

Mrs. Emma Albin Dies; Rites To Be Held Tomorrow

Mrs. Emma Albin, widow of John Hamilton Albin, 307 East North Street, died at 2:30 o'clock yesterday morning at the Warrensburg Medical Center where she had been a patient 15 days. She was 90 years old.

The funeral will be held at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon at the First Baptist Church, the pastor, the Rev. Ernest Waite, and the Rev. C. J. Ford, officiating. Burial will be in Liberty Cemetery, north of Warrensburg.

Mrs. Albin, a resident of Warrensburg since 1923, was born August 31, 1865, in Jefferson County near St. Louis and was a daughter of George W. and Jane Medley Heltterbrand. When she was six months old the family came to Johnson County, locating near Chilhowee.

Her marriage to John H. Albin took place October 10, 1889. The ceremony was performed by her uncle, the Rev. J. S. Denton. The early part of her married life was spent north of Warrensburg where she and Mr. Albin lived until coming to Warrensburg in 1923.

Mr. and Mrs. Albin were parents of two daughters, Jewel, who died at the age of 7 years, and Cumi, now Mrs. Edward Giersig, of the home. Mr. Albin died in 1935.

At the age of 12, Mrs. Albin joined the Providence Church and was baptized by the Rev. Amos Cockrell. Later she moved her membership to the Baptist Church at Fayetteville, and upon moving to Warrensburg, transferred her membership to the Warrensburg Baptist Church.

Surviving are the daughter, Mrs. Giersig; a brother, Amos Heltterbrand, and sister, Mrs. Jennie Phillips, both of Leeton, and a sister, Mrs. Dora Bowie of McLouth, Kan.

Death Takes Last Of Ice-Wagon Horses In City, Grieving Owner

Warrensburg's last ice-wagon horse is dead. And Carl Baker, her owner, has lost "a faithful friend."

The day of July 4 was one of celebration for most people, but it was a sorrowful one at the Baker home, 314 West Culton Street. The night before, the aged red sorrel mare ran about her lot and kicked up her heels like a young colt. The next morning when her owner called "Pet", as he stood on the back porch, the mare nickered from the near-by stable as usual. But upon investigation it became apparent to Mr. Baker that the horse wasn't her usual self after all. He called the veterinarian and waited.

In the meantime he carefully sprayed her for flies, walked around her constantly for any indication of pain and made her as comfortable as possible. He cancelled an appointment to shoe a horse for a friend. Old "Pet" was the "friend" that needed attention now.

"A Faithful Servant"
After being given medicine she "shook and chilled," Mr. Baker explained. For a while she lay down. Then she got back to her feet. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon she fell over, drew several deep breaths, and died.

"I'll tell you, I lost a faithful servant," Mr. Baker said in relating the loss to a reporter for The Daily Star-Journal. "It was like losing one of the family."

Despite her 21 years of age (equal to 80 or 90 for a human being), "the old mare," as Mr. Baker affectionately referred to her, remained fat and active. "She had good teeth and therefore she ate good."

"Pet" was bought in 1943 from Keith Jones, who brought her in from Iowa. She was 3 years old then. "She was thin and tired when I got her", Mr.

Baker said. "Why the first two weeks I owned her she gained 100 pounds."

A Popular Outfit

For the next six or seven years the red sorrel mare regularly pulled a wagon loaded with ice in the Third and Fourth wards of Warrensburg. The outfit became a familiar sight, and riding on the ice wagon was as popular a pastime for the youngsters as it was for them to "swipe" a piece of ice off the back end on hot days. A number of grown young men today were mere lads when "Pet" was first hauling ice.

Mrs. John T. Cheatham, 204 Grover Street, recalled, today that often when she wanted to find her son, Tom, she would go over the route of Mr. Baker's ice wagon and when she found it, she would usually find her son.

"Pet" seemed to enjoy the boys as much as they did driving and feeding her. She knew the routes and stops perfectly and was unafraid of trains, trucks and cars. Admiring horsemen now and then would stop Mr. Baker to inquire if he might sell the mare, but he always replied he could never part with her.

Since the days of the ice route, "Pet's" chief chore has been to plow gardens in spring-time. Seven or eight years ago she had one other sick spell, her owner recalls. "She didn't feel like eating breakfast, but by noon she was o.k. Other than that there was never a time she wouldn't eat."

Mr. Baker said he has lost other horses, but he never hated to see one die like he did his red sorrel mare. "She was such a faithful old girl," he added in all sincerity.