

Kyle Featherstone Wins 2011 LFA Scholarship!

by Barrie Westerwick



*Congratulations to
Kyle Featherstone
Winner of the Linnell Family
Association 2011 Scholarship
Award*

Kyle Featherstone
(118,241,116,541,121) of St. Paul,
Minnesota, is the delighted recipi-
ent of this year's \$1,000 Linnell

Family Association Scholarship award. Kyle, 19, is the son of Colleen Parnell and Todd Featherstone and graduated in 2009 from Hudson High School in Hudson, Wisconsin.

Kyle has been described as a creative, sympathetic, and talented person who is passionate about people and the arts, specifically music. He is a gifted songwriter and musician and has been involved with vocal ensembles, stage production work and theater performances. Aside from his involvement in music and theater, he also has an interest in studying psychology.

Having just completed his sophomore year at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Kyle is working towards a Bachelor of Arts in theatre arts combined with an emphasis on psychology, and in particular, counseling. He hopes to continue to pursue his passion for music while he works towards finishing his degree. Kyle will be transferring to the University of Wisconsin, Eau-Claire for the 2011 fall semester.

Aside from theatre, you are most likely to find Kyle swing dancing on the weekend, or playing music with close friends in his band, The Picture Perfect, who just released their debut album, "Dreaming In Color", in May.

Kyle would like to thank the Linnell Family Scholarship Association for the scholarship award and his great grandma Muggie, for being such a great influence in his life.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Our CONGRATULATIONS to Doris Linnell Klinkerfues (118,241,231,35). Doris will celebrate her 103rd birthday on July 18, 2011. She still resides in her Senior Building in Woodbury, MN and does very well. She leads an active life and her spirit is strong. This past winter she received special recognition at the St. Paul Winter Carnival and she was 'knighted' by the Carnival officials.

Thanks to Doris' niece, Cheryl Kinney, for bringing this to our attention.



Happy Birthday Doris!



The Origin of the Name Linnell

by Dan McConnell,

So your last name is Linnell! Or your mother's maiden name is Linnell. Or, maybe, your grandmother's maiden name [as in my case]. Did you ever wonder where the name Linnell comes from, or what it means? There is no absolute way to know for certain, as it is an ancient English name, appearing in English records for several hundred years. However, there are techniques that genealogists use, to trace the origin of names, with high probability. In our case, old English histories shed light on this, to the extent that we can be pretty sure of the origin, and maybe the original meaning.

Some English last names describe the trade of a person, such as Smith [a blacksmith], or Cooper [a barrel-maker], or Fletcher [an arrow-maker], etc. These names don't necessarily tell you that you are related to someone of the same as they appear randomly all over England. The same is true for general place names like Hill, Wall, Ford, Wood, etc. They appear everywhere, and may be unrelated.

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Letter From The Chairman

By Jerry Linnell



Hi from Washington, DC.

Tiz the time of the year when most everyone is wondering what we are going to pack for our summer vacation trip to see family and friends and maybe the 8th wonder of the world – at least in your heart anyway. And, of course, as always occurs for me during this time of year I think of good ol' Grand Marais and the northeastern shore of Lake Superior. Its natural beauty is a delight for anyone who travels to that area of the country for a visit to what a whole lot of people call God's country. And if you doubt my words, I urge you to speak to our treasurer Scott Linnell about what I have just said.

Now, of course, first of all, you are going to ask: "Well, what does Scott know about anything so precious as the land of sky blue water?" Mind you, it just so happens that Scott and I had the delightful occasion to visit this area of the state of Minnesota at the LFA 2012 reunion planning session in May. My guess is that Scott will attest to the belief that this is one wonderful vacation land and ALL relatives should take advantage of it next year at the LFA Annual Reunion in Grand Portage/Grand Marais June 22 - 24, 2012.

Now, Scott and I were flying in from the East Coast and we took various routes to get to Duluth: Scott flew to Chicago and then on to Duluth. I flew to Mpls-St. Paul and then to Duluth. From there we rented a car and drove 2 ½ hrs up the north shore – my, so much deep blue water alongside some fantastic vistas – to Grand Marais and the Grand Portage Indian reservation.

I will try to give you a lot more detail on what you can expect to find in this wonderful area in the fall newsletter. Needless to say, by getting on the internet and looking up any aspect of northeastern Minnesota, you will find so much more information – and of course a much less prejudicial concept – about the environs surrounding the site of our next reunion. (Try www.lakesuperior.com).

My wife Jane and I will be heading for Grand Marais in August to again join so many of our cousins and friends at the Pike Lake summer music party on Friday, August 12th. So if any of you wish to throw your musical talent in the trunk of your automobile and come to pay a visit, I am sure our host Bonnie Featherstone will join me in welcoming you with open arms. It is a joyous outing as we join in merriment to remember our dear cousin Marvel Soderlund, whose wonderful smile, undeniable hospitality, and piano playing found us gathering around, song sheets in hand, to harmonize and laugh to one's old favor-

ite hit from bygone days. Until next time, I once again encourage you to talk to your immediate family members and get them to join you a year from now in maybe a mini family reunion amidst the LFA get-together in 2012.

Happy travels and visits

Your chairperson,
Jerry Linnell



Remember to Tell Family and Friends...

- ◆ If they're not a "Life" member or haven't joined the LFA in the last 3 years, they will no longer receive a hard copy of the LFA Newsletter;
- ◆ It is easy to join..... Just use the form here in the newsletter or go online at <http://www.linnellfamilyassociation.com/>;
- ◆ Mark your Calendars for the next LFA Reunion being held in Grand Marais/Grand Portage , MN June 22–24, 2012;
- ◆ Send the editors a Linnell story or article for the next newsletter.....WE Need YOU!

Linnell Family Record Update

James Swedberg

Died 8 April, 2011 in Las Cruces, NM.— Jim was married to Kay (Thompson) Swedberg, 118,241,185,82 . Jim and Kay were very active in the Linnell Family Association and served as editors of the LFA Newsletter for several years.

Katherine (Kaye) Linnell

Died 14 May, 2011 in Hastings, MN – Widow of Archie C. Linnell, 118,241,231,36. Both she and Archie were interested in the Linnell history and worked on the Linnell Family genealogy through the years.

Editor's Note: This is the second article submitted by Orrell Linnell about life during WWII. His articles were previously published in the Advertiser-Democrat, a local newspaper in Norway, Maine. In this article Orrell chronicles his travels to the west coast toward the end of WWII. This is Part Three of "A Landlubber Goes West". In Parts One & Two, Orrell had traveled from Maine to the state of Washington and on to Honolulu, Hawaii. Honolulu is where we pick up Orrell in Part Three.

A Landlubber Goes West

(Part Three)

By Orrell Linnell



About my work. I was assigned to the D.E. docks (Destroyer Escort). The dock could tie up about three of these smaller vessels. When they tied up they secured their own boiler and depended on steam piped along the dock. There was also fresh water. There was a small permanently built boiler house to supply this steam, right on the dock. It was oiled fired and automatic but had to be manned. The water contained a lot of alkali and had to be tested constantly and a chemical injected to neutralize the effect of the alkali. Sometimes I might be sent to staff one of the clinical buildings that were equipped with gasoline generators in case the power went off. I had a second class Engineman's rating so sometimes I was sent to operate a steam winch. As far as I know every bit of garbage created on the island went through the gates of the Navy Yard. That included Honolulu, the smaller towns and military. It was picked up by trucks, handled mostly by Filipinos and dumped into a large hopper at the base of a set of tall leads, hoisted by a steam operated winch and dumped into a large scow below which was towed 19 miles out to sea and dumped.

A lot of workers were local family men and many dreaded to work on Sunday so I got a lot of overtime. One day was about the same as the next to me. I got paid double time and a quarter which brought my pay to \$3.00 per hour on overtime. I was fortunate to work days all the time I was over there.

I had the pleasure of two visitors while there. My close friend from home, Loren Brett, was in the submarine service and they stopped at Pearl. He contacted me and I went into his sub. My pass allowed me in the Navy yard at all times. He would be off duty at midnight. His skipper was from Maine and Loren thought he could get permission to take me aboard so he could show me his sub, but the skipper was ashore and the officer in charge did not dare, it being war time and me being a civilian. We just sat on the dock and talked the whole night through until dawn. Later, his brother-in-law, a lieutenant in the Navy, Fred Holt, contacted me and we went to dinner in Honolulu.

We were automatically issued a card which entitled us to purchase a fifth of liquor each week. I had no use for mine so I gave it to the roommate who was the carpenter. I'm sorry that after 60 years I can't remember their names. I never saw him use alcohol in the room so he must have had a use for it on his weekends.

He was as fine a craftsman with wood as I have ever seen. Perhaps he had some slow nights, I don't know, but in appreciation for the card he made me some beautiful examples of his work. The "Big Mo' (Battleship Missouri) went into dry dock for an overhaul while I was there. The complete deck was replaced with four inch teak upon which the peace treaty with Japan was signed at the end of the war. Out of some of the old decking he made me several pieces which I could claim as coming from the Big Mo. He made different sizes of bookends, pencil boxes and jewel boxes. He made me a beautiful Hawaiian outrigger canoe, the outrigger being of teak and the dugout hull of real Hawaiian wood.

Does the reader realize that on large ships the lining for the bearings for the propeller shaft are built up from wood? Lignum Vite is a tropical wood that is so hard and has natural oil that the built up lining lubricates the turning shaft. Out of the replaced wood linings were made more bookends and pin trays. My ration card did very well by me.

There was a weekend trip to the big island Hawaii which I thought I would like to take starting on Friday night. I couldn't find anyone to go with me so went alone. The boat left Honolulu at 6:00pm, dinner would be served and there would be an evening of entertainment. It was an overnight trip arriving at Hilo in the morning. For the first hour or so we were in open ocean but soon we were sailing inter-island and as waves tend to break toward shore, we soon did some rolling. I remember being at the dinner table but don't know if I had ordered when I suddenly became seasick. I made it to my bunk and there I remained until the boat was tied up at Hilo, which is on the east coast of the big island. The first thing I did was go to the airport and buy a ticket to fly back to Honolulu on Sunday afternoon.

The big island has some wonderful things to see but of course being war time, most were not accessible. It has two large volcanic mountains, Mona Kea 13,796 ft. and Mauna Loa 13,680 ft., both taller than our Mt. Washington in Maine. Sometimes they get some snow. I was told Hawaii has a ski club. There is a Hawaii Volcanoes National Park but of course was not open.

There is Kilauea Crater which is beautiful to see. I found a Japanese lad that would take me up for \$20.00. He was a fine guide and stopped to show me things of interest. There was a rare plant called "Silver Sword", beautiful with a remarkable story, growing right out of the lava. At the top standing on the rim of the crater and looking down 4,090 ft. into an expanse hard to believe was one of the most spectacular sights I have ever seen. I am sure our Sebago Lake in Maine could be poured into it and not nearly fill it. The panoramic view was of many different colors of lava.

On the west coast there is extensive farming. It is called the Kona coast where they raise Kona coffee which is popular in the islands. It was said on the big island there were cattle ranches that would compare with any in Texas.

The war was still raging farther west in the Pacific and there was a need for some civilian workers there. Perhaps bigger pay was an attraction.

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Anyhow, occasionally we had a change in a roommate. On one such change we had a fairly tall man whose personality was pleasant enough but I thought it was a little strange when he asked if I minded taking the upper bunk so he could have the lower. I was smaller than he and I was agile so it did not matter to me. He was the active type and it didn't bother him to go downtown alone at night. He was there because he had had a fight with his wife. Many nights he got no more than four hours of sleep.

One night I felt my still frame bunk begin to shake and tremble and the occupant below was pounding his head. Neither my roommate nor I had ever witnessed a person having an epileptic seizure and we thought he was going through the last throes before death. My roommate jumped on his bicycle and sped down to the police station. They are pretty seasoned on things like that and took it in stride. Of course the fellow was not supposed to be over there in the first place. We were just told what to do if it happened again. For awhile he would stay in and catch up on his sleep but soon was back out again. He soon moved on.

The nuts used on submarines are made of a metal called monel. When it is not tempered it is not hard and files readily. I found a sailor who would pick up a few of these for me, the right size that when the threads were filed out it would fit a man's finger. Some of the polished agates I had bought from a gentleman in Hanford were flat with beveled sides so the top of the ring, when filed with a three cornered file, could be made to slide a stone in with a tight fit. With a highly polished ring and a pretty stone it resulted in a pretty nice piece of jewelry. I did a lot of this while working on the hoist, waiting for trucks. The Filipinos working on the trucks would right away want one. I made a few for them. At the time I used to smoke inexpensive cigars and I would tell them, "Just bring me a box of Totems." One fellow was so anxious; he would operate the winch so I could finish his ring faster.

There were three or four men who had been there early and had chipped together, so as to get around the island, an automobile. Now for various reason they were about to be breaking up. Some may have finished their stint or were moving farther west in the Pacific. Now, they had to dispose of the car. Most men sent their money home and didn't have money to invest in a car so it was hard to find a buyer. I was in a little different circumstance so I bought the car. I had to have it registered and get a driver's license. Car insurance then was seldom thought of.

Although Oahu is not considered a large island there is quite a bit of territory. With all the land taken up by the U.S. Government, one would think there would be little left, but there seemed to be. The Army, Navy, Marines, Air Force and Coast Guard all took pretty big chunks of real estate and of course it was prime land. The topography of the island is quit diverse. I never saw any lakes. There are some rivers but really I never saw them. They must be the source of the islands fresh water. There are low mountain ranges and some peaks of around 3,000 ft. There was still room for quite a bit of agriculture. There were

sugar cane fields and at that time the Dole people had pineapple plantations and a canning factory. Hawaii has many exotic fruits and vegetables. In the middle of the island I saw what looked to me like a tropical rain forest. Low mountains seemed to trigger moisture laden clouds off the Pacific to drop their moisture and cause an abundant forest growth.

When I was there in the 1940's Waikiki beach was already spoiled by two large hotels having been built right up to the water-line but nice beaches could be found all around the island.

Actually I did not use the car that much. There was a good highway all the way around the island and I think twice I found someone to ride with me. We went to Diamond Head a few times.

All of a sudden it seemed, we got the news - it was V.J. Day. Japan had surrendered. Honolulu went wild. One man jumped or fell off a building downtown. In due time a peace treaty was signed with Japan on the deck of the Big Mo on the new teak deck. Soon we got the word there would be a large 'Reduction of Force' and we would soon be going home. I don't seem to remember how I disposed of the car.

The day finally arrived and Civil Service had arranged for us to hitch a ride back to the states on a big APA troop ship. She was a fast ship and in five days we were again going under the Golden Gate Bridge and tied up at the same pier where 16 months before I embarked on an adventure I had no idea how it might turn out. The fellows who had greeted us with "You'll be sorry," were wrong. Life is what you make it.

Hawaii is a long way from Alaska. Perhaps my guardian angel knew something I did not.

BACK TO OREGON

After disembarking from that huge personnel ship at Mare Island, I made my way back to Sacramento where I stayed in a hotel for a couple of days. I had accumulated a lot of things by now and sorely needed a car and one with a good sized trunk. Automobiles were not being made during the war so by now used cars were beginning to wear out and a decent car was hard to find. When a dealer did get a good one he wanted a good price for it. To prevent gouging, the government established the OPA (Office of Price Administration) and put ceilings on what dealers could charge. It soon became the American way to pay the excess in cash, under the table for the extra amount a customer was willing to pay. Most dealers were a little shy to do this with someone they did not know so I did not have much success in finding something I would want, so I boarded a train for Portland, Oregon. After looking at what a few dealers had I found just what I wanted. It was a 1938 Plymouth Coupe, low mileage, clean and an engine that sounded good. It had a trunk that a weaned bull calf could almost stand up in. By paying \$400.00 above OPA I had a satisfactory car. The dealer did not seem worried. Everyone was doing it. I now had a place for my stuff.

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In a previous trip through Oregon, in I believe 1939, when a group of us went to Treasure Island in California to the World's Fair, I had heard what a wonderful show the Pendleton Round Up was and had always wanted to go to it. Perhaps this would be a good time. I headed east for Eastern Oregon.

This time I followed the Columbia River going east on the highway rather than seeing it from a train window going west. It is a beautiful ride with the gorges and waterfalls on the south side of the highway, resulting from the melting snow of Mt. Hood running over the base lands. I found quarters and stayed the whole week at the Round Up. It was everything I had ever heard it was.

With all the Indian Reservations in the Northwest and it being cowboy country, there was no lack of talent. What those Indians and cowboys and cowgirls could do with those horse and ponies! There was no lack of covered wagons and parades and pageants using six horse stages. The Indians make things of the brightest colors, especially red. It was a week to remember.

I was already three quarters way across the state of Oregon heading east and one would think by now I would be longing to see the folks at home. Well I was but I still had not seen much of the Northwest. (I had kept pretty good contact with home by mail.) I headed back over the road I had just traveled toward Portland and after traveling about two thirds of that distance I came to a small town on the Columbia River of Hood River. It was a busy little town occupied mostly by farming, canning and shipping fruit. It was on the east end of the highway that loops from Portland, around the base of Mt. Hood, and to this little town on the Columbia River. I decided to spend some time there if I could find work. Whenever I loafed so long I itched to get to work.

I got a job hauling fruit from the orchard to the warehouse with a tractor and trailer. Pickers tiered up bushel boxes five or six high and made a tier of 30 or 40 boxes. It was a case of driving up to the tier and just handling those boxes onto the trailer and driving to the warehouse and handling them again to unload them. It was very hard work since I had not done much physical work for some time. It was too much and I figured if I could pick fruit by the bushel I could set my own pace and get back in condition. I had had lots of experience picking apples in Maine. I got a job picking apples for a man named George Coe who had a fairly small orchard. He was a pleasant man and was big in Grange so we had something in common to talk about.

I believe that area has natural rainfall enough to raise most of their fruit but in a dry season they had what seemed to me a novel system. Above the highest orchards they had built a reservoir to be filled with water from the melting snows of the mountain and with Oregon's abundance of timber built sluices to carry the water to the orchards below.

There were cabins available for the pickers and in one of them lived a man named Ed Terwilliger with his wife and two preschool boys. He was tall with long arms, an asset in picking apples from a ladder. He had a younger sister

named Lottie who worked in Portland and came up on weekends to visit as she loved to see the boys. I thought she was pretty nice and soon I was looking forward to the weekends. It was a good season and I stayed to the finish, gaining my strength back all the while.

The family went back to their home on the outskirts of Portland and I went along where Ed was helpful in my finding a place to stay. I got a job in a mill where they cut out cross arms for utility poles. It is difficult to imagine the varied lengths that are needed, some from 3 ft. 6 inches to 7 ft. 9 inches. It is required to make them from pretty heavy stock.

In Maine, standardized logs are cut, trucked and milled up to 16 ft., but in Oregon the trees are so large and tall the logs are handled up to 32 ft. My job was to cut the cross arms to length with a swing saw while the stock was slid along a bench. It was really heavy work but I had gained back my strength pretty well picking apples. I worked there quite some time.

I was seeing Lottie and she showed me a lot of the area. We went to the coast, to the forests to see some of the big trees and what a place the Willamette Valley is with all its fruit, vegetables and spices. She had family living in various places and we visited most of them. I actually believe I have seen more of Oregon than I ever have of Maine.

At the time of the Great Depression there were no jobs to be had. Men needed work to support their families. In those conservative times it would have been unheard of to mail out checks so for a stimulus the Federal Government appropriated large sums of money to give to all states to be spent on civic projects that would help improve the areas and employ many men. Maine had many local projects but a major one was building a two lane road up through Evans Notch from Stow up to Gilead. It created some beautiful views and passed through beautiful wooded country and made two areas accessible that otherwise was a long way around. In Oregon was a comparable project, the building of 'Timberline Lodge' on Mt. Hood. The government agency supervising this work was called the C.C.C. (Civilian Conservation Corps).

On the Loop Highway on the south side of Mt. Hood is a spot called "Government Camp" named I suppose because it was headquarters for all the work going on to build Timberline Lodge. It is a large and beautiful building in the sense that rustic log construction is beautiful. It could also be a monument to Oregon's wonderful timber. With the log construction and the tools available at the time it had to make for a lot of employment. I got to love going up there and with the whole area. Just west of Government Camp on the Loop Highway was a little settlement called Brightwood. There was a little cabin for sale on the stream and I bought it. It was not a log cabin but it was well built. I build a pole shelter for the Plymouth as it sometimes rains quite a bit in Oregon.

Here in Maine we have a species of wood we call Alder which is more a bush than a tree and when it gets three or four inches through usually dies. In Oregon, Alder grows large enough to make saw logs, not large but big enough to use as filler sometimes for plywood. Before World War II in Brightwood was a small saw mill which had been abandoned. Now after the war, a fellow who had retired from the service, with his uncle, decided

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to rebuild it and saw some lumber. It was difficult at first to keep the big circular saw running but after awhile things were put together to run quite properly. It was powered by a diesel engine. I hired on and ran the edger. We were able to put out some pretty good lumber.

Lottie had a family and relatives scattered around the state and we visited more to see more of the state. We went to Timberline often. I bought Lottie skis but she did not take to it too well.

I guess I began to realize life was fleeting by and with two of Lottie's siblings and their spouses, we went on Saturday across the river to Stevenson, Washington and were married. We lived in my cabin and I worked in the saw mill in Brightwood.

In the fair weather of early summer I began to think about Maine, the folks and home. Lottie had never been east of North Dakota where she was born and would like to see what Maine was like so we decided to pull up stakes and head east. With a little short legged brown dog we had acquired parked on the broad shelf of the Plymouth, we headed for Maine. We stayed two days at Hankinson, N.D. with her grandmother.

Lottie liked Maine, Maine liked Lottie, so we took on the family farm and with absolute gratification "worked" it for many years.

In this good life, no one can really tell what may be around the corner. Take it and go with it. Lottie passed away in 1983.

Editor's Note: This concludes Orrell's second article "*A Landlubber Goes West*". Thank you Orrell for sharing your experiences during WWII.



Circle the Dates

June 22-24, 2012



Why??? Because this is the date of the next Linnell Family Reunion.

In late April, a number of Minnesota cousins and several members of the LFA Steering Committee met in Grand Portage, MN, the site of the 2012 reunion, for a reunion planning session.

The 2012 Reunion Planning Committee, headed by Becky Johnson, finalized plans for tours, meetings, events and family fun for the weekend of June 24-26, 2012. Our local Minnesota cousins provided great input and suggestions for a 'good time'! Get ready with your stories, your hiking boots and your dancing shoes when you attend the reunion.

Our thanks to Becky and her committee! See you in Grand Portage in 2012 and don't forget—MARK YOUR CALENDARS for June 24 - 26, 2012

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Linnell could be like that, as the word "linn" or "lynn" means a pool of water and "elle" or "ell" added to a word would make it mean small, as a small pool of water. That is not likely our origin because the name would appear all over England, wherever there are pools or linns.

Other last names are more place-specific, like Thames, London, York, etc and may give a clue of the origin of a family way back in time, but that approach doesn't help us much either, as places such as Kings Lynn or Lynnfield don't have any relation to the presence of Linnells. One thing that does help us is that, even in England, the name Linnell is uncommon.

So we turn to the records to see where Linnell families have lived, to see if there is a high concentration anywhere. There are a few records of Linnell families living in the London area, and in the West or North of England in the 1500s, but they are very few and they are scattered. There is only one place that has a very high concentration of Linnells and that is near the ancient city of Northampton, 60 miles north of London. There is such a high concentration in a very small area that we find multiple Robert Linnells, and multiples of other Linnell names all in the same place, all around 1600, particularly in Kislingbury, Weedon Bec, and Rothersthorpe, all 4-6 miles west of Northampton. There is no fluke here. This can only be explained by the presence of many Linnells living there over a long period of time, likely land owners and farmers living close to the land [and not moving around].

So what is the origin of this concentration of Linnells. According to a major history of the area, dating to the 19th Century, the Linnell family were large landowners, originally in Kislingbury, dating to the 12th Century or earlier. According to this history the name on the property deeds morphed from De Lunel to Linnell during the 13th or 14th Century. The family crest showed three moons [lunel would be a small moon in French], which gives further indication that Lunel or Lunell would be the name origin. One would speculate that the De Lunel family would be Norman French, coming to England after or with William the Conqueror [who invaded England from Normandy in 1066 A.D. and became King of England]. The Normans who were allied with him were given grants of land all over England for their service and loyalty. Over time, they married into English families [Anglo-Saxons], and became English. We have no idea where this family comes from in France, but the likelihood is high that the name Linnell comes from De Lunel and is Norman French in origin. None of this is absolutely certain, but, if we could tie our Robert Linnell, the immigrant of 1638, back to this cluster of Linnells in Northamptonshire, we would probably have it. We'll keep working on it, and keep you posted.

From the Editors

We invite you to share your stories with our cousins around the globe! Submissions are preferred via email. Please include the text of the article in the body of the email. All pictures should be high-quality JPGs. If you are unable to submit via email, please send regular post to the editors, Brian and Kathy Linnell. Take a look at the Steering Committee list for the contact information.

REMINDER!!!

If you are willing to read the LFA newsletter on the website versus a hard copy, please send an e-mail to Lori Linnell at membership@linnellfamilyassociation.com and inform her you no longer wish to receive a hard copy of the newsletter. The money we save on printing and postage can be used for other worthwhile projects.

CHECK IT OUT TODAY!

Brad Johnson has taken over the maintenance of the LFA web site. The new LFA interactive webpage is now available at "www.linnellfamilyassociation.com" and you will find the most recent newsletters (pictures and graphics in color), the scholarship application forms, pioneer photos, reunion information, family photos, genealogy, membership information, etc. We can now offer you direct online contact with your steering committee and more!



Suggestions for Your "To Do" List

- ◆ Enjoy the summer.
- ◆ Send changes in your family, (births, deaths, marriages) to Pam Dittus, Vital Records.
- ◆ Share a family story and pictures with the LFA Newsletter editors for publication in the newsletter.
- ◆ Circle June 22-24, 2012 on your calendar for the 2012 Linnell Family Reunion.
- ◆ Strive to make your dreams come true.

THE LINNELL FAMILY ASSOCIATION

Steering Committee 2009 – 2012

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

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WEB SITE

Brad Johnson website@linnellfamilyassociation.com

SCHOLARSHIP FUND COMMITTEE

Maryan Ainsworth scholarshipfund@linnellfamilyassociation.com
Barrie Westerwick
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