

A LETTER FROM OUR CHAIRMAN

Hello, Cousins.

It is with both a happy and disappointed heart that I jot a few lines to you for this issue of the LFA newsletter.

Yes, happy because over the holiday season I was able to spend precious time, as most of you were able to do, I am sure, with very special relatives, sharing food, gifts, and good times. It is always such a pleasure to see ones you love but also to get to know some of them much more in depth.

Such was the case when I had the good fortune to spend 4 days on the ski slopes of Mammoth Mtn, California, with cousin Claude Whitney and then a couple days with both Claude and his wonderful wife CC. Wow, the slopes were awesome but the patience and teaching of Judge Claude were even better; he took me under skis and brought me such joy and exhilaration, not only in going down escalations I couldn't believe (it had only been 20 years since I was on a pair of skis) but in rekindling old stories of our families that were faintly remembered but had added dimensions and warming insights that were long forgotten or not passed down. As a result of such an exhausting but most pleasurable experience, I highly recommend if you have the chance to fulfill a life-long dream, eat some spinach and face the challenge because you will not regret it – and you will have forever in your mind and heart an event to remember with special fondness.

Thank you, Cousin Claude, for sharing a special part of Linnell family history with me. You “youngsters”

have to share with us “old timers” whatever fascinating stories you remember of such an incredibly rich history of this great family.

And now the disappointment. For some period of time the members of the steering committee and others spent a good deal of time putting together plans for a scholarship fund so that the younger generation of the family might write about and gain knowledge of our interesting ancestry and at the same time help to in a small way pay for a higher education. Unfortunately, there seems to be little interest in this effort as again, for the second year in a row, there was only one applicant for this \$500 scholarship. Now, surely, with 5 hours of study and writing, a young cousin would like to earn \$100 an hour to win such an award; they will surely not spend a more profitable period of time for many years, not only money wise but family history wise as well. So I encourage each member of the association to do a little more selling of this wonderful opportunity. And just think, it will not cost you one thin dime.

Which reminds me, when speaking of thin dimes, don't forget your association dues are received in any form. For your convenience, the necessary information to complete your mission to be paid up for another year may be found on the last page of this newsletter. Also a reminder, it is never too late to make a donation to either the scholarship or the cemetery restoration activities.

As the snow is now falling in Washington, D.C. and we are into the heavy politicking season, don't forget to stop, look, and listen to the candidates for all the offices that will come open this fall. The more you do, the less likely you will be “snowed in” by those who plow only on one side of the street.

Here's hoping your endeavors bring you closer to the ones you love.

Jerry Linnell

Inside this issue

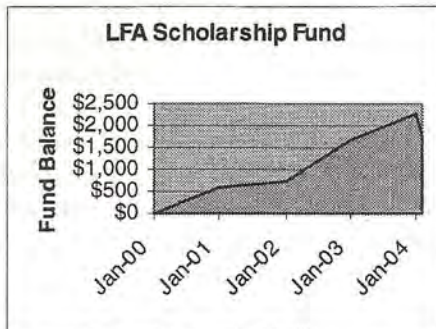
◆ SPECIAL FUND NEWS	Page 2	◆ NEWS FROM OUR COUSINS	Page 3
◆ LINNELL AM. LEGION POST	Page 2	◆ THE COMPOSIT GHOST	Page 4
◆ FAMILY RECORDS ADDITIONS	Page 3	◆ ASSOCIATION OFFICERS	Page 5

Deadline for the next newsletter: May 15

Growth of Special Funds

During the past year, the Linnell Family Association's two special funds have begun to do the good work for which they were conceived. Last year, the Gravestone Fund provided the \$500 balance needed to complete the restoration of the John Linnell gravestone. Just two weeks ago, the first-ever award from the LFA Scholarship Fund was issued, in the amount of \$500, to our highly-deserving cousin, Jamie Sunde.

Contributions to these important funds continue to accrue.



Recent contributions to the LFA Scholarship Fund include:

Rachel Linnell Wynn, Historian Society (\$1 to \$49)

- ◆ Jerald Linnell*
 - ◆ Eva Spurlin
- *denotes multiple gifts

Linnell Landing, Cape Cod Society (\$50 to \$99)

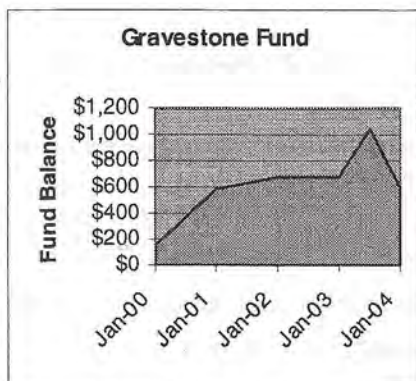
- ◆ Jeannette Ainsworth
- ◆ Glen Roberts
- ◆ Scott Linnell

Captain Ebenezer Harding Linnell Society (\$100 to \$249)

- ◆ Mary Drobnik (Bible auxction)
- ◆ Susan and Scott Linnell

Recent contributors to the Gravestone Fund include:

- ◆ Muriel Phipps (Eagle auction)
- ◆ James and Kay Swedberg
- ◆ Ronald Shaffer
- ◆ Eva Spurlin
- ◆ Pam Dittus



THANK YOU FROM PAUL LINNELL AMERICAN LEGION POST

PAUL D. LINNELL POST #266
AMERICAN LEGION
P.O. BOX 14
JANUARY 17, 2004

Mr. Robert S. Linnell
2930 N. Wenas Rd.
Selah, WA 09042

Dear Sir:

We were so pleased to receive your check in the amount of \$350.00 from the Linnell Family Association of North America. I assure you the money will help us to keep our Post in business.

Jerry Gutzman is a home town boy and in fact we went to high school together.

The Linnel Family Association will be placed on the listing of contributors to the Paul D. Linnell Century Club. This is on display in our post home and each year the listing is published in our Prairie Dog Press newspaper.

We thank you for your support.

Sincerely,

Dean Wilnerd, Adjutant



Additions to the Family Records

Births, Deaths & Marriages

Elizabeth Jane Covey Williams (118,241,185,111)
d. 19 Aug 2001 in CA

Robert James Gilbertson (118,241,116,922)
d. 24 Dec 2003

Jewell Linnell Haley (118,241,112,634)
d. 2 Jan 2004 of Sandusky OH

Elsie Charlotte Linnell Thompson (118,241,185,8)
d. 8 Jan 2004

Lyra Noelle Holahan
b. 25 Dec 2003
Daughter of Heidi Swedberg
(118,241,185,834) and Philip Holahan

Laynie Ryann Linnell
b. 13 Apr 2003
Daughter of Rodney D. (Jr)
(118,241,169,221,1) & Camie J. Linnell

Brenda Kae Linnell (118,241,169,221,2)
m. David Douglas Kittelson 7 June 2003
at Hermiston OR
Daughter of Rod & Bonnie Linnell

Anita Whitman (118,241,116,231,421)
m. Scott Miller 5 Dec 2003

Kimberly Ellen Anderson (118,241,112,6-10-2,4)
m. Brian Stelzer 3 July 2002 in Oahu HI;
they are making their home in Dodge Ctr, MN
Daughter of Barkley Anderson

Christopher Michael Anderson (118,241,112,6-10-2,2)
m. Melissa Hansen 14 June 2003 in
Eau Claire WI
Son of Barkley Anderson

Sara Peterson (118,241,145,831,4)
m. Robert Zizzo 22 Oct 1994
in Milwaukee WI

Zizzo children:

- i. Olivia Marie
- ii. Alessandra Iris twins
b. 2 Dec 1997
In Las Vegas NV
- iii. Oscar Nicholas b. 15 Aug 2000
In Milwaukee WI
d. 24 Aug 2000
- iv. Isabella Claire b. 2 Jan 2002
in Fresno CA

News from Our Cousins



Robert H. Linnell, Democratic Candidate!

The following is part of a note sent to Rachel and J. C. Wynn by a friend at USC.

As I opened my USC Emeriti Center Newsletter yesterday, there on the front page in "Greetings from the Executive Director," was a tribute to Rachel's relative, Robert Linnell. I will put the newsletter into the mail to you, but just wanted you to know.

In part the Exec. Director states, "...Professor Emeritus Robert H. Linnell is a Democratic candidate for U.S. President in the New Hampshire primary because he wants a chance to be heard. For the last four years, in an attempt to understand and develop solutions to issues facing the nation. Dr. Linnell has published online over 200 opinion papers. He writes, 'At 81 my greatest concern is for those who will come after me. We should leave a heritage better than we received but sadly the opposite is true. My idealistic goals will not be achieved in one generation, but I want to be part of a sustained effort extending to the next generation.'

**WANT MORE NEWS?
VISIT THE LINNELL WEB PAGE**

linnellfamily.home.comcast.net

The Spriggins Family Association organized early on, utilizing a near perfect system for keeping track of their ancestors and with no problems of grave stone restoration. I suppose it is too late for the Linnells to adopt those ideal (or nearly so) methods but after reading this 19th century poem feel free to contact your steering committee should you feel the matter deserves further consideration.

Bob Linnell

The Composit Ghost By Marion Couthouy Smith

They were placed on exhibition, in a long, imposing row,
All who'd borne the name of Spriggins for three centuries or so;
From old Amram, who came over in the Pilgrim Fathers' track,
To the late lamented Jane, for whom the family still wore black.
They stood 'upon a hardwood shelf, in rich and proud' array,
Not disposed, I beg to state, in any grim, offensive way.
They were not a row of mummies, standing terrible and tall,
Nor a grisly stack of coffins, piled up high along the wall;
You never came across a skull, nor stumbled on a bone,
Nor a human frame in lattice-work, left rattling there alone;
Your nerves would never suffer there from sudden shocks or
"turns" -

There was nothing but a score or two of classic little urns.



Which held their sacred contents, sealed in elegant reserve,
Like a ghastly kind of jam, or supernatural preserve..
You never, never would suspect that in those graceful rows,
The entire Spriggins ancestry could peacefully repose.

'Tis a plan that's most convenient, thus within a little space,
To have your relatives condensed, and keep them in a vase;
For if you care to travel, why, wherever you may go,
You can simply take your family vault along with you, you know.

You can have the whole collection sent by Peterson's express,
To be a genteel solace in bereavement and distress:
Besides, it is the prettiest end a man could wish himself—
To be gathered to his fathers in an urn upon a shelf.

There rested all the Spriggins tribe, each in his little urn,
On which the names and dates were carved, as each had died in turn;

And Spriggins, pere, was proud of them, and often went to weep.
Besides the sacred shelf on which he one day hoped to sleep.

One fatal afternoon it chanced that Spriggins's youngest son,
Whose un-christian age was seven, and whose chistian name was John,

Obtained the key to that small room, and found that sacred store
Of the ashes of his fathers, which he ne'er had seen before.
This Johnny was a clever boy, much given to research,
His very nose turned up, with interrogatory perch;
His head—excuse the slang—was very level, you'll surmise,
But 'twas level where his bump of veneration ought to rise.
He knew they were his relatives, within those vases packed,
But he didn't care a button for that interesting fact;
All he wanted was to reach those curious urns and take them down.

(Alas! The shelf was several feet above his little crown.)

There came a sudden avalanche, and flat upon the floor
He lay, sprinkled with the ashes of a century or more!
A portion of his grandpa ran in torrents down his neck,
And 'round him all his great-great aunts were lying by the peck.
He had Pilgrim Fathers in his shoes, all trickling 'round his toes;

He had grandmas in his hair, and he had cousins in his nose,
And, worst of all, a fragment of the late lamented Jane
Had lodged beneath his eyelid, and was causing dreadful pain!
But john had lots of courage, and he didn't stop to cry,
Not even with ashes of his sister in his eye;
He only gasped, and quickly rose, and ruefully surveyed
The ruin and confusion that his luckless fall had made.
He could sweep up all the ashes, but things never could be fixed,

For the worthy house of Spriggins was inextricably mixed!
Such stirring up would stagger e'en the very stoutest brain;
Why, you couldn't tell old Amram from the late lamented Jane.
The scions of this honored line, all by that little loon,
Might just as well have been stirred up, like pudding, with a spoon.

'Twas very sad; but Johnny, yielding not to thoughts of gloom,
Brought up a chair to stand on, and a dustpan and a broom,
And soon that little room was very, very cleanly swept,
And urns and ashes all put back, just where they had been kept.
You never, never would suspect what that one day had cost,
And that in that act each Spriggins's identity was lost!

That night, alas! Pa Spriggins, in a solemn frame of mind,
Betook himself to that small room, as oft he felt inclined,
And he shut the door. And sat him down, those urns to contemplate,
While appropriate reflections chased each other through his pate,
For he loved to pensively recount the treasures of the past,
And wondered constantly how long the family would last.
The place was dark and gloomy—he was shut up there alone,
When suddenly—his hair stood up!—he heard a hollow groan!
The cover of the largest urn rose up a little way,
A mist came forth, which altered to a figure dim and gray.
It rose up from the ashes, like the phoenix known of old,
But of such an awful bird as this the ancients never told.
It bore a distant likeness to the figure of a man,
But picture such a nondescript I know I never can.

It had a gray old head upon the shoulders of a child;
 One eye was small and wicked, and the other large and wild.
 Its hands, its feet, its teeth, its ears, I solemnly declare;
 You couldn't pick out two of them that matched to make a pair!
 One foot was slim and dainty, and the other huge and flat,
 And it had a woman's wig on underneath a man's cocked hat;
 A waistcoat like George Washington's a blazer and a train,
 That Spriggins knew had once belonged to his departed Jane!
 He sank upon his bended knees, with terror quite unmanned;
 It stood upon its one large foot, and waved its biggest hand,
 And spake: "unhappy man," it said, "for this have we been
 burned?
 For this have we been kept here long, so carefully inurned?"

Oh, see, upon this sacred shelf what dire confusion reigns!
 Wretch! What have you been doing with your ancestors'
 remains?
 You listen to your father's voice, but thanks, I fear, to you,
 It is your uncle Solomon whose mouth it's speaking through!
 Oh, tell me who or what I am, and how long I've been dead;
 And tell me if I've got my own or someone else's head;
 I don't belong to any special period at all.
 Am I my aunt Kiziah, or am I your brother Paul?
 Oh, Spriggins — Ebenezer J! — Oh, wretch! Oh, fool! Oh,
 rash!
 How could you mix our ashes in one vast, ancestral hash?

Thus ending, with a mingled wail of misery and rage,
 That awful vision ceased to speak, and
 vanished from the stage,
 While ghostly groanings issued from the
 various urns around,
 But poor old Spriggins heard no more—
 he swooned upon the ground.

And now theses mingled embers 'neath
 memorial marbles lie,
 And Spriggins and his family will be
 buried when they die.



Historical note:

According to the Historical Research Center one
 Robert Spriggins married Ann Linnell in **1620** at St.
 James Clerkenwell, London.
 Bob Linnell

PLEASE!

Send your family history, notes, poems, pictures,
 reunion information, or anything else you would
 like included in the May newsletter. Electronic
 material is preferred, but everything accepted.

THE LINNELL FAMILY ASSOCIATION

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

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1994 - 1997 - \$8

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MEMBERSHIP

REGISTRATION & RENEWAL

Linnell Family Association

Please register me as a member of the Linnell Family Association in the following category:

___ Single Life Time (\$125.00)
___ Single Annual (\$15.00 a year)
___ Family Annual (\$25.00 a year)
___ Total Amount Enclosed

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23 Liberty Knoll Drive
Colt's Neck, NJ 07722

**LINNELL FAMILY ASSOCIATION
NEWSLETTER**

Dick Linnell
P. O. Box 95
Orangeville, IL 61060

