

WILLIAM C. ALSOVER

William C. Alsover of Vermontville, dean of the banking profession in this country with a record of forty-four years as cashier of the Barber State Bank, and because of his long service one of the best known bankers throughout this section, passed away about 12:30 a. m., December 15, 1930. He had been in gradually failing health for some time but the dissolution was peaceful and almost without warning.

Mr. Alsover was the son of Chilion Alsover and Annie E. Bledsoe Vickers and was born in Montgomery, Alabama, August 4, 1861 just at the beginning of the Civil war. His father enlisted in the Confederate army and was in camp when the son, one of a family of six, passed his early years. At the close of the war his father removed to West Point, Ga., where the young man spent most of his youth. Mrs. Jessie Dunn of Chicago is now the only survivor of the six children.

While a resident of Atlanta, Ga., just starting in the printing business, on December 30, 1885, Mr. Alsover married Miss Louise Barber, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Homer G. Barber of Vermontville. She died three years later, leaving one son, Ned B. Alsover of Grand Rapids.

In 1887 Mr. Alsover entered the then private Bank of Homer G. Barber as cashier and has held this position continuously during the intervening forty-four years; the bank having been in 1907 reorganized as the Barber State Bank under state supervision.

On August 8, 1894 Mr. Alsover married Miss Edith M. Hunter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Hunter of Kalama, who, with the son, Ned B. survive.

Mr. Alsover was a fine type of useful and accomodating small town banker. He served his village several terms as president, was treasurer of the Masonic Lodge at the time of his death, having served in that capacity many years, and a veteran member of the Knights of Pythias. During the late war he served as a member of the Eaton County War Board and rendered invaluable service as its treasurer. While not a member of any church, he contributed liberally of his engaging personality and means to societies and groups promoting community betterment.

JOHN NATHAN BARNINGHAM

John Nathan Barningham was born in Darlington, England, on March 17, 1853 and was one of a large family of fifteen children. He came to this country at the age of twenty-one years. He was united in marriage to Mary Anne Welch in Youngston, Ohio. After living there for several years they decided to move to Detroit, where they lived for a number of years. In 1892 they moved to Vermontville, Michigan. To this happy union eight children were born Anna Barningham Holden, Harriet Barningham Sprague, Arthur L. Barningham, Ida May Barningham Wright, Alice Barningham Armitage, Thomas R. Barningham, William E. Barningham and Mary Barningham Parsons. All of the above children are now living and have families of their own of whom their grandfather was very proud. John Nathan Barningham was a machinist by trade and made good in this line of work but, like all good sturdy citizens, he decided that a change would be good for him so he took up farming for several years. At the death of his wife, June 30, 1897, farming was discontinued, and after a trip back to his home in the Old Country he returned to Vermontville and entered the meat market business. He continued this for several years until ill health forced him to give it up.

Since that time he has lived with his children. After a long illness he passed away very suddenly at the home of his son, William E. Barningham, on December 14, 1930 at the age of 77 years, 8 months, and 27 days. He will be laid to rest by the side of his wife Tuesday afternoon in Woodlawn cemetery. Rev. V. D. Niles conducting this service.

From a Sinner's Diary

Personally, I have a lot of sympathy for landlords who put an embargo on youngones. If I had 'em to herd and corral I'd pad a dry well and drop 'em in till they were of lawful size for some schoolma'am. Their little curls and little noses would be in as good repair when they came out as my guitar and fountain pen are with them running amuck.

My neighbors have been taking up a collection for a pauper and delivering the donation. "Now is there anything special you're in need of?" they asked. "I haven't anything to eat on this bread," adding, "Bring creamery butter, not oleo." So the donaters will buy it.