

Linnells in New York

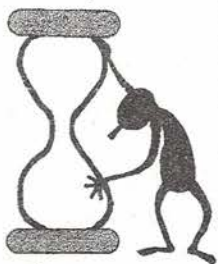
Planning the Reunion Alexandria Bay 2000

As this newsletter is being written, Linnells are gathering at the Pine Tree Point Resort in Alexandria Bay, NY, to plan the Linnell Family Association Reunion which will be held there June 23, 24, 25, 2000.

Attending will be Chairman Jerry and Pat Linnell, Bob S. Linnell, Rachel Wynn, Maryan Ainsworth, Glen and Marcia Roberts, Dick and Dru Linnell, Andy Linnell, Robert and Marian Cummings, Barbara Ulrichs, Arlie Gorman, Kathy Metcalf, and Joan Newman.

They will have much to do and to see. Planning an event like the reunion is not a simple task. The Linnell cousins are a diverse bunch, and planning a get-together as successful as all of the previous reunions is a daunting task. There must be something for the old and for the young, for those who want to visit with cousins and those who want to visit this historical area. That alone is almost overwhelming. After all, how many chances does one get to walk over the very ground where an ancestor fought a war!

So plan now to attend the Linnell Family Reunion 2000, the last reunion in this century, the last reunion in this millenium!



TIME IS RUNNING OUT!



Samuel Linnell of Grindstone Island

This is the story of a Linnell. A peaceful man by all accounts, but a man who was swept into a conflict that was not of his making. A conflict that was not popular throughout the United States, but happened never the less. A conflict that was potentially deadly. But Samuel Linnell did his duty. And he paid the price.

Samuel Linnell was born in Barnstable, Massachusetts on January 27, 1778. The Linnells had lived in Barnstable for 140 years, so it must have been difficult when, at the age of 14, he and his whole family moved to Maine. It was in Belgrade, Maine that Samuel, then 19 years old, married Eunice Mosher. Their first two children were born in Belgrade, and then they moved again, to New York, where the rest of their nine children were born. He lived on Grindstone Island, just offshore from Clayton, NY, and he died there on August 13, 1847 at the age of 68.

But it might have been different. At age 35, with seven children, Samuel Linnell was called to war. The War of 1812 was not a popular war throughout the United States. It has been compared to the war in Vietnam. There were economic pressures in the industrial states to go to war with England, but the people who lived along the Canadian border had strong ties with relatives and friends to the north. To

(Continued on page 4)

A Purple Heart is awarded 54 years later

From the text of the presentation made by Wayne Eldridge, Commander, VFW.'

"This is all about Sgt. Paul E. Linnell, way back during WWII, December 1944.

On Dec. 14, Company C and Sgt. Linnell arrived in LaHarve, France. From there he went to Brussels, Belgium and on to Manhay. Dec. 22 was icy cold and snowing. On Dec. 23, Company C, 209th Infantry, was assigned to the 3rd Armored Division which was moving south to Belle Haie. That was where the 2nd and 3rd Panzer Company of German Army trapped them.

Company C was ordered to attack along both sides of the road, but was unable to do so. American soldiers were being shot to pieces. On Christmas Day, Sgt. Paul Linnell was wounded and left for dead.

The Germans later found him unconscious in a half-track and took him as a prisoner of war. In March of 1945, members of the 99th Division found and rescued the group of prisoners that included Sgt. Linnell. Soon after, Linnell was given a medical discharge.

Linnell had been listed as killed in action. He was, it later turned out, the only survivor from his platoon. In the confusion, Linnell's survival was never acknowledged. For years he wondered how he had become a POW. It wasn't until four decades later, when he attended a reunion of the 75th Division in Seattle, that he learned what had happened."

Last Saturday evening, (September 5, 1998) as a result of that day at Belle Haie, the former Army Sgt. Paul Linnell was officially presented with a Purple Heart ... 54 years

after being left unconscious along a cold, bloody rural road in France.

Paul Linnell started to learn about how he became a World War II prisoner of war when he began going bald. That was, he says, in the 1970s. He recalls his mother asking about a scar that had been hidden by hair. She asked if he had been wounded while in the war, Linnell explained. "I told her that it was from a beer bottle fight. I didn't want to worry her, but I didn't know about the scar or how I got it."

Years later, while registering for a reunion of his Army division in Seattle, Linnell ran into a member of his old platoon, Vic Post. Post, the runner for the platoon's lieutenant, who had been killed in the ambush in Belle Haie, had listed Linnell as killed in action.

A year after meeting with Post, Linnell met Sylvester Lombardo, the sergeant who had loaded the unconscious Linnell into the half-track in which he awoke a POW.

"I had no memory of being wounded," Linnell explains. "I had a head wound and was probably very bloody. Lombardo loaded me into

the half-track because it was thought the Germans could take care of me quicker. I came to, with Germans all around."

Linnell is still not certain how he was knocked unconscious, but he has come to believe, and the scar on his head backs him up, that he took a shrapnel to the helmet. He didn't receive a Purple Heart for his wound and never expected to. Until, in 1993, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and American Legion started working on it.

Last April, he was notified that he would be awarded the Purple Heart. The question then became where to have the ceremony. Whether to travel back to Albany and the VFW he had belonged to, or here in his new



Paul Edward Linnell
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DRL page 225

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home of Prineville. "I talked it over with Wayne Eldridge and he just took over Linnell said. "Along with the ladies of the Eagles and V FW Auxiliary and the people of Prineville who came out for the presentation ... and the NJROTC members, it was very impressive and very emotional."

Paul and Ida Linnell moved to Prineville just about a year ago. Paul and his father had been coming from their home in Albany since the early 1940s to hunt in the Ochoco National Forest and to fish in Ochoco Reservoir. Now, when the Linnell's thought about the best place to live in Oregon, they decided to move out of the valley and relocate to Prineville.

About a hundred people turned out to honor former Sgt. Linnell last Saturday evening, plus 20 or so relatives. Along with sisters, nieces, nephews, there were grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Relatives living too far away to make the trip, called and sent messages of love and pride.

As Linnell said afterward, it was a very emotional event.

This article was originally published in the Tuesday, September 8, 1998, Prineville (Ore.) Central Oregonian and is used with the permission of the publisher.

Please Send News of Your Family

Newsletter articles to
Jim Swedberg
Address changes to
Dick Linnell
Vital statistics to
Rachel Wynn.

See page 5 for addresses.

And the Winner is:





A contest was announced in the last Linnell Family Association Newsletter. This is how the announcement appeared:

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.

Now, your Editor is painfully aware of the errors in grammar, spelling, and punctuation that are the hallmark of the Linnell Family Association Newsletter. Without them this would be just like all of the other, letter perfect, family newsletters. But, what prompted this contest was the story by Dick Linnell about his Grandfather and the lost fingers. His memory was that they were on the **right** hand. Yet the photograph clearly showed them on the **left** hand. Was the photo reversed? Was Dick's memory failing? Both are possible. So the story said right and the photo showed left, and the contest was born! And, while no one wrote directly to the editor, as the rules clearly state, Dick did get a phone call from cousin Clo Mingo reporting the error and a note from his first cousin, Vonnie Morscheck of Bradenton, FL. Dick writes: "She (Vonnie) said many of my memories were hers also. She also said the text said Grandpa had missing fingers on his right hand, the picture shows his left hand. According to your statement on page 4 "newsletter error contest" she may be a winner."

And indeed she is! For she and Clo Mingo were the only ones to find and report that error. So, congratulations to Clo Mingo and Vonnie Morscheck. You will each receive an **official** Alexandria Bay, N. Y. Linnell Family Reunion 2000 pin, similar to that shown on page 1 of this newsletter, except in  **full color!** 

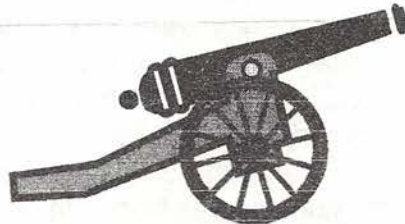
(Continued from page 1)

them the war was very unpopular. Still, Samuel had his duty. He served under General Brown and is listed on the Muster Role as Third Sergeant in Capt. Samuel Harger's Company, 108th Regiment, commanded by Major Calvin Brittain from 4 March to 25 March, 1813. Control of the Great Lakes was paramount in that war and the Americans were building a large ship at Sackets Harbor. On May 29 the British landed a large body of well trained troops to capture or destroy that ship. The New York militia was called to come assist the meager American Regulars, and the stage was set for a great turning point in the life of Samuel Linnell.

You can easily visualize the well trained British troops advancing on the panic-stricken New York Militia, cannons firing on both sides. After all, the militia were only local citizens, called hastily to stand before trained soldiers. It

is only natural for some to be frightened and to run. And they had been placed in the front and so took the direct brunt. Some did run. But Samuel Linnell stood his ground and fought. His position was over-run and he was taken prisoner by Indians fighting alongside the British.

During the three day trip to Kingston, Canada, some of the other prisoners died, but Samuel survived, even though he had only one biscuit for food. At Kingston he was turned over to the British who took him to Montreal, Quebec, and on to Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he was held as a prisoner of war. He was released on parole by the British who returned him to Boston on the cartel Matilda on June 6, 1814 where he was paid \$55.00 for 5 months



back salary on June 27. He then walked home from Boston to Watertown, New York. His pay records are at the National Archives in Washington. His claim for pay consisted of:

Pay..28 May 1813 to 26 July 1814.....	\$155.37
Clothing.....	\$ 42.00
Food for 20 day trip home.....	\$ 4.00
TOTAL....	\$201.37

His account was settled on 29 March 1816 as follows:

Pay..29 May 1813 to 12 July 1814.....	\$148.13
Less pay received in Boston.....	\$ 55.00
TOTAL....	\$ 93.13

Note that his pay settlement was almost two years after he returned home.

But Samuel Linnell did return home. He survived the Battle of Sackets Harbor. He survived the trip to the British Prison. He survived the prison and (probably) walked from Boston to Watertown to return to his home on Grindstone Island. There he picked up the pieces of his life and continued to live on Grindstone Island. There he had two more children. The boy, his eighth child, was named Thomas Jefferson Linnell, who later moved west to Belvidere, Illinois. His son, Selwin Clark Linnell, moved further west to North Dakota. One of his children, Elsie Linnell, has a daughter named Kay. Notice the use of the present tense, "has". For Elsie is my mother-in-law and Kay is my wife.

So now you know why I am so glad that Samuel Linnell persevered his hardships and survived the rigors of the Battle of Sackets Harbor and the War of 1812. For if he had not, I would not have my wife, my best friend, my helpmeet.

While at the Linnell Family Reunion 2000 in Alexandria Bay, be sure to go to the Sackets Harbor Battlefield, a New York State Historic Site and relive that bit of American and Linnell history.

The Battle of Sackett's Harbor

Excerpted from *The Battle of Sackett's Harbor* by Patrick A. Wilder (The Nautical & Aviation Publishing Co., Baltimore, MD, 1994), pages 88, 89, & 92

Although the British kept up a heavy fire from their gunboats, not a shot was fired from their disciplined ranks. The 100th rushed across the causeway, charging bayonets. This display proved too much for the undisciplined militia, who fired sporadic bursts before Brown had intended. Panic gripped the line of citizen soldiers and they stampeded.

Unable to stop the rout, Brown watched, mesmerized, as

... to my utter astonishment my men arose from their cover broke & before I could realize the disgraceful scene, there was scarcely a man within several rods of where I stood. . . . I made all the noise I could for my men-put my handkerchief on the point of my sword and made every sort of signal possible that they might notice me but in vain- . . .

Unable to halt the militia flying before him, Brown followed suit and withdrew to safety.

To militiaman Richard Goodell Jr. it seemed the British assault force numbered at least 2,000. He watched as they approached to within fifty feet of the militia before "[t]heir superior number caused us to quickly retreat. Some retired only a short distance and assisted the Dragoons. Others, more fainthearted, did not stop running until they got about three miles off." Militiaman Jesse Woodward, a crack shot, had been detailed to harass the British on their crossing from Horse Island to the mainland. Concealed behind a log, he was doing as well as nerves would allow. Suddenly he discovered that he was the only militiaman left opposing the British army. Woodward decided he was at the

wrong place at the wrong time and should follow his compatriots, "the others having gone without an invitation to accompany them." Jesse was a 6'3 " Yankee, built for running.

I made more ground in less time than any man who ever lived in Northern New York. I thought I was doing my best when a bullet tore up the sod under my feet, then I found out I could let out another link and you can bet I done it.

With the main body of attackers now moving northeast along the lake shore road toward the village under the command of Colonel Young of the 8th Foot, Colonel Baynes ordered the Voltigeurs and the 104th, with the Indians, to turn off on a path winding through the forest on their right. As the others forged ahead along the road, the Voltigeurs and some of the 104th scoured the path, pursuing the fleeing New York militia. The troops' advance was hampered by the abatis, which forced them to skirmish separately in small squads. Major Heriot now assumed command of the Voltigeurs, and consolidated the scattered men.

Progress appeared to be steady, punctuated by the crackle of musketry and the notes of bugles ringing out commands. Despite an ample head start, not all the Americans taking flight were able to escape. Militia Ensign Abraham Graves was overtaken by the Indians, captured, and brought to the rear of the British lines, grateful at least to be alive. Graves was taken on board the British fleet, along with four other captive militia. A compassionate Indian handed him a biscuit, the only food he would receive for a long time.

Editor's Note: The descendants of Robert Linnell identifies Ensign Graves as a fellow prisoner of Samuel Linnell.

Do Not Forget

The Linnell Tombstone Restoration Fund is still very much in need of your help.

A Linnell Childhood Part Three

Marvel Mae Linnell Soderlund

Sometimes we would go to Birchwood school and have a party. As a young teenager I played the piano with one finger on the right hand and two fingers on the left. Eventually I taught myself to play the piano by ear. My uncles, the Linnell boys, Bob, Vernie and Louie, taught us all how to dance. (My daughters remind me that my uncles also taught them how to dance at the Colvill Town Hall.) We also played games at school. I remember the game "Winkem" -- the girls were seated on chairs in a circle with one chair empty. The boy who stood behind the empty chair would wink at a certain girl who would then sit in his chair, so before the time was up each boy tried to have his special girl sitting in his chair. There were also the "Basket



Socials". The girls would prepare a special lunch and the boys would bid on the lunch baskets. I remember the Linnell boys (my uncles) got together and raised my boyfriend Marvin's bid for my basket until he almost had to give up as he had run out of money.

Gertrude Peterson, who later became Mrs. Louie Linnell, was the teacher at the one room schoolhouse, Birchwood School in Mineral Center. She taught about 20 students from first to eighth grade. Miss Peterson stayed with my parents while she was teaching. She had to go to the school early every morning to make a fire in the wood stove. In addition to teaching eight grades, she also made lunch for all the students. We would take turns helping. I loved it when we made cocoa as I'd have to taste it to make sure it was ready.

Our Christmas programs were a big production. The entire community got involved. And at that time before religion was

forbidden in schools, we were allowed to sing "Happy Birthday to Jesus".

I attended Birchwood School through my ninth grade, at which time I had to go to Grand Marais, the county seat, to be tested to see if I had passed; I then was sent to attend a boarding school in Hutchinson, Minnesota, where I graduated in 1935.

I was introduced to my future husband, Marvin Soderlund, at a Hovland 4-H picnic by my Aunt Sis. Then a while later I was invited to Marvin's 16th birthday party by his former guardian, Mrs. Ellquist. My mother would allow me to go only if I took my little brother along as she thought I was too young to go to a boy's party by myself. After that he would drive to Mineral Center to visit periodically. He drove an old Model T Ford which he had painted with white house paint. Marvin was an orphan and had to quit school at the age of 14 but he was supporting himself by cutting and peeling trees and on a good day could make 75 to 80 cents. At the age of 16 he built himself a log cabin to live in. He cut the trees, peeled them and used Uncle Al's horses to haul the logs to the cabin site. We dated off and on for about five years. We were married when I was 20 and for a short time lived in a little cabin near my parents, then later moved to Marvin's log cabin in Hovland.

In the late 1930s the Bureau of Indian Affairs bought all of our houses and acreage to extend the Indian Reservation. At the time there were approximately 50 families living in the area. I remember my dad was so thrilled when he received a check for \$1,000 for his farm. My parents moved to Rush City, Minnesota. Many other families moved to Grand Marais or Hovland.

The first family to move away were the Clyde Roberts'. We held a big potluck dinner at Grandma Nellie Linnell's. I had composed a song I called "The Mineral Center Song" which I sang and played for everyone. I remember Clyde Roberts sitting at the table with big tears falling onto his dinner plate.

MINERAL CENTER SONG

We all hate to leave Mineral Center
For this has been our home for years
And when the time comes for parting
We won't be ashamed of our tears

The old gravel road we have traveled
In summer, spring, winter and fall
Will always live in our memories of past
But our neighbors and friends most of all

Many good times we have had in our town
At programs, at picnics and such
We never have had formal parties at all
We've just been plain folks with no fuss

So farewell to dear Mineral Center
With its pines and its birches so staunch
May God bless us all on our journey
And bring lots of luck to our bunch.



Additions to the Family Records

Births

Descendants of Robert Linnell, page 464
118,241,185,113,3
Jay Tyson Covey
b. 7 Sep. 1965
m. Doreen Genin 10 Aug. 1991
Covey child: Zoe Sallee b. 13 Jan. 1999

Marriages

Descendants of Robert Linnell, page 466
118,241,112,658,11
Lester Dean Smith
b. 15 Feb. 1974
m. Jessie Ravenhorst 12 Sep. 1998 Olivia.
MN The Smiths live in Willmar, MN

Deaths

118,241,145,131
Marjorie Linnell Beldo Attleson
m. (2) Harlan Attleson 21 Nov. 1992
d. 31 Oct. 1999
Marjorie has moved to Bemidji, MN with
Leslie and Marion Weekley.

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.

STEERING COMMITTEE 1997 - 2000

CHAIRMAN

Jerry Linnell 202-224-2575 (W)
416 Constitution Ave. NE 202-546-2931 (H)
Washington, DC 20002 202-224-5230 FAX
E-mail: JerL@AOL.com

VICE CHAIRMAN

Robert S. Linnell 509-697-6047
2930 N. Wenas Road
Selah, WA 98942

SECRETARY

Charlene Toews 561-997-9968 (H)
3930 NW 27th Terrace 561-997-9968 (Fax)
Boca Raton, FL 33434

TREASURER

Judy Spelde 208-773-5858 (H)
1300 Soft Breeze Ave. 208-769-7380 (Fax-W)
Post Falls, ID 83854 E-mail: judyk@iea.com

HISTORIAN

Rachel Linnell Wynn 410-242-5760
717 Maiden Choice Lane #523
Catonsville, MD 21228 E-mail:rlwynn@erols.com

DATA COMPUTERIZATION

Glen Roberts 612-535-3682
W7775 Othloff Rd.
Merrill, WI 54452 E-mail:snowbirds62@Juno.com

NEWSLETTER EDITORS

Jim & Kay Swedberg 808-261-7276
712 Oneawa Street
Kailua, HI 96734 E-mail:swedbug@aloha.net

MEMBERSHIP CHAIRMAN

Dick Linnell 815-789-4668 (H)
PO Box 95 819-789-4261 (Fax)
Orangeville, IL 61060
E-mail:dicklinnell@hotmail.com

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NEWSLETTER**

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Orangeville, IL 61060



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