

## HANNAH JONES CLARK

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**Source:** Crawfordsville Daily Journal, July 19, 1884, p. 3

Gma' Clark On Sunday, July 13, 1884, a large company gathered at the house of John Baker to celebrate the 84th birthday of Grandma Clark, the mother of Mrs. Baker. Grandma Clark was born as Hannah Jones, daughter of Joseph and Lucy Jones, in Montgomery County, KY, July 13, 1800. At the age of 18 she married Willis Clark, son of Wm. and Winifred Clark, next September being sixty-six years since they were married. In 1834 they came to this State and settled on what is known as Dry Branch, in the Brick Chapel neighborhood, in Putnam County. From there they came to Montgomery County and settled on the Billy Clark farm on Haw creek. They had seventeen children, sixteen of whom lived to be grown, and fourteen are alive today. Those living are married. Mrs. Clark has had 127 grandchildren, twenty-six of whom are dead; eighty great grandchildren, sixty of whom have died; and one great great grandchild, now living.

Willis Clark, her husband, died August 7, 1869. She is still quite active, and on Saturday night they persuaded her to go to a neighbor's to make a visit, and to remain until they came for her the next day. When they brought her home and the doors were opened, she suddenly found herself in the presence of a large crowd of relatives and friends, who had come with well-filled baskets to help spread a most elegant dinner, to commemorate her birthday. The dinner was first partaken of and then the large assembly gathered around and about the organ and gave some excellent music. Then Charley Miller of Haw creek, for twenty-seven years was the near neighbor of Mrs. Clark, stepped forward and presented the numerous gifts in a neat and genial speech. Last of all was a valuable cane and as the old lady supported her feeble steps with it, and stood the central figure of the large group, scarcely able to control her deep feelings, many hearts were moved and many eyes filled with tears. It was an interesting occasion and a complete surprise to Mrs. Clark, from whose memory these kind remembrances will never fade. Nor will the impressive scene be forgotten by those present. These little spots in life, made sunny by human kindness, brighten the clouds of many a dark day and make us all purer and better. - typed by kbz

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