

Madison County Remembers...

A Publication of the Madison County Genealogical Society

Vol. 34 Issue 160

Published at Norfolk, Nebraska

Nov. — Dec. 2012

A monkey buried in the cemetery?

our September program

A number of years ago I heard a rumor that a monkey was buried in a local cemetery. I did not pursue the idea at that time nor did I learn the exact location of this burial. Our society has a annual picnic or tour which is usually held in August. Due to the hot weather this year it was postpone to our September meeting day.

In preparation for giving a cemetery tour ideas were given about where to take the tour. A tour in the Madison area could cover four cemeteries. If we had one here in town which cemetery would be of interest. A decision was made to have it here in Prospect Hill Cemetery. So to make the tour of value I prepared in advance for the group to find some things of local interest and maybe a few unknowns about the cemetery.

There are several "famous" local people in our cemetery that some people did not know of their burial location. So taking up that idea I found a number of graves in the local area and gathered information from the newspapers at the time of their death. In looking at one marker I found it listed the name and he was the son of.....but it did not list the birth date or death date on the marker. In making contact with the people who have the cemetery listings I was told that name was not listed in the books. Could this be the monkey I heard about many years ago????

In looking over the other stones in the area I found an unusual one and wrote that information down and took a few more in the general area. Once I gathered all of this together I had found out that one of the

women buried there was killed by a "possible boyfriend" even as she was still married. Her mother may have ran a questionable place of living and the brother of the murdered lady was also buried there. The lady who was killed was at the hotel her brother owned in Casper, Wyoming.

Information on a number of other graves in the area where also noted and newspaper articles on their life and death were also shared. The person who killed the lady in Wyoming also committed suicide and the circumstances in which he was found led to some other possible conclusions as well. He is buried also in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

So is the small marker with the name and no dates on it the gravesite of the monkey? Right now we do not know. More investigation will have to take place to see if the monkey is buried in the cemetery or not.

Mrs. Helen Daugherty

The mortal remains of Mrs. Helen Daugherty were laid to rest in St. Matthew Lutheran Cemetery at Meadow Grove, Neb. on Sunday morning July 25, 1954. The committal service was conducted by the Rev. A. J. Buehner, pastor of St. Matthew Lutheran Church.

Mrs. Daugherty, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Ruegge, was born May 25, 1913, at Meadow Grove. She was married to Don D. Daugherty of Norfolk. They lived in Michigan for a short time. She spent most of her life at Meadow Grove. She had been a teacher in Madison county for many years.

Events from the time of her disappearance in March 1952 until the discovery of her body in July 1954 are shrouded in mystery.

(continued on page 23)

President's Message

Greetings to our members,

The most important person in our society is YOU. Your contribution to our knowledge and what we can do to help others is of great value. So do not hesitate in attending our meetings or sharing with us your family histories from Madison county and the surrounding area. If we can be of some help in your search please contact us. We have a number of ways you can reach us. See the information on page 23 of this newsletter. We look forward to seeing you at our meetings.

Richard Strenge

Society News

Bobette Ferguson , Secretary

The monthly meeting of the Madison County Genealogical Society was held at 10:00 a.m. on September 15 at the Elkhorn Valley Museum with 9 members present. The minutes of the August meeting were read and approved. The Treasure's report was accepted and filed for audit. A July 30th article about a dugout in Wisner was passed around and discussed. We need to start thinking about where and what we want to do for the Christmas Party. Betty stated that the Stanton Cemetery is not being kept up. She is checking into it. The meeting was adjourned at 10:34.

September Program Where's the Monkey? or Is there a Monkey?

A fleet of cars left the Elkhorn Valley Museum and Research Center for a tour of Prospect Hill Cemetery. Richard presented information about the cemetery and well known Norfolk people buried there. He pointed out a few graves and gave us the history of the people buried there from news articles. The rumor is that there is a grave with a monkey buried in it. Is there or isn't there? After the tour a few members went to the Granary for lunch and continued the discussion about the monkey.

The monthly meeting of the Madison County Genealogical Society was held at 10:00 a.m. on October 20 at the Elkhorn Valley Museum with 6 members present. The minutes of the September meeting were read and approved. The Treasure's report was accepted and filed for audit. Bernice shared about the program and the list of names from the Regional Center's Cemeteries recent dedication of a memorial garden there in the cemetery. Two Queries had been received. One from R. and B. French via Ruth Bierman. She would like us to try and identify a box of old photos. They involve possible Madison county residents from about 1870's to 1960's. The second one was from Mr. Goss. He is looking for information about Jacob and Mary Catherine Goss and children who lived in this area in the 1890 to about 1930. The meeting was adjourned at 10:53.

October Program Family researching and where to look for it.

After the meeting Richard presented a program about doing genealogical research. He presented each of us with 2 folders filled with helpful forms at his own expense and explained how they could be useful while doing research.

The following article was found in the newspaper, Meadow Grove News, Thursday, April 21, 1927 on page 1.

Pays Tribute To The "Grizzled Leader" Of The Crook Tribe

Tilden Citizen

Tributes of love and esteem for our fellowmen are usually left unspoken until after the undertaker has been called---to late to brighten the pathway of him for whom they were uttered. We are glad there are exceptions to this rule as in case of our beloved friend, John Crook of Meadow Grove, in whose honor the community joined in celebrating his eighty-seventh birthday anniversary on March 24th. The letters which are given below were read on this occasion. They were written by Dr. Harry Morris of Newman Grove and his mother, Mrs. John T. Morris, now residing in California.

Newman Grove, Nebr., March 23, 1927

Mrs. Mabel Holland,
Meadow Grove, Nebr.

Dear Mabel and the rest of the Crooks and associates in this jollification that one of your gang, in fact the grizzled old ring leader himself has been spared to this ripe old age.

I'm very sorry that weather and road conditions are going to spoil my sharing with you this evidence of respect, appreciation, and true regard that the town and countryside is showing to your father on tomorrow but I cannot let the occasion go by without adding a small bit in the general good wishes and voicing my personal regard for the further continuance of his long life of general usefulness to a community that now attests with grateful hearts their appreciation of his service and his sacrifice, in helping with others of his pioneer associates, to bring this erstwhile wilderness to blossom as the rose and become the very heart of the greatest country of all times and climates.

We of this generation, living in all the advantages of this modern day, can only dimly outline the heroism necessary to convert barren plain with its times of blizzard, and bitter cold in the wintry season; the lack of reasonable communication and transportation of supplies, inadequate medical attention, etc, etc; nor the courage necessary to plant and for a whole summer nurse a crop sufficient for sustenance and then to see that swept away in an hour through some great disaster---this is perhaps from us a thing apart but this old pioneer went through all that and much more.

These hardy heroes and heroines (for it no doubt took more courage for those splendid creatures of the weaker sex who had in nearly all instances left good homes and comfort and security in the east to come to this new country with its dangers and privations,) if they were fortunate enough to mature a crop the next great obstacle was to find a market and get it to that place. No trains, no trucks. Not even horse-drawn vehicles in a good many instances. I could go on with an endless list of privations and hardships---but will only name two or three, such as prairie fires, grasshopper times, times of sickness or great sorrow. But to go to another phase. I can fancy your dad born in Bolton Lancashire, England, a curly headed little lad coming across the great ocean when he was just about old enough to know the difference between land and sea, surely he come of a great parentage who were restless and anxious to make a home in the great land of promise.

They landed at Hoboken and later resided in New York state where John lived until he

was 14. When he came to Wisconsin, then one of the states on the western edge of civilization and it was here that his family and mine touched each other and began to build a friendship which has interruptedly increased to this present, and even threatens to continue.

Master Jno. Was quite a dashing young lad, full of devilry I'm told, but still possessing a good share of generous charity and common sense that made him quite a general favorite. He didn't pick a quarrel but didn't get out of his way to avoid the quarrelsome and he is said to have been able to more than hold his own, when he got into trouble, even with men of considerable larger stature than himself.

Then the Civil War broke out and he enlisted in September, 1861 for three years and then reenlisted when his time was out and served till the close of the war. He saw such service and gave a very creditable account of himself in this great struggle between two of the bravest and most determined groups of men the world has ever known, barring none. But if he had rendered us all no other service, we, this community, and a hundred thousand others just like it. Off our heartfelt thanks to him and to those who won for us the fruits of that great struggle and cemented this great nation into one enduring evidence of a principle that all men are created equal and whose motto then and always would be, to be found on the side of right and of humanity.

After John came home from the army in August of '65 he was married the next winter to Jennie Waitland a wonderfully sweet and even tempered woman who had a great deal to do in the tempering and taming down of the young fiery Don John to the well mannered citizen he very soon become.

This young couple came from Iowa County, Wisconsin to Meadow Grove in 1872, and settled on the Crook homestead east of town and then ten fine upstanding sons and daughters were born, all of whom with the exception of one baby daughter, are now living.

Mrs. Jennie Crook passed on from this life in 1915 but her sweet influence has tarried and left its impression on all our lives. I never saw her hurried nor worried nor ill-tempered over anything in the many times that we visited at the Crook home.

We children at home used to look forward to going to "John Crooks" as the one great event of the year. And we went regular once every year, along about plum time or grape time. We used to start by team, in the early morning, for it was an all-day's drive (about 45 miles) and when we got within 10 miles of the place I remember how we used to bet back and forth (we kids) how on the next hill we would be able to see "Jno. Crook's." Why I can remember those hills and those times as plainly as if it were yesterday, tho its 30 or 35 years ago.

I remember now one funny incident that happened the first night we got there on one of our trips (we always stayed a week). We had gotten our supper and Jno. And my father had taken the milk buckets and had gone out to milk the cows.

After the milking of about 20 cows John, who was a great lover of pets, took a big bucket of milk and went over to a long trough that was there and poured the whole bucket full of milk (looked like an awful waste of good milk to me) into that trough and began to call Kitty ! Kitty ! —soon there come running from every corner of the barnyard, white cats, black cats, brindle cats and every kind of cats. I never saw so many cats at one time in my life, before or since.

Father, thinking to kid John a little bit about it said, "You're just about out of cats aren't you John?" Then John, with that funny little lisp of his said, mournfully, "Yes-s, it's too bad! There was a kind of disease got in amongst 'em here awhile back and most of 'em died."

Well, I'm drawing this letter out long enough to tire you I'm afraid so I'll close wishing for

John and for you through him many years of good influence. He has made, by his kindness and thoughtfulness for our pleasure and good time when I was a mere lad, a wonderful impression on my life, once that I can never forget.

I thank him for it, and may he live many more years to enjoy his life and eventually unfold into that richer, fuller existence in the great beyond. There is no way to measure friendship, nor few of us have words to express it. Shakespeare more nearly expressed my feeling for old friends in his 30th sonnet which reads like this, "When to the sessions of sweet silent thoughts", etc.

And so with this I salute you all. I hope to meet John again soon. When the roads get a little better I'll drive over and in the mean time believe me as,

Very truly yours,
Geo. H. Morris

Mrs. Morris Writes

My acquaintance with John Crook began soon after the close of the Civil War, when he and his brothers, Peter and Louie, returned as veterans to the community in Wisconsin, where I was teaching school, about twelve miles from my own home. The young people of the community all belonging to a Good Templar's lodge, which with its debates and other literary activities formed our chief social gatherings. In this manner I became very well acquainted with him and his wife, and a year or so later, after their marriage, I lived in their home as a boarder, when Will Crook was their only child. In the spring of 1870 my husband, J. T. Morris, and my brother-in-law, Lewis LaBarre, drove a covered wagon from our home in Wisconsin to Nebraska, looking for land to take as homesteads, and located at first some school land near Norfolk, where they built a small frame house, and I came out to keep house for them. My husband met me at Fremont as that was the nearest railroad point. I had the experience of riding to Norfolk in a covered wagon, behind a yoke of oxen, which was very new to me, but became quite a matter of course, until we were able to raise some grain to feed horses and then we changed to them. The reason for using oxen was that they could do the necessary work—breaking the prairie sod—and get their food while being "picketed out" on the grass. We lived there until the next spring then sold our improvements and went with many others farther west to homestead. We heard much about land above the "Yellow Banks" so went on there and located on the west side of Buffalo Creek. The next year, our friends, John and Louie Crook with their families, drove from Wisconsin and located near the present site of Meadow Grove, where John Crook has always maintained his home, and been connected with the upbuilding of the country and town. Those of you who are his neighbors know how much he and his good wife have done in that line. For a while, Mr. Morris and I were called back to Wisconsin by the death of his only brother, but came again to Nebraska, where we finally settled at Creston and again renewed our friendship with Mr. and Mrs. John Crook and family—visiting back and forth every year and when they came out to California, they always visited us in our home here.

But time has made many sad changes, and the circle of old friends and neighbors, who passed through the hardships of settling a new country together, has sadly thinned. But there are many pleasant memories, along with the sad ones, and I am glad to be able to add my congratulations to the honored guest on this occasion. I also wish to be remembered to any of my old friends who knew me when we were all homesteaders together.

Sincerely yours,
Mary J. Morris.

The following article was found in the newspaper, Meadow Grove News, Thursday, March 31, 1927 on page 1.

Community Helps John Crook Celebrate
Congratulations on Eighty-seventh Birthday Received from Hundreds
by Meadow Civil War Vet
President Sends Greetings

Thursday, March 24, 1927, was a holiday in Meadow Grove from noon until 3 o'clock, in honor of Comrade John Crook's 87th birthday. Never in our life, nor we believe in the lives of nay of those present, did we or they witness such an event. The wheels of business stopped that all might honor our last surviving soldier of the Civil War. It was eminently proper to show him this respect in life, rather than to pile flowers on his casket. But Comrade Crook is not dead yet----he is thoroughly alive and active and so far as he is concerned is willing to remain on this mundane sphere many more years. It was a wonderful compliment paid to one who merited the confidence and respect of the entire community.

The affair was held in the high school auditorium and started with a basket dinner which was enjoyed by around 400 persons. The dinner was served on the cafeteria plan and all ate until they could not eat anymore, and still there was a big supply left—enough to feed as many more. The program was preceded by greetings in the shape of a telegram from California, as follows:

"Pasadena, Calif. Mar. 23, 1927.
John Crook,
Meadow Grove, Nebraska

Congratulations, eighty-seven years young, eighty-seven years happy, eighty-seven years in friends and family and in the hearts of the absent ones. A wish for a happy birthday, and many more. Four sons, eight grandchildren, and five great grandchildren in sunny, Sunkist California: Robert Crook and family, Chas. Crook and family, John Crook and family, Albert Crook and family, Thos. Crook. R. P. Crook"

Delaine Crook, great grandson of Mr. Crook, was the messenger, to announce each telegram.

Then came one from the President of the United States as follows:

"The White House, Washington, D. C.
Mar. 23, 1927

John Crook
Meadow Grove, Nebraska

My heartiest congratulations on your eighty-seventh birthday. It is always a pleasure to send my greetings and best wishes for health and happiness to a member of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Calvin Coolidge"

Then came the telegram from Governor McMullen as follows:

"Lincoln, Nebr. 9:30 a.m. Mar. 24, 1927

Mr. John Crook
Meadow Grove, Nebr.

"Joining with your home friends in celebrating your eighty-seventh birthday, I beg to extend my warmest congratulations. To have served your country in the hour of its greatest peril, and to have been a good and upright citizen for more than sixty years after the close of the greatest conflict is a record of which to be proud. The state is glad to honor the remnant of the Grand Army who also were good citizens. They were builders of Nebraska and have earned its gratitude.

Adam McMullen, Governor

The following program was then given:

Presenting the Colors---American Legion and Boy Scouts
High School Band---Star Spangled Banner
America---Audience. Led by Band
Welcome---Rev. Hutchins
Response---Rev. Guettler
Music---High School Band
Reminiscences---Dr. Morris of Newman Grove
Boy Scouts
Comradeship---Mr. Musselman, Com. G. A. R. Norfolk
Quartet---Old Songs

The address of welcome by Rev. Hutchins was very appropriate and the response by Rev. Guettler was very fitting for the occasion. Both were well received and appreciated by all present.

Dr. Morris of Newman Grove could not be present but he sent a letter, which was read, and it was full of incidents of the early days which were thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated.

Comrade Musselman of Norfolk, gave a very interesting talk on comradeship. He is commander of the G. A. R. Post at Norfolk. This post sent him a present of a five dollar bill.

The Boy Scouts under the direction of Jack Warrick, are making rapid progress and the part they had in the program caused many to stop, look and listen to what these boys are doing. They also rendered valuable aid in getting ready for this big event. They were on hand helping early and late.

The birthday cake had 87 small candles on it and when they were lit it was very pretty---until Grandpa Crook blew them out. He was also the recipient of a cake from the G. A. R. of Norfolk.

Four beautiful bouquets of flowers were on the guest table as special gifts from Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Warrick, Mrs. A. Popelar, Dr. and Mrs. Kindred and the Community.

Around this table were seated a number of comrades, with Mr. Crook at the head; the ministers and their wives; Mrs. Coltman, Mrs. Sarah Brown, Mrs. Gray and Mrs. R. E. Rouse, widows.

The affair was sponsored by and under the direction of Mrs. H. E. Mason for the

Community and Reed Anstine representing the American Legion. Both worked day and night for some time getting ready for the big event, and they were rewarded by the fact that the entire program went through without a single break.

A Tribute to Our Friend and Neighbor, John Crook

You're entitled, dear old Comrade,
To a front seat on the stage !
When we count your many birthdays
You have beat us all for age.
You have passed the four score limit.
When we pause, a check to get
Of your many years of living,
And you're hale and hearty, yet.

You recall your early manhood,
When you hear the fife and drum.
And your response to "Lincoln"
In the days of 'sixty-one"
You're full of recollections,
With a heap of "pep" and "fun,"
For a youngster who can truly say,
I'm eighty-six, plus one.

You have lived to see great changes,
You have helped to do your part,
As a patriot of Freedom,
Which is dear to every heart.
Now, we have our trains and autos,
Radios and flying planes,
Catch our thoughts, our hasty message,
Bear them through the endless chain.

You have seen the western prairie,
Once a wilderness of woes,
Now, transformed to fertile valleys.
Which have blossomed, as the rose,
Now, we're here to do you honor,
And to wish you health and cheer,
With enough of fun and comfort
To fill the coming year.
Best wishes from this host of friends
Who celebrate this day,
The eighty-seventh milestone,
And a loving tribute pay.

----Miss C. C. Worker

Brief Locals

Jack Crook of Wisner attended the birthday celebration in honor of his grandfather's 87th birthday last Thursday.

Miss Fern Hayden, accompanied Dr. and Mrs. Crook up from Lincoln last Thursday and attended the big birthday celebration in honor of Comrade John Crook's 87th birthday, and spent the remainder of the time, until Friday morning, with her parents.

Miss Edna Anstine, who has been teaching the second grade in the Beatrice public schools the past two years, has been reelected for next year. She will receive \$1,300 in ten payments. The Beatrice School Board pay their grade teachers just as much salary as their high school teachers if they have the same college qualifications and experience.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Nore of Newman Grove, who were married last week, spent Monday at the Reed Anstine home. Mrs. Nore is a sister of Mrs. Anstine.

Elmer Ober purchased his first car this week—a new Ford couple. We are mighty glad to see that Elmer is going to enjoy himself.

Gus Roach, a student at the Lincoln Business College, is a visitor at the home of his nephew, Chas. Bridges

One of the needs of our town is a ladies public rest room. The ladies of the different clubs have taken the matter up and we would not be surprised to see them land one in the near future. More on this later.

Source: Meadow Grove News, Thursday, March 31, 1927, page 1.

Soldier On Watch

I gazed round the room and I cherished the sight.

My wife was asleep, her head on my chest,
my daughter beside me, angelic in rest.
Outside the snow fell, a blanket of white,
Transforming the yard to a winter delight.

My eyelids were heavy, my breathing was deep,
Secure and surrounded by love I would sleep
in perfect contentment, or so it would seem.
So I slumbered, perhaps I started to dream.

The sound wasn't loud, and it wasn't too near,
But I opened my eye when it tickled my ear.
Perhaps just a cough, I didn't quite know,
Then the sure sound of footsteps outside in the snow.

My soul gave a tremble, I struggled to hear,
and I crept to the door just to see who was near.
Standing out in the cold and the dark of the night,
Alone figure stood, his face weary and tight.

A soldier, I puzzled, some twenty years old
perhaps a Marine, huddled here in the cold.
Alone in the dark, he looked up and smiled,
standing watch over me, and my wife and my child.

"What are you doing?" I asked without fear
"Come in here this moment, it's freezing out there!
Put down your pack, brush the snow from your arm,
you should be at home, this cold could do harm!"

For barely a moment I saw his eyes shift,
away from the cold and the snow blown in drifts,
to the window that danced with a warm fire's light
then he sighed and he said "Its really all right,
I'm out here by choice. I'm here every night"

"Its my duty to stand at the front of the line,
that separates you from the darkest of times.
No one had to ask or beg or implore me,
I'm proud to stand here like my fathers before me.

(continued next page)

My Gramps died at 'Pearl on a day in December,"
then he sighed, "That's a Christmas 'Gram always remembers."
My dad stood his watch in the jungles of 'Nam
and now it is my turn and so, here I am.

I've not seen my own son in more than a while,
but my wife sends me pictures, he's sure got her smile.
Then he bent and he carefully pulled from his bag,
the red white and blue... the American flag.

"I can live through the cold and the being alone,
away from my family, my house and my home,
I can stand at my post through the rain and the sleet,
I can sleep in a foxhole with little to eat,

I can carry the weight of killing another
or lay down my life with my sisters and brothers
who stand at the front against any and all,
to insure for all time that this flag will not fall."

"So go back inside," he said, "harbor no fright
Your family is waiting and I'll be all right."

"But isn't there something I can do, at the least,
Give you money," I asked, "or prepare you a feast?
It seems all too little for all that you've done,
For being away from your wife and your son."

Then his eye welled a tear that held no regret,
"Just tell us you love us, and never forget
to fight for our rights back at home while we're gone.
To stand your own watch, no matter how long.

For when we come home, either standing or dead,
to know you remember we fought and we bled
is payment enough, and with that we will trust.
That we mattered to you as you mattered to us.

**WE ALL NEED TO PRAY FOR OUR
MARINES AND SOLDIERS ON WATCH,
THEY ARE FAR FROM HOME, PROTECTING US.**

Source: from website <http://www.share-christmas.com/poems/onwatch/>
The author was not shown on the website.

<p>2012—2013 Officers President: Richard Streng Vice-President: Phyllis McCain Secretary: Bobette Ferguson Treasurer: Bernice Walters</p>	<p>Our future meetings November 17 December no meeting January 19 February 16 Join us and bring some one along with you</p>
<p>Madison County Genealogical Society PO Box 1031, Norfolk, NE 68702—1031</p>	

MCGS established in June 1973

You can contact our society by mail at the address above or by e-mail at **mcgs@telebeep.com** or **mcgs.nebraska@centurylink.net**. Any queries can be sent to either e-mail address. We are here to help you in your research for your ancestors in Madison county and in the nearby counties.

If you have any submissions for the newsletter please send it to this e-mail address **mcgs.nebraska@centurylink.net** or send it to our mailing address. Please send us your change of address to this e-mail address or our mailing address.

Memberships are \$15 per year starting at the time of your membership and it includes our bi-monthly newsletter. If you would like to join our society please send your payment to our mailing address.

Meetings: 3rd Saturday of each month except December and January at 10 a.m. at 515 Queen City Blvd., Norfolk, NE., Elkhorn Valley Museum and Research Center.

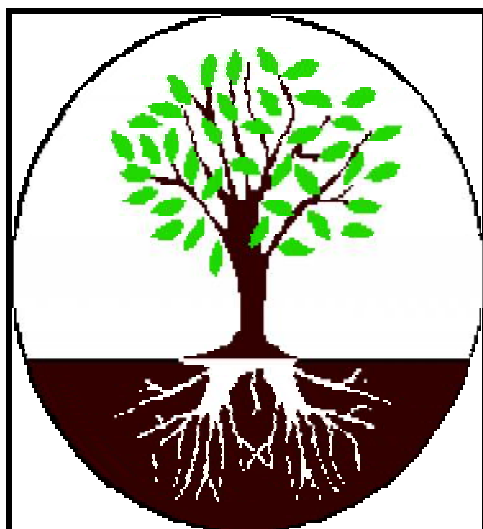
Website: <http://mcgs.nesgs.org> or www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~nemcgs/

Daugherty continued from page 13
 Survivors are her children Donna Rae and Jerry Daugherty; eight sisters: Mrs. Paul Werner, Miss Alice Ruegge, Mrs. Hobart Tiedgen all of Meadow Grove; Mrs. Ora Hendersen of Norfolk; Mrs. Fred Tiedgen and Mrs. C. F. Werner Jr. of Meadow Grove; Mrs. Bill Godkin of Neligh; and Mrs. Herb Conger of Laramie, Wyo.; five brothers: Walter Ruegge of Gooding, Idaho; Arthur Ruegge of Dayton, Washington; Herbert Ruegge of Battle Creek; Louis Ruegge of Fresno, Cal.; and Carl Ruegge of Altamont, Tenn.
 Mrs. Daugherty had many relatives and friends who mourn her untimely passing. Source: excerpts from Meadow Grove News, Thursday, July 29, 1954, page 1.

Herbert Osborn
 Herbert Osborn, a life time resident of Tilden and a twin brother of H. R. Osborn here, died at Tilden Thursday following a long illness of cancer.
 Mr. Osborn was injured in an automobile accident several months ago and has since been bedfast.
 Prior to moving to Tilden a number of years ago, he farmed in the area.
 Funeral services were held at the Methodist Church in Tilden Saturday afternoon with the Rev. E. A. Gaither officiating. Burial was at Tilden.
 Survivors include his wife; one daughter, Mrs. Kathryn Morin of Tilden, one grandchild; two sisters, Mrs. Harold Hales of Tilden and Mrs. Lulu Cushman of Los Angeles, Cal., and two brothers, Hubert here and William of Tilden. Source: Meadow Grove News, Thursday, Dec. 10, 1953, page 1

Like branches on a tree, our lives may grow in different directions yet our roots remain as one.

Madison County Genealogical Society
PO Box 1031, Norfolk, NE 68702—1031



Your membership renewal
date is on the address label.

TEMP RETURN SERVICE FIRST CLASS

Calendar of Events

With all of the holidays ahead of us may we all be safe and enjoy the time with our family, our relatives, and our friends.

- Nov. 4 Daylight Saving Time Ends
- Nov. 6 Election Day
- Nov. 11 Veteran's Day
- Nov. 22 Thanksgiving
- Dec. 21 Winter Solstice
- Dec. 24 Christmas Eve
- Dec. 25 Christmas
- Dec. 31 New Year's Eve
- Jan. 1 New Year's Day

Jan. 19 MCGS Christmas Party
Time and location to be announced.

Do the family tree search while you have them around. Then you will not have to say to yourself or to others: I should have asked them before they died.

Contents

- A monkey buried in the cemetery? ...13
- Mrs. Helen Daugherty ...13, 23
- President's Message and Society News ...14
- "Grizzled Leader" John Crook ...15 — 17
- John Crook Celebrates Birthday ...18 — 20
- Brief Locals ...20
- Solider on Watch ...21 — 22
- Society contacts ... 23
- Herbert Osborn ...23
- Calendar of events ...24

Documentation: one of the most important parts of doing genealogy.