

Last rites were held Thursday, December 10 at 2:00 p.m. at the First Christian Church for Claud Norris who passed away December 7 at the Platte County Memorial Hospital following an extended illness. He had resided here since 1911. Mr. Olin Atwood conducted the funeral services and interment was in the Wheatland Cemetary with the following serving as pallbearers, Calvin Nagel, Auldon Vogt, Harold Hoffman, Dee Bush, Arvid Johnson and Elliott Weiss. Claud Norris was born in Terra Haute, Ind on July 8, 1882 and passed away in Wheatland December 7, 1959 at the age of 77. He was the youngest child of Martin and Rebeca Norris and was the last surviving member of his family. When but a small child he moved to Kansas with his family where he lived until he was 16 and then moved to Oklahoma. He traveled by covered wagon through much of Nebraska and Wyoming and when still a young man moved to Boise, Idah. In 1907 he came to the Wheatland Flats and acquired his first piece of land, returning to Boise for four years. In 1911 he moved back to the Wheatland area where he where he had since made his home, being engaged in the farming and livestock business. He was a member of the Christian Church of Wheatland and the Farm Bureau. In 1914 he was married to Irene Lola Sadler and to this union six children were born: Mrs. Marjorie Krewer, Mrs. Ova Shockley, and Leo Norris, all of Wheatland, Mrs. Leta Hoffman of Buffalo, Wyoming and Mrs. Phyllis Cobb of Santa Barbara, California. One son Larry preceded him in death. Besides his widow and children, he is survived by 12 grandchildren: Mrs. Glenda Fosher of Lusk, Mrs. Janice Spaulding of Boise, Idaho, Sumner, Billy, Georgia and Dixie Shockley of Wheatland, Donna, Tim and Claudia Hoffman of Buffalo, WY, Ronald Cobb of Santa Barbara, California and Sheri and Nelda Norris of Wheatland. He is also survived by three great grandchildren: Harold Fosher and Vickie and Vicki and Robert Spaulding.

THE EVERLASTING ARMS

I sat beside his bed and held his hand  
And wished that I could ease his labored breathing.  
And by my strength of will I sought to hold him  
For one small space of time allay my grieving  
And yet I knew that God was close beside him  
Not touching him ----but waiting even then  
To guide him from all anguish and all pain  
I did not hear a voice or see a presence  
But suddenly as tho it were God's will  
His breathing faltered and a sigh escaped him  
His eyelids flickered gently and were still  
Ane he whose life had been a thing of beauty  
Whose thoughts and deeds the Lord had ever blessed  
Went lightly unafraid and touched with magic  
To take his place of Glory and of rest.