

## A Note From Our Chairman

### U.S. Senate Impeachment Trial

As I begin my 10-minute walk to the U.S. capitol for the first day of the impeachment trial of William Jefferson Clinton, I can't help but think about what my dad would think of his son -- a man who comes from Grand Marais, MN, population 1200, who graduated from a high school class of 60 and who was among 8 or 10 students out of a court reporting class of 60 to graduate from the Minnesota School of Business -- being one of a select few allowed in the Senate Chamber of the U.S. Capitol to stenographically record the proceedings.

After arriving at the Capitol and wending my way through the maze of police and undercover officers, it is pretty much business as usual -- checking my computerized stenotype machine to make sure the battery is charged and it has a full pad of paper. Finally it is my turn to enter the chamber, where all 100 Senators are gathered in their special chairs to hear the opening statements of the House managers as to why the President should be removed from office. Security is as tight as a stretched rubber band, with the Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court sitting as the presiding officer. There are two special tables, built by the personnel of the Capitol cabinet shop, placed in the well of the chamber at



which the 13 House managers and 7 White House counsel are seated. Special screens have been set up along the Chamber walls for the Senators to view videotape presentations. Tickets are available only through Senators' offices and a few others to allow people admittance to see the proceedings live from the galleries. Chairs are strategically placed along the rear of the Chamber to allow attendance by delegates from the House of Representatives. I have deep feelings about what is occurring, but there is a job to be done, and I am proud to be one of seven reporters allowed on the floor to record the arguments.

Upon entering the Chamber for the first time, my stomach is churning, the goosebumps are at attention, and my knees are shaking. It seems as if there are nothing but eyes all over my body as I traverse the back of the Chamber behind the back row of Senators and in front of the special attendees, down the center aisle to relieve the reporter who has been writing for 10 minutes before me. I tap him on the shoulder to tell him I am ready to start writing, and my fingers begin to move, but, for whatever reason, they are hitting all the wrong keys. I am sweating heavily and my body temperature is rising. After a while the special straps that hold the tray on which my stenotype machine sits begins to dig into my shoulders. The machine now feels as though it weighs 28 instead of 8 pounds. The incline of the floor, which was built to provide access to wheelchair and elderly Senators, now feels as though it has a 13 degree pitch instead of a 3 degree pitch. The House manager seems to be talking at 280 words a minute, not the 180 at which he normally proceeds. I ask myself, "When is this 'short' 10-minute period going to come to an end? Will I be able to read what I

### Congratulations

are in order for Chairman Jerry Linnell. As this goes to press we hear that he has been promoted to Chief of the Senate Reporters. See the accompanying article from the *Baltimore Sun*. **Well done Jerry!**

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## Missing Fingers And Other Linnell Stories

Recent articles by our Chairman Jerry Linnell and "A Linnell Childhood" by Marvel Mae Linnell Soderlund got me thinking about my grandfather William Linnell as the connection between the two families is close. Jerry and Marvel are my second cousins. Their grandfather and my grandfather William (Bill) were brothers who farmed next to each other near Black River Falls, Wisconsin, before Peter went to the Minnesota North Shore.

As a boy growing up in Hixton, Wisconsin, a trip to Grandpa's farm was always a big deal chock full of exciting experiences. Holidays and family reunions were always held on the farm. These occasions were big affairs as they brought together Grandpa and Grandma's tribe of 13 children and all the cousins. Sometimes my cousin Bob Gilbertson and I would stay for several extra days following the get-togethers. We always had a great time.

This picture of William (118,241,116,9) and Anna Linnell was taken on their 50th Wedding Anniversary in June of 1944. You will notice in the picture that Grandpa had missing fingers on his right hand. Until recently I never knew how or when he lost these fingers. But last fall my brother-in-law, Guy Hagen, sent me an article from a Jackson County weekly newspaper that tells the story.

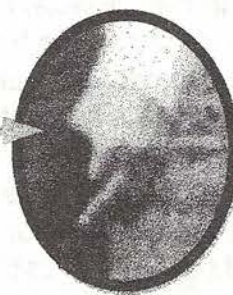


The article, dated October 13, 1882, is as follows: "Willie Linnell, a seven year old son of Chester Linnell, about three miles northwest of the village had his thumb, forefinger and the end of his second finger cut off in a sorghum mill factory." Finally, the question as to how Grandfather lost the fingers on his right hand was answered!

In 1990 Roger and Bonnie Hanson had a Linnell get-together in the Twin Cities. My Aunt Hazel Linnell Sjolander went along with me. Aunt Hazel was 89 at that time. It was a great trip replete with stories she told me about growing up in the William Linnell household. Some of these stories follow.

When Grandpa Bill's brother Peter made the move to the Minnesota North Shore, he tried to talk Grandpa Bill into going with him. However, when Grandpa asked Grandma Anna about doing this, her reply was, "You can go, Bill, but the kids and I will stay here." As we all know, Grandpa didn't go north, but stayed in Black River Falls.

Aunt Hazel also told me that Grandpa went to the Minnesota State Fair yearly, by himself, bringing home many wondrous items which all the cousins remember seeing about the farm.



The Delco-Ramey plant that provided electricity to the farm was one. This plant was run by a gasoline motor that charged the big glass batteries in the basement. The

exhaust of the motor came out a basement window. It was great sport to put your hand over the exhaust and hear the gas engine change. (Grandpa did

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not approve of this.) Another was the indoor bathroom with toilet and tub. Not many farms in the area had such conveniences at that time. One year Grandpa brought home the washing machine that Grandma then used for many years. Another marvel was the big radio in the living room. It was long and had huge dials.

The farm is the source of so many great memories. I remember Grandfather letting me drive the team of horses that pulled the hay on the hay fork up into the barn. I remember the daily drives to town with Grandpa in his Essex to deliver milk. The front door of the Essex opened the opposite of today's cars.

I remember Grandpa driving up the Black River Ridge in his Essex, bragging all the way on how it made the ridge in high gear. Indeed, as the Essex climbed, it was barely moving and its clutch was chattering, but it did make it to the top in high gear. Once when Grandpa was in town to deliver milk, he came upon something new — sliced bread — and brought some home. Grandma Anna told Grandpa that from then on he could bring bread home every day for she was not going to bake bread any longer!

In those early days friends who came during meal time were invited to eat with the family. Aunt Hazel told me of one such occasion when the guests, two men, each took two pork chops from the meat platter. Grandpa stood up and removed one chop from each plate, saying, "We share equal at our table." Of course no one argued with Grandpa.

One of the most interesting stories Aunt Hazel told was about my dad, Ray. It seemed that Grandpa had just bought a new Model-T. One morning he discovered that it had been driven the night before, without his permission. He asked who had taken the car and Dad told him he had. Well, Grandpa took after Dad with a whip and Dad ran to the

barn, got on his pony, and rode to town. Returning late that day Dad told Grandpa he had enlisted in the Army. His date of enlistment was May 21, 1917. Aunt Hazel went on to say that Grandpa regretted his actions. On weekends he took the family to Camp Douglas to visit Dad while he was in training.

Prior to Grandpa's retirement he built three homes in Black River: the one they lived in upon retirement, the one just above that house, and one out near the fairgrounds. All of these lots were either on a side hill or needed fill to make building possible. I remember hauling fill to the site by the fairgrounds with Grandpa. We would go on old 27 by wagon (wagon box made of loose boards), shovel sand and fill into the wagon from a hill on today's road to the hospital, take the load to the site near the fairgrounds, and unload by taking the boards out.

When I mustered out of the service in 1946, I worked in Black River and lived with Grandpa and Grandma until I went on to college.

In 1950, Dru and I lived in Black River Falls. At Christmas time we helped Grandma decorate the Christmas tree which was placed in the window facing the street. Grandpa would recline on the couch on the other side of the room and direct the whole operation, telling us where to place the ornaments on the tree. Grandma paid no attention to Grandpa.

Today the farm is gone. Interstate 90 runs through where the house and barn once stood. And with its passing, a page of our family history is closed.

Should any of the COUSINS have other stories of Grandpa and Grandma, I would love to see them in the newsletter. Send your stories to the newsletter editors, Kay and Jim Swedberg.

Dick Linnell





## Additions to the Family Records

The page references for the location of these additions are given to enable cousins to find the proper place to add the information. This follows the same plan as the new Additions and Corrections 1994-1997 book.



page 196  
11a,b12,753,122  
Lloyd Robert Linnell  
m. Lorie Olesky 28 Nov. 1997  
Katie Olesky, daughter of Lori now in this family  
Child: Daniel Robert b. 28 Nov. 1998  
Walpole, MA

page 218  
11a,b15,514,-11-3-3  
Randall Scott Lister  
m. Letticia Ables 8 Aug. 1987  
Lister Child: Christopher Royce b. 17 Nov. 1998  
Spearfish, SD

page 329  
118,241,231,132,11  
Kendall Ryan Kirby  
Kirby Child: Justin Bradley b. 14 June 1992  
Bulla Child: Taylor Mackenzie b. 15 Jan. 1998

118,241,231,132,31  
Amy Elizabeth Ryan  
m.1 Wayne Solomon 5 Aug. 1989 div.  
m.2 William Allen Adam Aug. 1998 b. 11. Apr. 1946  
Adam Child: Kaitlin Mackenzie b. 13 Sep. 1997



## Marriages

page 236  
11a,b15,515,644,1  
Serena Marie Wilson  
b. 31 Dec. 1975

m. Troy Compton 17 Oct. 1998 Newport, OR

page 329  
118,241,231,132,33  
Erin Melissa Ryan  
m. Travis Michael Aultman 26 July 1997  
b. 28 Nov. 1973

page 446  
118,241,116,543,1  
Debra Jean Malner  
m.1 Maurice Banks div. 12 June 1990  
m.2 William Frankl 18 Feb. 1994  
Three children came to this family from Bill's former marriage.

## With Sympathy Deaths

page 308  
118,241,231,111  
Lydia Tinney Linnell  
d. 1998

page 309  
118,241,231,131  
Fay Mildred Stephenson  
d. 12 Dec. 1997

### To Submit Family News

#### Send:

Newsletter articles to Jim Swedberg.  
Address changes to Dick Linnell.  
Vital statistics to Rachel Wynn.  
See page 5 for addresses.

### Newsletter Error Contest

The person who reports the most errors in this newsletter will be awarded an as-yet-to-be-determined prize and will receive national recognition in a feature article in the next newsletter. Mail your entry to the editors who will be the sole judges and whose decisions are final.





# GLEANINGS from E-mail and Post



## LINNELL DISMAY AT SANTA LETTER

An Associated Press article appearing in the *Baltimore Sun* December 20, 1998, identifies a Justin Linnell of St. Clair, Michigan, as having received an inappropriate response to his letter to Santa this year. The letter, full of racial slurs and name calling, was one of three such letters received by youngsters through the "letters to Santa" Program run by the Royal Oak, MI, District Post Office. According to the article, the Postal Service is doing all that is possible to make sure this does not happen again.

I am sure the entire Linnell Family Association will join me in expressing our regrets to Justin and his mother, Geri, for this unfortunate incident. I have obtained Geri Linnell's address and will be contacting her to offer our regrets and to determine possible Linnell family connections.

Linnell Family Historian  
Rachel Linnell Wynn  
717 Maiden Choice Lane, Apt 523  
Catonsville, MD, 21228

## NYR2K

### New York Reunion 2000

What a way to end a millenium! Surrounded by relatives, visiting an ancestral home site, touring Grindstone Island, and walking on the Sackett's Harbor Battlefield where Samuel Linnell fought almost 200 years ago. The Reunion 2000 Committee is meeting this summer to plan the details of the reunion which will take place June 23 -25, 2000. Plan **now**, so that your family can participate in all the fun of this historic event.

## THE LINNELL FAMILY ASSOCIATION

The purposes of the Association are to promote fellowship among the Linnell family members through reunions and the publication of the **Linnell Family Newsletter**, and to preserve the records of the family.

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# A Linnell Childhood

## Part Two

### Marvel Mae Linnell Soderlund

In the winter we had to dress warm to go to school -- long-legged white underwear, rubber galoshes, home knit caps and mittens. (I would roll the long underwear up as soon as I got out of Mom's sight.) Aunt Ruth thought she was being good to me when she gave me some fancy black, high heel boots that buttoned up the front. I wanted to die because everyone else had their galoshes and I was the only one with those boots. I suppose she got them from those wealthy Duluth people!

One of my most vivid memories was my first store-bought coat which Dad bought when he worked in Iowa. It was bright red with some fake black fur. Cecilia "Sis" Linnell, Grandpa Peter's last child, said I wrapped it around me and walked past her to "show off".

Our first car was an Essex. I remember it was real shiny as I had my first pair of nylons on and I could see how they looked in the reflection of the car.

On Christmas Eve we had to go to bed early because Santa was coming. After we were sound asleep, my parents brought in the freshly cut tree, decorated it with popcorn and real candles, and wrapped our gifts. It was such excitement to get up on Christmas and see the decorated tree and the gifts beneath it. Our gifts were new underwear, stockings, maybe pajamas....and one time Mom made me a rag doll. I treasured it for years. I wish I had kept it.

I don't remember our house ever without music. Mom taught herself to play by ear; Dad played the fiddle occasionally, but usually he played the banjo and the saw.



worked in Iowa. It was bright red with some fake black fur. Cecilia "Sis" Linnell, Grandpa Peter's last child, said I wrapped it around me and walked past her to "show off".

Our first car was an Essex. I remember it was real

Mom showed me how to play the piano and apparently I picked it up pretty quickly. The first song she taught me was "Home Sweet Home". Years later, as adults, we started our own little band: my Uncle Vernie played the accordion, my brother drummed on Dad's drum, and a family friend played guitar and sang. We played for local dances almost every Saturday night for many years. After playing for four hours that old "Home Sweet Home" was my favorite song because it was the last song of the night and it meant we could go home then.

We had to make our own entertainment. On Friday nights we would go sliding on the hill by Aunt Tressi's and when we were done she would make cocoa for all us.

Of course we all had to do our chores before we could go outside and play. Bud had to carry water from the spring and carry wood for the "airtight" heater. I had to wash dishes and clean the table and the stove. Sometimes I would rush to finish my chores and wouldn't do a very good job -- I can still hear my mother calling, "Marvel get back in here, you forgot to clean off the warming oven!" As soon as we were done we'd be out the door to find the other kids who had finished their chores and were ready to play. I remember going to Clyde and Margie Roberts and knocking on the door. The kids, who weren't finished with their chores, came to the door and said, "Do you want to wash or wipe?"

On the 4th of July we almost always went to Grand Marais. Dad would give each of us a nickle. For a penny you could get a balloon, suckers and gum, so it was our decision what we wanted to buy. Once I found a quarter on the street -- it must have been a lot of money to me because I have never forgotten it.

*To Be Continued in the next newsletter.....*

Marvel Meets Marvin





(Continued from page 1)

have written? Where is all of the confidence in my ability to think and write under pressure?" Never, in almost 35 years of work experience, have I been so intimidated. Nothing -- my very first reporting experience, reporting controversial nomination hearings of potential Supreme Court justices, murder trials, 20 straight hours of a school board teacher-student sex scandal hearing, Supreme Court oral arguments where you had to use two reporters, one at each end of the bench because you could not hear the Justice at the other end, Senate filibusters -- compared to this.

Finally, my buddy Joel is clicking his ring on the side of his special tray to tell me he is writing, my turn is over, and I can now exit this dramatic, tension-filled scene and proceed to the office. There I release the diskette from the bottom side of my machine. I plug the diskette into the the computer which reads my stenotype strokes, comparing them to my "dictionary" and then translating them into English. Now I see that, despite all my fears and anxiety, the words pop up on the screen and there are all those beautiful sentences that my fingers just did not want to write for me. Within a short period of time, a transcript is printed out by our professional transcribers who find and correct all of my mistakes, and I read the final print. Then it is time for me to repeat this whole procedure. So after my fifth turn in the rotation, everything is back to normal and I once again look forward to the challenge of working under the lights and in front of the cameras. I am ready to be on the firing line for many days to come.

After a pressure-packed day, as I walk out of the Capitol and navigate across the grounds and down the street to my home just a short five blocks away, I again think of what Vern and "Dolly" Linnell might say about their first son laboring in this most beautiful and historic setting.

Jerry Linnell

An Excerpt from:

**The Baltimore Sun**

Monday, January 25th, 1999

## For the Record

The reporters for Congress' daily transcript can't let themselves get caught up in history, even while they're hanging on every word.

Richard O'Mara  
Sun Staff

Jerry Linnell is not easily impressed by big-time political events. He has been working on Capitol Hill for a quarter of a century. He is a veteran court reporter, one of those people who stenographically records every word said on the floor of the House and Senate. Over that time, a lot of history has flowed through his fingers and into the pages of the Congressional Record.

For him, Day One of President Clinton's impeachment trial produced an unexpected personal reaction. "When I first went out onto the Senate floor, my stomach was churning," he said. "My goosebumps made me look like a muscle man. It lasted two or three minutes, until I started writing."

And Day Two? "I calmed down." Calm is necessary in his business. To get things down word for word is his reason for being on the Senate floor. The Congressional Record has to come out by the next morning, as flawless as the seven official reporters who cover the Senate and their backup team can make it.

It is not easy work. The reporters sit through round-the-clock sessions; they endure, and record, every word of filibusters. They have to be present at long quorum calls, and deal with every type of regional accent, occasionally even foreign ones, and keep up with the pace of every speaker, even people like the late Hubert Humphrey, possibly the fastest talker in Senate history.



