

THE LARGEST  
**SASH, DOOR AND BLIND**

Factory in Evansville, is in the REVIEW block, over Smith & Ide's Drug Store. Jobbing and repairing promptly attended to. C. A. LIBBY, Prop.

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February 4, 1880, Evansville Review, p. 3, col. 6, Evansville, Wisconsin

—Did you ever see C. A. Libby's spring bed? If not, you have failed to see one of the nicest, easiest beds to sleep on there is made. It is all made of wood; any part can be replaced easily, and it is the cheapest bed in the market.

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—The patrons of the Cooksville Cheese

March 17, 1880, Evansville Review, p. 3, col. 2, Evansville, Wisconsin

—C. A. Libby and Co. left one of their adjustable spring beds at our house Saturday afternoon, and at night we lay our weary bones on it. Well now, you may talk just as much as you please, it beats all the spring beds we ever tried. And you can adjust it to any desired position so easily. It is one of the best things, next to victuals or money, to have in a family we know of.

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March 24, 1880, Evansville Review, p. 3, col. 3, Evansville, Wisconsin

—Having been informed that certain competitors in the Spring Bed business have taken pains to misrepresent and say what they could detrimental to our bed, we take this method of thanking them very kindly for the free advertising they have given us and assure them we want no better recommendation for any article than to know that our competitors are fighting it in that manner. Please remember that our beds are sold on 30 days trial, and if they won't create a demand for them by their merits, we shall never descend to misrepresenting competing beds for the sake of selling ours.

Yours truly,

C. A. LIBBY & Co.,

Evansville Wis.

March 31, 1880, Evansville Review, p. 3, col. 3, Evansville, Wisconsin

—C. A. Libby brought over to our office on Monday, and displayed to our admiring gaze the various prizes which had been awarded him at the late State Fair. One was a handsome silver cup and saucer and the other four were handsomely designed diplomas. The cup and saucer was awarded him on account of his spring bed, but for the life of us we can't see what connection there is between a spring bed and a cup and saucer. However we never did know much about farming, and suppose those agricultural fellows up at Madison know all about such things.

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September 29, 1880, Evansville Review, p. 3, col. 4, Evansville, Wisconsin

**Notice.**

Having filed the necessary affidavit in the U. S. pension office and thereby duly authorized to act as pension agent, I am now prepared to render all assistance possible, to further the best interests of comrades in this line. All communications by mail, should contain a stamp for return postage, to insure a reply.

C. A. LIBBY, Evansville, Wis.

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January 29, 1884, p. 4, col. 6, Evansville, Wisconsin

Mr. C. A. Libby is getting lumber and materials on the ground to put into a house soon as the season for work opens.

March 21, 1884, Evansville Review, p. 3, col. 3, Evansville, Wisconsin

T. F. Shurrum has just finished plastering Mr. Isaac Clifford's new building.

August 9, 1884, Enterprise, p. 1, col. 2, Evansville, Wisconsin

Dr. Stair was summoned hastily Wednesday afternoon to attend Mr. C. A. Libby who was suddenly taken with a epileptic fit.

August 29, 1884, Evansville Review, p. 1, col. 2, Evansville, Wisconsin

While removing Mr. C. A. Libby's old house to the upper part of School street, last Wednesday, Mr. Libby exerted himself beyond his strength and is now suffering in consequence thereof. Dr. Stair is in attendance.

August 30, 1884, Enterprise, p. 1, col. 2, Evansville, Wisconsin

Mr. E. Sawtelle and C. A. Libby have their new houses ornamented with iron cresting, and the latter is having his yard graded.

September 27, 1884, Enterprise, p. 1, col. 3, Evansville, Wisconsin

### Incendiarism in Evansville.

The fire alarm sounded about 8:45 last evening and the Fire Companies made their second rush to and from their new quarters in the Village hall and laid their hose seemingly in the quickest time we ever knew. Crowds of people were thronging Main street in so short a time that apparently they must have arisen from the ground, but the fire proved of but little consequence and was soon extinguished with a few pails of water. It proved that some illy disposed person had saturated the rear end of an old building facing on Main street, belonging to ye editor and occupied by Mr. H. Monshau, with kerosene and set it on fire. Mr. Monshau and Mr. Lowrey were in the building at the time and heard a noise at the back end, but thought nothing of it, more than that some person might be propping it up as Mr. Calkins is having a cellar put in next to it and the banks were caving

time and heard a noise at the back end, but thought nothing of it, more than that some person might be propping it up as Mr. Calkins is having a cellar put in next to it and the banks were caving off badly. The building is not what it should be situated as it is since Mr. Shivley and Mr. Calking have and are building nice stores adjoining it and we have been urged to build in connection with them upon the lot, while many have expressed a desire that the building might fall over or mysteriously disappear in some manner, which undoubtedly lead in a measure to the dastardly act.

If this course is right and should be followed out we might point to many buildings, yes whole blocks, in this place as well as many others that should suffer the same fate and we are sorry that professed law abiding citizens and even professed christian people should encourage such acts in this beautiful moral little city. We are more anxious than any one else can be to build a better building and shall do so as soon as our circumstances will permit and if there is any fault upon our part it is for being born handsome instead of rich.

Many thanks to the fire companies for their prompt action and to all others who lent their assistance and showed a disposition to save the property, not only for us but for Mr. Monshau.

May 19, 1893, Enterprise, p. 1, col. 5, Evansville, Wisconsin

September 1, Mr. C. A. Libby and family return to Evansville to occupy their home on First Street. In spite of dull times, Mr. Libby evidently prefers the life of a country editor to that of a city groceryman.

August 8, 1896, The Badger, p. 1, col. 3, Evansville, Wisconsin

#### Pensions and War Claims.

I give my prompt personal attention to all business of this nature. For more than thirty years I have had close personal relation as an attorney with all departments connected with pensions and war claims, have prosecuted many claims through the several appeals in the several different departments to a successful end, and secured many by special acts of Congress, therefore I feel perfectly competent to offer my services in the most complicated cases of this kind, believing that I can and will prosecute them to a successful end as far as they have merit. Send me a statement of your pension claims or any old war claim that you may have and I will tell you whether there is anything in it for you or not, free of charge.

C. A. LIBBY,  
Enterprise Office, Evansville, Wis.

August 11, 1896, p. 1, Tribune, col. 7, Evansville, Wisconsin

## HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF UNION AND THE CITY OF EVANSVILLE

### NATHANIEL LIBBY AND FAMILY by Caleb A. Libby

The writer's father, Nathaniel Libby, was born in Limington, state of Maine, on July 6, 1804, where he grew to manhood. He was joined in marriage to Miss Lucinda Berry of Soco, Me, on the 11th day of October 1827, where she was born on October 22, 1809; their early life was spent upon a farm in the town of West Newfield, Me., or in other words, my mother and children resided upon this farm while my father was engaged as a drover, which occupation was that of buying fat stock, principally cattle and sheep, throughout a large neighboring country of the farmers, collecting them in large numbers at one point and then with the help of as many other as were needed driving them in large droves to the principal city markets, there being no railroads for such transportation in those days; this was one of the most important industries in that new country at that time. The principal market for my father's droves at this time was called Brighton Yards or market, near Boston, Mass. All drovers had their regular points for stopping, feeding and resting their droves along the road nights, one member of the party always going ahead of the drove to see that proper provisions, etc., were provided at these stopping places. On one of these occasions, when my father was on the road with a large drove of beautiful fat cattle and sheep, they were turned into a farmer's field for the night which was supposed to be perfectly safe and

exempt from all harm; but during the night the stock broke from this enclosure and procured sea water, which was very salty and being in very warm weather and the cattle very dry they drank so much of this water that many of them died before leaving the field, while others became so badly bloated and diseased that they were virtually worthless.

With this commencement other misfortunes followed, until father became so reduced in circumstances that he was obliged to sell his beautiful home farm to satisfy his creditors. He then moved with his family to Great Falls, N. H., where large cotton factories were located and the principal industry that of manufacturing cotton cloth; here my oldest brothers, John, William and Henry found employment in these factories, while my father worked at his trade of carpenter and joiner which he had learned in his youth. But here again misfortune seemed determined to follow him, for he had not worked at this business but a short time at his new home, when in hewing a large stick of timber (as all large timbers were then made straight and square,) a large broadax glanced and struck him in the knee, cutting it very badly. As proof of the old adage, that one misfortune always follows another, it was about this time that your writer was allowed to venture into this world on Nov. 6, 1846, to add still greater burdens to the family. This accident made an invalid of father for many long months, the joint being lacerated in such a manner as to prevent it from retaining the joint water, which we suppose is necessary in lubricating such members; at least we remember of always hearing this knee snap when walking, although it became very useful for many years after; for a long time his leg was bent at the knee with his foot drawn up so that his first work was to make sash and such light shop work as he could do, with this foot resting upon a block of wood just the right height to make up for its length; but time, patience and perseverance, a good physician for those days and a machine made on purpose used several times a day finally made this leg straight bringing the foot to the floor again, greatly to the joy of not only its owner but the entire family, for we had a father with two comparatively whole legs again which served him nearly as good as ever for many long years after.

Our family moved from this place to Portsmouth, N. H., where my father and oldest brother William, now a resident of this city, found plenty of employment in house and barn building. William came to Wisconsin Dec. 15, 1853, when he was but 20 years of age in company with Mr. John G. Pickering and family who located on the west side of Jug Prairie where Mr. Asmus now resides. William there built for Mr. Pickering about the first frame house and barn on

that prairie which we believe still does good service for the present occupants. In January 1855 William and Mr. Pickering returned to New Hampshire, bringing with them as far as Boston, Mass., 800 dozen quails and 300 pair of prairie chickens, which were very plenty in this country at that time, for which they found a ready market in the East. William was then married to Miss Julia A. Ricker at her home in Great Falls, N. H., on Feb. 5, 1855, and with his young wife returned to this place accompanied by her brother Henry, brother-in-law Thomas Miles and Henry and James Hubbard, the latter still a resident here, all of whom at once found plenty of employment in this new and fast developing country. My brother Henry, now deceased, engaged at once with Mr. Henry Spencer, who then resided in what was then termed a handsome residence located on the rise of ground back or north of where the opera house now stands, while William and Mr. Miles was at once engaged in working at their trade of carpenter and joiners, the first building erected by them in this city being a wagon shop for Mr. Hiram Spencer now occupied by Mr. H. Fellows in his machinery business. This same spring of 1855 my father and next younger brother Harrison came to Evansville and a little later in July my mother, sister now Mrs. B. Campbell, youngest brother Nathaniel and self followed when the full complement of the family were located here. This same summer father and brother William built the residence now occupied by Mr. Geo. F. Spencer and his daughter Hattie's art gallery; the Central House and store occupied by Messrs, Cummings & Clark were built the same season by Sumner Preston and his two sons Lorenzo and Josiah, as well as several other buildings both log and frame for there was great need of living room for the fast increasing population.

Although but a small boy 9 years of age I remember well upon our arrival we left the cars at Footville, then the terminus of the railroad, where father met us and we came in an old fashioned stage coach to this place, and the only living place that could be procured for our family was in part of what was called the old Prairie House, long ago burned, located where Rev. J. E. Coleman now resides, which had been used as a hotel on that road known as the old government road, there being no roads fenced in those days everybody was privileged to drive across the country in any direction they chose. But this road had been traveled as a government road for some time and was the only familiar thing to be seen in that vicinity resembling civilization, and oh, how homesick we all were, never having been in a new country before and not far from some great eastern city all of our lives. Evansville itself was then cut off from mail communications, the stages from Janesville and Beloit turning north

two miles east making their first stopping point at Union, for the village of Union was first settled and much the largest and most important place; but my father proved a true prophet for once at least, for upon landing in this place and comparing the situation of Union and Evansville, he said that this was sure to be the largest and most prominent in the near future, basing his decision principally upon the beautiful water power then here and none at Union, which proved very true and still more so when the railroad came here instead of through Union as first designed and surveyed, and a greater part of the inhabitants and some of the buildings there have been moved to this place and Brooklyn.

O, but how fresh those early homesick days come to me as I write and think of how we were all shaking with the ague and old Dr. Quivey was stuffing us with horse doses of quinine, something we had never tasted before and never wanted to since, and it was said that in the early morning on low ground and marshes it was so thick you could cut in slices with a knife and pass it around (the ague) but this was not necessary, it passed itself around sufficiently without help of any kind, and I sometimes wonder that so many of us are still left to tell the story, for it was stated as a fact that even dogs then shook with the ague in this country.

Soon after we became residents of this place, Mr. Geo. F. Spencer sold his place, now the property of Mrs. Flora Winston, on the corner of Main and First streets, and at the same time a lot of cattle to a man who employed me to help him through the timber with them as far as Mr. Munger's present home, there being no fences and about dark, the cattle were liable to get away from him alone and lost in the timber; I performed my duty well through the timber without any serious trouble, but upon my returning alone, it having become quite dark, I saw a man running towards me down the hill near Mr. Wellington Smith's present residence, with his clothes covered with blood a large knife in his hand; green as I was in this country I supposed he was after me and my hair fairly stood on end and it seemed that my feet did not touch the ground until I reached Mr. Kelley's then residing on the corner where Mrs. Stella Bennett now does; there I bounded directly into the house among perfect strangers, pale and breathless unable to utter a word for some little time, neither could I be persuaded to leave the house until Mr. Kelley's daughter accompanied me home. The man proved to be a neighbor whom I well knew, who had been helping another neighbor kill and dress hogs and was returning to his home on the run as it was late in the fall and quite cold. Hogs were not

shipped nor driven alive to market then as now, but neighbors clubbed together and dressed them after which they were much easier handled after freezing over night.

Another incident, productive of a green city lad in a new country, I will mention: My mother sent me on an errand to Mr. Pickering's across the prairie where I was quite positive I could go without trouble, for although there were no roads or fences I could see Mr. Pickering's buildings from a high eminence near where we lived, and by keeping a direct course across the prairie I was sure I could go there all right and started across the open prairie believing myself then quite a man at the age of nine years; being accustomed to look upon the great waves of the Atlantic in my New Hampshire home, the great rolling prairie looked to me very much the same at this time, a great sea of rolling land. I kept my course very well until I came to a great herd of cattle grazing in one of the beautiful valleys, and although my father had been a drover in an early day it was before my time, and I did not care to come in contact with all those cattle alone out on that great sea of land, therefore I deviated somewhat from my course to get around them and when I again reached the high ground, lo and behold, Mr. Pickering's house and barn was not in sight and I was lost and alone on that great prairie near nightfall. Possibly many of you grown people who read this have been in reality lost, but not many when only nine years old right from an eastern city on a great prairie with darkness fast approaching and not a fence, house nor tree in sight; if you have you may imagine something of the feelings which came over your writer about this time. I ran and shouted, I tried to find those cattle to follow them home, whom I would have as gladly welcomed as I had a short time since avoided, but too late, they were gone home where I most heartily wished I were; after hours of such wandering and fear I came to a small shanty built of boards in which some one lived, thank fortune, and into which I went more as an insane being than one supposed to be sane, and there fell into the kindest of hands who fed and comforted me and with the tenderest care led me to my destination as soon as I was able to go for I would not have left that roof and again attempted to reach my destination for all the world. As curious as it may seem so great was my dilemma at that time I never knew nor have I been able to learn whom that family was who cared for me then, but my blessing has always been for them since and ever will be, for they have undoubtedly saved my life, as I should have certainly perished alone upon the prairie that night.

**I principally relate this to show how easy it was to lose your way and become lost even within from three to five miles of the beautiful city of Evansville in those days, and let me tell you friends, I do not believe that my nervous system has ever recovered from these two frights of my boyhood, nor never will; therefore we would always caution people from frightening children from which it is doubtful if they ever recover.**

**August 23, 1898, p. 4, Tribune, Evansville, Wisconsin**

Mr. R. M. Antes and family have moved into the Morehouse residence on the corner of Liberty and Third Streets and Mr. Little, the tailor occupies the residence vacated by Mr. Antes on First Street which he purchased of Elmer Libby.

March 7, 1902 Enterprise

The family of Almon Libby of Chicago are visiting at the home of Editor Libby, while he is on a trip through the west.

August 22, 1903, Badger, p. 1, col. 3, Evansville, Wisconsin

Frank Turrell and wife of Beloit, arrived Saturday evening for a visit with the latter's parents, Editor and Mrs. C. A. Libby. Mr. Turrell returned Monday, leaving his wife for a longer visit at the parental home.

November 4, 1905, The Badger, p. 1, col. 3, Evansville, Wisconsin

The telegraph yesterday informed relatives and friends of C. A. Libby, that he quietly passed away in Maine, where he and his wife were visiting. Pneumonia was the cause. The remains will arrive here late tomorrow.

Mr. Libby has long been a resident of Evansville and is well known to a large circle of people.

He was born at Great Falls, N. H., Nov. 6, 1846. In November 1869, he was married to Miss Lucila Crandall, and to this union five children were born, Fred Nelson, Mary Alice and Almond Melvin--twins--Burr Ansel and Roy, the latter dying in infancy. The children are all settled for themselves and with the wife have the deep sympathy of friends in this hour of sad affliction.

No arrangements have been made for the funeral, on account of two of the boys being in the west, who are expected to arrive here later.

October 18, 1906, Evansville Review, Evansville, Wisconsin

#### CALEB ANCEL LIBBY GONE

Suddenly Passed Away While Visiting In Maine

The sad tidings reached this city, Wednesday, afternoon, Oct. 17, 1906 at 4:30 o'clock, that C. A. Libby, Proprietor and Editor, of this paper, had suddenly died at the home of his niece, Mrs. Wm. Staples, at Newfield, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Libby took their departure Sept. 11<sup>th</sup>, for a visit of several weeks with relatives in the east. A letter was received about a week ago announcing that he was ill, but not dangerously, and relatives supposed he was improving when the telegram of his death reach here.

His son, A. M. Libby, leaves this afternoon for Chicago to meet the wife, who is accompanying the remains, and will arrive in Chicago late this evening. The funeral party is expected to reach this city, Saturday morning on the 6:30 train.

It is expected that arrangements will be so perfected that the funeral services will be held on Sunday afternoon, at 2:00 at the late residence, and at 2:30 at the Cong'l. church; however there may be a change made when the remains arrive.

October 19, 1906, Enterprise, Evansville, Wisconsin

#### OBITUARY

#### CALEB ANCEL LIBBY

The community was shocked last Wednesday, Oct. 17, 1906, upon hearing of the death of Mr. C. A. Libby. He was in the East, where he and his wife went some six weeks ago for a visit with relatives and friends. He was not well when he left home, and later pneumonia settled down upon him. No one thought his condition was dangerous, and no one dreamed of such an untimely death. His last days were spent at the home of his niece, Mrs. Mary Staples at Newfield, Maine, and she, with other relatives did all that loving hands could do to relieve his sufferings, and make his last hours peaceful.

Mr. Libby, the proprietor and editor of the Evansville Enterprise and Tribune for about twenty-six years, was a native of New Hampshire and was born at Great Falls, Nov. 6, 1846. He lived in his native state until he was nine years of age and came west with his parents to Evansville, Wis., in 1855. His primary education, received in the common schools was supplemented by a course in Evansville Seminary. In 1864 he enlisted in the army and became a member of the Company D, 40th Wis. V. I. He remained in the service until honorably discharged by reason of the expiration of his term of enlistment. During that time he had a sun-stroke and contracted a chronic disease which permanently affected his health.

On Nov. 6, 1869, Mr. Libby was united in marriage with Miss Lucilla Crandall. After their marriage they moved to Kansas, where they lived three years. Then they returned to Evansville and here they have since resided with the exception of one year, 1895-1896 spent in Chicago. Since 1881 he has been in successful newspaper work, having developed two papers, The Enterprise and The Tribune. He was a charter member of T. L. Sutphen Post, No. 41, G.A.R. He was also a Pension Attorney, Real estate agent, and agent for other concerns.

Besides his wife, he leaves three sons and one daughter: Fred, who entered the United States Pension office in 1895 and is now located in Portland, Oregon; Burr, who is in San Francisco, California; Almon M., who was with his father in newspaper work; and Mary Alice, Mrs. Frank Turrell, who resides in Belvidere, Ill. He also leaves a sister, Mrs. Byron Campbell, and one brother, Nathaniel Libby, both of whom reside here.

The funeral was held at the Libby residence, Sunday afternoon, Oct. 21, at 2:30 o'clock. Rev. Edwin A. Ralph, pastor of the Congregational church officiated.

The funeral was very largely attended by the citizens of Evansville and neighboring region. The W. R. C. and G. A. R. escorted the body to the cemetery, where the G. A. R. burial service was read by Commander Gray and the flag planted by Comrade Beebe.

These are the few details that give out a meager outline of a busy life of nearly sixty years. They but suggest the things which received his attention. Mr. Libby may well be called a man who grew gradually into the hearts of his fellow citizens, especially during the last fifteen years. He became more and more a representative business man, a successful editor and conscientious citizen. His business ability resulted in his accumulation of considerable property. As a newspaper man he succeeded in publishing a local paper that contained the news,

that was read by a large number of people. It was read by numbers of former citizens who in this way kept posted on the things that were going on in their home town.

It is as a man and a citizen though that he was best known. He did not hold any office in the community but he made it his rule to be the kind of a man the city needed, to be a safe man for any boy to pattern after and to stand for all that made the city life strong and right. He was a man of good habits having given up many habits of earlier years, as he said, that no boy or young man should ever have his example as his excuse for bad habits. His pen was often directed against the use of tobacco and intoxicating liquors. He never hesitated to single out any person or any group of persons whom he thought a menace to the community and print his condemnation of them. For this one aim to be a good example to the boys in the city he deserves much praise.

In matters of politics he had his convictions and stood for them through thick and thin. He published many articles that dealt with the political situation in the town, in a forceful, even though a partisan manner. So successful were his thrusts that people were made to see both sides of the question before the public.

He was deeply interested in the schools, those supported by the city, and the Seminary. He always urged attendance of the citizens at the annual school meetings and paid his compliments to the complainers who remained at home.

He was interested in the churches, every one of them, and gave much space in his paper to the discussion of church matters. He offered each church all the space it wished, free of charge. He was a strong temperance agitator and came out in the strongest terms against the proposition of licensing a saloon in our city.

He was the children's friend. They often visited his office, where they received a warm welcome. He enjoyed the children's services in the church and always had a word of encouragement for them.

Though sharing with the rest of us many short comings, he was nevertheless a man who carried the interests of the city and its people upon his heart and who did much to better things. As an earnest citizen, newspaper man, and business man, he will be greatly missed by the majority of our citizens, but the soldiers, and the soldiers' widows, whose pensions he looked after. The man who does his best never fails to win a place for himself. He will surely be misunderstood, and sometimes cordially maligned; but in the end his earnestness will win for him the respect of the people. We believe that Mr. Libby was this sort of man. His family receives the sympathy of the community in this sad affliction.

#### CARD OF THANKS

We wish to sincerely thank all those who rendered assistance and extended sympathy to us during our sad affliction, in the death of beloved husband and father. Especially do we wish to thank the G.A.R. and W.R.C. societies; Rev. E. A. Ralph for the excellent words spoken; the choir, especially Mrs. Wilder for the solo rendered; and to those who gave beautiful floral offerings.

October 26, 1906, Enterprise, Evansville, Wisconsin

# COMMUNICATION.

## In Memory of the late C. A. Libby

Permit me to pay my brief tribute of respect to the memory of the late Editor and Proprietor of the Enterprise. We knew each other as school-boys in Evansville; we marched side by side in Company D, 40th Wis. Volunteer Infantry, and although our paths had separated since we had come to manhood, we yet kept in touch in a way with each other, and I feel a sense of personal loss in his sudden and unexpected decease. For many years his paper has been a welcome weekly visitor. I never fail to scan the inside pages for the local news, news which "Ance," as we used familiarly to call him, was most assiduous in collecting. And I read his editorial too and found myself generally in hearty accord with the sentiments expressed. If Evansville can take pardonable pride in her anti-saloon attitude something of that must be credited to the earnest, zealous and persistent opposition of my good, old friend Ancel. He had true civic pride and he was entirely right in my opinion that the material welfare, the evidences of taste, thrift, prosperity, happiness to be seen in that little city are in no small degree due to the fact that beyond any Western city that I know of or Eastern city either, Evansville may claim to be the banner temperance town. All honor to my departed friend for his sturdy stand for what he believed to be right in this matter. Although our paths separated more than forty years ago and I only saw him when on rare occasions I visited the dear old home of my childhood; I shall miss his hearty greeting—"How do you do William!" when next I set my feet on the sacred soil. With tearful thoughts I beg to lay a flower on his new made grave.

Wm. H. SPENCER.

New York, Nov. 16, 1906.

November 23, 1906, The Enterprise, p. 3, col. 6, Evansville, Wisconsin

Mrs. C. A. Libby and family.

Mrs. F. W. Turrell of Belvidere, Ill., visited her brother, A. M. Libby, Friday, April 27, 1911, Evansville Review, "Home News" Evansville, Wisconsin

Burr A. Libby of San Francisco, Cal., the youngest son of Mrs. C. A. Libby of this city, has joined a mining expedition to South America and will be gone from six months to a year. The trip will be made by boat to the isthmus of Panama. Mr. Libby has been absent from this city for seven years, but is well remembered as one of the Evansville boys. Mrs. Libby is coming here on a visit about the middle of June and will be a guest of Mrs. C. A. Libby during the absence of her husband.

May 25, 1911, Evansville Review, p. col. 3, Evansville, Wisconsin

Dr. F. N. Libby, wife and daughter, of Madison, motored to this city last Sunday afternoon. Mrs. C. A. Libby, who had been spending a few days at their home in that city, returned with them.

July 19, 1917, Evansville Review, p. 5, col. 1, Evansville, Wisconsin

Almond "Toad" Libby and daughter, Miss Irene Libby, Chicago came Saturday to spend the week end and Decoration Day with the former's mother, Mrs. A. C. Libby.

May 26, 1921, Evansville Review, p. 5, col. 1, Evansville, Wisconsin

## FORMER LOCAL WOMAN DIES IN BELVIDERE

**Mrs. Frank Turrell Succumbs at  
8:30 a. m. Tuesday Following  
Illness of One Year**

Mrs. Frank Turrell, 55, former Evansville resident, died at 8:30 a. m. Tuesday in her home at 303 Van Buren street, Belvidere, following an illness of one year. Funeral services, which will be in charge of the local chapter of the Eastern Star, will be held here at 2 p. m. Thursday in the Libby family home at 213 South First street, the Rev. Grant V. Clark of the Congregational church officiating. Burial will be made in Maple Hill cemetery.

Mrs. Turrell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Libby, was born in Iowa, Jan. 19, 1875 and while a small child moved with her parents to Evansville where she made her home until the time of her marriage in 1905 to Frank W. Turrell. She has been a resident of Belvidere for the past 11 years.

Besides her husband she is survived by one twin brother, Almon M. Libby, Chicago, and a brother, Burr A. Libby, San Francisco, Calif. Her parents and two brothers have preceded her in death. Mrs. Turrell, a member of Adeline Chapter No. 118 of the O.E.S. of Belvidere, had a pleasing personality being very cheerful, kind and thoughtful, and very patient in her suffering which has endeared her in the hearts of a host of friends and acquaintances in spite of the fact that she had lost her eyesight.

January 9, 1930, p. 4, col. 3, Evansville Review, Evansville, Wisconsin

# FORMER LOCAL MAN DIES IN CALIFORNIA

**Burr Libby Succumbs Suddenly  
May 22 in San Francisco;  
Prominent Athlete**

Burr Libby, 58, former Evansville resident, died suddenly Wednesday, May 22 in San Francisco, Calif., according to information received here this week from Mrs. Ida Sharrum Cottrell who is now residing in that city.

Funeral services were held the following Monday afternoon in the Mancey chapel with the Rev. E. A. Van Nuys, pastor of the Calvary Presbyterian church, San Francisco, officiating. Commitment services and cremation were held at Cypress Lawn.

Mr. Libby, a member of a Pioneer Wisconsin family, was born in Evansville Aug. 18, 1881. He was the son of the late C. A. Libby and Lucilla Crandall Libby.

The former resident was graduated from the Evansville high school in 1901 after which he went to Portland Ore. He later moved to San Francisco where he had resided for more than 30 years.

Throughout his high school days, Mr. Libby took an active part in athletics and continued that interest during the remainder of his life. In his later years he was well known in San Francisco and northern California for his skill in