



## Scholarship Winner for 2005

### My Linnell Family

My name is Kenneth Gilbert Bockovich, of Grand Marais, Minnesota. My Dad is Dale Gilbert Bockovich, his dad, my grandfather, was Gilbert Max Bockovich. My grandfathers mother, my great-grandmother, was Tressie Linnell Bockovich a descendant of Peter Linnell family, a store owner in Mineral Center, Minnesota in the early 1900's.

Peter Linnell moved to Mineral Center from the state of Wisconsin in search of a new life, and to raise his family. Peter Linnell was born December 11, 1866, in Galesville, Wisconsin. He died February 20th, 1928 and is buried in a small cemetery in Mineral Center. Peter's wife Mary Ellen Sullivan, (Nellie) was born October 4, 1870 in Black River Falls, Wisconsin. She died January 5th, 1945 and is buried along side Peter in Mineral Center. Peter had twelve children, Peter Jr., died in child birth, Terrance Arthur (Ted), Halbert, Foster F., Theresa Adella (Tressie), Chester John, Rachael Angeline, Grace, Verne Leroy, Russell M., Arnold Underwood (Louie), and Cecelia Madonna (Sis). Peter was 44 years old in 1910 when he decided to move his family to the northeastern tip of Minnesota, north of Lake Superior. He was a very large man, over 6 feet tall, energetic, an outdoorsman. In 1910 he had fished in that northern region with Earl Roberts who had moved his family to headquarters or reservation, MN, that spring. Malcolm Linnell, Peter's first cousin once removed and grandson of Hiram S., had built the first cabin on his homestead on the reservation, carrying everything into his homestead on his back. His family spent the first year in Hovland but moved into their cabin in January, 1911. In April 1911 Peter with his two oldest boys, Ted and Foster, built a home on his homestead on the reservation. On May 19, 1911, Nellie with six of the



children came by the steamer "America" to Hovland where Ted came by wagon and a team of horses to meet them. After getting the family settled and gardens planted, Peter and the other men went to Hovland to work in a mill leaving the women and children alone on the homesteads. Other families arrived and there were soon 11 children of school age. The Birchwood School was built and Blanche Woodard, daughter of another

early settler, was hired as teacher. Her daughter, Gertrude (later Mrs. Arnold Linnell) continued the tradition and was the teacher until the school closed in 1937. The first winter the men worked in the Charles J. Johnson lumber camps. Lumbering, some farming, fishing, dairying, was their life. Peter opened a store and in 1918 a post office was opened in his store. The name Mineral Center was given to the community. Mail came in the summer on the "America" and was brought to Mineral Center by horse and wagon. In the winter it was brought three times a week from Grand Marais by horse and stagecoach. Peter ran the store and post office until he died in 1928. Nellie sold the store to Godfrey N. Plante and she moved to a cottage near the church in Mineral Center. Foster and Ted married and bought land at Mineral Center, building homes and settling there. Sometime in the 1940s the government bought up all of the homesteads' and land in that area and created an Indian Reservation. The settlers then moved to Grand Marais, Duluth, and other areas. The buildings were torn down or abandoned and the town has become a ghost town. (For this information I am indebted to Theresa Linnell Bockovich and to her cousin Marilyn who wrote it all down.)

I am an above average student at Cook County High School, in Grand Marais. I have an overall GPA of 3.75 out of a 4.0 scale. I participate in multiple sports, football, as a quarterback, basketball, as a point guard, baseball, as a pitcher, which are all leadership positions. I have also varsity lettered in

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## Newsletter Economics

As we prepare for the LFA Reunion on Cape Cod next year, we need to think about the future of the Linnell Family Association. As Chairman Jerry Linnell points out in his letter on page 3 of this issue, there are many positions which we will need to fill at the reunion. There are also many decisions to be made about the future direction and scope of activities of the LFA.

One decision deals with this newsletter. We need to decide if the newsletter is valuable enough to warrant the cost and effort of its publication. As stated in the list of officers of the association, shown on page 5 of this newsletter:

"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."

The value of a newsletter is determined by its readers. They must decide if it contains enough news, family history, or other information to promote the purposes of the Association to warrant the cost of publication. Therefore, your editor thought it proper to provide you with the following information on the cost of publishing the Linnell Family Newsletter.

First some background information on the publication process. The Newsletter is published quarterly, nominally in February, May, August, and November. I say nominally since some recent publication dates were missed rather badly. Sorry about that! Generally the newsletter is arranged to fill both sides of four sheets of paper for the typical eight page newsletter. While more sheets may be added if there is enough material to warrant it, this would increase the cost of printing and postage as we will see later.

When the layout is complete the newsletter is taken to the printer. Once the job is in his hands it takes about one to two weeks to print 600+ copies on four sheets of 11"x16" paper which he folds. The cost for this is about \$160. In the meantime I print the 600+ address labels which cost about \$20 and buy 600+ postage stamps which is another \$220. The "Address Service Requested" which you see on the newsletter means that the post office will send a notice to me (at a cost of \$0.70 each) if the address on a newsletter is incorrect, for instance if a forwarding address is on file. The total cost for this varies with the number returned but I allow about \$20.

So the total cost, per issue, is about \$420 or about \$1680 per year, which is the largest single expense of the Association. The LFA treasurer, Scott Linnell pointed out "The fundamental problem is that we try to cover about \$2500 in expenses per year (\$2000 for mailings and \$500 for gravestones, roughly) with about \$1,000 in dues payments plus roughly \$350 in DRL book sales. We are reaching the point where we must either reduce expenses or increase revenue."

Several suggestions have been made. Elimination of the newsletter altogether seems too drastic. Sending the newsletter by e-mail would significantly reduce costs, but everyone does not have access to e-mail. We could continue to publish in the current fashion if members would be willing to pay an additional fee. At the current postage and printing costs

(Continued from page 1)

each of these sports, as well been elected a captain. I plan and have been accepted to attend Bemidji State University next fall. I will also try to make the basketball or baseball teams while at college. I feel the reasons I am proud to be a member of the Linnell family has to do with my upbringing and ancestral values instilled by my parents, and family members. My dad has told me many stories and tales about the past Linnell families. These stories not only include topics of hardships, work ethics and humor; they also told me of the great sense of family tradition in which I have been lucky to be part of.

The first story that I would like to share relates to Tressie Linnell Bockovich, and her husband Martin. In the early 1900's Martin, an immigrant of Yugoslavia, met Tressie and were married. While trying to get started as a farmer, Martin and Tressie homesteaded three different properties in the Mineral Center area. On each of these properties they attempted to hand dig wells for water. Each time they failed but did not give up and finally succeeded in finding water and a home. This has shown me the importance and value of never giving up on your goals and dreams. Shortly after having three children Martin and Tressie, moved to Good Harbor Hill area, near Grand Marais to a real farm. There they raised the rest of their family, Halbert, Gilbert, Nona, Nelda, Richard, Joan, Bob, Bruce, and Florence, my great aunts and uncles. My Grandfather Gilbert and my Dad Dale both confirmed an interesting story about Tressie and her protecting her flock of chickens from an evil chicken hawk. One night she heard a commotion coming from the hen house and chicken pen. She got up from bed grabbed Martin's gun and went outside hunting in the dark. She shot once and all was quiet. In the morning Martin went out to assess the damages. Upon finding one dead chicken hawk he knew he was no match for Tressie as a sharp shooter.

My second story has to do with my great grandmother Tressie's statement to my grandmother, Evelyn (Gilbert's wife), upon her deathbed in which she stated how lucky she was to bear nine children and have them all be honest, trust worthy, valued community and family members. It tells me how proud she was of her own reputation and standing in life. It makes me think of what my dad said to me, and what his dad said to him. "When I was born my father gave me the Bockovich (Linnell) name and it was in good standing, when you give it to your son it should hold the same value."

Another story that I value has to deal with the total sense of family I get from an the reunions we have during the holidays and other special times. My family which includes all my uncles and aunts and cousins have a place to meet at these times. We have potluck dinners at a remote log cabin, built by my relatives, every holiday and time that someone in the family

a subscription would cost about \$0.70 per issue or \$2.80 per year. Another suggestion is to only send the newsletter to those whose membership dues are current.

I look forward to your responses, both as letters to the editor and as suggestions at the Reunion business meeting.

James Swedberg  
Editor

is home on a visit or other special occasions. This has been a tradition that Tressie started at the farm on Good Harbor Hill ever since her children started to leave home. It's a great feeling to know you always have support and a place to share these feelings of belonging. It's also a place to meet all the newborn cousins and watch the families grow through marriages. It's a wonderful place to share old stories and memories and to make new ones.

I wish I had time to tell you about all of the other stories and experiences that I have learned from. Maybe some day while in college or later in life I will be able to write a book and share with others many of the things that make up what it means to be part of the Linnell family. I hope some day I will be able to attend the greater Linnell family reunion and meet more of the wonderful descendents of Robert Linnell.

Kenneth Gilbert Bockovich



**FOLLOW ME  
To The 2006 Linnell Family  
Association Reunion  
Cape Cod, Massachusetts**

"There is no king who has not had a slave among his ancestors, and no slave who has not had a king among his."

-- Helen Keller



**A LETTER FROM  
OUR CHAIRMAN**

## **Greetings, Fellow Cousins.**

As I put the finishing touches on the 2-day agenda for the steering committee's meeting on the Cape, May 20 - 23, there is a big question in my mind as to the vision you and I have for the Linnell Family Association and its future. There are, of course, many facets to any group such as ours, probably the most important of which is a steady flow of volunteers to head up the sundry committees involved in supporting a thriving entity.

At this time in our fairly short association history, there are many openings on the steering committee and, if there are no people interested in committing to take the responsibility (and the high salary) to lead us, for instance, as historian, as chairman, as newsletter editor, as membership chairman, etc., what will be the outcome? Will our little wagon train come to a grinding halt?

Therefore, I ask you, what ideas or thoughts does the question of the LFA future conjure up in your mind? For instance, do you believe the association should continue to serve all of us? Should it serve a certain portion of us, i.e., the younger generation through the scholarship fund? Should it be the elders through help to families in burial events? Should it just be a reunion every 3 years? Should it only produce a newsletter with family members writing to a newsletter volunteer until funds run out? Should there be no further payment of dues -- as infrequently as that happens? Should there be an association at all?

I hope you will give my questions some thought and write letters to the steering committee's newsletter editor, either through e-mails or by hand, sharing your insight as to the future of the LFA. Perhaps if you think about chipping in in some small way, all of us will come up with a resounding "yea" to hitching up the teams and heading for greener pastures. Think of it; you have to make a commitment, either through expressing your thoughts and/or volunteering, or sit on the edge of the trail as our covered wagons deteriorate and the horses grow too old to be of any strength to pull the load.

As your chairman, I look forward to your input. It is wanted, needed, and will be appreciated, for sure.

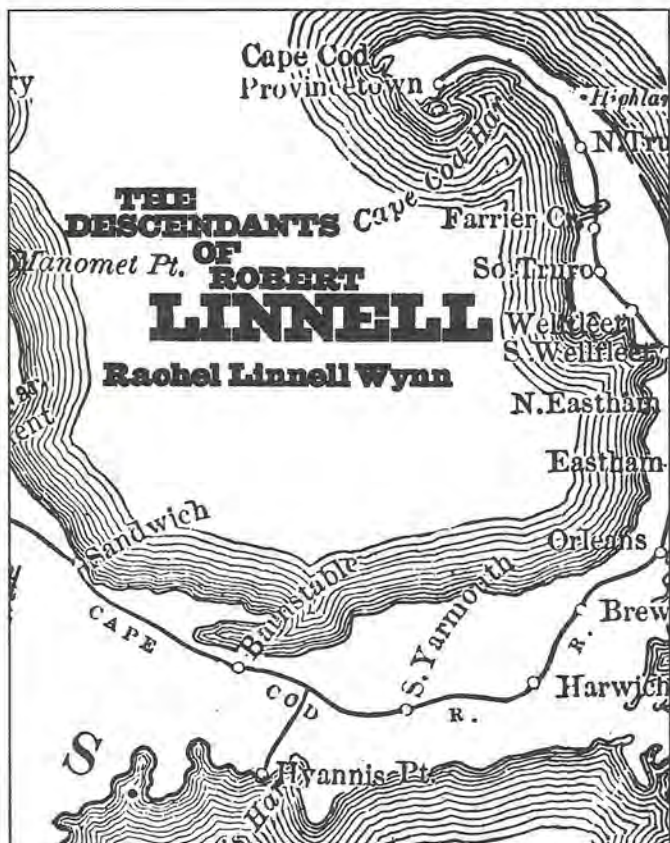
Jerry Linnell

**Plan Now!  
To attend the 2006  
Linnell Family Association Reunion  
On Cape Cod**

# Ruth Linnell Byrnes

by Rachel Linnell Wynn

Ruth Linnell Byrnes created the cover of my first edition of *The Descendants of Robert Linnell*. It was her aunt Augusta Johnson who brought us together at Ruth's home in Chicago in 1983 to trace more of our Linnell history. Ruth was a very well known artist in the Chicago area and I was about to suggest to her that she create the cover of a book of genealogy for the Linnell family. It was sheer theater, my putting out on Ruth's floor six foot charts of the branches of the Linnell



family that I had researched. As we knelt down there and read off names that we knew, we related their stories to each other. It bound us together and Ruth was ready to enlist in the project. The rest is history, as they say.

On May 17, 2003, after a long illness, Ruth Linnell Byrnes died. The following is written in appreciation of her life. This is a eulogy about Ruth, delivered at her funeral on May 19, 2003, by her brother, Zenos Linnell.

"My view of Ruth is both privileged and prejudiced: prejudiced to be her younger brother who could be in a position both to support her personally when she needed it and criticize her faults as younger brothers always do with older sisters. But privilege came with growing up together to witness her growth and flowering of human spirit over a long period, something available to a younger brother if he can take a close look and if his sister has a particular talent.

"Ruth became devoted to her career as an art teacher of children, especially younger children. For most of her

# The Mile Marker

Three Irishmen, Paddy, Sean and Shamus, were stumbling home late one night and found themselves on the road which led past the old graveyard.

"Come have a look over here", says Paddy, "It's Michael O'Grady's grave, God bless his soul, he lived to the ripe old age of 87."

"That's nothing", says Sean, "here's one named Patrick O'Toole. It says here that he was 95 when he died."

Just then, Shamus yells out, "But here's a fella that died when he was 145 years old!"

"What was his name?" asks Paddy.

Shamus lights a match to see what else is written on the stone marker, and exclaims, "Miles from Dublin."



career she worked in one of the early 'progressive schools' in this country where she was encouraged to be involved with her pupils' minds. She was also an artist who painted; but her real passion went into working more directly with other people's minds. She was a 'hands on' teacher as seen in a demonstration video, gestural, guiding movements, and guiding questions of meaning for the other. My sense was her work involved abstracting and defining the human spirit that she helped a child create for himself/herself. She seemed to find ways to touch mind's eye and mind's new ways of comprehending how things could go together."

Zenos notes that his son, John Linnell of "They Might Be Giants", writes about this same thought in his song "Put a Little Birdhouse in Your Soul." A "night-light might guide one's spirit, one's memories, one's search for meaning." Ruth found her "most important higher education in her own teaching experience," Zenos says; "Ruth was a metaphor teacher."

The entire eulogy written by Zenos Linnell about Ruth Linnell Byrnes can be found on the Linnell Family web page: [Linnell Family@home.comcast.net](mailto:LinnellFamily@home.comcast.net)

## News from Our Cousins



**Editors Note: This news is a year old!  
Your editor regrets the delay.**

### Janet Elizabeth Linnell the Second

(118,241,112,635,31)

Received a Bachelor of Arts degree in Psychology, with a Minor in Occupational Science from the USC College of Letters, Arts and Sciences on 14 May 2004.

Her particular interest is in initially becoming an Occupational Therapist and she may join the Teach For America corps for two years to help complete her graduate work in that area of concentration.

Janet is a USC Presidential Scholar and a National Merit Scholar who also received a Scholarship from the Independent Order of Foresters (the order that recently changed its name to be just the "FORESTERS").



## Additions to the Family Records

### Births, Deaths & Marriages

**Elisha L Wilson** (11a,b15,515,644,3)  
m. Jonathan Donald Wilson 19 Feb 2005

**Dale E Volgamore** (11a,b15,515,231)  
d. 19 Feb 2005

**Hazel Emma Luscombe Linnell** (118,241,533,31Sp)  
d. 19 Mar 2005 of Gorham ME at the age of 100.

## LINNELL ROOTS AND BRANCHES



## 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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# Elsie Linnell Thompson 1914-2004

Elsie Linnell (118,241,185,8) was born in Kelly, about 12 miles from Grand Forks, ND on 16 March 1913. Her father, Selwin Clark Linnell, was 76 years old. Two years later another daughter, Marion was born, and two years later, when Selwin was 80, the youngest child, Donald was born. The family had moved to North Dakota from Belvidere, Illinois, in 1910, although the children of Selwin's first wife remained in Illinois. The three oldest children, Sadie, Harold, and LaVerne, made the move with their parents and the last four, including Elsie, were born in North Dakota.

Their first house was too small and a new, larger home was built. Selwin made the farm a modern showcase, adding such new things as electric lights. Selwin died in a tractor accident. He was under the tractor working on it when it started up and drove over him. His wife took over running the farm with the help of all the children. The farm next door was run by an old family friend, Charlie Lewis. He had come west with them and had remained a bachelor, working the farm owned by Elsie's brother-in-law and half sister Ira and Alta Covey. When she was older, Elsie liked to cook and did all of the baking. This was a big job with such a large family, but even bigger at harvest when there were so many hired hands to



Elsie Linnell



Norman Thompson

feed.

The public school was close to the Linnell house and Selwin always gave the teacher a room in his house. There were registers which allowed heat to go to the upstairs rooms so the children always had to be careful what they said about their teacher since the sound would carry through the registers into the teacher's room.

Elsie studied at a beauty school and became a licensed beautician. After she graduated from high school she was taking some additional course work to prepare for college. Her teacher was Norman Thompson. They were married April 6, 1932, and their first son, Tommy Lynn Thompson, was born January 19, 1933, shortly before Elsie's 20th birthday.

They moved to Los Angeles, California for a year while Norman taught in Inglewood. Then they returned to Grand Forks where he was the assistant manager of Valley Motor Company, the largest Chrysler-Plymouth automobile dealership in the Chicago area. Their only daughter, Kay Maureen Thompson, was born in Grand Forks February 8, 1936.

In November of 1937, Norman and some friends were hunting near the Canadian line. It was bitterly cold. When he returned, Elsie said he had received a telegram. It was an offer to teach school on Kauai. Norman had taught school in Hawaii before returning to North Dakota for his graduate degree. On that bitterly cold North Dakota day, the warm Hawaiian weather seemed pretty good, so they accepted the job and moved to Kauai. Their second son, Norman David Thompson, was born on Kauai April 20, 1939. Norman taught Chemistry, Physics, and Electronics at Kauai High. In 1940 he accepted a teaching job at the Honolulu



The Family on Kauai

Vocational School and they moved to Honolulu and lived on Piikoi Street. They were living there when Pearl Harbor, just a few miles away, was bombed. Kay remembers getting vaccinations and Norman digging a bomb shelter in the back yard. Elsie was told to prepare for a possible gas attack by keeping towels soaking in a bucket of water containing baking soda. The towels would be used to protect the children because there were no gas masks small enough for them. Two bombs actually fell in their neighborhood. However, this was some time after December 7<sup>th</sup> and later historians seen to think they might have been US bombs that were dropped accidentally.

Because of the fear that the Japanese would invade Hawaii, the family moved to the Mainland and lived for a while in Minnesota where Norman taught electronics classes for the military. When it was clear that Hawaii was safe, they began the process of returning to Hawaii. Norman had to go first to

get a job, since Hawaii was now under Martial Law and travel was severely restricted. Elsie and the children stayed in San Francisco in a motel where Elsie cleaned rooms. It was there



Elsie

that Tommy was hit by a car. He had gone to a movie with his Boy Scout troop who had agreed to stay with him. However, Tommy refused to leave when the movie was over and insisted on staying to see it again. The other children then left him. He was walking home alone when he crossed a freeway and was hit by a driver who was later determined to have been drinking. The impact must have been terrible. Tommy was thrown a great distance.

Many of his bones were broken, including his skull. Firemen from a nearby station called the ambulance, but when it arrived, it refused to take Tommy claiming he was out of their jurisdiction. A second ambulance arrived and claimed the first was wrong, and that they couldn't take him either. The firemen then took him to the hospital. Tommy had lain there for four hours. The doctors felt he would die within hours, certainly by morning. However, by morning he had stabilized enough to be operated upon. He was placed in a full body cast and slowly began the long recovery process. He had severe brain damage. He remembered nothing. He had to learn to talk, relearn his family members' names, everything. He never mentally developed much beyond a child of age five, and he had poor motor control on the left side for all of his life. When they finally got permission to go to Hawaii, it was on a troop ship. Of course, all ships to Hawaii during the war were troop ships. Tommy had to travel in the men's section since he was 11, even though he was still in the cast and needed constant care. A young serviceman, a total stranger, said, "Don't you worry, Ma'am. I'll take care of him." And he did. Tommy was loaded aboard ship in a loading net. Since there was no way to quickly move him, Elsie had to sign a release that if anything happened to the ship, they would make no effort to get Tommy out. He would go down with the ship. Shortly after passing under the Golden Gate Bridge and leaving San Francisco Bay, a periscope began following the ship. They performed lifeboat drills, Elsie trying to keep Kay and David in their little life vests and ready to get into the lifeboats and knowing Tommy was down below, alone. Kay still remembers standing on deck, holding her mothers' hand, and watching the tears pour down her face.

No one knows if it was a US or Japanese submarine. Whatever it was, it did not attack and they arrived in Honolulu safely, only to find no one at dockside to meet them. The military had sent Norman somewhere in the Pacific to establish radio communications so they were on their own. Elsie called her friends at the Makiki Hotel on Piikoi Street, near where they used to live. Although there were no rooms available, her friends fixed up the gardener's storeroom so that they could live

there. And that is where they stayed until some homes were built in Kailua and they bought the two bedroom, one bath house at 712 Oneawa Street, and later, the lot behind it. No appliances were available because of the war. Without a refrigerator, Elsie dug a hole in the sandy back yard, lined it with newspapers, and bought blocks of ice to keep her perishables cool. When her hands became raw from scrubbing clothes on a washboard, she rigged some pulleys to act like a sewing machine treadle, and some plumber's force cups to do her washing.



They lived there for the next fifty years, and Elsie cared for Tommy with no help, except for that of the family, the entire time. In her later years she developed cataracts and her eyesight degraded seriously. Some time earlier she had suffered a broken back

when she tried to keep Tommy from falling. He weighed over 200 pounds, she weighed half that. The pain must have been severe, but she refused to be hospitalized since there was no one else who could care for Tommy. Only when her daughter, Kay, had retired from her teaching career and was able to move back into her childhood home, did Elsie, at 84, step down as primary caregiver for Tommy.



Elsie Linnell in 2002

Elsie died January 8, 2004, shortly before her 90th birthday. She had dedicated her life to caring for her

family, especially her oldest son.

James Swedberg

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**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)
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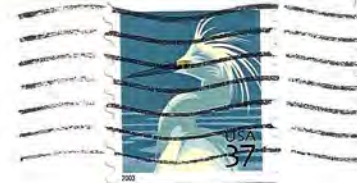
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**LINNELL FAMILY ASSOCIATION  
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James & Kay Swedberg  
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