

(Clarence)

Funeral Services Held Wednesday For Mrs. Mary Garrett

Mrs. Mary Garrett, of 711 Fifth, widow of ~~Clarence Garrett~~ passed away Monday aged 68 years, 11 months and 20 days after an extended period of ill health. Her husband preceded her in death several years ago. She is survived by eight daughters.

Funeral services in charge of Rev. Leland W. Mann were held at the James funeral home Wednesday afternoon with interment in Hazelwood cemetery. Music was provided by Mrs. Earl Gropper and Mrs. Virgil Sherwood. Pall bearers were Jack Smith, Edward Milligan, Jr., Leonard Robison, Jr., Ralph Bates, Ernest Beason and Vic Vulysteke.

OBITUARY

Mary Arminda Keenan Garrett

Mary Arminda Keenan, oldest of ten children of William and Sarah See Keenan was born May 7, 1884 and passed away at 2:10 p. m. April 27, aged 68 years 10 months and 20 days.

On Sept. 10, 1905, she was united in marriage at Brooklyn with Clarence Robert Garrett, who preceded her in death June 17, 1943.

To this union nine children were born of whom eight daughters survive. One son, Clarence Frederick, died in infancy, Feb. 10, 1927. The eight daughters are Martha E. Garrett, Mrs. Esper Tiedemann (Bonnie), Mrs. Shirley Dale (Betty), Mrs. Harold Hobbs, (Clarencella) and Mrs. Carroll Dean (Mary), all of Grinnell; Mrs. Mark Hagensick (Maudie) of Marshalltown; Mrs. Paul Zaugh (Bernice) of Gardena, Calif; and Roberta Garrett of Torrence, Calif.

She is also survived by eleven grandchildren, three sisters, Mrs. Roy Beason, Mrs. Leonard Robison and Mrs. Harold Fetzer, all of Grinnell, and two brothers, Francis Keenan of Grinnell and John William Keenan of Los Angeles, Calif. There are also several nephews and nieces and

a host of friends. 1953

Mrs. Garrett was born and spent her entire life in and around Grinnell. She was a member of the Congregational church.

"Mother"

God lent an angel to the Earth;
She came in lovely guise,
She was not ev n beautiful
To our unseeing eyes.

She swept and dusted and cook-
ed and darned,
For the eedless throng,
And ever as she worked she
hummed
A little tuneless song.

She always had a healing word
For people in distress;
And tho her hands were worn
and rough,
Their touch was a caress.

At last her hair grew thin and
gray;
Her work took ever long,
And often times we did not
hear
That little tuneless song.

God lent his angel to the earth,
To ease its frequent strain,
But when he saw how tired
she grew
He took her home again.

We miss her almost everywhere
For with our opened eyes,
We know at last just who she
was;
An angel in disguise.

4-H News

Washington Merry Wo
club held a Mother's
home of Nancy Gov
May 2. Nine girl
mothers were pre

The group
Lois Laymille
to 4-H cam
convention
Gerry
senior
Nan
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