

**Final Rites Held For
Mrs. Stumbaugh Wed.**

10-28-1938

A brave little soldier received her orders to lay down her arms against life and entered into rest eternal at 11 p. m. October 23rd, when Mrs. Katie Helen Stumbaugh answered the final roll call.

Katie Sturgeon was born in Wheatland on September 29, 1905, spending the years of her childhood on the ranch home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sturgeon. She early learned to bear suffering patiently as her whole girlhood was marred by rheumatism and her school work was done mostly while lying in hospitals or at the Thermopolis Hot Springs taking the baths. She graduated with excellent standing in her class in high school with the class of 1922. The next eight years she spent in teaching with frequent intervals of hospital and hot bath treatments for her rheumatism.

In 1929, she was united in marriage to James E. Stumbaugh. To them was born one son, Steven James, who with his father survive.

Though knowing her life must be a short one and filled with suffering she never allowed these facts to mar the happiness of those around her but with quick wit and jesting word made others almost forget them.

Her life has been a busy one, filled with loving service to others and now—

Regardless now of work to do,

No queen more careless in her state,

Hands crossed in an unknown calm,
For other hands the work may wait

Oft has she pressed with aching feet
Those tiresome steps that reach the door,

Henceforth, with angels she shall tread

Heaven's golden stairs forever more

She was preceded in death by her brother, Earl Felix, who was killed by a horse in 1922. Left to mourn her loss are her husband, James E. Stumbaugh, her son, Steven James Stumbaugh, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Sturgeon, her brothers Robert, George and Sidney and their families, her sisters, Mrs. Alma Kitchen and Mrs. Cecilia Wilson and their families besides many many friends. She was a devoted daughter, wife, mother and sister, a true and loyal friend, a patient uncomplaining sufferer to the end.

Sleep soft, beloved! we sometimes say,

But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep.

But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber,

When He giveth His beloved sleep