

Proper burial brought an end to life of town 'character'

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pieces of coal he gathered beside the railroad tracks.

Eddie acted like he was allergic to water, but the local firefighters who gave him his annual hair cut wouldn't go near him until he had been hosed down. East wrote that Eddie's body odor ensured he wouldn't be kept in jail for very long.

Sometimes he resorted to sleeping on the floor in office hallways. On the night he died, he had scared the night telephone operators a little by peeping in the window, and a police officer shooed him away.

The accounts of Eddie's life and death don't indicate where he was going that morning. Around 6 a.m. he was seen trudging beside the railroad tracks near Eighth Street.

The Monon train came along, sucked him under and cut off his legs.

Homeless Eddie may have been, but in death he was not without friends. Commented *The Evening World*, "While Eddie's life from first to last was a tragic struggle to keep the wolf away from the door, no effort was spared to give him a proper burial."

Among his benefactors were the men of the Showers Factory and others who sent enough flowers to cover the black casket, those who saw to it that Eddie was transformed — washed, shaved and his usual rags replaced by a decent suit.

The funeral was preached by the Rev. Joseph Campbell and Eddie went to a grave at Rose Hill that was to be marked with a stone donated by the local police.