Lena and Willie, both dead.

His third wife died March 9, 1877, and he was married to Margaret Matherley, June 17, 1877, and to them six children were born, all living, and at home.

He joined the New Light Church in his native state, but never put in his letter with any class in this county. He was a blacksmith by trade, a good, kind and loving husband and father. No father was more beloved and revered by his children than he. No one was more highly respected by his neighbors. He had no enemies. To know him was to love him. He always acted on the theory "Do as you would be done by" to everybody; for during the war of the Rebellion no one was more ready to look after the women and children, leaving his work he would get wood, go to mill, do any work that might be brought to him and would never charge them for it. But with all of this, the messenger of death came and took him away, not as the rose in the morning, nor as one that was not prepared, but as a rose that had lived until late in the evening, and when the summons came he told his family that there was nothing to fear, he was ready. He is gone. We will no longer hear his voice around the family circle, encouraging and directing the affairs of the household, and talking so kindly to all his friends.

Lonesome companions and children; we know thy care.

None, now fill his vacant chair.
Husband and father is gone from home,
He is on a mission to a foreign shore.

He comforted, wife and children dear, with the thought that some day you may have a happy reunion in a world where farewells are never spoken.

Memorial services were held at Ames Chapel, April 4, 1901, led by Rev. W. S. McCallister of Paoli, followed by Rev. Harvey of French Lick, M. F. Ham, J. P. Rominger, W. H. Porter, Mrs. Elizabeth Porter and H. G. Robbins, all speaking a word of comfort to the bereaved family, after which the remains were laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery, to await the resurrection morn. J. A. S.

—Courtesy of
Mrs. William C. (Marjorie Love) Stone
West Baden Springs, Indiana

OBITUARY

Born to Joel and Permelia Moore Newlin of Orange County, Ind., in the year eighteen seventy seven, on April twenty second, a daughter named Martha Ellen. She grew to young womanhood in Concord vicinity, a pure, sweet girl. She gave her heart to Jesus at the tender age of fifteen years, and united with the United Brethren Church. Her conversion was the most beautiful experience of her life, and she enjoyed telling others about it.

She was married to David Wells of this county at the age of eighteen, and to this union was born thirteen children; two girls who died in infancy, and of the eleven children left, eight are married, being Iona Andis of this vicinity; Rosco Wells and Vada Dixon, of near French Lick, Ind., Ayles Wells, of near Valeene, Ind., Mary Wolfe, of Paoli, Ind., Alice Apple, of near Bacon, Ind., May Anderson, of near Paoli, Ind., and Fred Wells of this vicinity; the two twins, Edgar and Everett, and the youngest daughter, Joyce, are still at home.

These children will grieve for their mother who died Feb. 13, 1937 at the age of 59 years, 9 months and 23 days. Her place can never be filled; her loving heart reached out to all her children and grandchildren, especially the two little boys of Ayles' who were with her so much.

She was a dutiful church worker, and always said we were put here to glorify God. We know that could she speak now, these verses which were written following a conversation with her a few days ago would express her views.

Oh, weep not for me when my spirit has fled,

Tho my voice be silent and my body dead,

T'will be filled with glory when Jesus has come

To gather us all to our heavenly home.

Ah, no; weep not; a rest shall it be
From trials here that trouble me.
The grave just a couch for this
lifeless clay,

My soul shall have escaped and fled
away

Back to the Father, from whence it
came,

Giving all glory to His dear Name.

In joyous abandon, no trails to
meet;

Humbly kneeling at Jesus' feet;
A servant on earth, an angel above,

Basking there in His glorious love.
Seeing there clearly the things now
dim,

Seeking only to glorify Him.

She leaves to mourn her loss, her dear companion—only those who have had like experience of sorrow can sympathize with him—eleven children, twenty three grandchildren, two sisters; Minnie Wellman, of Paoli, Ind., and Anna McDonnell, of Muncie, Ind., and three brothers, Rufus and Samuel Newlin, both of Muncie, and Jay Newlin, of New Albany, Ind., and a host of other relatives and friends who truly mourn her loss.

Mother, father, two sisters and two brothers have preceeded her in death; one sister only, had grown to womanhood, Lizzie Bird, of West Baden, Ind. Her infant daughters and little Bobby Dixon, grandson, were over there to welcome her home. Though her death was not unexpected, nevertheless it came as a shock.

Oh, Mother, Mother; we little knew
The awful sorrow of parting with
you;

The anguish of mind, the awful
pain;

Though we know our loss is your
sweet gain.

May we meet again in that Land
Above

Where no sorrow comes, but only
love.

May we see there the smile on your
sweet, angel face,

And know that at last you have
gained your place

At your Saviour's right hand, near
the throne of God.
Whom you served here on earth,
and taught us to love.

Funeral services were conducted at Concord U. B. Church at 2 p. m., Monday, Feb. 15th, 1937 by Rev. S. P. Walls, assisted by Rev. Ira Brown, with interment in the Concord Cemetery.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to extend our appreciation and thanks to all who so kindly gave assistance in our hour of sorrow and bereavement.

David Wells and Family

—Courtesy of
Mrs. Delmar (Gaithel Rominger) Friedman
West Baden Springs, Indiana

OBITUARY

Jonathan P. Rominger, son of Thos. and Catherine Clorinda Rominger was born in Davidson County North Carolina August 26th, 1840. He departed this life on Friday September 14, 1923, being at the time of his death eighty-three years and nineteen days of age.

Though of Southern birth he was unprejudiced by the action of his native State, North Carolina, which seceded from the Union. He walked every step of the way from North Carolina to this State and County where he volunteered December 2, 1861, as a private in Company F. 59th Indiana Volunteers, 3rd Division.

Their first introduction to the forces of the enemy was at Lexington, Mo. whom they defeated. They were then assigned to General Pope's command to assist in capturing Island No. 10.

After several weeks in skirmishing, canal digging, and Maneuvering, they accomplished their purpose and the Mississippi River was opened to Vicksburg, which was destined to withstand the Union efforts until July 1863. Following Price and Van Dorn in their efforts to unite against Rosecrans, they met the enemy at Holly Springs, Iuka, and in the second battle of Corinth. Turning the Confederate forces southward, they invested Memphis, and at Hamburg won the victory through a ruse perpetrated by Gen. Siegel, who to deceive the enemy fired grape instead of grape and canister, which caused their defeat. About this time Comrade Rominger's enlistment expired and he re-enlisted for three years.

Joining Grant's forces the 59th took an active part in the Vicksburg Campaign, at Jackson, Black River Bridge, Port Gibson and Champion Hills, they felt the fierceness of the conflict with Pemberton and Johnston. Passing through the long siege where he received a wound in the right shoulder—they ascended the Yazoo River, and after undergoing many hardships at Yazoo Pass found the city evacuated and the campaign ended with little importance.

As a part of the army of the Cumberland they aided in relieving Thomas and Rosecrans at Chattanooga and took part in the famous battles of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain.

When in the spring of 1864, Sherman started from Chattanooga to Atlanta, with its forty days of marching and constant fighting, Brother Rominger was always on the firing line. After the burning of Atlanta he, with Sherman's army, commenced their march to the sea. Notwithstanding fifty-eight years have passed since these exciting scenes of marching, fighting and foraging transpired, they were still vivid in his memory and could enter into the spirit of "Marching Through Georgia" with the spirit and understanding of a true veteran of righteousness.

The experiences of this conquering army marching in three columns devastating a tract of country sixty miles wide with no base of supplies and their objective the utter destruction of the Confederate resources, is so well known that I shall not recite the incidents in which our then young and brave veteran took an active part; though to his credit it may be said, he did not participate in the wanton vandalism, which attended such unrestraint among 100,000 men of all shades of character, from highway robbers to ministers of the gospel.

The Christmas at Savannah, the burning of Columbia, and Johnston's vain attempt to disconcert Sherman at Bentonville and Averysborough are all memories which ended at Goldsboro, N. C., April 26, 1865, and the line of march was taken up for Washington, where the Grand Review of Grant's and Sherman's armies, white-winged peace was declared and our hero took his departure with his regiment for home. Through it all he passed with slight bodily injury, but better still with a soul untarnished with army vices after forty-four months of honorable service, being discharged at Louisville, Ky., as a corporal July 16, 1865. Returning to Orange County, Indiana, he again took up the thread of civil life to perform his duties as an honorable Christian Citizen, where he resided at the time of his departure for a better world.

Brother Rominger was married to Miss Mary A. Boyd, Feb. 16, 1868, who preceded him to the better world January 12, 1916.

To this union was born the following sons and daughters: One daughter who died in infancy, and Mrs. Nellie Sparks, Mrs. Lillie Lashbrooks, Charley Rominger and Everett Rom-

inger, all of whom survive him and who still reside in Orange County.

Brother Rominger was a loyal tried and true member of Ames Chapel Methodist Episcopal Church till his death. He was a consecrated Christian and was a man who delighted to talk of things pertaining to Christ and His glorious Kingdom. He has always been found to be an able and

faithful counsellor by his pastors and is mourned by the above named children and a number of grandchildren and a host of other relatives and friends.

This Tree full of fruit for the Harvest has been removed to the heavenly soil where it shall dwell forevermore with Jesus.

He was converted 52 years ago and lived a consecrated christian life ever since. He was used of the Lord to preach and expected to meet many whom he had led to his Savior in heaven.

Note—Rev. Mitchell who handed the above obituary in wishes to state that the reason it did not appear sooner was that he thought it had been published in a Paoli paper.

Courtesy of
Mrs. Delmar (Gaithel Rominger)
Friedman
West Baden Springs, Indiana

FINAL



TRIBUTE

OWEN CLINTON HAM

"And now I know
That Death is but the flaming
torch,
When angels bear it from its house
of clay
Forth to the outer air, where it
shall burn
Free and with undimmed radiance,
evermore."

Thus it is with Owen Clinton Ham, for whom Death held the torch to light the way into that realm where he is re-united with those he loved best. For him the "grave has no victory, death no sting," because it has brought him into eternal life and into a blissful reunion with a loved companion.

Owen Clinton Ham was born Aug. 9, 1861, near Orangeville, Ind., and passed peacefully to his reward Feb. 19, 1940, at his home in Paoli. He was the second son of Moses F. and Amanda J. Ham, and one of a family of eight children, including six sons and two daughters, of whom there are four survivors, he being the fourth to be called away. Lucy, the youngest sister, passed away in 1898, and since then, two brothers, Alvin B. and Charles M., have joined that "immortal caravan" into the Great Beyond. The survivors are Edward W. of Indianapolis; John E. of Milburn, N. J., and Mrs. Elwood Osborne and George F. Ham of Paoli.

In 1869 the family moved from the Orangeville community to a farm in the vicinity of Ames Chapel, and here Clint spent his boyhood and young manhood under the guidance of good Christian parents. Very early in life he became a member of the Methodist church at Ames Chapel, although in later years he transferred this membership to the Presbyterian church in Paoli, and was faithful in attending worship before being detained because of illness.

Clint was first married to Miss Sarah Trueblood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Trueblood, of this community, but while still in their youth this bond was severed by death as the wife was called to her eternal home. Several years later, May 26, 1897, he was married to Mrs. Ella Hudson Rhodes, who was his beloved companion until called home Aug. 1, 1938.

The passing of one who had so blest his life during their wedded years was a severe blow to the husband, and thereafter he was never quite the same because of the loss of this dear companion. Although during his last illness loving hands have tenderly cared for him, Clint had never ceased to feel keenly the loss of the wife and helpmate. With her passing, life had lost much of its joy, and he seemed to be living more in the future as if looking forward to that blessed reunion.

For several years Owen C. Ham was connected with one of the local banks and was its president. He was well-known in banking circles throughout southern Indiana, and had a number of business connections in Paoli prior to that time. He was a man of good judgment and was looked up to by his business associates because of his ability, his honesty, and integrity.

Although retired from active work, Clint continued to take an interest in affairs of the community, and kept in touch with affairs of state and of the nation.

The community has lost a good citizen. But we know that one who believed that his work was done has gone to his reward, leaving behind loved ones and a host of friends who will remember his good works and rejoice with him that he has joined that circle that is never broken.

AMY TEAFORD WILLIAMS

The ways of nature have taught us that:

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North
Wind's breath;
That stars have their time to set,
But thou hast all seasons for thine
own, O Death!"

We know when the springtime is here by the budding of the flowers and the trees. We realize the good old summertime by the harvest and the ripening fruits; we are sure of autumn when the frost gives its tinge of gold to the falling leaves; and we are certain of winter when the north wind sweeps across our path. But we can never know the season of Death in our home.

Men die in youth, in the fullness of life, or in old age; in the glad-some springtime, the good old summertime, the golden autumn, or the bleak winter. And now as we are looking to the coming of the springtime of nature, when a new life unfolds to us, Amy Teaford, our mother, our sister, our neighbor, and our friend in the advanced life's years stoops to enter the doorway of Death and as we pass over our earthly trail of wintertime leading to the springtime of budding leaves and dewey grasses, this friend and mother will pass up the Great White Way leading to the throne of God and to conditions eternal.

Amy Teaford, daughter of George S. and Harriet McDonald Teaford, was born near Youngs Creek, Orange county, Indiana, on Feb. 24, 1867, and died Feb. 19, 1940. She is the last of a family of six children.

She was married to Frederick Ellsworth Williams, who died Nov. 14, 1920. To this union were born two children, Leslie Charles Williams and a daughter, Mrs. Roy McBride. Beside the two children mentioned, she leaves a son-in-law, Roy McBride, eleven grandchildren, Fred dying in infancy, Clyde, Eva, Clifford, Ruby, Irvin, Sudie, Alonzo, David, Harvey, and Alber McBride and one granddaughter by marriage, Mrs. Clifford McBride.

Early in life Mrs. Teaford gave herself to Christ and became a member of the Church of Christ at Youngs Creek.

Sharing faithfully all these years the blessed privilege of Christian loyalty, we all according to His promise look for a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness, and in this new heaven we feel sure our mother is at home. We rest secure in the precious promises and are happy that we can trust our loved ones in His keeping for we have experienced the reality of which Psalmist writes, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures" and we can say when a messenger flashing across the space that separates us hears the sad tidings that our beloved has slipped away to that greener pasture.

"Yea, though I walk in the Valley of the Shadow of Death I will fear no evil for thy rod and thy staff they comfort me" and indeed even then our cup runneth over for goodness and mercy have followed us all our days and we dwell together in God's house, she in an upper room awaiting our coming up.

"What a wonderful thing is mother."

Other folks can love you
But only your mother understands.
She works for you, looks after you,
Loves you,
Forgives you anything you may do,
And then the only sad thing she
ever does to you
Is to die and leave you."

Courtesy of
Mrs. Delmar (Gaiethel Rominger)
Friedman
West Baden Springs, Indiana

OBITUARY.

William Anderson Rhodes was born just north of Prospect West, Baden, Ind., September 22, 1857, and died of paresis at his home in French Lick, Ind., October 8, 1918, aged 61 years, 6 days.

He was the son of Andrew J. and Elizabeth Pinnick Rhodes. There were three children, namely, Beverly V., who survives him; Mary Rhodes Maris, deceased, and the subject of this sketch.

The mother died, and the father in answer to the call of his country in 1861, was forced to separate the children, leaving Beverly with his aunt, Sarah McCracken; Mary with her aunt, Jane Hudelson; and Willie, the youngest, with his uncle, Isaac Pinnick, on what is now known as the Ed McCracken farm. He often said in later years that he began right then to struggle for himself.

At the close of the war his father gathered them all into the new home in Paoli, with the new mother, who practically raised him, and to whom he seems as dear as her own. And this dark hour falls heavily upon her, in the very shades of the evening of her life, because to her he took largely his father's place in family life.

Will grew up in Paoli, but in 1884 he came to French Lick and West Baden and for thirty years he and his brother, Beverly, were together associated in the livery business, first at West Baden, but for long years in the French Lick Springs Hotel Livery. A few years ago Will purchased the incorporated interest and became sole owner and proprietor of this business which had become such a part of his life. He loved his business as men do who achieve only by the hardest struggles. He was an inveterate worker and his interest in it all abated only with the decline of his health. Only last Sunday he asked to see his horses and when one was brought into the yard, he begged to be taken down stairs just to pat the horse, saying: "You know I love my horses and beautiful spotted dogs and they know me." Many and many a night in winter would he distribute a bushel of apples about the barn as an extra treat to the horses. And during his last illness he had his dogs brought to his bedside and the bed carefully covered so he could gather them close, and their delight knew no bounds.

On March 30, 1902, he was married to Mrs. Fannie Campbell Botts, of Bloomington, Ind., and the son, Farwell, a little lad of nine years coming into Mr. Rhodes' name, and helping create the home, became as dear as his own life to him and in his ill health he depended more and more upon Farwell. The last conscious words were: "Have Farwell come and tuck me into bed, bless my lad, he is a good chap—he is all my dependence now."

Mr. Rhodes was a genial, hospitable man. He loved his home, and his happiest hours were spent in his back yard where he loved to sit, with his family, and he delighted to have his

friends enjoy his home with him. He was a man who loved folks. He knew and was known by everybody round about and his acquaintances soon became friends because he was so friendly, people naturally came to love him.

One year ago his health perceptibly failed. His usual Florida trip failed to restore him and upon his return it was evident that only by rest could he hope to get well. He could not rest with the business daily in sight, so he went to Silver Hills, New Albany, to the home of his friends, Dr. and Mrs. Peck, and spent the summer in the midst of the beautiful woods which he enjoyed so much. No tree nor flower that did not speak to him. He told us often of how he sat still and listened to the birds and voices of nature and enjoyed his rest. His fight for health was wonderful. He wished not to come home until he was able to walk about among his friends.

On August 12 he suffered his first light paralytic stroke; following which he never regained the lost ground, and as the cool days came he desired the comforts of home and after his return, rejoiced so greatly to be among his French Lick friends and neighbors, but the wearied brain gave out, and like a child he fell asleep.

He was generous, tender and sympathetic; ready to help everybody who needed him; dear in his home, tender among his neighbors, and a business man worth while in the world. And through our tears, we are thinking too, how good it has been to have had him.

There survive him the wife and son, Farwell, the aged mother, and brother, B. V. Rhodes, and the following half-brothers and sisters, who were indeed like his own to him, namely, James C. Rhodes, Andrew J. Rhodes, and Mrs. Nellie Rhodes Ham.

Funeral services were held at the home in charge of Rev. C. A. Wade, of the West Baden Baptist Church, assisted by Rev. Heilmeyer, pastor of Mitchell Baptist Church, with music by the West Baden Baptist choir. Rev. Heilmeyer's theme was the Resurrected Life. The casket was placed in the living room near the desk where Mr. Rhodes spent his many busy hours. His desk and chair were covered with a beautiful blanket of smilax and rosebuds and round about him were wonderful flowers from the friends who loved him so much and thus the last rites were conducted as he would have had it all among his friends and neighbors.

The interment was at Paoli, his boyhood home, and short services were held at the grave by Rev. Frank Asher, of the Paoli M. E. Church, who had long known Mr. Rhodes and the pastor of the aged mother and family.

Business in French Lick closed during the hours of the funeral services and the pallbearers were business men of Mr. Rhodes' daily association, namely, A. C. Smith, R. V. Claxton, J. B. Bedster, W. W. Cavé, John Kellams and S. V. Mickler.

— Courtesy of
Mrs. Delmar (Gathel Rominger) Friedman
West Baden Springs, Indiana