

# Robert McLaren Called

Last Friday night at a Salt Lake hospital, Robert McLaren, Jr., passed into his final sleep, after a several months illness.

Because of the nature of his disease, liver trouble, no hope was held out for his recovery—and he suffered long and patiently, yet when the announcement of his death was received, it caused a wave of sorrow among his many Park City friends, for he was well known and esteemed and recognized as a man of sterling character, a devoted son, a loyal citizen, and a dependable friend.

Deceased was the son of R. H. McLaren, a citizen of this community known in almost every home, because of his always willing aid and helpfulness in hours of distress and sorrow. For over forty years he and his only son were constant and inseparable companions, and the passing on of his boy leaves him heart-stricken and alone. Sincere sympathy goes out to him in his sad bereavement.

Deceased was born in Hillard, Wyoming, on May 24, 1891. When a baby his parents moved to Park City. When about three years old, his mother died, and from that time on father and son were one, making their home together continuously in this city. Robert attended our public schools, and upon reaching man's estate, he followed mining, and worked continuously at that work, until the depression closed most of the mines nearly three years ago—and "Bob" was one of the vast army of unemployed since then.

Of a quiet, retiring disposition, he was always cheerful and agreeable, and made friends with all whom he came in contact.

He was one of the first to enlist in Park City in the World's war, serving in the Fifty-eighth infantry. It is thought his health was impaired during this service—for he never was as strong or as robust, after his return, as before the war. He was prominent in local Masonic circles, being past commander of Malta Commandery; held the high office of King in the Royal Arch Chapter at the time of his death; a prominent member of Utah Council No. 1, Royal and Select Masters; always prominent in Blue Lodge work, holding the office of senior steward when stricken with his fatal illness.

How appropriate are the words of J. G. Holland:

"And when, in the evening of life, the golden clouds rest sweetly and invitingly upon the golden mountains, and the light of heaven streams down through the gathering mists of death, I wish you a peaceful and abundant entrance into that world of blessedness, where the great riddle of life will be unfolded to you in the quick consciousness of a soul redeemed and purified."

Impressive funeral services were held at Masonic Hall Tuesday afternoon, under the auspices of Uintah Lodge, No. 7. The hall was filled to capacity with friends and admirers of deceased. Masonic ritualistic services were conducted by Worshipful Master H. A. Moore, assisted by the officers of the lodge. A vocal solo was rendered by Mrs. A. H. Hurley, accompanied by Mrs. Wilfred Langford, piano, and John Pike, violin; a vocal quartette, Mrs. R. P. Delhi, Mrs. Fred Gillette, Mrs. Mae Raddon and Mrs. G. B. Sheen. The funeral sermon was given by Rev. J. H. Hayes, of St. Mary's Church, Provo. The reverend gentleman paid a high tribute to the deceased, of his high character and sterling worth as a man and citizen, and of his close association with deceased when a resident of this city.

A long cortege followed the remains to Glenwood cemetery, where in addition to the Masonic burial service, full military honors were given the deceased under the auspices of the local Post of American Legion, who attended the services in a body—a firing squad from Fort Douglas, and a bugler, participating in the last sad rites—the color bearer being Victor Peterson, color guard, Ernest Lange and Vern Gibson, with Adjutant W. J. Bardsley, acting as chaplain.

The pall bearers were Robert B. Cunningham, Melvin Brown, Wm. E. Mawhinney, Melvin Kidder, J. W. Buck and W. H. Dunn. A. R. Haustein, Rex Wheelwright, E. A. Hewitt, Keith Buck, R. E. Bailey, R. P. Delhi, of Malta Commandery, acted as guard of honor, in full uniform.

## CARD OF THANKS

To the neighbors and friends I wish to tender my heartfelt thanks for their kindness and assistance during the illness and after the death of my beloved son, Robert. Words cannot convey my appreciation of their many acts of kindnesses and words of sympathy.

Very gratefully,

ROBERT H. McLAREN.