



Oak Leaves

Oak Hill Cemetery Association

1705 Mt. Vernon Rd. S. E. • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52403

Oak Hill Cemetery is non-profit lot owner association dedicated to preserving the heritage of Linn County, Iowa.

The Funeral of Walter Douglas

From a short biography of Berthe Leroy: Titanic Survivor by Olivier Mendez & Michel Leroy

In April 1912, the Douglases were on a trip in Europe; they wanted to buy new pieces of furniture for their Lake Minnetonka house. Before leaving for America, they visited American friends in Paris. As Mr. Douglas wanted to celebrate his 53rd birthday at home, in America, the couple had decided not to stay too long in Paris. The first liner sailing from France was the Titanic. The Douglases had a ticket (number PC 17761) purchased at the Parisian offices of the White Star Line and boarded in Cherbourg.

The sinking of the Titanic set off a series of events and news items that culminated with the May 5, 1912 funeral service at the Douglas Family Mausoleum. These accounts of the service appeared in the local newspapers the following day:

The Evening Gazette May 6, 1912

MANY GATHER TO PAY TRIBUTE TO W. D. DOUGLAS

REMAINS LAID TO REST IN FAMILY VAULT

**TOMB IS SURROUNDED BY LARGE NUMBER
OF SORROWING FRIENDS WHO MOURN DEATH
OF FORMER RESIDENT WHO LOST HIS LIFE IN
THE TITANIC DISASTER.**

The remains of the late Walter D. Douglas yesterday were laid at rest in the family vault in Oak Hill cemetery amidst the surroundings of a perfect May day in the presence of more than one thousand friends of the former Cedar Rapids resident who lost his life in the Titanic disaster. The funeral train, consisting of two private Pullman cars and a library car, the latter containing the casket, arrived in the city shortly after 4 o'clock, and the burial services were held at the Douglas family vault at 4:30, the family, relatives and friends who accompanied the train from Minneapolis going direct to the cemetery in carriages.

A large crowd was at the union passenger station when the train arrived, and the tomb at the cemetery surrounded by a throng that covered every knoll and vacant spot in the vicinity of the burial place. There was no confusion of any kind however, the arrangements have been planned and carried out with absolute precision and the people stood silently with bared heads while the last rites were being said. Chief of Police Carl had an adequate force of men on duty, both at the passenger station and cemetery, and the crowd was kept from crowding to near the flower covered enclosures where the services were held, and from the driveway where the carriages passed.



Many Beautiful Floral Tributes

The tomb was surrounded by a high bank of flowers, ferns and other floral decorations, and the entrance was a veritable bower of roses, carnations and other flowers, including many elaborate floral offerings from friends of the deceased. The members of the family and near friends of the deceased were seated inside this enclosure, and Rev. Drs. Marquis and Burkhalter, who officiated at the burial, stood in the tomb door. The Imperial Quartet sang "Lead Kindly Light," and the services throughout were of an unusually impressive nature.

In the funeral party which came from Minneapolis on the special train were Mrs. Walter D. Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. George Camp Douglas, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Douglas of Minneapolis; James H. Douglas, Messrs. John and Douglas Stuart and Mrs. Robert Stuart of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Laird of Toronto, Canada; Mr. and Mrs. George A. Goodell of St. Paul; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dutton and George B. Dutton of Cedar Rapids; Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Camp and daughter Miss Lulu of Minneapolis; George Oliver Carpenter of St. Louis and Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Piper of Minneapolis.

Business Associates at Funeral.

In addition to these, the following gentlemen most of whom are officers and directors in the Quaker Oats company were here from Chicago in a special car: H. B. Crowell, president of the company; Thomas Wells, Paul Welling, A. B. White, Robert Gordon, L. Richards, J. A. Andrews and Morris Lawler. Mr. Andrews is from Akron, Ohio, and Mr. Lawler from Dubuque.

The relatives and friends from Minneapolis and St. Paul left by special train at 10 o'clock last night. After the services Mrs. Walter D. Douglas and Mr. and Mrs. George A. Goodell were at the home of Mrs. Douglas's brother, W. H. Dutton until train time. The other members of the party were guests at Bruce more during their stay in the city.

Episcopal Burial Service Read

The services were opened by Rev. Dr. E. R. Burkhalter of the First Presbyterian church for many years pastor for the Douglas family, who spoke briefly regarding his own and the country's loss in the tragic death of Mr. Douglas. *He read the Episcopal burial address* and offered prayer, and was followed by Rev. Dr. Marquis.*

Rev. Dr. Burkhalter at the request of the family made a trip from New York City to Cedar Rapids for the purpose of officiating at the burial and will return to New York Wednesday.

THE CEDAR RAPIDS DAILY REPUBLICAN
TUESDAY, MAY 7, 1912

FUNERAL OF WALTER D. DOUGLAS SUNDAY LARGE THRONGS AT UNION STATION AND AT THE SIMPLE SERVICE IN OAK HILL CEMETERY

In the exquisite beauty of a perfect spring day, the body of Walter D. Douglas, rescued from the sea after the Titanic disaster, was laid to rest Sunday afternoon in the family vault at Oak Hill Cemetery. Birds sang in the budding trees above, warm sunshine and cloudless blue sky overspread the land like a benediction, bees hummed and butterflies fluttered among the flowers. In the cemetery the great vault and the ground about it had been beautified by roses and carnations, sweet peas and lilies, jonquils and narcissus, iris and lilies of the valley. The flowers filled the air with their

fragrance and the soft breeze whispered in the evergreens above. To such a land and to such a scene was brought, the body of the man who went down to his death in the icy waters that dark night in the northern seas in order that women and children, might be saved.

The funeral was marked by extreme simplicity, although there was a large crowd at the union station when the special train arrived and another great throng at the cemetery. The police arrangements made by Chief Carl were admirable and were carried out so well that there was not the slightest delay, or confusion either at the station or the cemetery.

The special train of two sleepers and a library car arrived at the Union station at 4 o'clock and the massive bronze coffin was immediately placed in the hearse, which waited on Third Avenue between Fourth and Fifth Streets while the mourners took their places in the carriages at the platform. There were but few carriages in the procession proper, just enough for the funeral party, but hundreds of carriages and automobiles went to the cemetery. The automobiles were not permitted to enter but lined up all the way from the entrance to the top of the hill on Mt. Vernon Avenue.

At the vault the police kept about forty feet of the roadway open holding the crowd back on either side. A low hedge of arbor vitae, adorned with carnations and bearing dozens of beautiful wreaths had been constructed around the lot. The two cedar trees at the steps had their trunks surrounded with sheaves of American beauty roses. At one side of the enclosure seats had been placed for the funeral party and near them were gathered a few friends of the family.

The service was brief and very simple. Rev. Dr. Burkhalter, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, spoke of the close relations between himself as the pastor of the church and the Douglas family. *He read Saint Paul's famous chapter on death and the resurrection* and led in the recital of the Lord's Prayer.* Rev. John A. Marquis, president of Coe College, made a short address, the central thought of which was that out of great disasters, sometimes out of great crimes, as in the crucifixion, has come the moral uplift of the world. Because of the conduct of men like Walter Douglas, at the time the Titanic went down, heroism will forever be more highly esteemed, cowardice will be more universally scorned. They had shown the world how to meet death like men.

The Imperial quartet sang "Lead, Kindly Light" and the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Burkhalter.

**It was hoped we would find specific details referring to these readings and the service in the diaries at Bruce more, but none was found at this time.*

Our research found the following Episcopal burial service in The Book of Common Prayer (1928) with a reference "Then shall follow the Lesson, taken out of the fifteenth Chapter of the first Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians".

1 Corinthians xv. 20.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the firstfruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming. Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith all things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted, which did put all things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all.

But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou foolish one, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed its own body. All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

Rev. Dr. John Marquis, president of Coe College, paid a fine tribute to the memory of Mr. Douglas. He said:

“Our sorrow this afternoon is the world's sorrow. The heart of mankind has been strangely touched by that which touches us so closely and tenderly today. Never before has a single disaster robbed the world of so many lives of distinction and value as the disaster that brings us to this tomb men, on whom large things depended, who were leaders and thinkers in that which constitutes the glory of civilization, in literature, in art, in religion, in government and finance. The loss is more than personal, more than national; it is universal. Humanity has been made poorer by it. The more we think of it the more this sense of world bereavement grows upon us. It was a burden of rare human usefulness the Titanic was entrusted with on that fateful voyage; lives that had touched the whole earth for good.

New Glory For Manhood.

“But this is not all of it. While we are proud of the achievements of these men in life, rejoiced in the charm of their personality, and are overwhelmed and appalled at the tragedy that has taken them from us, we ought not to shut our eyes to the fact that a new glory has come to the race of man from the way they died. Manhood is a finer, nobler thing than it was before the Titanic went down.

Some men have a quality in them that whether they live or die they do vital things. Because of this the world's cruelest tragedies have ever been the spring of its rarest blessings. The mightiest and most ennobling influence that has ever brightened our world was the result of a crime committed outside the walls of Jerusalem 1900 years ago. The fact that it was a crime has only added to the power of the life it took.

So the needlessness and wrong of the disaster among the icebergs of the Atlantic cannot detract from, but must forever enhance, the heritage of honor that has resulted. Immortal things were done that night. I must be a man and die that others may live. No ocean deep enough to hold a spirit like that, any more than the tomb in Joseph's garden could hold the Christ. From this time forth the world will set a new appraisalment on the hero, and cherish a new scorn for the coward.

So out of what seems to be a needless wreck and sacrifice of that ship a glory has arisen as faceless as the stars that looked down upon it. And while we mourn the loss we have suffered, let us thank God that a man who could die as this man died was sent to live among us. He will be missed, and by many with an anguish the years will not heal, yet he has left on everyone of us a new obligation to be nobler, more generous and more self-sacrificing than has ever rested on us before. He saved others; himself, because of the manhood within him, he could not save. It was night when his soul went out from us. In the morning we shall see him again where there is no night, and where there shall be no more sea.”

Lead, Kindly Light

J. H. Newman

(*Lux Benigna* 105, 45)

J. B. Dykes

1. Lead, kind-ly Light! a-mid th'en-cir- cling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r has bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re - mem - ber not past years.
an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

Lead Kindly Light

Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home; lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile, which I
Have loved long since, and lost awhile!

Meantime, along the narrow rugged path, Thyself hast trod,
Lead, Savior, lead me home in childlike faith, home to my God.
To rest forever after earthly strife
In the calm light of everlasting life.

"Titanic," by Mahala Douglas

Titanic

The sea velvet smooth, blue-black,
The sky set thick with stars
unbelievably brilliant.

The horizon a clean-cut circle.
The air motionless, cold – cold
as death.

Boundless space.

A small boat waiting, waiting in this
vast stillness,

Waiting heart-breakingly.

In the offing a vast ship, light
streaming from her portholes.

Her prow on an incline.

Darkness comes to her suddenly.

The huge black hulk stands out in
silhouette against the star-lit sky.

Silently the prow sinks deeper,

As if some Titan's hand,

Inexorable as Fate,

Were drawing the great ship down to
her death.

Slowly, slowly, with hardly a ripple

Of that velvet sea,

She sinks out of sight.

Then that vast emptiness

Was suddenly rent

With a terrifying sound.

It rose like a column of heavy smoke.

It was so strong, so imploring,

so insistent

One thought it would even reach

The throne of grace on high.

Slowly it lost its force,

Thinned to a tiny wisp of sound,

Then to a pitiful whisper. . . .

Silence.