

## Mrs. Gomer T. Davies Died Suddenly

Mrs. Gomer T. Davies, wife of the editor of The Kansan, passed away at her home on West Fifth street, yesterday afternoon, very suddenly. Mrs. Davies fell and fractured her left hip November 8th, last year and though she has been incapacitated since that time, she had so far recovered as to be able to be taken out in a car and walk short distances with assistance. She had appeared as well as usual until Tuesday morning, when her heart began to weaken, even her attending physician felt that her condition was not alarming, after the administration of a stimulant. But the end came about 5:30 o'clock, with the members of her immediate family, residing in Concordia, at her bedside.

Mrs. Davies' maiden name was Catherine Ann Powell, born in New Haven, West Virginia, May 4, 1860. The family moved to the vicinity of Danville, Illinois, during the Civil war, her father joined the Union Army, but the war closed before he saw active duty. Following the death of the father in Illinois, the family moved to Des Moines, and later to Lucas County, Iowa. Mr. and Mrs. Davies were married at Cleveland, Lucas county, Iowa, on October 15, 1879, and came to Kansas, locating first at Republic City, where Mr. Davies began his newspaper career. He bought The Kansan and came to Concordia in November, 1895.

Nine children were born to them, seven of whom are living, they are: Dr. John D. Davies, Alamosa, Colorado; Mrs. H. E. Lague, Monte Vista, Colorado; Mrs. E. B. Whipp, Concordia; Harry L. Davies, Lincoln, Kansas; Ralph B. Davies, Concordia; Mrs. H. F. Lasher, West Englewood, New Jersey; and Miss Ruth Davies, Concordia. Mrs. Davies is also survived by six grandchildren; two great-grandchildren; two sisters,

Mrs. Robert Williams, of Lucas, Iowa; and Mrs. Parley Batten, of Chariton, Iowa; and one brother, Alec Powell, of Woodward, Oklahoma. All the sons and daughters will be present at the funeral services which will be held Sunday afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock at the home.

A personal tribute to this fine lady, a true helpmate to Mr. Davies for nearly sixty years, and who was dearly beloved by all who knew her, will appear in an early issue of The Kansan.—The Kansan, September 1, 1938.

### LAST RITES FOR MRS. DAVIES

Funeral services for Mrs. Gomer T. Davies were held last Sunday afternoon at the family home on West Fifth street, and many friends and relatives gathered as final evidence of the love and respect with which Mrs. Davies was held by the people among whom she and her family have resided for the past forty-one years. The floral tributes were most beautiful and most abundant, coming from persons in every walk of life, which would have been a most happy thought could it be shared by Mrs. Davies. Many letters and telegrams were received conveying consoling words of sympathy from all parts of the country, a number coming from former neighbors and their children, who had learned to know Mrs. Davies in her more youthful days, but still hold her dearly in their memories. It is needless to say that the relatives were truly appreciative of the thought that their love for Mrs. Davies was shared by so many.

The services were conducted by Rev. Templin, of the Methodist Episcopal church, and Rev. Fulton, of the Presbyterian church. Appropriate music was splendidly and impressively presented by a quartette composed of Mrs. J. K. Kershner, Mrs. Charles Gundy, Dr. Anderson and Mr. H. D. Karns, accompanied by Mrs. Lawrence Glidden. Mrs. Charles Gundy, of Manhattan, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Davies, sang two beautiful

solos, both favorites of Mrs. Davies, one of which Mrs. Gundy sang at the Fiftieth Wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Davies, nine years ago.

The pallbearers were: John Perry, D. G. Gould, D. J. Perkins, Carl P. Rogers, E. W. Powell and Carl Ossmann.

Interment was made in Pleasant Hill cemetery.—The Kansan, September 8, 1938.

The editor of The Kansan has just gone through an experience for which he had humanly reasoned to be in a measure prepared for the possible eventuality. But no greater mistake was ever made by him. For when death came to our home and took away the sweetheart of our youth, the devoted mother of our children, our companion, helpmate, loyal, loving wife of nigh onto three-score years,—reason was dethroned and complete helplessness became the most tragic fact in our long life.

"For whether in mid-sea or among the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with joy, will to its close, become a tragedy, as sad, and deep, and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death."

Her family should find solace at such a time in the knowledge that the loving wife, affectionate and devoted mother had "gone away" at the close of a long and eventful life of nearly four-score years, enriched by the knowledge and realization that she held in full measure the appreciation and love she so well deserved from every member of her family, and every other person who had come under her personal interest and beneficent influence.

In early life she was baptized into membership of The Re-Organized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and while in later life, on account of remoteness from the services, she may have forgotten details of that faith, the simply stated philosophies of the Great Nazarene, were as the Rock of Gibraltar, the guide for her conduct through life.

No living woman excelled her in wifely duty or mother care.

No wife and mother more completely dominated the home and family by the simple ties of love and devotion. In our home no one entertained any illusions as to the personage occupying the distinction of being the "head of the family."—It was throughout the years, always, "Mother."

She lived as she believed it be clearly her duty to live, a full and abundant life. The grief of her family should be assuaged by pride in this knowledge, and our tears should cease to flow unrestrained in the assurance, that she has "just gone home."

"From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

We should, and must, find comfort and consolation in Hope.

"With thee, sweet Hope! resides the heavenly light,

That pours remotest rapture on the sight:

Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,

That calls each slumbering passion into play.

Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,

On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,

And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,

To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career."

As bereaved husband and father we abandon the conventional impersonal editorial "we," to speak more intimately with our many reader friends of The Kansan.

I humbly beseech God's infinite mercy to guide my future conduct in such rectitude that I shall deserve to share with her that serene and ineffable peace and contentment that she now enjoys, and so justly merits.

Until then:—

Good Night, Sweetheart, Good Night.—The Kansan, September 8, 1938.