

December 27, 1934

MISS NELL COLLINS DIES OF PARALYSIS

SUDDEN DEATH COMES TO GRO-
TON LADY; FUNERAL HELD
ON MONDAY

(Contributed.)

As the period, "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men," hovered expectantly over Groton this week, Miss Nell Collins, a beloved character among neighbors and hundreds of friends, closed her eyes in eternal sleep last Saturday morning and joined the reverred in Groton's silent city. Her death was due to an attack of paralysis and it came upon her suddenly as she was preparing to retire for the night at the home of Charles Rogers, where she was keeping house.

During the evening preceding her death she had attended Rebekah lodge in Groton and appeared to be in exceptionally good spirits, and was stricken shortly after returning home from lodge.

Miss Collins was born near Britton on June 2, 1886, and was about 48 years of age at the time of her death. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Munger preceded her in death and at the age of eight years she went to make her home with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Collins of Amherst. She came to Groton in 1907, and has since made her home in this city. She is survived by three brothers, William and Oren Munger of St. Paul, Charles Munger of Chicago; her foster mother, Mrs. Rosalia Collins of South Gate, Calif., and foster brother, Harrold Collins of Oregon.

The funeral was held from the Presbyterian church, Monday morning at ten o'clock, conducted by Rev. Luther Benson, pastor of the Methodist church and the remains were laid to rest in Groton cemetery.

The death of Nell Collins brings a sense of loss and sorrow to a great many people. Probably no one knows who all her friends were, for she was always doing something kind and helpful for someone. The other person's need always constituted a recognized call on anything she had or any help she could give. She had a special interest in children and young people and great sympathy and understanding of them. Nothing was too much to do to give pleasure to children. Her going leaves an empty place in many hearts, and though she had no home of her own, a place was always ready and waiting for her in the homes of many others. Surely, whether consciously formulated or not, her working motto must have