

RUMSEY, HAROLD IRVIN
November 16, 1898-October 18, 1938

Residents of Wheatland were shocked Tuesday afternoon to learn of the untimely death of Harold Rumsey who died from double pneumonia after a short illness.

Funeral services will be held Friday afternoon at 2:30 from the Methodist church with Rev. W. P. Wood bringing words of comfort to the bereaved family and friends.

Watson and Dennis are in charge of arrangements. Interment will be in the Wheatland cemetery.

Harold Irvin Rumsey was born in Fullerton, Nebraska, November 16, 1898, the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rumsey. He came with his parents to Wheatland in 1906, living on the farm now owned by N.D. Bartholomew where the family resided until the death of Mr. Rumsey in 1924. Harold received his education in the Wheatland schools graduating with the class of '17 from high school. On December 9, 1925 he was united in marriage to Miss Koreen Booth who survives him. He united with M. E. church when a child and has lived a consistent Christian life always. He is a World War veteran. With his brother Frank he has been engaged in draying business for the past several years.

Though never enjoying robust health he was uncomplaining and never by word or deed fell short of doing his full duty in whatever employment he engaged in. With his wife he spent last winter in Arizona in the hope of improving his health but the trouble was too deep seated.

His last illness was brief and the news of his death came as a shock to everyone. He was quick thinking, clear sighted, honest and reliable to the last degree. His sunny disposition and obliging ways made him a favorite with everyone who knew him and many hearts are aching in sympathy with the bereaved family. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Koreen Rumsey his mother, Mrs. Lillian Rumsey, his brother Frank Rumsey and his sisters, Mrs. Hazel Jordan and Miss Pearl Rumsey and other relatives. His life has been one of graciously given service. His happy smile and cheery greeting will long be remembered and missed by his friends. What higher tribute can be paid than to say "We loved him?"

There is no death. The stars go down to rise upon some fairer shore, And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown They shine for ever more. And ever near us, though unseen, The dear immortal spirits tread; For all the boundless universe is Life; There are no dead. "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you that where I am there ye may be also." Harold has only gone home.